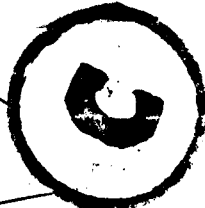


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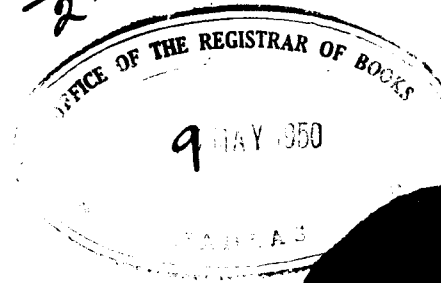
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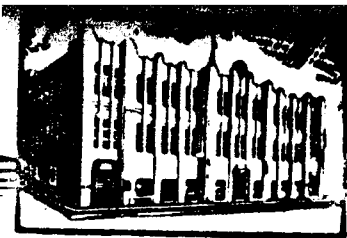
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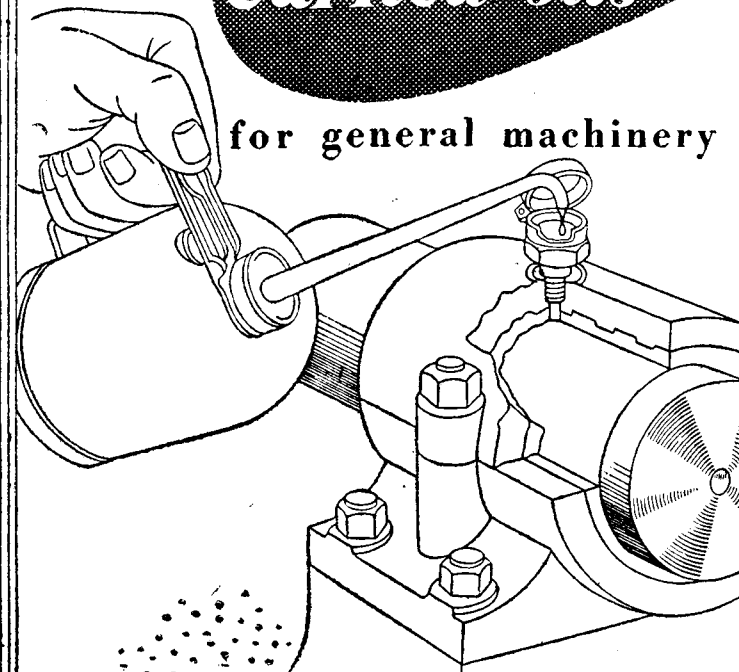
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his duty to defy both Ministry and High Command, and turn to the legislature for some sort of constitutional action to vindicate his point of view. By treating itself as the Government, the Congress Party had reduced the Government to a party psychology, and in the absence of an effective check from another party, the legislature was ousted from control over affairs, and was reduced to the undignified plight of merely having to register decisions already taken by the party bosses. The importance of Sri Prakasam's stand lay in his insistence on a difference between Congress and Government for the sake of preserving for the legislature a sovereign status to deal with abuses ignored by the Congress. His so-called rebellion filled people with hope when nothing else was left to save them from a Government that had ceased to be popular and become inefficient, unprincipled and corrupt.

What has the Congress Working Committee done with Sri Prakasam's charges? Have they forced him to drop them? If so, the only stalwart in

South India capable of resisting Congress mal-administration from within will have been silenced, and we know of none that can render a similar service from outside. But great evils that are ignored are not disposed of finally. For all the seeming invincibility and immense voting strength of the Congress organisation, the position of the Congress as ruling party is far from secure over a large part of the country. In Andhra, particularly, people have lost faith in the power of the Congress even to maintain law and order. The Ministers are no longer looked up to as possible benefactors. They are regarded as just a clique of successful wire-pullers in the game of power politics interested only in maintaining themselves in position and ready to buy support with a lavish use of State power. The present personnel of the Ministry will only involve the Congress in further disrepute and give rise to further opportunities for the Communists to exploit. The silencing of Sri Prakasam means the loss of an opportunity by the Congress High Command to set things right in Madras State.

Sotto Voce

The Friend



AT the sounding of the last trumpet the graves yield up their dead, says the Bible. It is possible to overrate the shock this might administer to the living. Most men might feel towards the long dead much as Peter Bell felt about the primrose. We cease to be when our memories are no longer imprisoned in the net of particular affections. A man here and there might be delighted—and nonplussed—to recognise among the

newly risen the old grandmother who had dandled him on her knees. But, alas, she will not see her bonny boy in the wizened wretch supporting himself on a crutch.

There is no recalling the dead because for the living there is no standing still. But that which never lived, can never die. When thirty-six years ago I went to Kannambadi while the dam was a-building and

stood in the presence of the Eternal Child I forgot for a brief while the impending tragedy. The thousand-year-old temple with its magnificent *gopuram* which overtopped the tallest cocoanut trees in the neighbourhood would be submerged when the dam was complete and the lake was full. And with it thirty villages would be gone, which had found a bare sustenance in the scraggy land and lived and prayed in the shadow of that *gopuram*.

They had built on the bank of the lake another temple for Kannan and a brand-new township for His humble worshippers. But uprooting that lovely image from its pedestal in the dreaming fane, where the murmur of the wind in the valley came like the echo of His flute, seemed to me a monstrous profanation. If somebody had told me that the hallowed ground did bleed when forced to yield Him I should have believed him. I suppose even God has to adapt Himself to the contingency which He wills. And so far as the devotee is concerned where the Flute-player is there is Brindavan. But I haven't had the heart to revisit my Kannan of the Valleys in His new abode.

And now the *leela* of the Lord has uncovered the old deserted shrine for a brief space. The unprecedented drought has brought about so large a lowering of the water-level in the Sagar that the village and temple of Kannambadi can be visited on foot. I am not surprised that "sightseers are flocking to the place." But how many who stand and gape will feel the holiness of the circumambient air? And yet an alien poet, entranced by the "largesse of spirit and stone" that is Mahabalipuram, could give tongue to this mystic thought:

*Still from today we know what an
avatar is, we have seen
God take shape and dwell among
shapes, we have felt
Our ageing limbs respond to those
ageless limbs in the rock
Reliefs. Relief is the word.*

Even if I had the energy to do it I

couldn't bring myself to troop in behind those sight-seers. Reality is never quite like what you imagine it to be, whether in prospect or in retrospect. And I cannot disentangle my memory of that pilgrimage from the attendant circumstances. School boys (and that applies to college youth as well) were not important persons in those days, and I had travelled as an unregarded item in the baggage of a big man, who was visiting a friend. That friend's father-in-law was the police boss in the dam area; and he gave us—that means me as well—a royal welcome.

A more unpolicemanlike policeman it would be hard to imagine. A devout Vaishnava, he had neither harshness nor guile and there was not the slightest trace of pomposity about him. He lived well but without ostentation and there was something patriarchal in his exercise of authority. Generously built, without an ounce of superfluous fat, he was an impressive figure on horse-back. But in the Divine Presence he was once again the little boy who in distant Kodavasal had shyly peeped from behind his mother's skirts at the benign Mother of the Universe; he still had the simple trustfulness of the child.

They are invariably simple men whose memory abides with you like a perfume even if you had met them but for a brief hour. They accept you as they accept the sun and the moon. They have the secret of seeping in through the hard shell of your personality and turning sour into sweet like the affectionate touch of spring that ripens the mango. When I think of the Flute-player of Kannambadi I hear the distant shout of the workmen throwing up the earth like moles; I see the birds singing and the humble wild flowers nodding unmindful of the wrath to come; and I feel the warm breath of fervour that radiates from my friend as he stands before his Lord with joined palms. There is a vanished world, but one is blessed to have known it.

VIGNESWARA.

AGRARIAN LEGISLATION

By A. S. KUPPUSWAMI

DOES the Constitution of India throw any light on the issue of AGRARIAN LEGISLATION? Article 43 in PART IV dealing with Directive Principles of State Policy directs that "the State shall endeavour to secure by suitable legislation or economic organisation or in any other way to all workers, agricultural, industrial or otherwise, a living wage and conditions of work ensuring a decent standard of life". Article 38 in the same PART IV directs that the State shall strive to promote the welfare of the people by securing and protecting as effectively as it may a social order in which justice, social, economic and political shall inform all the institutions of the national life." Thus a right to a living wage and a decent standard of life and a right to economic justice for the agricultural worker are among the major objectives under the Constitution. A cultivating tenant is also a worker, just as an agricultural labourer. He contributes his physical labour for the industry. He realises his wages from out of his share of the crop. No doubt he performs additional functions such as financing, managing and running the entire-crop-process. He also covers the risk of crop-failure. These additional burdens do not however deprive the cultivating tenant of his status as a worker contributing his labour for the

nation's basic industry. If he is to get a living wage from out of the crop, the landlord's share of the crop, viz., the rent, has to be fixed on a fair and proper basis. Thus, the fixing of a fair rent is implicit under Article 43 if the cultivating tenant is to get a living wage. He can get economic justice as against the landlord, only if the State provides a suitable machinery for adjudication of agrarian disputes. This machinery has to be provided on the analogy of industrial tribunals. Unlike a police State dealing with contractual rights in a competitive market in its courts of law, the Welfare State under our new Constitution should deal with agrarian disputes through the three classical processes of conciliation, arbitration and adjudication. A new social order requires a new machinery of the Law, to mete out the new social justice.

As the welfare of labour is on the Concurrent List in the Constitution the twin problems of the fixation of fair rent and the settlement of agrarian problems face both the State and the Union Governments. The Agricultural Tenants' Charter under Articles 43 and 38 among others has to be translated into legislation and administration. Our new masters, the adult voters, have also to be duly educated for this purpose.

OUR TEMPLE ARCHITECTURE

By K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

YEARS back a Japanese student, who had sojourned in this country on his way back from England, was travelling in one of the trains of South India. Our berths, his and mine, were so adjacent to each other that we could not help being thrown into a conversation. As the foreigner let down the window shutters and peeped out, his eyes were met by one of those alluring sights of unending paddy fields clothed in their brightest green with their dark fringes of cocoanut palms and over and beyond them temple towers rising against the blue horizon. The picturesqueness of the scene in front was sufficient to stir the heart of any onlooker. The newcomer turned to me and said: "Ah! What a wonderful thing—that!", and he pointed to the far-off gopurams and asked me "Well, what do you call it, dagoba or pagoda?"

"No" I began in a somewhat drawling tone, because my sleepy eyes seemed yet eager for inward enjoyment by closing themselves, "we call it gopuram."

"What a beautifully sounding name!" he exclaimed further, and tried to repeat it to himself as if he could understand its significance too.

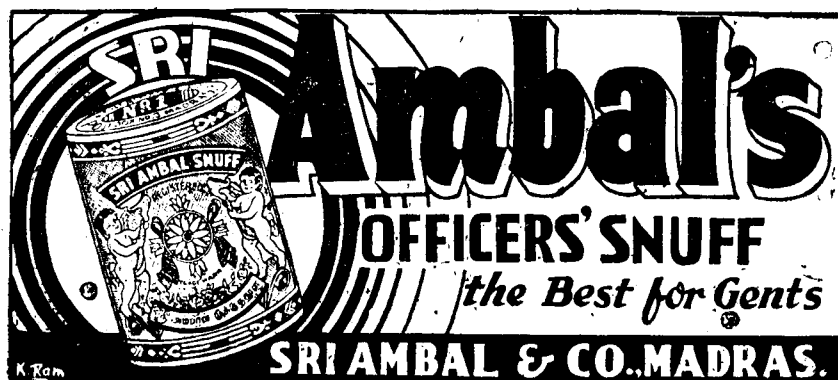
But what struck the foreigner can be nothing strange or unforeseen to most of us also, however familiar and frequent such sights may have been to our eyes. The temple towers, whether at a distance or in nearness, satisfy our artistic longings. Nothing, for that matter, can come anywhere near them either in their architectural excellence or impressive massiveness. The smallest of temples in our land can boast of at least a single gopuram of exquisite workmanship and finish, while the largest no doubt can enclose within, wonders of art on a lavish scale, long-sculptured columns and ornamented circuitous corridors, many-pillared halls and promenades, not to speak of huge gateways surmounted by gopurams of great sizes studded with innumerable figures and turrets.

A noteworthy feature of every temple is the presence of at least one tank, dedicated to the presiding Deity or His Consort. If the tank is an

expansive sheet of water having in the background a pile of temple structures and towers overlooking it, its appeal is greater as a picture of perfect composition. For the water reflecting the gopuram on its glassy surface leaves an abiding impression on the artist's memory for beautiful things. Imagination supplies the rest when beauty-spots get almost crammed in within the precincts of a temple. The waters of the tank get reputed for healing properties. A dip in its depths cleanses putridity of both body and soul and assures the penitent and the pious of the open gateway to heaven when he breathes his last. Legends and chronicles weave their own sanctity round it. In consequence, sometimes, the tank ranks higher in the estimation of a pilgrim. Even the very God of the place stands next only to the tank waters in His saving grace.

Tanks there are, both inside the temple courtyards as well as outside their walls. As objects for eyes-fill of gaze by their very magnitude and well-executed staircases, they leave nothing to be desired. The general setting with ponderous buildings on sides, always enhances the beauty of a vast spread of water. When some of the ancient tanks were excavated near famous temples, they became naturally vantage spots drawing human habitations round about them in unbroken rows. And with roads and pathways running close to tankbunds, on all the four sides, it creates an enchanting situation for the entire neighbourhood to resort to during leisure hours. If the temple celebrates its seasonal festivals, to see everything in bright illumination and gay attirement reflected in the tank makes it more of a dream than of reality. To see again the decorated floats of gods moving in the waters transforms the whole scene to one of an un-forgettable panorama of liquid visions.

The more scientific modern planning of cities despairs of such aesthetic attractions, however much it may pride itself on economy of spacing and utility of construction. It may seek to do away with undulating pathways



and unnecessary arches but yet it has nothing to sustain itself on enduring aesthetic impressions. If the *Manasara*, a compendious treatise dealing with architecture of temples, cities, towns and villages will be occasionally looked into, one can certainly find precise rules for construction and expansion of cities. The canons of taste exhibited in the *Manasara* reveal phenomenal endeavours on the part of our ancients in envisaging improvement schemes. Again the exact site for either a temple or its tank gets discussed in its pages. Every tank has to be formed with particular regard to the lie of the village lands or the neighbourhood of human dwellings. Even the steps in the staircases on the four sides of a tank get enumerated. If the exact measurements of the steps are not conformed to, penalty in the shape of being crippled for life is ordained for those who are responsible for such inefficient execution. Strange it may all seem to a modern ear to learn of such severe penalties inflicted, but it only indicates how much responsibility weighed with those who built cities with constant concern in their hearts for the welfare of those who inhabited them.

Whether the architectural prescriptions of the *Manasara* were strictly adhered to or not, one thing from these landmarks of our civilization is clear, namely, that it was deemed the primary duty of every builder of a city to see to its beautification or sanctification as well as the preservation of the hygiene of the locality by providing an unfailing source of water-supply in the shape of the temple tank.

Still the question may be asked why we have neglected the tanks and allowed them to become stagnant pools breeding only malarial germs. The finger of scorn may also be pointed at the use the waters of the tank are put to, when people either bathe or wash clothes indifferently in them. However much hygiene may be preached and books may be written about the disaffection of waters from contamination and dirt, a certain proportion of the populace will throw away always all sense of cleanliness to the winds and resort to spoiling things of beauty. Individual civic consciousness combined with municipal efficiency may occasionally save a

tank water from pollution of the type generally people indulge in. What religion and devotion can accomplish sometimes in the matter of the preservation of tanks, even dissemination of modern scientific knowledge can hardly achieve. To treat the tank waters as sacred, to deem them god's own resting place, turns sometimes even vilifiers and philistines to sobriety. They may leave the tanks to themselves in sheer disgust even, but not plunge the locality in lasting disgrace.

If the temple tank no longer can claim to be the same object of veneration and care, its charms as an engaging spot for sight-seeing in a crowded city may yet be well-worth realising. Indeed when the lotuses bloom in plenty in a tank it is a sight fit for the gods.

"Beautiful with full blown lotuses" is a description we hear often in the *Ramayana*. *Pushkarini*, a name generally applied to distinguish a temple tank from the rest of its kind, derives its origin from the presence of *pushkara* (lotus) in it. But lotus in the modern scheme of horticultural products has lost its once enviable place. The one flower, which supplied almost all the similes to describe divine beauty in every feature and limb, is allowed to die out. What signified a cherished symbol of peace and liberation of the soul is removed from the catalogue of the present-day essentials to life. The wane of Indian art and the want of enthusiasm for our own objects of daily worship have rendered the lotus homeless in the waters of its nativity. It has come in for criticism even as a stale and conventionalized object of aesthetic pleasure. If the experts of health in our municipal administrations consider the lotus plants as pests to the tanks and remove them by force, our new fangled writers are not a whit behind in condemning them to oblivion. The famished eyes of modern art have not the power to see either the shapeliness or freshness of the lotus petals which enthused past sculptors and poets of no mean order to make of them their staple commodity for every kind of imagery and symbol to draw upon.

Temple tanks make no small contribution to the pervading mystery and sense of tranquility that life provides to those who seek serenity even in the midst of strife. If the tank is

still looked upon as the holy of holies in some places by the Hindu pilgrim, it only proves that 'primary faith yet rules him uncorrupt.' Maybe in the feverish haste of man's ambitious projects for more and more of human abodes, god's dwelling places get farther and farther away. Maybe, also, with the diversion of temple funds towards secular objects like universities and colleges of learning, ruling faiths and religious atmosphere slowly ebb away leaving only scars of uncouth dug-outs in the vast earth. Still hope is not blasted nor signs wanting of a fresh monsoon onset to turn these tanks full to the brim with their waters leaving the steps and their wavelets breaking heaven's own

sunlight and moonlight into a thousand sparkles of delight.

The temple tank is a worthy theme for the artist's play of fancy. Even poetry can be sought in its limpid waters. If we take poetry to be the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself, then there is every reason for us to receive intimations of it in this man-made wonder out of nature's own springs. When we actually set out on this intimacy with nature and life, ideas spring up in us like flowers, aye, like the very lotuses of the temple tank planted by no human hands. We then at last realise we are watching a mystery.

(Courtesy—All India Radio)

KING ABDULLAH OF JORDAN

By ALLAN M. MICHIE

HIS Hashimite Royal Highness Abdullah Ibn-Hussein, King of the pocket-sized Middle Eastern state of Hashimite Jordan (formerly Trans-Jordan), owes his royal seat to the British Government, and the fact that he is a lineal descendant of the prophet Mohammed. For almost 30 years, however, Abdullah has waited patiently to become a monarch in his own right, ruler of a domain more imposing than his own barren, 34,740-square mile territory.

The forced birth of Israel, Jordan's new neighbour on the west, provided King Abdullah with his long-awaited opportunity. Creation of the Jewish state enabled him to pick up the leftover places of Arab Palestine, occupied by his private army, the Arab Legion, in the early stages of the war against Israel, and add them to his kingdom, thereby almost doubling Jordan's population, revenues, and military strength and increasing its area by some 3,500 square miles at one stroke.

Aggrandizement on this scale might satisfy a less ambitious monarch, but Jordan's ruler, who has recently taken to styling himself King Abdullah the Great, regards his acquisition of Arab Palestine as merely the first step toward the creation of a new Arab state—a union of Syria and the Lebanon, lying just north of his own ochre colored desert wasteland, and Iraq, ruled by the boy king, Feisal II, grandson of Abdullah's

brother along with Jordan and Arab Palestine—in a federation known as Great Syria.

Early in the Middle Ages, the Turks entered the Arab states, first as servants and finally as political masters who threw out their Arab employers. Arab nationalism ceased to exist. The Turkish rule in the last quarter of the 19th century had degenerated into a graft-ridden, incompetent administration by the military and police, based on espionage and repression.

Into this atmosphere Abdullah was born in 1882 in the holy city of Mecca, where his family had ruled for more than eight centuries. His father was Sherif Hussein Ibn-All, member of the house of Bani Hashem, which could trace its descent in the male line back to Mohammed. Hussein even then was plotting for the day when the decadent Ottoman empire would collapse.

When Abdullah was 11, he and his brother were taken with their father to Constantinople, where they were held in honourable captivity as hostages for the good behaviour of Abdullah's uncle, the Emir of Mecca. Their enforced residence in the Turkish capital lasted 15 years.

Hussein took this opportunity to provide his sons with a modern education under Turkish and European tutors. Abdullah studied languages (he is eloquent in classical Arabic, Turkish and Persian, understands

some French and English) military science and diplomacy. As the urbane charming, fun-loving favorite of Hussein, he established himself with Turkey's first families and moved about with a retinue of servants and admirers.

When the Turks sided with Germany in World War I, Abdullah judged that the time for revolt was at hand. On the basis of what he believed were firm British promises to recognize and support an independent Arabia, under Hashimite rule, Abdullah finally goaded his more cautious father and brothers into calling the revolt in June, 1916.

The rewards which Hussein and his sons received were meagre. Faisal, Abdullah's younger brother, was declared King of Syria and Abdullah chosen King of Iraq. Neither was destined to rule a kingdom. A few months later the French on the pretext that Arab extremists were endangering their interests, marched on Damascus and "invited" Faisal to leave Syria.

Winston Churchill, as British Colonial Secretary, announced that the British would reward Faisal a second time, this time as King of Iraq. If Abdullah would renounce his own claim to the Iraqi throne, which Faisal had already agreed to accept, the British would detach a new state of Trans-Jordan from the Palestine mandate, entrusted to Britain by the League of Nations, and install Abdullah as Emir.

Abdullah angry with Faisal for usurping the Iraqi throne, yet hungry for some royal position, grabbed at Churchill's offer. He went to Amman, which became the capital of his little state when it was formally separated from the Palestine mandate in 1922.

The British, who pay him a yearly subsidy of \$14,000,000 built him a small palace atop one of the brown hills overlooking Amman. Abdullah, whom the British advisers fondly call "The Ab," indulged in his flair for the whimsical and festooned the outside of the three-storey building with gaudy lights. "The Ab," had a reputation as a practical joker during the Arab revolt and he kept up his rude horseplay as ruler of Jordan. He would mount visiting sheiks on bicycles and send them careering along the polished floors of the palace salons.

Short (five feet, four inches), muscular, with a round, expressive face that tapers into a carefully trimmed light black moustache and beard, "The Ab" looks like man of 50. He keeps in perfect physical condition by riding one of his purebred Arab horses for an hour each afternoon. He owns one of the finest stables of Arab horses in the East, as well as a score of racing camels. A crack shot with rifle and revolver, he often represents the palace in shooting matches with the Arab Legion.

For relaxation "The Ab" plays chess, at which he is a disconcertingly quick mover, or browses through his priceless collection of Arab literature. He is one of the East's experts on Arabic poetry able to quote the classical Arab poets by the hour.

His palace looks more like a Government building than a home and Abdullah uses it only for formal occasions. A true Arab, he is ill at ease behind stone walls and spends half each day living the life of a Bedouin sheik in a tented encampment in the backyard of the palace.

Accessibility to all classes of their subjects was the tradition with Arab sovereigns and Abdullah has revived it. He travels Jordan by car or horseback, stopping for the night in tiny villages or nomadic tents, and every Friday, before prayers at the mosque, he sits in his little office in Amman receiving visits from his people.

Jordan has become the happiest country of the Middle East and its people are genial, friendly and hospitable without being subservient.

Early in 1946 the British unexpectedly granted Trans-Jordan "full independence" raising Abdullah from Emir to King. On May 25, 1946, 24 years to the day after Trans-Jordan came into existence, "The Ab," was proclaimed King Abdullah the First.

Propitious in Abdullah's calculations is the fact that the British, who control his purse strings, now look more kindly on his territorial aspirations, because a Greater Syria, if it can be brought about peacefully without giving Russia cause for intervention, fits in with Britain's hopes for the area. Britain's interests demand a secure and friendly base in the Middle East, and with neither Egypt nor Israel willing to play this role, a Greater Syria may be the strategic answer.—(Copyright).

THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS

By ARTHUR OSBORNE

SOME parts of Gandhiji's teaching are honoured more in word than in deed; other parts are not honoured at all. To the latter category belongs his lifelong insistence on cleanliness. We like to remind ourselves that he would as soon live in a hut as a palace, but we forget that it had to be a scrupulously clean hut—or a scrupulously clean palace for that matter. Gandhiji would sweep the house of a sweeper, but how many of us will sweep our own house?

Can it honestly be said that the offices are as clean, the writing desks as tidy, the peons as spruce in Free India as they were in British India? Can a house-owner be blamed for preferring European tenants to Indian? Does he not know from experience that less *pan* is likely to be smeared on the walls, less grease on the woodwork, and that the garden is likely to be better tended? A charitable American once suggested, and an agnostic Hindu once contended, that it is because the Indians are too wrapped up in things of the spirit that they neglect the outer decencies of cleanliness and punctuality. The diagnosis was far from the mark.

I had the inestimable privilege of spending some years with Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi at Tiruvannamalai and I observed that the supreme flowering of spirituality left room for an outer punctiliousness that Indians today would have to call pure Western. The Ashram hall was swept out several times daily, the books were all in their places, the clothes upon the couch were always scrupulously clean and beautifully folded. The two clocks in the hall were adjusted daily to radio time. The calendar was never allowed to fall behind the date. The routine of life flowed to an exact pattern.

Nothing was to be wasted. The plantain leaf from which the Bhagavan had taken his food was as clean as though it had been polished. I have seen him rebuke an attendant for piling more rice on his leaf after he had held up his hand to stop him:

"You know that if anything is put on my leaf I have to eat it, and there was enough already." If kitchen refuse could be used for the cattle or dogs it was not to be thrown out. Fruit that was brought in offering might be given to the children or distributed among the monkeys, but it was never wasted. Nor was it only food: nothing that could be used was to be wasted. I have seen an attendant scolded for cutting into a new sheet of paper to bind a book when a sheet already partly used could have been made to do. And the binding had to be perfect. Not the slightest unevenness or carelessness was tolerated. It was impossible not to see that the same consideration that was shown to people and birds and beasts was extended even to inanimate objects, for are not these also a manifestation of the Self? Our exploitation of Nature is brutal and ruthless today; it is more a rape than a harvesting. And our waste is colossal. It was a chastening sight to see the Divine Man so careful of, almost one might say so respectful towards, mere things.

Little men imagine themselves too big to attend to small things. Pundits were sitting in the hall with Sanskrit texts which, now and again they took up to Bhagavan's couch to show some passage or elucidate some point. A three-year old boy, not to be outdone, took up his book of nursery rhymes, and Bhagavan was no less gracious, showed no less interest. But the book was tattered, so he kept it and supervised its mending and binding and gave it back next day renovated.

Although the punctuality of the daily routine was exact it was not rigid, for one thing could always over-ride it: and that was courtesy to a visitor or to any who might have questions to put. Each comer was received with the consideration due to a visiting Prince and the quiet cordiality due to an old friend. No one was ever received like a petitioner to a minister or a small man visiting a great man. "Have you eaten?" was

the first question the Maharshi would ask. Even a few days before the body's end, when the pain was excruciating, it was the first question he asked a visiting doctor. Each comer felt himself at home and knew he was welcome, even though no word might be spoken, and very soon he felt that he enjoyed the special grace of Bhaga-

van. It was only gradually that he began to perceive that every devotee enjoyed his special grace.

"Yet the Grace of God is in Courtesy"

wrote Walter de la Mare, that most graceful of modern poets, and those of us who were privileged to visit Sri Bhagawan saw that it was so.

ANDHRA POLITICS

By T. SATYANARAYANA

THE whole of Madras State in general and Andhra Desa in particular is dissatisfied with the present administration of the Congress Ministry. The Ministry has miserably failed in its elementary responsibility of protecting citizens' life and property from unsocial elements. That is why the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee has asked, and rightly too, the Central Government to take over from the State Government the administration of law and order and stop the barbarous killings of the innocent villagers. Added to this, the Madras Ministry has been pursuing reactionary policies in the matter of giving seats in educational institutions and representation in services. Black-marketing and corruption have been rampant.

Against this background must be viewed the action of Sri Prakasam and his supporters. Sri Prakasam and his supporters demanded a judicial enquiry into the charges against the Ministers, to which the Working Committee turned a deaf year. Had they constituted a judicial enquiry committee, they would have satisfied both the complainants and the people at large.

Whenever a constitutional dispute arises over anything relating to the administration, our leaders frequently quote the procedure laid down by the House of Commons or the precedent set up in America. But so far as corruption, favouritism and nepotism in

administration are concerned, our seasoned leaders who are at the helm of our country's affairs are adopting their own methods instead of being guided by the precedent in America or Britain. The more the Congress leaders try to hide from the public the misdeeds of the Ministry, the more they lose the confidence of the public.

Sri Prakasam is a leader who has sacrificed everything for the sake of the country, a hero who laid bare his breast to the bullets of the British when the Simon Commission visited India, while few of the present so-called leaders dared come out; a man whom the masses in Andhra worship as their saviour, guide and philosopher. Whether on ministerial gadi or not, he is the only leader who commands the same respect from the people. Even his political opponents like Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, have paid glowing tributes to his sterling integrity and his sympathy for the oppressed and the down-trodden.

The Problem Province of West Bengal has caused much headache to the Congress leaders and the dissatisfaction of the people was exhibited in the defeat of a Congress candidate. If the Congress High Command does not take a lesson from the recent happenings in West Bengal, and continue to shield the Ministers from grave charges, and expel the most popular leader of Andhra from the party, Andhra Desa is sure to go the Bengal way.

GOLDEN AGE IN MEDICINE HAS ARRIVED

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Medicine is entering a new era. In the period just ahead we can hope for final conquest of diseases that up to now have baffled research, heart-disease, cancer, arthritis, many forms of insanity. In the first half of this century all emphasis was on microbes and the diseases they caused. Research finally culminated in the discovery of the valuable sulfa drugs. Then attention shifted. It was known that the soil was a microbacterial battleground, one species fighting to the death with another. Why not employ substances produced by good microbes to destroy man-killing microbes? This line of thinking led to the antibiotics, penicillin, streptomycin, chloromycetin and others.

This work provided a springboard for a long leap into an entirely new area. The shift now, is toward cure of disease with natural body substances, in other words, body hormones.

By this new concept, the human body is not an ill-assorted collection of more or less independent organs. It is a highly integrated system in delicate chemical balance. Present evidence indicates that a vast array of diseases, from gout to asthma, may be traced to an upset of this balance.

The organs that keep us chemically balanced are the ductless glands which empty their hormones directly into the bloodstream. Physicians have studied these glands and their secretions for decades. They learned that when insulin from the pancreas is lacking, a human being is unable to burn sugar into energy. Supply the insulin and a sickly, half-alive diabetic becomes a healthy, robust human being.

They noted that when thyroid substances from the neck gland were in short supply, the victim led a sleepy, mentally sluggish existence. Shots or pills of thyroid substance made these victims come alive. But in each case, physicians are thinking in terms of a single target, supplying the lack of secretion from a single gland to over-

come a single disease. Then they began to notice a baffling overlap effect. Great, walloping shots of insulin, enough to produce shock and coma, seemed to brush cobwebs from minds deranged by some types of insanity. Why, no one knew. Along this same line, cancer of the breast is altered by the influence of female sex hormones. This fact suggested a treatment. Massive doses of sex hormone were administered and many women in the last stages of breast cancer got marked relief. The same technique is used in treating cancer of the prostate in men. Small quantities of chemical substances from female glands relieve men of much of the pain associated with this type of cancer. Mark one point: these procedures are treatments, not cures. An entirely new concept of the importance of glands began to develop. Indeed, it became clear that glands play a major role in making us what we are, emotionally, physically, sexually and mentally. A faulty gland in the body is much like a faulty spark plug in an automobile engine. The malfunctioning of just one throws the entire system out of gear.

In this new therapy, large doses of hormones are administered with the deliberate purpose of throwing the patient out of hormonal balance. Some ill effects result, but dramatic good results have shown up in unexpected areas. As new hormones are isolated, results already obtained promise to conquer many age-old foes of mankind.

A more immediate goal is to learn more about the properties and dosages of the hormones already known so we can get good results without undesirable side effects.

The glands most newsworthy at the moment are the adrenals. These two glands sit astride each kidney. The adrenal's cortex (outer layer) may secrete as many as 26 hormones. The medulla, or core, secretes adrenalin, the violent stuff released in the blood in moments of stress or anger. This potent chemical speeds heart action,

dilates air passages, releases sugar from the liver which can be converted into quick energy. In other words, the adrenals act as body safety valves. They give the lion the burst of energy needed to pounce on an antelope; give the boss the energy needed to pounce on an errant clerk. The adrenals also secrete cortisone, probably the most controversial medical discovery of recent times. This is the substance which enables a hopelessly crippled arthritic to climb from a bed of pain and dance a jig. In preliminary trials it has been remarkably effective in treating rheumatic fever; and has demonstrated some effect in leukemia, the fatal blood disease.

These things are on the plus side. On the other side, the American Medical Association Journal says that hormones are a two edged sword. Cortisone causes sugar to accumulate in the blood, creating a condition much like diabetes. In women, it often has a masculinizing effect, producing a jowly look, deepening the voice, promoting profuse hair growth on the face. Patients taking it develop ravenous appetites, gaining as much as four pounds a day. It also seems to disturb water balance in the body, permitting fluids to accumulate. Because of these drawbacks many physicians think cortisone as well as ACTH another hormone of similar effect, have no future. Both, they believe, will be replaced by better products in the not-too-distant future. Just the same these critics willingly admit that cortisone has served an important function. In a highly dramatic fashion, it has served to focus attention on the fact that gland breakdowns may be at the bottom of many diseases that have been baffling mysteries.

It seems likely, for example, that insanity can often be traced to excessive stress. The victim is unable to withstand the pressures that go with modern living. As already noted the adrenals are the stress glands, secreting additional hormones to meet emergencies. It may be that if stress lasts too long, these glands become overworked and finally cease to function efficiently. Then possibly there is a breakdown.

At the moment, this is no better than good theorizing, yet it does fit

observed fact. It is known, for example, that the insulin shock method of treating one type of insanity has a stimulating effect on adrenals. The beneficial results, therefore, may trace to adrenal stimulation. If this is so, a tremendous vista is opened up. Hormones may be found which will overcome the deficiency that brings on mental collapse, in other words, a pill for insanity.

The same picture obtains with high blood pressure and associated kidney and heart disease. These, too, are stress diseases, apparently caused by the wear and tear of modern life. They may result from a breakdown of the body's safety valves, the ductless glands.

Cancer, also fits into this new picture. Cancer is simply a wild uncontrolled overgrowth of tissue. Several glands play a part in controlling normal growth. Malfunction of these glands may play a part in abnormal growth, or cancer.

These ideas are still largely in the theory stage but they look enormously promising. The hormones are among the most fascinating chemical substances ever discovered. They are, apparently, among the most primitive inheritances of living creatures. Thyroid extract from a catfish is chemically identical with that from a man. The sex hormone from a mouse matches that from a woman; and an adrenal secretion from a hog is like that found in all other animals.

These substances are potent almost beyond comprehension. As little as one part in 400 million of adrenal substance will produce readily recognized reactions. A pinch too little secretion from the thyroid in the neck can mean sluggish imbecility. Too much can mean raving mania. The circus giant and the circus midget represent extremes in activity of the peasized pituitary.

This new field of medicine, therapy not through drugs or anti-biotics but through natural body substances, promises an entirely new concept of health in the decades just ahead. Years of vigorous life will be added to the life span. That is the prospect held out today as research men push their way into new and unexplored territory.

SACRIFICE

By Dr. N. Venkataramanayya

(Contd from last issue)

IV

IT was a gala day in the fort of Golkonda. The Sultan had ordered a public festival to commemorate his recent victories over the infidels of Vijayanagara. All the grandees and the nobles of the kingdom as well as the commanders and officers of the army came to attend the court by special invitation to see the trophies and the rich spoils brought by the Dewan and Prime Minister Raya Row from Karnataka, after vanquishing the Raya and his forces several times on the battlefield. A large number of poets and scholars were also summoned to eulogize in a fitting manner the prowess of the Sultan and his army and the skill and ability of the Prime Minister. The function which lasted for more than two hours was drawing to a close, when one of the trophies, a beautiful life-size golden image of Karala Narasimha plundered from the temple of Ahobalam, on being uncovered, drew forth a cry of dismay from the Sultan. "Take it away, take it away," he cried. "Take that fire-vomiting offspring of Satan from my sight." Raya Row who was seated by the side of the Sultan commanded that it should be removed at once from the presence of the Sultan; and after it was carried away he turned to his master and said, "Sire, the image is harmless; your Majesty is mistaken in supposing that it breathes out fire."

"Mistaken? How do you mean? We have seen the flash of fire with our own eyes?" "No Sire, what your Majesty saw was the glitter of gems cunningly set in the teeth of the lion."

The Sultan listened to him with an air of incredulity; but before he could say something in reply, an old man who was seated in the midst of the courtiers stood up, and making a low bow to the Sultan, said in a tremulous voice, "May it please your Majesty, what the Prime Minister has said is true. Your Majesty has

indeed mistaken the glitter of gems for the flash of fire; but the image is not harmless. It is credited with possession of malicious qualities and destructive powers. It is bound to bring evil luck to your Majesty; I therefore submit that it should be restored to the shrine from which it was brought."

The idea was quite unpalatable to Raya Row who planned the plunder of the temple for the sake of the image. With the object of rousing the cupidity of the Sultan and preventing him from taking any hasty steps, he said, "O! Sire, don't order the return of the image. Consider its value. It is said to have cost four lakhs of varahas."

The Sultan scarcely heard the words of his Minister. He was attracted by the voice of the old man which he had not heard for several years. It brought back to his mind a vivid recollection of past events which he had almost forgotten. He saw in the old man the lineaments of the stately diplomat who during the days of his exile at Vijayanagara befriended him and secured for him the friendship and protection of Ramaraja. To make sure of the correctness of his identification, the Sultan cried out, "Papa Narasayya!"

"Sire," replied the old man.

"Have you received our firman?"

"Yes, Sire. I have come to await your Majesty's pleasure."

"Do you really believe that the image of that ogre would bring ill-luck to us?"

"Such is my opinion, Sire; the sooner it is restored to its abode the better for your Majesty."

"We shall consider. Do you know why we have sent for you?"

"How can I know what is in your Majesty's mind?"

"We want your help, Papa Narasayya."

"My help Sire? What help can a poor old man like me render your Majesty?"

"You are certainly old, but by no means poor. How can an old friend of Malkibhiram be poor? It is unfortunate that you are hit hard by our conquest of Kondavidu; but what is taken from you will be returned to you a hundredfold."

"Your Majesty is kind, your Majesty is powerful; but even you, Sire, kind and powerful as you are, cannot restore to me all the precious things taken away from me."

"We fail to understand your meaning, Papa Narasayya. Orders have already been issued to our Governor at Kondavidu to restore to you your lands, money and valuables, and build a stone mansion for you to replace the old house destroyed by our soldiers."

"I never doubted your Majesty's power to do all these; but Sire, can your Majesty restore to me my son-in-law who met with an unknown fate on that evil day when my village was burnt? Can your Majesty give me back my daughter whom your Majesty's soldiers cut to pieces mercilessly? Can your Majesty bring back to life my grandchild who died of starvation?"

"We regret indeed these happenings. Your son-in-law, Papa Narasayya, is quite safe. He has seen light, and embraced Islam. He is now at Ahmadnagar where he represents us at the court of our brother, Sultan Nizam Shah Bhairi. We cannot surely bring back your daughter to life, nor our trusted officer Bijli Khan Gurmany whom she felled with a blow of a club. She was indeed a lioness who pounced on her enemy fearlessly and destroyed him unmindful of the consequences. A worthy daughter, Papa Narasayya. These are unavoidable evils of war; and you know as a man of the world that nothing but unhappiness comes out of excessive brooding."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Now, listen. It is our desire that you should go to Penugonda as our representative."

"To Penugonda, Sire?"

"Yes, and negotiate a treaty with Srirangaraya. We know that he is constantly harassed by Aly Adil Khan who wants to swallow the whole of the Karnataka. That must be prevented at all costs. We want to

preserve the integrity of the Vijayanagara Kingdom, but he must in return give up all his claims over the provinces of Kondavidu and Udayagiri and instruct his brother Venkata-pati not to make any attempts to reconquer them."

"I am greatly honoured; but your Majesty must entrust the task to worthier hands."

"Who is worthier than you, Papa Narasayya?"

"My days of service are over, Sire. I don't want to serve any earthly prince, least of all a Mussalman."

There was a stir in the audience hall; but the Sultan remained calm. He asked, "Why have you taken a dislike to princes and especially Mussalmans? What harm have they done to you? You served Ramappayya; and you had no scruples at one time to serve me."

"True, true," replied Papa Narasayya, "I served Ramappayya; that is the reason why I don't want to serve any other. Did Hanuman enter the service of any prince after the nirvana of Sri Rama. How can I whom Ramappayya honoured and treated not as a servant but as a brother, serve another? It is not true that I ever served your Majesty. You were a refugee hunted by the emissaries of your brother. I took pity on you and prevailed on Ramappayya much against the advice of the wise Jagadeva Row to take you under his protection. Oh! Cursed be the day on which I ever met you! What was the result of my stupidity? You bit the hand that fed you. You treacherously slew the monarch that protected your life."

The outburst of Papa Narasayya created consternation in the audience hall. Many nobles and officers threatened to kill him; but the Sultan curiously enough did not lose the equilibrium of his mind. He commanded the courtiers to resume their seats, and turning to Papa Narasayya, observed "Ramappayya, no doubt, offered us protection, and helped us to ascend the throne; but he joined our enemies who did incalculable harm to us and our people."

"Much must be forgiven to a benefactor."

"True, but there is a limit. We are after all human beings, not angels. Well, what is past is past; it cannot be undone. You must learn to forgive.

We ask you not so much to help us as to protect the crumbling fortunes of the Karnataka Empire."

Papa Narasayya hesitated; there was force in the Sultan's argument; but the real object of the Sultan was to prevent the conquest of Karnataka by Adil Khan and subjugate it himself at a suitable time. Papa Narasayya did not want to become a tool in the hands of the Sultan, and he excused himself by saying that he had no influence at the court of Penugonda.

"Then you decline to enter our service, Papa Narasayya? Consider the consequences. Your sons have no objection to serve us. By your conduct you must not damage their interests."

"Your Majesty must forgive me. I hope that my sons may serve your Majesty faithfully. They cannot have the same scruples as myself. How can they? They never had the honour of serving Ramappayya."

V

Years rolled on. Soon after the conclusion of the festival in the Bala Quilla, Sultan Ibrahim Qutb Shah died of fright. He was haunted by the image of Karala Narasimha which continued to harass him day and night. At every entrance of the palace, and at every door of the apartments occupied by the Sultan, guards were posted with special instructions to allow no one to enter. Mullas of repute remained in the sick chamber by the bed side of the Sultan reciting verses from the Quran, and charms were specially culled from the old Arabic magic works of Misar to exorcize the evil spirit; but the image always stood before the Sultan with open mouth and terrific teeth threatening to devour him. "At the sight of the idol" says the court historian, "the Sultan was taken seriously ill, and never recovered." Raya Row soon followed his master; and all the officers that had found favour with him were dismissed.

Papa Narasayya renounced the world, and donning the orange robe of a sanyasin, he took to a life of wandering. Beginning with Kasi, he visited every shrine in the land to expiate the sin of abandoning his master in a supreme moment. The idea took deep root in his mind; it became an obsession. He became restless, hurried from one river to

another, and sought the aid of every holy man in the country; but the consciousness of guilt was ever present in his mind. At last he found himself on the banks of the Krishna, very near its confluence with the Malapahari. Why he came there he could not clearly explain to himself. Probably an unconscious desire to bathe in holy waters at the junction of the two rivers, where Ramaraja had laid down his life in defence of the ancient Hindu dharma and independence, led him to the place. He arrived towards nightfall at the village of Rakkasige between which and Tangadige in its vicinity the great battle was fought, and took shelter in the village chavadi intending to spend the night there; but the idle talk of the villagers who resorted to the chavadi to discuss the affairs of the village roused his curiosity. The memory of the great battle was still fresh in their minds. Though few eyewitnesses still remained alive, all of them had information of the battle, for it was said that on the anniversary of the battle every year, the combatants would come back to life, as it were, and re-enact every incident of the great struggle. Papa Narasayya could not resist the temptation of paying a visit to the battlefield, though it was not the night of the anniversary of the battle.

When all the villagers retired to their houses, Papa Narasayya set out for the battle-field. It was a bright night. The moon was shining brilliantly in the sky. Every object was distinctly visible as in daylight. He was alone, but he did not feel lonely; he felt as if he were moving in an atmosphere quite familiar to him. The ground was still littered with the bleached bones of men, horses and oxen; the white skulls of dead warriors grinned here and there in the moonlight. Broken bows, spear points, decaying butts of matchlocks, and abandoned gun carriages still bore testimony to the heroism of the warriors engaged in the struggle. Papa Narasayya walked up to the ranastambha on the river bank, built by Ramappayya on the eve of the fateful battle, and sat upon a boulder on the edge of the stream, facing the battlefield so that he might not miss anything that might happen. For a long time, he sat upon the rock gazing at the objects around him, which

appeared as dead as the rock on which he was sitting. He began to think of the incidents of that night thirty years ago, when the Mussalmans led by the perfidious Aly Adil Shah fell suddenly upon the Vijayanagara camp. He remembered how nobles, commanders, and officers all rushed in confusion to Ramaraja's tent to apprise him of the treachery of Adil Shah and persuade him to steal away from the camp before they were completely surrounded; how when they were commanded, contrary to their expectations, to oppose the Mussalmans, they begged Timmarajayya to intervene and save them all from destruction; and how Ramaraja when his brother suggested that flight under the circumstances was the only alternative, flared up in anger and threatened to cut off his tongue. His reflections were cut short by a splash in the stream behind

him. He turned round and saw something like a cloud moving on the surface of the water; it gradually transformed itself into a company of horsemen fording the river. Papa Narasayya thought for a moment that they were Muslim troopers going to some neighbouring fort on garrison duty. But when they came near him, he saw that they were not Mussalmans but Vijayanagara soldiers at the head of whom Ramaraja himself was riding. Papa Narasayya stood up in excitement; for he believed that Ramaraja had come from heaven in response to his wishes and that he should not miss the occasion for making amends for his past conduct. He jumped off the rock crying "Oh! Ramappayya, forgive an old servant's fault; I won't abandon you again," and having fallen into the river, was carried away by the current.

(Concluded)

REACTIONS TO INDO-PAKISTAN AGREEMENT

(By A Special Correspondent)

I have never seen a friendlier (and what is more surprising) a fresher atmosphere in Lahore during my post-partition stay here than in the last few days. All around people are talking of the Indo-Pakistan Agreement. If individual reactions can in any way act as a criterion of the possible success of the agreement, then the impressions of a cross-section of the people with whom I have talked make me feel that there are happy days ahead for both the countries. Not only does there prevail a general satisfaction with the substance of the agreement, but its simple wording and simple phraseology have been greatly welcomed.

The Lahore vernacular press, which usually has been extremely critical of any peace move with India, has supported with one voice the Liaquat-Nehru Agreement while the "Maghrebi Pakistan" in an editorial comment regards it as "the first essential step in the right direction" and expresses the hope that "the issue of Kashmir will be settled by Pakistan and Bharat by mutual agreement and not by outside support." The Zamin-dar—a fanatic critic of every thing Indian thinks that the Delhi Agree-

ment would be followed in spirit and letter by Indians and Pakistanis and thus pave the way for a permanent peace between both the countries.

For some days before the visit of Liaquat to Delhi there had been sudden cooling down of temper in Pakistan. The refreshing change in its earlier attitude has continued and for the first time since the partition, one finds the utterances of Pakistani leaders and the Pakistani press without any reproach and recrimination towards India. In fact, Pakistan for once appears to have accepted the ring of sincerity of India's politicians. On the whole reactions to the Agreement are happy: Liaquat described it as "the precursor of a new understanding between India and Pakistan." For the man in the street it is the first step to reverse the process which was leading both the countries towards bloodshed and anarchy.

At the back of the unanimous support which the Agreement has been able to evoke in Pakistan is a feeling of optimism that Liaquat was able to bring back what one teacher of history described to me as "Peace with Honour". The Muslims feel that the Agreement is a proof of the fact that

India has after all reconciled herself to the existence of the separate state of Pakistan. Ever since its inception Pakistan has been suffering from a fear complex which practically brought her to the brink of war. Secondly, though it lays down that the minorities in each state should look for protection to their respective Governments, it is obvious that the step has been taken on the intervention of the majority in the other state. Thirdly, Pakistan while guaranteeing the political and cultural rights of the minorities living within it, has not in any way departed from its basic concept of being an Islamic state. The objectives resolution which has been so prominently referred to in the agreement envisages the establishment of a state "wherein the principles of democracy, freedom, equality, tolerance and social justice as enunciated by Islam shall be fully observed." Explaining the resolution in the Pakistan Constituent Assembly Liaquat had said: "you would notice that the objective resolution lays emphasis on the principles of democracy, freedom, equality, tolerance and social justice and further defines them by saying that these principles should be observed in the Constitution as they have been enunciated by Islam." Thus it is obvious that the basic concept of Pakistan being an Islamic state remains unchanged in spite of all what has been said about democratic rights and safeguards. Another clause in the objectives resolution reads, "Wherein Muslims shall be enabled to order their lives in the individual and collective spheres in accordance with the teachings and requirements of Islam as set out in the Holy Quran and Sunna". Elucidating this resolution in the Pakistan Constituent Assembly, Liaquat had said "you would also notice that the state is not to play the part of a central observer wherein the Muslims may be merely free to profess and practice their religion because such an attitude on the part of the state would be the very negation of the ideals which should be the cornerstone of the state which we want to build. The state will create such conditions as are conducive to the building up of a truly Islamic society." If the objectives resolution alone were to form the basis of guarantee of

rights of minorities in Pakistan, then the foundations on which the edifice of minority safeguards is to be raised, are not very strong.

Another big gain from the Pakistan point of view is that the Agreement does not dub her as the main aggressor in the conflict. No doubt it always takes two to make a quarrel, but a feeling had grown up here that the outside world had begun to regard Pakistan as the guilty party in the Bengal tragedy. The Agreement washes off that feeling of guilt.

But perhaps the greatest service, the Agreement has done to Pakistan is that it has saved the country from war at a time when she was least prepared for it. The change in Pakistan's attitude came when her politicians realised how dangerously near they had brought the country to war by working up the war hysteria among the masses. Bluff, even in politics, works to a certain extent. When they found that war feeling in their own country had created similar feeling in India and that public opinion in India would no longer tolerate any further concessions, they called off the bluff. One of the seven Muslim League leaders told me a fortnight before the Agreement "war between India and Pakistan would mean destruction for both the countries but for Pakistan it would be utter ruination". It was this realisation and the fact that India meant business which made the present Agreement possible and which ultimately might prove to be its chief support.

On the whole practically all sections of the population in Pakistan have received the Agreement enthusiastically. "It is good as far as it goes" they say, "but it does not go very far". For its successful implementation and the solution of Indo-Pakistan problems, it is considered necessary that its scope should be extended and progressive public opinion created to counteract aggressive communal tendencies. It is felt that the success or the failure of the Agreement would depend not merely on the sincerity of the Governments but on the outlook and behaviour of the majority. Without a change of heart in the majority community in both of the countries, no amount of penal and preventive action will be able to ensure the successful implementation of the Agreement.

Public opinion in Pakistan is keen that the provisions of the present Agreement should be extended to other parts of India. It is contended that exodus from India is not confined to West Bengal alone and hundreds of Muslims who have left their homes in other parts of the country would probably go back if they were assured of proper safeguards.

After the first flash of enthusiasm, there appear to have cropped up in certain quarters doubts regarding the implementation of the Agreement. There are men who feel that the terms of the pact will not be carried out in India in the spirit in which it has been signed. Some of the Muslim papers demand that the R.S.S. and Hindu Maha Sabha should be banned; for, as long as they are free to propagate their views, the Agreement will not be effectively carried out.

In spite of all these suspicions, an average person in Pakistan is being made to realise that the Agreement is the best what Pakistan could get out of the present situation. There are a few people in Pakistan who compare Liaquat's visit to Delhi to Chamberlain's meeting with Hitler at Munich. Pakistan like Great Britain (then) is ill prepared for war at present. And if the war is to come they feel Pakistan will get some time to get ready. But if it can be avoided by the Agreement without injury to her self-respect and at the same time maintaining her dignity—then nothing

like it. Obviously Pakistanis could not wish for better.

Behind this feeling however there lurks a dread of Hindu domination of the whole of the sub-continent. It was this phobia, which made Liaquat ask the Commonwealth to guarantee the territorial integrity of India and Pakistan. While it is true that pacts of mutual aid and mutual guarantees of each other's frontiers are the normal features of international relationship, reiteration of the demand at the present juncture—only a few days after the signing of the Agreement is apt to cause a certain amount of misunderstanding.

Generally speaking, the immediate effects of the Agreement have been healthy. After a long period of a tense war of nerves, there has been considerable relief; fears, panics and prejudices that had been aroused, have to a certain extent been cooled, the tone of the press and politicians has shown a remarkable improvement. The stern realities of the situation have perhaps made the Pakistanis realise that peaceful relations with India are the surest guarantee of their integrity. "If the Agreement fails" said one of the seasoned Muslim journalists to me, "then there will be war, but if it succeeds, it will give both the countries a chance to solve all their problems. So why not give it a fair trial?" This sums up the general attitude towards Liaquat-Nehru Agreement in Pakistan.

When Firestone, Edison, Ford and Burroughs were touring, a light and a tyre in the car went wrong. Mr. Ford went into a store and said to the proprietor: "What kind of lights do you have?"

"Edison lights," was the reply.

"And tyres?"

"Firestone tyres."

"You will be interested to know that Mr. Edison and Mr. Firestone are in my car and I am Henry Ford."

As the man was putting on the tire Mr. Burroughs who was well adorned with white whiskers learned out of the car, and the man looking at him said:

"Now, Don't you tell me you're Santa Claus!"

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A pedestrian was knocked down by an automobile. A lawyer who happened to be by, went to the injured man and advised him "Get up, my man. Come along with me and I'll get you some damages." The shocked victim replied "Heavens, No. I have had all the damages I want. I now want repairs."

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One of the inmates of an asylum was trying to drive a nail into the wall, head end first. "The man who made this nail put the head on the wrong end" he complained. "Don't be silly" said another inmate "That nail was intended for the wall on the other side of the room!"

PAKISTAN'S PREMIER AND PRIME POLITICO

By ANDREW ROTH

ALTHOUGH Liaquat Ali Khan, paunchy Prime Minister of Pakistan, is reaching the height of his international prestige with his current trip to the U. S. A. and Canada and his anticipated trip to the U.S.S.R., he cannot seem to escape from two shadows. Internationally he cannot help being compared with charming, intellectual Pandit Nehru, Premier of neighbouring India. Internally he cannot avoid being compared with the "architect of Pakistan," the late Jinnah, into whose shoes he has stepped.

Like other leaders of Pakistan's Moslem League, Liaquat has always been somewhat jealous of the international reputation garnered by India's leaders like Pandit Nehru. Once, when a group of Moslem League leaders were discussing what sacrifices they had made for the creation of Pakistan, few could do much boasting. When Liaquat's turn came, he admitted his major sacrifice was flying in airplanes. He hated flying but was compelled to do so by his political obligations!

Liaquat's irritation with the bigger spotlight occupied by Pandit Nehru helps explain his brief and much-misunderstood "flirtation" with the Soviets last year. When Nehru's invitation to visit the U. S. and Canada was announced, Pakistani leaders were fearful this would mean American influence on India's side in the Kashmir question. A shrewd political horse-trader, Liaquat operated through the Pakistan ambassador to Persia to wangle an invitation to Moscow. The announcement aroused wide approval in Pakistan, where some newspaper headlines screamed hopefully: "Russia will back us in Kashmir!" It also aroused the desired consternation in Anglo-American circles. There was much behind-the-scenes pressure to dissuade him. It was pointed out that the Soviets apparently didn't attach much importance to his visit because they had not given it any publicity in Moscow. Although the bags of the Prime Minister and his party were

virtually packed on two occasions, the Moscow visit was finally deferred. The thing that clinched it was the desired invitation from America. Premier Liaquat still insists that he is going to Moscow. As a practical politician he is too shrewd to give up an implied threat which so enhances his bargaining position in the Anglo-American world.

Pakistan's Premier is a shrewd and cautious political boss. Like most Pakistan leaders, he is a "Nawab", a big semi-feudal landlord. He was born into substantial land holdings in the United Provinces and Delhi. He made his political start as the landlords' representative in the U. P. Legislative Council from 1926 to 1940. During that time he also made a trip to England to represent the landlords. He likes to joke, however, that he can earn his living in newspaper business because he was once Managing Director of "Dawn" when it was the Moslem League's official organ in Delhi.

Like many other Pakistani leaders, Liaquat is a "refugee" since he was not born in the area now delimited as Pakistan. He was born fifty-five years ago in East Punjab, still part of India. His family, which had migrated to India some five hundred years before, claims descent from King Nausheewan of Persia. Liaquat spent most of his life in the United Provinces and studied at Aligarh and Allahabad Universities before going to Oxford for his M. A. and to London's Inner Temple for his law degree. Like seven million other Indian Moslems, he took up residence in the area now the separate state of Pakistan. Unlike most others, he has been able to transfer a considerable amount of his property.

Liaquat joined the Muslim League in 1923, but did not become active until 1936 when he was elected Honorary Secretary. His real prominence came a little later when Jinnah made him his lieutenant. In 1940 Liaquat was elected to India's Central Assembly, becoming Deputy Leader of the League minority there in 1943. He had a reputation as a sharp and witty

debater with a somewhat florid style.

Liaquat's abilities as a party boss were given a major try when as chairman of the League's Central Parliamentary Board, he chalked up considerable successes in the 1945 elections. He attended the 1945-46 Simla conferences and became a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council in 1946. He secured considerable Cabinet experience as leader of the League bloc in the Interim Government of 1946-47. As Finance Minister he was responsible for the soak-the-rich "Socialist budget" of 1947. This was a misnomer because Liaquat is anything but a Socialist. But, as a Moslem and a landlord, he enjoyed putting the burden of taxation on businessmen and industrialists, who were overwhelmingly Hindus.

His Cabinet experience proved valuable because when Pakistan was established in August 1947, he became not only Prime Minister but Minister of Defence and Foreign Affairs as well, until the last was assigned to Sir Zafullah Khan. Jinnah, already in poor health, took the less exacting post of Governor-General.

Caution has been one of the outstanding characteristics of Pakistan's Premier. In September 1947, when there was growing turmoil in Kashmir, a number of voices in newly-established Pakistan insisted on its being "liberated" from its Hindu maharajah, who was on the point of acceding to India, thus securing Indian military support. Some Pakistani officers suggested that a small but disciplined group of Pakistani soldiers in civilian clothes be sent into Kashmir to seize the Srinagar airfield, which would prevent the landing of Indian reinforcements, which could only come in by air. Liaquat was afraid of the risks of such involvement and decided, instead, to support the entry of Pathan tribesmen who were, however, more interested in loot than strategy.

Although the head of a Moslem state which is professedly theocratic in character, Liaquat is in no sense a fanatic. He believes in the essence, not the forms, of Islam and only prays once a day instead of the five times demanded by orthodoxy. Although his mother still observes the *purdah* practised by orthodox women here, Liaquat's present wife is not only not in *purdah* but was not

even a Moslem when he married her. She was a Christian convert from a Hindu family who has now become a Moslem. Attractive, energetic and ambitious, Begum Liaquat is considered one of the Premier's chief political drawbacks. Since she was not born a Moslem and talks in favour of the emancipation of women, she is the target for much vilification by the more fanatic *mullahs*. But the Prime Minister is quite energetic in fighting off the attacks of fanaticism, both openly and through guile. He has jailed the leaders of one group which worries that Pakistan is not sufficiently Islamic. He has also pacified a number of leading *mullahs* by giving them remunerative posts as Government advisors on Islamic questions.

Those who know Liaquat have been amused by press fears that his trip to Moscow means a pro-Soviet orientation because he is not only cautious and conservative but also because he has long been very closely tied to Britain. The Moslem League was encouraged by India's British administrators who saw in it a means of discrediting the claim of the Indian National Congress to represent all Indians. Like many other Moslem leaders, Liaquat came to look to the British for support. After Pakistan's establishment, Liaquat felt that the Pakistanis, as less advanced than the Indians, had more need of expert British advice. In his own Cabinet even today the Minister of Commerce is British and the heads of all three armed services are British. Although lessening, there are still over three hundred British officers in staff or advisory positions. Many Pakistani officers, either ambitious or nationalistic, think Premier (and Defence Minister) Liaquat is too pro-British.

Actually the Prime Minister takes comparatively little interest in foreign affairs except as they directly influence Pakistan because he is overwhelmingly the classic party boss. He has had a tough job trying to keep the Moslem League from falling apart after its prime objective, the establishment of Pakistan, had been reached. It has been difficult to work out a popular economic programme because agrarian reform, which would be immensely popular among agricultural Pakistan's many millions of tenants, could hardly find favour

with the League's landlord leaders. In repairing and patching the League machinery, the chief principle which Liaquat has used in appointing lieutenants has been loyalty to himself. In the Frontier Province he is aligned with Abdul Quaiyum, a local dictator who has killed hundreds of his opponents by firing at their mass meetings, jailed additional hundreds and barred others from the province. In the Punjab a former provincial Premier has just undergone a lengthy trial which few people think would have been initiated if he had not broken with Liaquat. Liaquat has got around the law to retain Cabinet ministers loyal to him. A Cabinet minister cannot legally hold his post for over six months without being a member of the Parliament. When Liaquat's Minister for Kashmir Affairs ran through his six months, he

was appointed Roving Ambassador for a few months, and is now back at his old job.

Although a party boss, Liaquat is one in the eastern rather than in the western sense because he is extremely impatient of any criticism. Recently two members of the Constituent Assembly were expelled from the League Assembly Party for criticising his executive imposition of undemocratic security ordinances.

Liaquat feels that most criticism is "irresponsible" because the overriding issue is whether or not Pakistan survives its present bout of difficulties with India. Although his critics share many of his suspicions about India, many feel that internal reforms—and particularly agrarian reforms—will do more to strengthen Pakistan than his defence budgets and trips abroad.

DR. HARDIKAR—FOUNDER OF INDIAN YOUTH MOVEMENT

By The Hon'ble Mr. R. R. DIWAKAR
(Minister of State, Government of India)

IF I am to write about my reminiscences regarding Dr. Hardikar, I have to go back to the early days of the Swadeshi Movement in 1905-8. I was then a stripling taking my English lessons in the secondary school at Hubli. The air was full of brave things done by patriots. Small knots of young urchins like us would sit together and share the joy of admiration when stories of heroism not only of Indian patriots but also those of Italy and Ireland were narrated.

It was in those days that I first came in contact with Dr. Hardikar as one who tried to organise what he then called the Arya Bala Sabha. Even then his passion was to get together a number of young boys, try to organise them, lecture to them and teach them to speak and think about their country.

This Arya Bala Sabha had a nucleus of books as well which went under the respectable name of a library. I can well say that these were the humble beginnings of Dr. Hardikar who later thought and acted in terms of the whole youth of the country and be-

came the founder of an organisation which was to render unstinted service to India.

Evidently that small place, Hubli, was not enough either for his ambitions or for his education. He left for Calcutta for a medical course and after sometime he went to America for higher education. It was in that land of freedom that he may be said to have learnt his first lessons in active patriotism at the feet of Lala Lajpat Rai, one of the greatest men that Punjab has ever produced.

Then he came back to India in 1921 after going through a school of hardship as well as devoted service and extreme sacrifice in America under his Guru. There is no doubt that he was from the beginning a disciple of Lokamanya Tilak. He had come in close contact with him and was substantially helped while in America. But when he returned to India in 1921, the flag of non-violent non-co-operation had already been unfurled by the Indian National Congress under the leadership of Gandhiji. Like a true patriot he immedi-

PRAKASAM'S CHARGES AGAINST MINISTERS

By D. V. RAJA RAO

ately fell in line. He had given instructions to friends to take to the pier a full uniform of Khaddar which he would put on before touching the shores of India!

I remember how in the first meeting he addressed in Hubli, after an absence of about 12 years, he held the public spell-bound by the measured words of conviction and sincerity that he uttered. Obviously he was thinking in terms of organising the country, and especially the youth of this land, for the mighty struggle that had been already launched. Long before he had any opportunity to take rest or study further the situation in the country, the Nagpur Flag Satyagraha started in which he wholeheartedly threw himself.

It was while in the jail precincts of Nagpur, where more than a thousand volunteers from different parts of the country were undergoing imprisonment, that the idea of an all-India volunteer organisation, wedded to the service of the land along the lines of the Indian National Congress, took shape and form.

Happily the Nagpur Flag Satyagraha ended in a triumph which gave a fillip to the idea of training national volunteers on an all-India basis.

It was this idea which had been brought home not only to Dr. Hardikar but to Seth Jammalal Bajaj, Sardar Patel and other leaders, that had to be worked out and given a concrete shape by way of founding an organisation. The opportunity was not far to seek. A special session of the Congress met in 1923 in Delhi and that was the occasion which Dr. Hardikar seized to convene an informal meeting of all captains and leaders of volunteers throughout the many provinces of India. A draft constitution was prepared and placed before this informal meeting and it was generally agreed by those present that it was time to make a serious attempt to start such an organisation.

I now remember that we both went up to Solon, a hill-station in Himalayas, to meet and consult Lala Lajpat Rai who was convalescing there. We had discussions with him and it was decided that the volunteer organisation which we then called the 'Hindusthan Seva Dal,' was to train, organise and discipline young people for the service of the country strictly

on Congress lines, but was in its initial stages to be an organisation outside the Congress.

Since then, a number of annual Seva Dal conferences were held with which were associated Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Subhas Chandra Bose, and others. Training camps were started in different provinces with a uniform course of instruction, physical, mental and moral. The organisation gradually grew to such proportions that ultimately in 1931, by a resolution of the Working Committee of the Congress, it was absorbed into the Congress and thenceforward became 'the fighting arm' of that great body.

There is no doubt that Dr. Hardikar not only conceived the idea of an all-India volunteer organisation for the purpose of serving the country but built it up bit by bit through thick and thin, and made it into a potent instrument of effective service. No doubt he has conducted many other activities in his own place as well as in other provinces. He built up a very good and useful library in Hubli which was unfortunately confiscated by the Government of the day in 1931. He took pains to build up a National Women's Movement in Karnataka and even to this day it is doing some useful work. He conducted national schools which, however, could not survive beyond a few years of difficult existence.

But if anyone asks me, I would say that the one passion of Dr. Hardikar's life has been to organise, train and discipline the youth of the country along the lines of national service. His persistence in this matter has borne fruit and today in every province there are a considerable number of men and women who have been trained according to the lines thought out by him.

Many a young man owes his initiation in patriotism and service of the country to Dr. Hardikar. His tact and patience in the handling of young men and in creating in them a love of selfless service, is really remarkable. Thus by his persistence and careful handling of things, he has not only been able to build up an organisation but also to endear himself to thousands of young men and women throughout India.

MR. PRAKASAM has become the most talked of person in Andhra. Most people think in terms of power politics and his sympathisers feel sorry for the losing but persevering fight he is putting up. Veterans of the Congress are more concerned about its repercussions on the prestige of the Congress than the rights or wrongs of his case. Naturally public opinion is rather confused.

We have just emerged as an independent democratic republic and the precedents and standards of public morality we establish now are of vital importance for a healthy growth of our politics. Ours is a democracy run on the party system. The people have a voice only in so far as they choose the party to govern them. We vote for the party for its ideologies and programmes but not for the individuals in the party. The elected party is expected to give us a Government which is not only faithful to its principles and programmes but which has a high sense of public duty and rectitude of behaviour. If the Government or some members of the Government do not come up to the standard and misbehave, there must be a machinery to check them or remove them. Happily our Constitution has provided for such contingencies. If some members of the Government are not fit to hold the responsible posts they are given, we have a right to ask for their removal. Normally there should not arise an occasion for us to assert this right. The party in power is expected to deal with such contingencies. But if for any reason the party fails to do its duty by the people we expect our representatives in the Assembly to safeguard our interests and draw the attention of the party to its duty by the people.

In framing his charges against some ministers in the Government Mr. Prakasam is just doing his duty by the people. With what motive he did it, is immaterial to us. He found instances of corruption, nepotism, profiteering and bad government by some ministers and he claims to have

convincing proof of his allegations. These allegations are either true or false. If they are true the people must be protected from these evils and the ministers must be either removed or prevented from indulging in such malpractices. If they are false the innocence of the alleged offenders should be proved convincingly to the public. Ignoring the charges or trying to suppress the complainants will not help. It would only make the people suspicious and undermine their confidence in the Government and the party represented by the Government. A Government which loses its confidence and prestige with the people is a calamity to democracy.

In framing his charges against some ministers in the Government Mr. Prakasam is just doing his duty by the people. With what motive he did it is immaterial to us. He found instances of corruption, nepotism, profiteering and bad Government by some ministers and he claims to have convincing proofs of his allegations. These allegations are either true or false. If they are true the people must be protected from these evils and the ministers must be either removed or prevented from indulging in such malpractices. If they are false the innocence of the alleged offenders should be proved convincingly to the public. Ignoring the charges or trying to suppress the complaints will not help. It would only make the people suspicious and undermine their confidence in the Government and the party represented by the Government.

It is not right that the Government should have taken such an attitude towards the charges. Mr. Prakasam and others who made these charges cannot be brushed aside as irresponsible and mischievous agitators. Mr. Prakasam is an ex-Premier and one of the most popular and revered Congress leaders in the south for the last quarter of a century or more. The leader of the Congress Legislature Party should have taken serious notice of these charges and vindicated

the honour and righteousness of his Government and his ministers. The way the Government have been trying to avoid the enquiry into the charges only tends to confirm their truthfulness. Perhaps the accused ministers are so strong in the party that the leader dare not question them at the risk of his own position. It is unfortunate that the integrity, character and discipline of our legislators is so poor that unscrupulous individuals or groups could hold the leader at their mercy.

It is the duty of the Congress which gave us our Government to enforce a high standard of rectitude in political behaviour on our ministers and legislators instead of remaining complacent over their maladministration and defiance of public opinion by sheer force of majority. It is good that the Congress instituted an enquiry into the charges made by Prakasam and others. But the action was halting, hesitant and unconvincing. The complaints were never given a chance to present their case. It was a one-sided party enquiry. An unreasonable solicitude to shield the offenders and belittle the charges was a dominant feature of the enquiry. Why the Congress is so partial to these people at the risk of public suspicion and disaffection is not understandable. This is not in the best interests of the people. This is lowering the standards of integrity and morality expected of people holding high public posts of power and authority. Apparently the Congress authorities failed to look at Prakasam's charges in their true perspective and ultimate significance. They allowed themselves to be guided by party dissensions and prejudices.

A party derives its strength by its ideologies, principles, and programmes but not by its members. A party should always be stronger than the strongest of its members. The Congress had always been such. Many a stalwart in the Congress has before now pitched himself against the party and retired into obscurity. But now it looks as though the Congress dare not question a clique of unscrupulous political intriguers in South India. The high Gandhian principles of truth and righteousness by which the Congress stands are being sacrificed to shield the accused ministers. This is a measure of the internal weakness

of the Congress. It would not gain in strength and prestige by suppressing criticism. Mr. Prakasam might be silenced by appealing to his sense of loyalty to the Congress or by the very weight and strength of the party. But the issues raised by him are of such vital importance to the people that they are not likely to be contented unless they are dealt with satisfactorily. The charges have become public property now. And the people want to know categorically whether they are true or not. They also want to know if there are any sanctions against misbehaving ministers outside what the party may or may not choose to do. The people are interested in a good Government for themselves and want to be protected from being exploited by unscrupulous and self-seeking politicians. They are not so very interested in the internal dissensions and rivalries in the Congress or any other party. The Congress will not gain by treating this matter as a party affair and trying to suppress it as a family scandal. The Congress stands to gain in every way by taking the people into their confidence and ensuring them a good Government from the Congress party. This the Congress can do only by standing by its high ideals of truth and righteousness and throwing out the undesirables in it.

The findings of the three man committee with which the enquiry closed were not unequivocal. Vallabhai Patel and Jawaharlal Nehru conceded that there is "—room for any reasonable person to entertain reasonable suspicion" and recommended that ministerial action should be above such suspicion. This is a very mild moral rebuke. Perhaps they expected that such a moral rebuke would bring the ministers to a sense of their public duty. Unfortunately our ministers are not alive to such moral obligations.

It is gratifying that Sardar Patel has invited Mr. Prakasam for a conference. Patel and Nehru are the two strong men of not only the Congress but of our nation. It is to be hoped that they will view Mr. Prakasam's activities in the wider context of the country's good and people's rights and not allow themselves to be influenced by the exigencies of party troubles.

OUR AGRICULTURE: ITS PLACE IN OUR HEALTH & ECONOMY

By D. SESHADRI SASTRI

"FARMER was the first man and he will be the last man." Much has happened since Hyde Bailey, Dean of the Agricultural College at Cornell University wrote the above words. There is the eternal and classical relationship of man to the earth and his ultimate dependence upon the earth. Food has become man's major pre-occupation and the land provides man's ultimate security. Owing to world famine caused largely by war, devastation, droughts and dislocation of distribution, two-thirds of the world's population suffers today from serious malnutrition. At least a fourth to fifth of the world's population lives perpetually at a starvation level, born and dying without having enough to eat for a major portion of their lives.

The Malthusian theory of over-population has come too true. It has now become clear that the population of the world has outstripped the means of its subsistence or at least approached a balance so precarious that a drought or a dislocation of transport in any part of the world can produce famine over a large area. In India, millions of people suffer all their lives from slow famine and die by the millions even in non-famine years, either of actual starvation or of the weakness and disease arising from severe malnutrition.

The rule that as living standards decline the birth-rate increases has come too true in our country, the highest birthrate being at the lower economic levels and consequently in the levels where food and diet are limited. So we see in India increase of population at approximately ten millions a year. The more the malnutrition, the greater is the frenzy of breeding and reproduction in order to carry on the species. This may appear paradoxical but the live-stock breeders know full well with a fat bull or a fat cow, fed upon a rich diet, the rate of fecundity is much lower than with thinner animals.

The ratio of agricultural land in the world available for producing food

under existing methods of agriculture is about two acres per person. Under this ratio, even if every individual in the world has had his proportionate share of food the world would still be unable to feed itself on any but a near starvation diet of cereals. This is particularly so in considerable parts of Asia and Africa where the population is increasing quite out of proportion to the total area under cultivation. High protein foods and fruit diets have necessarily therefore to be abandoned in India and we should all have to live on a meagre diet of rice or wheat, cereals and occasional vegetables. Among the vegetarians, only the rich really know the luxury of fruit diet and only the rich among non-vegetarians could enjoy the luxury of meat, poultry and dairy products, because the price of these things either through their scarcity or owing to the high cost of their production is far beyond the income of 95 per cent of the population.

In very few areas in the world, notably France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Japan, is there an agriculture of maximum maintained production of potentiality per acre. Elsewhere, over vast areas the production has been steadily declining. This is particularly so in newer areas which were largely counted upon to feed the world, viz., the United States, Australia, the Argentine, Canada, South Africa and Venezuela. This is so, because of devastation caused by poor destructive and inefficient agriculture and by wind and water erosion. The declining production per acre, especially in India and the other Asian countries, is serious in the economic sense as well as in the sense of food production. By mathematical formula, the less food produced per acre, the more the cost of production is increased. This fact lies behind the rising cost of food for the last generation or more. It lies largely behind the demands for higher and higher wages as the cost of living, of which food is the basic item, increases. It is also largely responsible for the 'creeping inflation'

which has been in progress during the last two generations and which becomes steadily more apparent as the population increases and the production per acre of food declines and costs of production increase. Food costs rise steadily because of declining production and increasing production costs per acre. High prices limit consumption and create artificial surpluses, especially in the realm of quality and highly nutritious foods. There are no real 'surpluses of food' in this modern world. Rises in industrial wages do not really compensate, since inevitably they are passed on to manufactured commodities, which in turn increases costs for farmers and consequently costs of his economic survival and of production; and ultimately imperil the living standards of all. It is this which renders all stop-gap remedies in terms of money rather than by production and abundance utterly futile. The remedy therefore is more efficient and productive agriculture, better means of transport and consequently better distribution. An efficient agriculture, specialised, mechanised, with proper land use and respect for the soil could produce much the same result in the field of food and fibre as industry has achieved in the field of industrial commodities. It is a little terrifying to consider that at this time the population of the world is increasing at the rate of twenty five people per minute. That fact makes agriculture, and really efficient agriculture, seem more important than it has ever been in all the long history of the world.

The mineral deficiencies of poor or worn-out soils affect not only the living standards of people attempting to make a living on it but also standards of health, vitality, intelligence, and initiative which are so fundamental a part of the real wealth of a nation. The formula for a well-balanced soil capable of producing healthy plants, animals and people, as we know it today, should contain abundant organic material in the process of decay bacteria, moulds, fungi, earth-worms, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, nitrogen and a whole variety of trace elements such as manganese, magnesium, boron, copper, cobalt, iron and at least twenty others. It should be a soil in which the whole eternal cycle of life, growth, death and re-birth should

be constantly in progress. Plants exhibit symptoms of malnutrition or lack of mineral balance in their diet in exactly the same fashion as animals or people. The organic material is a great absorber and conservator of moisture and is therefore vital to any soil upon which food crops may be grown. Organic material is also vital to the fertility even of land which must be drained to be rid of too much water and land where unlimited supplies of water are available for irrigation. Since calcium is a vital part of soil balance, its place becomes of great importance in the process of unlocking fertility, partly because chemically it has a greater affinity for most minerals and trace elements than have iron and aluminium, and mostly because it snatches the minerals and elements vital to the health and growth of plants from combinations with iron and aluminium in which they remained virtually locked up and unavailable. In combination with calcium, all these minerals and elements exist in a form highly available to plant life. Calcium then is one of the keys to unlocking hidden and unavailable fertility. Moulds and fungi contribute to the breaking down of minerals and their transmutation into availability to plants and together with bacteria they play an important role in the unlocking of inexhaustible fertility. Sir Robert Howard's latest book 'Soil and Health' has contributed more than any other authority to the establishment of the important place which moulds and fungi play in the foundation, restoration and maintenance of soil fertility. But none of these bacteria, moulds and fungi can exist or multiply save by the presence in the soil of organic material in the process of death, decay and re-birth. Therefore, organic material in whatever form, becomes of vital importance to the productivity of any soil and particularly to the availability of the native minerals and element in that soil. With calcium, organic material provides the key to that cycle of birth, growth, death, decay and re-birth which makes the mineral content of the soil, whatever it may be, available to the plants and consequently to animals and to people. Deficiency in potassium is almost universal throughout the country. Nitrogen produces a rank growth. Potash is linked closely to organic material and the deficiency

of organic material is probably our greatest soil deficiency and one which is increasing.

By keen observation and intensive experiments, one is led to think that productive agriculture depends largely upon balance and upon laws very nearly as absolute as those of astronomy, mathematics, or physics. The balances appear to be three, (1) between minerals and organic materials, (2) between the major elements, nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, and calcium, (3) between the major elements and the so-called trace elements, manganese, copper, magnesium, boron, cobalt and a score of others. When any segment of the cycle-moisture, bacteria, moulds, fungi mineral balance, organic materials and the calcium content (which is perhaps the most valuable element in mineral balance) breaks down, the whole chain is broken, and one by one the various links collapse, bringing about the rapidly declining production and eventual sterility which is characteristic of so much once-good and still potentially good agricultural land in India.

In the past, the relation between agriculture, medicine and surgery was regarded as a fairly remote one. Such facts as the necessity for calcium and phosphorus in the growth and functioning of the human body have long been known. However, it has been widely recognized only recently, that the shortage or near absence of these major elements from worn out soils can affect whole areas and affect the growth, health and intelligence of the people living upon soils either originally deficient or badly depleted of these minerals. The effect of mineral depletion or unbalanced soils upon cattle is by now well established. In the realm of the so-called minor trace elements it is rapidly becoming a recognised fact that deficiencies of these elements in soil may produce derangements of health, resistance, vitality, intelligence and in particular of the functioning of glands. The trace elements include notably iodine, fluorine, manganese, magnesium, boron, cobalt, copper, zinc, sulphur and many other minerals. It is only recently that a few agronomists have begun exploring the whole relationship of mineral balance to the health and productivity of soils. This lack or unbalance of minerals over large

areas of the land's surface limits greatly the future food production of the world.

One hears in India often enough observations from travellers and superficial observers to the effect that there seem to be vast areas of lands which are still open to cultivation and there seem to be still unlimited supplies of food producing land not being utilised. The answer, known only to those whose business is agricultural land, is that those areas which have not been utilised or on which unsuccessful attempts at agriculture have been made are most of them unbalanced or comparatively unproductive soil because of mineral lack or difficult soil structure or aridity. In their present state they cannot be cultivated with any profit and the expenditure of money in making them cultivable by the addition of minerals and organic material is so great that their conversion into productive soils, is in a majority of cases, economically impossible under existing conditions. That is why it becomes vitally necessary for reasons not only of national or international economy but of health and social conditions that the destruction of existing good agricultural land through erosion or poor and wasteful agriculture be checked and that available possible agricultural land be made to produce its maximum without destruction of its fertility or mineral balance.

Too many farmers are cultivating two, three and sometimes as high as five acres to produce what one acre can, if properly farmed, produce. Too many farmers when they seek to increase production and income, go out and buy other land, instead of gaining the increase by properly cultivating the land they already possess. The farmer who cultivates five acres to produce what one acre should produce, is destined for eternal defeat, for his costs in labour, taxes, interest, time, wear and tear are five times what they should otherwise be and will constantly defeat him. Expansion horizontally in terms of land, rather than vertically in terms of production, is economically unsound and spells disaster.

How best, then, is maximum food production to be achieved and what is the role of the State and of the young men of the country in achieving sufficiency in food? The young

men of the country must take to agriculture in very large numbers and must study agricultural science in all its theoretical aspects and practical applications.

I. The Central Government, as in Soviet Russia, should set up a Central Academy in Agricultural Science and Food Chemistry, and an eminent scientist should be appointed as its academecian. Regional research stations should be established in the various States of the Indian Union and a large number of scientists should be employed by the State and their services must be exclusively harnessed to agriculture. A thorough examination of the soils should be undertaken and the scientists in charge of the various regional stations should be made to devote their whole time to devising ways and means of (1) soil conservation, (2) checking run-off water and erosion, (3) soil restoration—the restoration of both organic materials and minerals and maintenance of their balance, (4) resistance to disease, attacks of insects to crops. Scientific methods must be evolved so as to utilise to the best advantage all available knowledge regarding soils. A scientific soil survey will have to be undertaken and elaborate blue-prints will have to be prepared as a result of the said survey as had been done by the Department of Agricultural Settlement of the Jewish Agency in Palestine.

II. Young men of the country should be made to undergo practical training, in addition to the theoretical instruction imparted, under these regional scientists for a period of at least three years. The services of these young men must be made available to the farmer. The jurisdiction of these young men, who might be termed demonstrators, should not exceed two or three villages, and invariably they should be directed to live in a village and get into intimate touch with the peasant. The demonstrator should shed his aloofness, learn to move freely with the agriculturists. He must speak the language of the peasants, must inspect the farms once a week and disseminate all his knowledge to the peasants. All too often, the farmer is told to adopt certain practices because he will get better yields, make more money or even improve his soil but very rarely is he told why this is so. The pro-

cesses by which improvements and better yields come about, are not explained to him. I know of no element in our population more intelligent or more eager for information than our average good peasant.

III. The State should set up regional seed-testing laboratories and should undertake and ensure a timely supply to the farmer, of pure seeds of improved varieties at the prevailing market rate, of good selective germinating capacity and free from disease and insect attack. The importance of good seed is very often neglected and therefore the effort of a whole year gets wasted if the seed is not carefully selected and supplied to the farmer in time.

IV. The State should supply at favourable rentals mechanical appliances to every village; bull-dozers, tractors, ridge-ploughs, etc., and skilled workmen must be employed by the State to work the mechanical appliances.

V. State co-operatives must be established on a large scale and marketing arrangements of agricultural produce at reasonable market rates must be undertaken by the State.

VI. Private farms must be encouraged by the State by granting subsidies in the first instance with provision for recoveries in easy instalments. A well managed small farm with vegetables, fruit trees and selective good crops provides not only a source of large saving in the family food budget but it is also a source of health, recreation, outdoor life and general contentment for the whole family.

Unless the State applies itself seriously to these tasks all talk regarding food sufficiency and all campaigns regarding 'Grow More Food' will end in failure and our Indian agriculture will continue to be wasteful and extravagant. Our food costs will mount and the peasant's margin of profit will decrease. We are living in a world of machines and what we need today is better integration and some relation to reality and the practical aspects of the earth. In a world where the acquisition of vast money fortunes is fast becoming an impossibility, a farm is a good place to live in and agriculture is a good field in which not only to find security but satisfaction in living.

IS ANDHRA ANOTHER PROBLEM PROVINCE?

By D. V. RAMA RAO

RECENT sad events in both Bengals have naturally tended to eclipse many an other problem the country is faced with and although the Delhi Agreement has considerably alleviated the seriousness of the situation, yet, the exodus of minorities to and fro and their rehabilitation continues to be a major problem of both India and Pakistan. However, the crisis, which at one time seemed to overwhelm both the infant states of the sub-continent, has been averted, thanks to the high statesmanship displayed by both Prime Ministers. It may not be long, therefore, before West Bengal ceases to be the Problem Province Number One of India, but, there is every danger of Andhra becoming Problem Province Number Two.

The ever widening differences between the Andhra P. C. C. and the Madras Government, added to the unseemly controversies among some of the prominent Andhra Congress leaders, if not composed in time may lead to disastrous results, especially in view of the prevailing insecure conditions in the coastal Andhra districts of Madras and the adjoining Telangana districts of Hyderabad. As to how far the frequent organised raids, especially in the countryside, resulting in serious loss of life, property and even food grains are influenced by political motives may be a matter of controversy but there can be hardly two opinions as regards the urgent need to restore normal peaceful conditions. The problem has assumed such proportions that a responsible body like the Andhra P. C. C. has felt impelled to pass a resolution expressing doubt regarding the capacity of the Madras Government to maintain law and order and requesting the Central Government to come to the aid of the Madras Government.

Unfortunately, there seems to be an impression that the Andhras themselves are not co-operating with the authorities in restoring peaceful conditions. This was voiced by no less a person than Sardar Patel a few

weeks ago. But it would be more correct, perhaps, to say that popular enthusiasm, rather than co-operation, is lacking, for, no sensible person would be indifferent to conditions which constitute a constant threat to democratic and civilized ways of life.

Firstly, most Andhras feel that the Andhra Province question was never sympathetically viewed by non-Andhra opinion, especially in Delhi. The Andhras feel puzzled that while the majority of the states, in fact all excepting Madras, Bombay and Madhya Pradesh, happen to be, generally speaking, linguistic units, and while linguistic affinity has largely been observed in the merger of states in neighbouring provinces, it should be considered fissiparous or narrow-minded when the same principle is sought to be extended to Andhra area also. It is not so much the postponement of the formation of the Andhra Province (there might be weighty reasons for such postponement) as the attitude of viewing the legitimate aspiration itself as born out of narrow motive and the unconvincing reasons given for cold-shouldering the question of Andhra Province that have disappointed the Andhras.

Secondly, the Andhras feel aggrieved that in the matter of big projects, unlike that of other regions which have received consideration and help from the Centre, projects like that of Ramapadasagar, which, if completed, it is said, would solve the food problem of South India, have not received adequate attention.

Thirdly, while the Andhras form nearly 40 per cent of the total population of the Madras State the percentage of posts filled by Andhras, especially in higher cadres, is in some cases even less than 10 percent as has been revealed recently in the Madras Assembly. It is widely felt that this cannot be entirely due to dearth of suitable candidates among Andhras and that, in any event, this would never have been the case if Andhrades had been a separate administrative unit. It may be noted that ade-

quate regional representation in services is not so bad a principle as that of communal reservation; in fact, a fairly adequate regional representation may be a necessity in a democracy but, strangely enough, the Madras Government pursues the policy of communal reservation while entirely disregarding the relatively more wholesome policy of adequate regional representation in services.

Fourthly, the Andhras feel that in the matter of industrial development the Andhra area has been sadly neglected. While in the southern districts one finds well developed cities and industrial centres like Coimbatore, Madura, Tiruchirapalli and Salem, and so, too, in the western coast of Kerala, developed centres like Calicut, Ernakulam, Alwaye and Trivandrum, no such well planned cities and industrial centres are to be found in Andhradesh. No doubt, the industrial backwardness of the Andhra area may be partly due to lack of an urbanised middle class of well-to-do professionals, retired officials and city-bred businessmen to help promote industrial growth with share capital out of its pooled savings, and partly to lack of entrepreneurs. But that is all the more reason, argue the Andhras, why the Government should bestow greater attention on the industrial development of the region.

On top of all this looms the threat of disciplinary action against Sri Prakasam who without doubt continues to be the most popular public hero in Andhradesh. The feeling is shared by many that while Prakasam has placed the interests of the country above that of the party which he has continued to serve loyally all along, the Working Committee is more concerned with the prestige of the party and the maintenance of its solidarity. It can, of course, be argued that the best way of serving the country at this juncture is to strengthen the organisation to which has fallen the privilege of shaping the country's destiny during the past nearly half a century. But it can also be argued with equal force that the best way of strengthening the Congress is not by maintaining an outward show of solidarity but by getting rid of the many weaknesses that have crept into its ranks. Whichever way one views the matter, one cannot but be struck by the tragic nature of the situation that has led to one of the most loyal Congressmen

and perhaps, the oldest Congressman alive among the veterans, finding himself at loggerheads with the Congress High Command. None need doubt the high motive of either the High Command or Prakasam and unless both show high statesmanship it is the country that will ultimately suffer. It would be a great folly to mistake Prakasam's blunt manner for a rebellious attitude. The one person that can possibly set right the dispute is Sardar Patel noted for his astute statesmanship and robust realism.

The Andhras by temperament easily respond to even mild gestures of sympathy and goodwill and if today they feel sore it is not because they are not alive to their own shortcomings, but because they feel that they and their leaders, especially Prakasam have been more sinned against than sinning. The great Sardar has by his 'magical touch' achieved many a miracle and it is to be earnestly hoped that he would achieve, yet, one more by averting the crisis that threatens to turn 'Andhradesh into Problem Province Number Two of India.

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THE DEATH PENALTY

By S. KRISHNASWAMI RAO

TODAY in over twenty countries the death penalty has been abolished, except against those who are a danger to the security of the country during great national emergencies like war, and in a number of others, though the death penalty is still permitted by the law of the realm, it is inflicted very rarely. Holland, Sweden, Norway, a number of South and Central American countries and about eight states of the American Union belong to the first category. Holland abolished the death penalty as early as 1870.

In Finland sentence of death, except under martial law since 1826, has not been carried out, and in Belgium not since 1868. In Germany in the five years 1933-38, there were 200 executions for high treason alone.

In countries that have not abolished the death penalty the manner of inflicting it varies. In Great Britain the condemned person is "hanged by the neck until he is dead." With a noose around his neck he is allowed to drop 6 to 8 feet and his neck breaks at the end of the drop.

From a very early date, hanging had been practised in England. But there was a time in England when thieves were hanged for stealing hens and chicken. Lords of manors, heads of abbeys and municipal authorities had the power to hang offenders.

After hanging, the corpse was often hung in chains near the place where the crime was committed. This was called "gibbetting", and this was not officially recognised until 1752. But it soon came about that instead of being hung in chains, the corpse was given to the surgeons to be dissected. But this was abolished in 1832 and gibbetting, two years later.

Until 1790, it was customary in England to burn convicts guilty of certain forms of treason: and the beheading of traitors was permissible for nearly a quarter of a century thereafter.

The barbarous punishment of drawing and quartering was inflicted in England until 1870. In 1867, two Irish patriots were sentenced to undergo it, but the sentence was not carried out. The first person to be hanged, drawn

and quartered was the Welsh prince David.

The sentence was carried out thus: the unfortunate man was first hanged by the neck, but before death claimed him, his entrails were cut out and burned before his eyes. He was then beheaded; after that his corpse was cut into four parts.

As late as the seventh decade of the 19th century, sentence of death was carried out in England in public. Michael Barrett was the last person to be executed thus. He was an Irishman who, in 1868, was found guilty of blowing up a wall of Clerkenwell prison in an endeavour to set at liberty two of his comrades who were serving a sentence there.

The guillotine, a machine by which the victim's head is severed from his body, deserves to be considered a very humane instrument despite its horrible reputation. Dr. J. I. Guillotin recommended its use to the Constituent Assembly of France in 1789 only upon humane grounds. In the guillotine there is an upright frame down which a sharp heavy axe descends on the neck of the victim, instantly severing the head. Such a method is obviously more humane than beheading with an axe, in which the painlessness or otherwise of the execution depends upon the executioner's nerve and skill.

The guillotine was not invented by the doctor whose name it now bears. Hundreds of years before the French Revolution, it was in use not only on the continent of Europe but also in Scotland and England. In Scotland it was last used in 1685 and in England some thirty or forty years earlier. In Italy it was in use from the 13th century and in Germany from about the same time.

Beheading with an axe was until recent times by far the most widely practised method of execution. It was frequently used under the Nazi regime in Germany as a punishment for treason.

Both the Greeks and Romans practised beheading and among them it was regarded as the least disgraceful form of execution. Likewise in England, where William the Conqueror

THE SARVODAYA PLAN

By T. D. JAGADESAN

introduced this method, beheading was used from the 12th till the 13th century, mainly on noblemen and for crimes of treason.

Stoning to death and burning were principally practised by the ancient Israelites, among whom a large number of crimes were punishable by death. Of the several Babylonian methods, drowning was the humanest. Among the Assyrians, impaling upon sharpened stakes was common punishment.

In ancient Rome, sentence of death was frequently carried out by hurling the condemned from the top of the Torpeian Rock. Those who were not Roman citizens underwent crucifixion. Flogging was also extensively practised by the Romans and to be condemned to receive more than a certain number of lashes was equivalent to sentence of death.

Among Romans a patricide was sewn up in a sack with an ape, a dog, a cock and a viper, and then thrown into deep water. It was also customary among them to throw the victim into a pond full of large eels.

Years before the Declaration of In-

dependence was adopted by the United Colonies in 1776, the New England States made such reforms in the Criminal Code they had inherited from Great Britain, that it was in many respects among the most humane in the world. To abolish the death penalty for all except the most serious crimes was one of the changes they made. They were very many years ahead, in this respect, of most European countries, including England. Some of the states of the American Union which have not abolished the death penalty practise hanging and some electrocution; in one State called Nevada, the condemned are executed by lethal gas, and in another, Utah, the condemned person is allowed to choose between hanging and shooting.

In electrocution the condemned is strapped into a specially constructed chair, where a number of powerful currents of electricity pass through him. Death is said to be painless and instantaneous. But there are those who contest this statement. Electrocution was first practised in the State of New York in 1890. Since then twenty five states have adopted it.

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"THE fundamental problem of social science is," wrote Marx a hundred years ago, "to find the law according to which society produces the state which succeeds and takes its place." He held that economic reorganisation of society, especially the means of production and their ownership were conditions precedent to social development. And such a development is decisive of not only the evolution of the culture, art, science and philosophy but also the individual character of a people. Based on these broad principles, the Sarvodaya Plan is to bring about a classless, casteless society, perhaps very near to Ramraj, through revolutionary but gradual economic reforms, touching the very core of our social fabric.

Let us briefly trace the history of the Sarvodaya movement. The AICC appointed a committee in 1947 to draft an economic programme and its report was adopted by the Jaipur Congress. Gandhian constructive workers with years of ripe experience in village amelioration work decided to meet in February 1948 to evolve a suitable plan on the Sarvodaya ideals. They, however actually met in November, 1949 under the presidency of Sri Kaka Kalelkar. The economic Committee met again at Wardha on 22nd December 1949 to deliberate upon the Sarvodaya Plan, and perfect its broad outline. The cardinal features of the Plan were finally released to the nation significantly on Jan. 30, 1950.

Society, according to the Sarvodaya Plan will not be based upon the reactionary distinctions of caste and class. Equal opportunity there will be for all, which will result in the full and proper utilization of human and natural resources. All property being socially produced must be subject to society. It may vest in the individual and the community. It follows that the present competitive economy will have to yield place to a social economy based on cooperation.

The plan endeavours to bring the son of the soil in the remotest part of the country to the fore, and the proprietorship of the agricultural land

will vest in the tiller under regulations laid down by society. In decentralised industries, the organs of production will be owned either individually or corporately, the emphasis being on the latter. Centralised industries would be owned by the community and run by the state or public corporations or cooperative societies.

Such a reorganisation of property rights and the production system on the basis of maximum regional self-sufficiency and decentralization would utilize the hitherto unexploited manpower of the country to the best advantage and would also greatly reduce the vicious ratio of the non-working and parasitic population to the working one. Besides, a decrease of pressure on land would increase the per capita production.

The general agrarian conditions and allied outmoded practices present an appalling picture replete with inefficiency and low productivity. Any lasting improvement in the agricultural production and efficiency could not, therefore, be effected without ushering in comprehensive land reforms. Abolition of the zamindari system stands at the top claiming priority in any programme of land reforms, and already encouraging advances have been registered by a few outstanding states in respect of the implementation of this legislation. Elimination of intermediaries and sub-letting of land in any form will be stamped out. Only those who put in the minimum amount of physical labour and direct participation in actual field operations should be allowed to cultivate land, and will, therefore, be entitled to enjoy the fruits of the land.

On all holdings between the basic and the maximum sizes, proprietorship in agricultural land will vest in the actual tiller. The right of the proprietor does not, at the same time, confer on the owner a veto to use the land for self-aggrandizement or to use it according to his whims. The cultivator will enjoy permanent transferable and heritable rights of cultivation, subject to the condition that he does not sub-let his holdings.

and that he transfers the same according to well-defined priorities laid down by appropriate authorities.

In spite of high prices of agricultural produce, the crushing weight of indebtedness of the bulk of the agrarian population has not yet toned down, and still it continues to be a major challenge. There will, therefore, be a compulsory scaling down of the debt of the farmers and landless labourers on the basis of paying capacity and equity of loans. All money lenders will be registered and their dealings straightened out. Simultaneously provision will be made for alternate credit sources through multipurpose cooperative societies in the villages and land mortgage banks.

The guiding principle of the Sarvodaya Plan in respect of industry can be put in a nutshell thus: Whatever could be produced adequately by decentralised industries should not be produced by centralised industries. It follows, therefore, that all consumer goods will be produced by decentralised industries and centralised control and production will be confined to a limited sphere of defence industries, power generation, metallurgy, forestry, machine and machine tools, etc. In this process of rapid and intense nationalization and Indianization, there is no place for the mushroom growths of foreign concerns; either they will have to go out of existence or silently pass under public ownership. No discrimination will, in this respect, be made either in favour of or against foreign concerns.

The plan also contemplates organization of an incentive to mass savings and control of investment in the interest of agriculture and decentralised industries and ultimately to socialise banks and insurance companies to protect the structure of national economy from the manipulations of Big Money.

Public utilities like railways, roads, land, waterways, coastal shipping, post and telegraphs and air transport will all be so reorganised that the village—the nucleus of the Sarvodaya ideal—will, as far as possible, be kept in the forefront.

The system of education in a non-violent cooperative society must necessarily differ from the one evolved by a competition-ridden society. This careerist brand of education should give place to service. And this leads to the evolution of a craft-centred education where various subjects are taught in correlation to the teachings of a socially useful handicraft. Basic education combines both cultural and vocational trainings.

The Plan argues strongly that we can never hope to assimilate the teaching of moral values in a society that teaches one to be always competitive, fighting and overcoming others. Education for power domination, self-aggrandizement is inconsistent with structure of the government, the new type to be evolved will, therefore, aim at a new humanism based on absolute devotion to non-acquisition, non-violence and truth.

While at present real executive power develops at the top and passes down to the bottom, the plan lays down that power should primarily vest in basic units of administration, and should ascend from the bottom to the top. The village panchayats should be the real bastions of governmental functions, and the Plan is emphatic on this vital point. In the pyramidal structure of the government, the strongest and the most vital and functional part should be the lowest segment, i.e., the bottom.

To the Sarvodaya society, military defence based on war and violence is alien. It has to be gradually eliminated by progressive steps. During the period of transition, effective measures should be taken to develop the spirit of non-violent resistance. This can be accelerated by a general education of the masses for discipline in non-violence, and by the organisation of *Shanti senas* to fight for peace.

In the light of the present-day experience, the Plan will, in respect of details, have to undergo many changes, as it passes through successive stages before maturity and implementation.

STATE MEDICINE FOR 150 MILLIONS?

By HAROLD HILLIARD

ONE of the major political battles of modern Congressional history threatens to erupt this year in the U. S. capital, as President Truman and his administration press for Congress to legislate into existence a national health insurance scheme to cover 150,000,000 people.

Spearheading the opposition is the American Medical Association, which is armed with a \$3,050,000 fund created by a compulsory assessment of \$25 on all its 122,000 active members. The money is being used in a giant publicity campaign designed to reach into every home.

The administration-sponsored plan provides for Washington to supplant what the legislative bill calls "the present archaic system" and shoulder the nation's entire health bill—except for persons who choose to continue to pay their own. The Federal Government would assume all hospital, medical and surgical debts, with few exceptions. The necessary fund would be established by compulsory deductions from pay envelopes.

In 1945, when Franklin D. Roosevelt died, Harry Truman inherited not only the presidency but a promise to fulfil the health scheme. It had been one of the late President's fondest hopes.

Mr. Truman has since reminded Congress at every opportunity of the need for health insurance, and it was a key plank in the campaign which won him his spectacular 1948 presidential victory.

When about the same time, Oscar Ewing, Federal Security Administrator, informed Mr. Truman that 80 per cent of the U. S. people do not earn wages sufficient to afford all the medical care they need, and only two per cent of the U. S. people subscribe to voluntary health plans which offer the same advantages as all-embracing Government insurance, administration supporters in Congress agreed it was time for action. Thus was born Bill 5, which was introduced to Congress last spring. The bill never got beyond the Committee of Labour and Public Welfare, but before being

pigeonholed until 1950, over 1,000,000 words of argument were written into Congressional records. The bill embodies the principal recommendations contained in a 186-page report by Mr. Ewing to the President on the state of the nation's health, prepared by direct presidential order.

Mr. Ewing emphasizes the proposed insurance plan would change nothing in the present U. S. system of medical care but the method of payment. Beyond that point it has only one other fundamental similarity with the British system, in that doctors would not be civil servants, and those who wished, could remain outside the plan.

Jack Russell, aide to Mr. Ewing, told me he thinks the U. S. plan "would be cheap at twice the price," if the \$27,000,000,000 in production and wages lost yearly through sickness and disability is balanced against the nation's annual medical and health bill of \$8,500,000,000. The first figure represents 10 per cent of the annual earnings of all U. S. citizens, the second figure 3 per cent.

One of the most positive features of the U. S. plan seen by the Federal Security Agency is an estimated reduction of 25 per cent in preventable U. S. deaths in the next 10 years. The F. S. A. believes expanded medical care would not only almost eliminate death but sickness also from the following diseases: malaria, typhoid, dysentery, undulant fever, typhus, smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus and measles.

Some other examples of need for improved U. S. health services are: about 75 per cent of 27,000,000 U. S. school children need dental care, while nearly 70 per cent of all U. S. citizens are served by inadequate public health departments. It was reported in Birmingham, after four months' operation of the British plan, that 97 per cent of all people tested needed eyeglasses, which is believed an indication of what may also be the need in the U. S. F. S. A. says there isn't a single state in the union with enough hospital beds of an adequate standard to meet current needs.

Teacher: Johnny, what do you consider the greatest achievement of the ancient Romans.

Johnny: Speaking Latin, teacher!"

In terms of the family budget, Mr. Ewing thinks the need for expanded health services is amply demonstrated by recalling an American Medical Association estimate, in 1939, that an income of \$3,000 a year was not adequate to pay the costs of a major or chronic illness. Translated into present-day purchasing power, the administrator argued the figure would be \$5,000 and only 20 per cent of all U. S. citizens earn in excess of that amount.

Great as the need is among the white population of the U. S., Mr. Ewing in his report to the President, outlined the even more pressing requirements of the Negro population. The F. S. A. estimates the colored death rate in 1945 as 50 per cent higher than that of whites. Hospital and other health facilities are sharply less on a per capita basis in states where there are large Negro populations, while in northern states Negroes are prohibited from admittance into any but publicly owned hospitals.

Bill 5 provides for the health fund to be established by compulsory deductions of 1-1/2 per cent from the pay of all U. S. citizens, on all they earn up to \$4,800 a year. The actual payment to the Government would be 3 per cent., as the employer would match the employee's contribution. A man earning \$50 a week would have 75 cents a week deducted, and the maximum deduction from any pay cheque would be \$1.40. A person in business for himself would pay a straight per cent.

The insurance would cover doctor's bills for all home and office calls, treatments by specialists, hospital and nursing care for at least 60 days, ambulances, eyeglasses, hearing aids, X-rays, laboratory tests and dental services. Costly medicines, such as those used in the treatment of tuberculosis and others not being sold at popular prices, would be provided by the state.

The insurance would not pay for prescriptions which can be filled at a drug store. Hospitalization would be limited to 30 days in the case of tuberculosis or psychosis cases. Hospitalization would not be provided in cases of mental or nervous diseases.

Unlike Britain, hospitals would continue to function, at present, under private or state or municipal ownership. Britain has nationalised its hospitals. The aim of the legislation

is that, as in Britain, none of the present arrangements between patients and doctors should be interrupted, and sick and injured would have the same freedom as at present to choose or replace their own physicians. A patient would be free, if he wished, to continue to get care on a fee-for-service basis from a doctor who chose to remain outside the plan but, in such cases, a patient would be paying double, for he'd still be required to make his weekly contribution to the federal insurance.

The bill would ensure increased federal aid for added hospital construction to provide at a cost of \$9,000,000,000, 600,000 new beds in the first 10 years. There are now 900,000 hospital beds in the U. S. At the present rate of construction, the Federal Security Agency estimates that 1946 hospital needs would not be met until 1986—40 years too late.

Mr. Ewing's report to the President estimated the U. S. will be short of 42,000 doctors by 1960 unless the present training rate is stepped up. Federal aid proposed in Bill 5 would provide 37,000 of these, bringing the number up to 227,000. Additional aid is earmarked for nurses, to prevent the current shortage of 42,000 increasing to 163,000 by 1960, while moneys would be provided to help boost staffs of public health and visiting nurses from 21,500 to the 72,000 which, it is estimated, will be required in 10 years.

The aid would be in the form of grants: to schools of medicine, \$300 for each medical student enrolled at present and \$1,700 for each student enrolled in future in excess of average enrolment in the past; to dentistry schools, \$250 and \$1,300, on the same basis; nursing schools, \$200 and \$1,200; and grants would be extended to schools training public health workers and sanitary engineers.

The legislation would authorize a fourfold increase to \$80,000,000 a year, in federal grants for medical research. The bill calls for research to be concentrated on polio, diabetes, arthritis, rheumatism, multiple sclerosis, cerebral palsy and epilepsy. Annual grants of \$25,000,000 are proposed for maternal and child health services, to reduce by half the 45,000 babies and mothers now dying needlessly. Another \$25,000,000 would go to crippled children's services.

Recognizing a greater need in rural

than urban areas, as outlined in Mr. Ewing's report, the bill would authorize a novel proposal: grants of \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year for five years to help set up a network of farmers' health co-operatives.

These are described as "experimental" grants, to test the practicability of establishing health and medical centres in areas where facilities are lacking because of the cost. They would apply only where not less than two-thirds of the members are farmers.

The Federal Security Agency estimates it will take three years from the day the President gives final approval before the health insurance organization is functioning. It aims to start off footing the medical bills for 90,000,000 people, and ultimately all 150,000,000 U. S. citizens.

Already the disagreement between the Administration and the American Medical Association has developed into a giant battle of statistics.

"The A. M. A. believes the rapidly expanding voluntary health plans are preferable to the Government's compulsory proposals," Dr. Lawrence told me. "We're the first to admit the voluntary plans aren't perfect, but they're being constantly improved. For instance, a proposal is now under consideration for issuing a single policy covering medical, surgical and hospital costs. An example of the rapid rise in the use of the voluntary plans is the Blue Cross (hospitalization plan), which only five years ago served 8 per cent of the U. S. people but today blankets more than 21 per cent." He said all voluntary plans now embrace over 60,000,000 U. S. citizens.

"Granting 60,000,000 are covered which I don't," replied Mr. Ewing, "how about the 90,000,000 other Americans who have no protection whatever? But of the 60,000,000 the A.M.A. talks about, only 3,500,000 have all-embracing coverage which would match the proposed national insurance plan.

Main theme of the A.M.A. campaign is that the Government scheme will lead to socialized medicine, which means complete federal ownership of hospitals and the employment of all doctors as civil servants. All Federal

Security Agency literature denies the administration has any such aim.

The A.M.A. is publishing full-page advertisements in newspapers urging voters to "phone, wire or write" their Congressmen to oppose the insurance plan. Each of the Association's 140,000 doctor members is being supplied with pamphlets to be distributed to all patients personally or through the mails.

To all this, Jack Russell, aide to Mr. Ewing, replies: "When I was a \$35-a-week reporter, my wife had complications delivering twins, and in a year I ran up \$5,000 in medical and hospital bills. It took a big slice of my life getting from behind that. National Health Insurance guarantees that no one in the U. S. need, in the future, go through what I did. All U. S. labour is united in realizing this, and the majority of Americans, I am convinced, are too."

There's some feeling in Washington that those favouring health insurance may have to settle for something less than the President's scheme, at least at first. In the 1949 session of Congress, 14 alternative proposals were introduced but only Bill 5 survived. However, this year, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, one of the original supporters of Bill 5, is submitting a new proposal, described as a possible compromise if it is seen that Bill 5 will be snowed under for another year.

The Douglas plan is a greatly modified one. The Senator, in announcing it, explained that the average family of \$3,000 income normally can afford medical expenses upto \$150 a year. His proposal is to provide insurance against "catastrophic sickness," to pay all bills over \$150 a year for people earning \$3,000, all over \$100 for those earning \$2,000 and over \$50 for \$1,000-a-year persons. The plan would provide for a payment to Washington of an amount equal to one per cent of an employee's income, half to be paid each by employee and employer.

For Mr. Ewing's part, he will continue to press for the President's plan. Predicted here is a major publicity campaign by Mr. Ewing, eulogizing the advantages of Britain's new scheme and older European plan, after his return from a first-hand study overseas.—(Copyright).

SIDELIGHTS :

You can beat your wife, you can go bankrupt, you can run a bucket shop and the English will still like you—but to bring the wrath of the population on your head—be impolite. —HENRY JAMES.

WHEN Mr. Attlee goes out electioneering, the whole family turns up. The British are very proud of the honesty of their Prime Minister. Impressive stories of his scrupulous care not to put to any personal use the State power that he wields, are passed on from mouth to mouth and are heard everywhere. It is common legend that when he goes out on other than State business, he does not use the big official car at his disposal, but prefers to be driven by Mrs. Attlee in their little family run-about.

At an election meeting addressed by Mr. Attlee, a bag was sent round to collect contributions for the Labour Party election fund. None of the organisers went into the meeting to make the collection. The bag was passed from hand to hand from one end of the hall to the other. Almost all put some coin in when their turn came, and passed the bag on to their neighbours. The work of collection was done quietly, silently, while the meeting went on; and when it was completed, the bag, by now filled with coins of all denominations, was handed over to one of the stewards of the meeting.

The steward of a British election meeting is a resplendent individual with a badge of some striking colour adorning his coat front. To one such dignitary I hastened at the end of the meeting and tendered a pound for the fund. For the bag had not been sent to the front row where we were sitting with the reporters. It is an unbroken practice at public meetings all over the world to exclude press reporters from appeals for cash in support of the causes advocated in such meetings; and London was no exception. Attendance at public meetings being a daily duty of the reporter's profession, if a tax were levied along with the duty, the levy

would swallow a good part of the earning. It is therefore taken for granted considerably that the gentlemen of the Press serve public causes not with money but with the indispensable publicity bound up with their professional services.

The gift of the pound led to an unexpected result. If it had been a whole fortune, the steward could not have been more overpowered. Excitedly, he led me and my colleagues of the Indian Press Delegation to the platform, and introduced us to Mr. Attlee who introduced us to Mrs. Attlee who introduced us to Miss Attlee who introduced us to Master Attlee. Mr. Attlee said, "Are you from Madras?" As there were four of us, that he could have located one of the four with such surety was very surprising, but there it was. The pound made quite a furore and there was an outpouring of cordial good wishes and of delighted appreciation from many present for the gesture of friendly goodwill from the guest from overseas.

Up to the end of polling day, the interest of the people in the elections was bereft of noisiness and was scrupulously controlled. Polling day was not even a holiday. The British have a holiday season, lasting about a fortnight, in which the whole family participates, preparing and saving for it all the year round. Their holidays of short duration are mixed with travel in accordance with the size of the purse and are dedicated exclusively to pleasure and search for pleasure, free from the cares of ordinary household routine. But once the holiday is over, they throw themselves into their work no less wholeheartedly. They do not allow too frequent breaks to impair the integrity of industry and spoil its discipline and productivity. No other people are such adepts in extracting enjoyment out of work through proper grafting of interest on duty, providing against boredom by means of a skilful arrangement of time-schedules. Even the blind are drafted in some of their factories into highly technical tasks where their hyper-sensitive gift of

touch is turned to good account. The atmosphere of national concentration on work as a condition of living is all-pervasive in town and country throughout Britain, and no idleness is tolerated.

The elections, therefore, were conducted within the framework of uninterrupted devotion to daily tasks, and the politics of people made no inroads on their industry and utility. The first big spurt of excitement to make itself visible in public places came on the night when, polling completed, counting of votes commenced, and the results began to be announced, seat by seat, on lighted boards put up in thoroughfares by enterprising newspapers. All the night through, endless streams of people poured into the heart of London, and Trafalgar Square became, as far as one could see, one vast sea of seething humanity. The pressure of incoming masses on earlier visitors was terrific, but there were no casualties through disorderliness and stampedes. There is an innate sense of discipline, good humour and politeness in British

crowds that never allows a mishap to happen. There is a sense of shame at selfishness which impels a wide distribution of vantage positions, averting the solidification of priority rights for the benefit of too few for too long. There is an inexorable mobility which draws high and low without distinction into its orbit, balancing opposites for the equalisation of chances to one and all. The result is a stimulation of initiative from many sides for the achievement of fairness to all. Defeat is balanced against hope, victory against responsibility. They are able to take election results with an amazing measure of philosophic detachment. Perhaps in the privacy of their residences, they let themselves go. But in public, the British seem to regard a certain mask of reserve as a sign of politeness and good breeding. The deadliest of vices is to hurt another and to be impolite. The successful are careful not to offend by being too jubilantly demonstrative. And the defeated assert their manliness with a protective nonchalance, spicing their discomfort with a joke.—SAKA.



Madame Joliot-Curie with Professor Joliot-Curie who was recently dismissed on the ground of having Communist sympathies. They are eminent scientists.

SOUND VERSUS SENSE

By T. V. CHALAPATI RAO

"What rage for fame attends both great and small!

Better be damned than mentioned not at all!"—

SO exclaimed John Walcott when he saw his fellow-mortals trying to outstrip each other in the race for immortal fame. Bernard Shaw may think that "in heaven an angel is nobody in particular" but here on this good earth everyone thinks that he is somebody in particular.

Laying the foundation stone for the National Sports Stadium in New Delhi, Pandit Nehru rejected the proposal to name the stadium after him and suggested the name of National Stadium. In a speech vibrant with emotional earnestness he expanded his objection, saying, "I do object to this business of names of living persons being bandied out. Only the dead should be so honoured. No living name, should be used to name any place, street, building or institution or anything else. It is a bad habit and once you allow it to spread, it may be that you honour some deserving persons but then far more undeserving persons try to perpetuate their memory. In some cities that I know of, one of the first acts of the municipal boards is to name all the streets after the names of the members of the board."

When a friend left him fifty thousand dollars for the establishment of a museum the great scientist Agassiz accepted the bequest only on one condition—that the proposed institute be known not as the "Agassiz Museum" but merely as the "Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard."

Winston Churchill was reported to have rejected a similar proposal to perpetuate his name by erecting a statue. He stated in his indictment that no statues and memorials should be raised for the living. Our endea-

your should always be to preserve the spirit of our heroes. By erecting too many statues and naming too many places in their honour, we are only moving farther and farther from the spirit of our heroes whose outward figures we are copying (rather caricaturing!) on the perishable surface of stone or canvass.

Every state in the United States had a town named after Benjamin Franklin. The people in Franklin, Massachusetts, wrote him a letter and said "We have named our town after you and we should like a donation of a sum of money from you in order that we may put a bell in the church steeple." Benjamin Franklin wrote back and said, "I am very much honoured, very glad indeed to send you a sum of money, only don't buy a bell with it. Buy a public library, because I have always preferred sense to sound!" This should serve as an eye-opener to our people who are prepared to throw away lots of money on empty expensive monuments famous for extravagance and inutility. The degeneration is complete when the profiteering merchant exploits these for his own selfish gain, through trade-marks and advertisement symbols. What cannot be done through persuasion and propaganda, and other means of civilisation, the Government will have to do through an act of Parliament. We have to legislate decency.

Every town is infested with people who seek to perpetuate their memory by hook or crook. We can understand and sympathise with those who expect this distinction as a reward for contributions to a worthy cause. But the irony of it is, even the unworthy expect to be gratefully remembered by posterity. The dying words of the Roman tyrant Nero are said to have been "Qualis Artifex Pereo!" (What an artist dies with me!)

BURMAH-SHELL ADVERTISEMENT EXHIBITION

If it is true that good wine needs no bush, then Burmah-Shell need no advertisement. But to their advertisement department, publicity is an art. A Burmah-Shell Advertisement Exhibition held at St. Mary's Hall, George Town, depicted vividly the various types and techniques of advertising employed by the company during the past two decades. Attractive posters, hoardings and press media are only three of the many striking ways in which their advertising genius finds expression. The exhibition was an education by itself to those in the profession.

TAGORE, THE REVOLUTIONARY

By AMAR MUKERJI

RABINDRANATH is a poet of the True and the Beautiful who sometimes escaped from life to come back to it again with greater zest and vitality. But he was not an escapist, for the various manifestations of his practical work for the people—his Sriniketan, and Santiniketan for instance—clearly show that he was as much concerned with the welfare of the common man as anybody else.

But these institutions are not his chief contributions to India. His greatest gift lies in the region of ideas and like Rousseau, he fostered a renaissance in India which made itself felt not only in literature and music but in painting, dance and stage craft. At a time when the whole of Bengal—nay, the whole of India—was getting anglicised rather too fast, he reminded us in his inimitable way that we could never come into our own through mere imitation of the West. One of his earliest plays, *Raja O Rani* suggests the chaos that overtakes a country if it allows its culture to be swept over by that of another. To say this in 1890 was a great thing indeed—to draw the attention of the people, through his reviews and articles in the *Bharati*, *Thattwabodhini Patrika*, *Bangadarshan*, etc., to our folk culture meant in those days an unshakable confidence in the glorious heritage of our country.

But this shows only one aspect of his genius. At a time when the whole of India was being flooded with foreign goods, he along with his brothers, made a strenuous effort to start some cottage industries that would develop our own trades and professions. His *Reminiscences* contain interesting accounts of such ventures—how he tried to start an indigenous match factory, how he tried to run a steamship company, how he tried to husk rice not in a mill but by hand. In the years 1870-80, these were novel things indeed—very much anticipating the craze for the cottage industries which has now spread all over India.

Fundamentally, Tagore's prolonged effort to go back to our culture and tradition can be viewed as a part of

his effort to stage a grand recovery of consciousness in Bengal which was too much swayed by western influence. But the recovery alone would not make a country great and Tagore wanted that India should adopt a policy of self-determination and nobility of purpose. The materialistic fervour of the West, Tagore felt, was not exactly in our blood and we could not refuse to accept the impact of science either. The result was that, for a long time to come, our vision lacked unity and, like the puppet kings in "The King of the Dark Chamber," we had several false ideals in our country. But these are not indeed visions which are creative and our difficulty was that we were wavering between the spirituality of the East and the materialism of the West.

In *Sadhana* Rabindranath said that if the soul of man had extended itself outwards in the West, it has left aside the field of inner consciousness which is the field of fulfilment. The West has therefore become intoxicated with power and its obstinacy has cost it the very beauty of completion which is man's final end.

'In our country,' wrote Tagore, 'the danger comes from the opposite side. Our partiality is for the internal world. We would cast aside with contumely the field of power and of extension. We would realise Brahma in meditation only in his aspect of completeness and we have determined not to see him in the commerce of the universe in his aspect of evolution. That is why in our seekers we often find the intoxication of the spirit and its consequent degradation.'

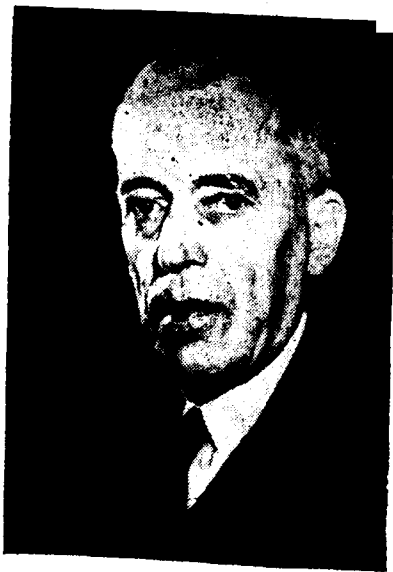
The conflict in India is between science and religion. While the scientists plead for the satisfaction of material values, religion emphasises the fulfilment of the spiritual. That India vacillated between the two for the last fifty years, Tagore could easily understand and his solution of the problem lay in a harmonious blending of science with spirituality, both contributing ultimately to the welfare of humanity. So Tagore was the Guru who did not come, as most revolutionaries imagine they do, only for

destruction but as we have it in *Achalayatan*, also for construction. Paradise may be lost but should also be regained.

The other revolution that Tagore brought about was in the domain of literature and there is hardly any modern Indian language which has not felt the impact of this change. It was he who gave to the short lyric the literary significance that it has in this country today; it was he who wrote a genuinely problem novel like *Gora*; it was he who wrote the first standard book on Bengali metrics; it was he who first collected and published a collection of folk songs; it was he who first combined the western technique of music with the Indian patterns. Instances of such remarkable innovations can be easily multiplied—his writing of the season plays, his composition of the dance dramas, his combination of the various dance techniques of India, his development of a stage-craft that assimilates the best of the West and the East.

These do not however exhaust Tagore's contribution to the cause of humanity. At a time when the whole of India was deeply permeated by a system of education that was intended to produce Babus, Tagore realised that, as T. S. Eliot said, 'to know what we want in education we must know what we want in general; we must derive our theory of education from our philosophy of life.' Tagore's ideal being the truthful development of human personality, his ideas of education were attuned to the development of the mind and the training of the citizen in an atmosphere that is free and enlivening. The nature of the child must be sympathetically understood, it should be allowed free scope for development and while the contact with Nature should be encouraged, the development of arts should also be given an important place.

Tagore felt that mere examining bodies repress the development of the students, and so his school at Santiniketan gave the boys a homely atmosphere, a natural surrounding and the liberty to develop their inherent talents and capabilities. It is only now that we have come to recognise the importance of such a scheme in India: the more so when experiments in foreign countries have opened our eyes to the importance and utility of such a method of education. His Sriniketan was a new organisa-



A recent portrait of Sir Owen Dixon, K.C.M.G., who has been appointed mediator in the Kashmir dispute. Sir Owen Dixon, who was born in 1886, is one of Australia's most distinguished jurists. In the course of a brilliant career at the bar, he has argued cases before the Privy Council, and has been an Acting Justice of the Supreme Court of Victoria. In 1929 he was appointed to the Bench of the High Court of Australia. From 1942 to 1944 Sir Owen left the Bench temporarily to become Australian Minister to Washington.

tion which emphasised the value of rural cooperation for the uplift of our villages. Its ideal is a corporate life of the highest order—not an urban life, but a life amidst the surroundings of nature, a life of self-help, industry and nobility of purpose. The full implications of a well developed system of cottage industries working on an economic level can be seen at Sriniketan where perhaps, for the first time in India, an experiment in rural economy is being made, the like of which can be seen only in Russia.

Tagore believed in a balanced view of life. This is unfortunately what we are forgetting today and the birth anniversary of Tagore should help us to realise the importance of harmony in life. Let Man remain the symbol of the Infinite for the betterment of the world!—N. P. S. (Copy right.)



WALT DISNEY'S LAUGH RECIPE

NEW YORK CITY: In "Cinderella" his new all-cartoon feature, Walt Disney most clearly and hilariously reveals the secret of his unfailing and universally relished comedy.

As in numerous preceding pictures, it is the little humanesque animals and their ludicrous antics which are, even more than his human characters, the instruments of Disney Fun. Gus-Gus and Jaq, as fascinating a pair of characters as Walt ever has created, together with a dozen mouse cronies who help Cinderella toward the glass slippers and marriage with the Prince, are the new clowns.

These scenes brightly reveal Walt's genius in coupling emotional tug with fantastic nonsense to spell out incomparable entertainment for people of all ages and temperaments. These scenes are pure Disney, in content as well as faultless animation. They are underdog triumph, with audience reaction bound to come in laughter relief from anxiety in the predicaments and dangers of the little fable creatures.

The abrupt and surprising defeat of the evil bully by the apparently helpless victims is always delightfully and ludicrously astonishing—one of the sure fire elements of the Disney recipe.

And, of course, the fate of the tiny folk is completely wrapped up in the fortunes of Cinderella, their heroine, as she moves from miserable servitude in the stepmother's chateau to the honeymoon with Prince Charming. The abused cinder maid gets aid from the compassionate fairy godmother, but Gus-Gus, Jaq, their brothers and their girl friends of the helping band have to earn their escape and their triumph over the savage Lucifer the hard way.

Walt Disney was born in Chicago, Illinois, on December 5th, 1901. His father was Elias Disney, an Irish-Canadian, and his mother, Flora Call Disney, was of German-American descent. He has three brothers and one sister.

Elias Disney was a contractor and builder in Chicago for twenty years; later the Disneys moved to a farm near Marceline, Missouri, where Walt attended a little country school. Later he went to the Benton Grammar School in Kansas City. He remembers being on the track team but he was too busy to be especially active in athletics. At the age of nine he tackled his first business venture which was not unlike the financial debut of many young Americans: he had a paper route.

Disney as a youth had an uphill struggle. He did many jobs before he hit his stride as the foremost producer of movie cartoons. Disney married one of his early helpers in film cartoons. The Disneys' married life has been ideally happy. They have two teen age girls, Diana and Sharon. He does not read much and he cannot get interested in books. He reads magazines, which do not require too much concentration. He enjoys reading the great amount of fan mail which comes to the studio, some of it from the callous motion picture industry itself, and from admirers all over the globe. Many letters are simply addressed to "Mickey Mouse, Hollywood, California." Since Walt entered the feature length field in 1937 with "Snow White" the studio mail has grown to great proportions, as each new feature leaves a new group of characters that remain permanently in the hearts of Disney fans.

BOOKS & AUTHORS

KONGADESA RAJAKKAL.

Edited by C. M. Ramachandran Chettiar,
Madras Government Oriental Series,
No. VI (1950, pages vii & 38, price
Rs. 1-8).

The publication of this book is part of a laudable programme worked by the Madras Government of the publication, with the advice of a representative committee of scholars, of selected manuscripts from the collections of the Madras and Tanjore libraries, under the general editorship of the Curator of the Government Oriental manuscripts library, Madras. This is a brief Tamil manuscript purporting to give the history of Kongadesa, the mid-Kaveri Valley, and forms part of the much talked of Mackenzie Collection of manuscripts. In his introduction written in Tamil, the editor has treated this brief work very leniently, and he has shown himself too credulous about the statements of this anonymous writer of the early nineteenth century. The best claim he puts forward for the book he edits is that generally its statements are not contradictory to the conclusions of modern historical research (p. iii), but even this claim will not bear our scrutiny. The editor's statement that the first dynasty of Reddis were connected with the Gangas (p. v) is not borne out by his text which introduces the Gangas as the second dynasty which began with Konganivarma of the Kanvayana Gotra (p. 3), Konganivarma basadi is the name of the Jaina temple in a village called Bomma Kommam (p. 2); the editor has mistaken the name of the temple for that of the village (p. vii). The name of King Durvinita is printed as Durvi-gita (p. vii) and Gunadhya is said to have written his Brihatkatha in his reign in the Paisachi dialect; the fact as given by tradition is that Durvinita translated the Paisachi book into Sanskrit; Gunadhya himself wrote centuries before under the Sata-vahanas. By Dr. Bell (p. viii) the editor obviously means Dr. Sewell and on the

same page Gangaivala stands for Ganga-vadi; also Panavasi is a mislection found in the manuscript and adopted by the author for Vanavasi, a form clearly attested by Chola inscriptions.

Though by no means critically edited, the publication in extenso of this brief manuscript serves two purposes. It gives the reading public a fair idea of the state of historical research in South India in the early nineteenth century when pseudo-scholars merrily invented stories of kings with three eyes or four arms and pretended to give precise dates in the Saka era for their reigns. More than that, it explodes at one stroke the die-hard myth of the great treasures of the Mackenzie manuscripts. Those who have been pining for the publication of the 'Historical Records' in the Mackenzie Collection have now a fair sample of the stuff they contain. And the Kongadesa Rajakkal is by no means a poor specimen of the collection. Its narrative is indeed of some tangible value for late Vijayanagar history as can be seen from the extracts included in *Further Sources of Vijayanagara History* published by the University of Madras; but for the earlier centuries the book is of little consequence. Its brevity is its greatest merit.

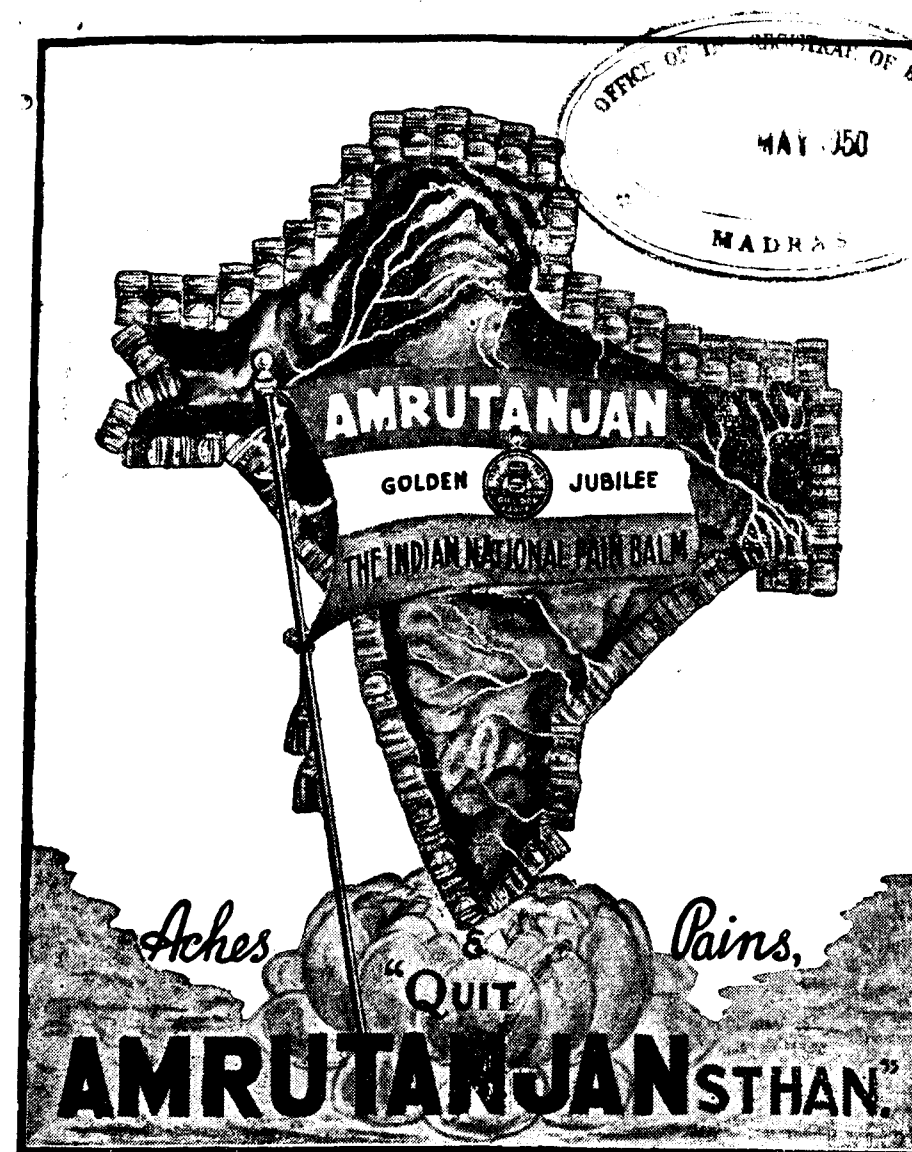
Whatever its value might have been a century and a half back when Mackenzie gathered the collection of these tracts, at the present day serious students of history will find that any time and effort they spend on its study seldom yield an adequate recompense. The Telugu records in the collection are in a slightly better case, as they seem to give some authentic history particularly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But with them we are not now concerned, and the present writer who has some acquaintance with the Mackenzie collection has always entertained the feeling that the indefatigable Colonel was better served by his Telugu assistants than his Tamil ones.

K. A. N.

"I've had such a lovely time playing postman, mummie.
I've delivered a letter to every house in the street!"

"But—where did you get so many letters?"

"Oh! I found them in a trunk in your room, tied with a pretty blue ribbon and with 'From John' written on each of them!"



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SWATANTRA

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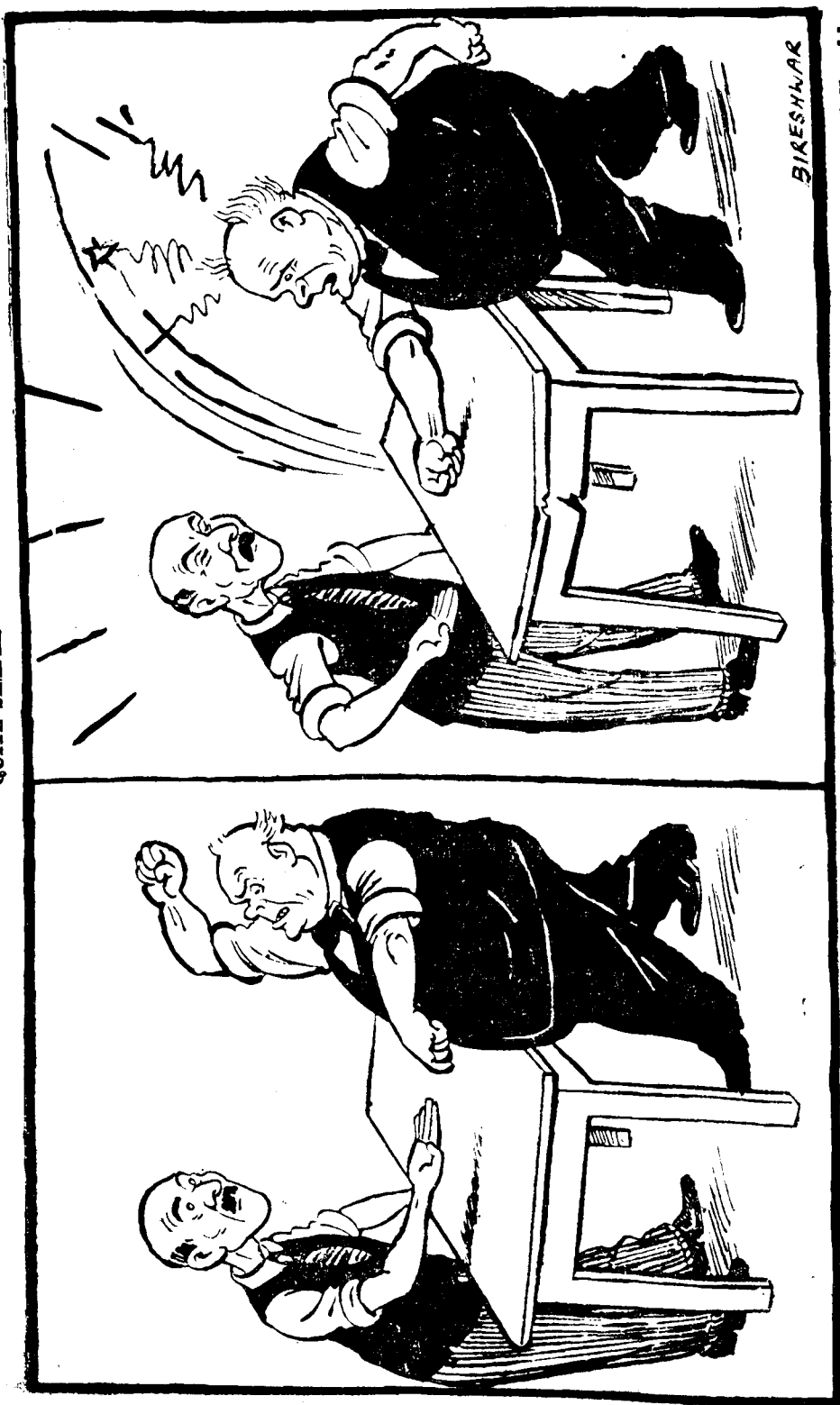
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—Courtesy: National Herald.

The Tories once again narrowly failed to dislodge the Attlee Government.

SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CABINET MAKING AT THE CENTRE

PANDIT NEHRU has not taken advantage of his opportunity to reconstruct his Cabinet in the best manner possible. There are far too many old men in the Cabinet. It is no doubt true that some of them appear indispensable either on account of their political importance or their unrivalled experience in administration. Sardar Patel and Sri N. Gopalaswami Aiyangar come under this category. But because of the very preciousness of their peculiar aptitudes, too much strain should not be placed on them at a time of life when the exacting demand of nature for rest cannot be ignored with impunity. Congress leaders have not been wise in the matter of training up a second line of lieutenants to step into the breaches at the front. When the present set of leaders have had their day, there is nothing but a void to look forward to. From out of it any chaos might come. While tenacious Congress leaders, unwilling to let go the reins of power, neglect the duty of bringing up younger men to carry on the Congress tradition, the forces hostile to the Congress, especially the Communists, harbour no hoary leaders enfeebled by age, and are packed with young flesh and blood. On the exit of the present old stagers, the Congress will be suddenly faced with a crisis, when novices unused to responsibility might prove themselves no match to the hardier breed of leaders rising in other camps. There is the unavoidable prospect of defeat before very long for the Congress, inherent

in the present unwise policy of neglecting to build a proper succession to the leadership at top level from younger elements in the organisation. In other countries the legislature is the natural source from which national leaders are drawn. But here in India, owing to the unpatriotic behaviour of regional organisational heads of the Congress, Parliament has come to be packed not with bright and competent members, but with yesmen of no particular ability or distinction. Talent has been sacrificed to the power-consolidating Tammany designs of self-interested local party bosses. Barring a few exceptions, the benches of Parliament present an arid spectacle of dullards, or else mischievous intriguing wirepullers, far from encouraging to a Prime Minister anxious for quality in the personnel of his Government. It might be due to this that Pandit Nehru is found going round and round the same names, and prolonged reports of reshuffling generally end in the perpetuation of the same old Ministers to a large extent.

Confronted with the poverty of the human material in Parliament, Pandit Nehru has called on the late Governor-General, Sri Rajagopalachari and some of the Premiers of the States, to come to his aid. Both the expedients are ill-advised. Pandit Pant and Hare Krishna Mehtab have been holding together the difficult elements in their respective States, and their removal to another scene will reduce the Gov-

ernments there to a condition of leaderlessness from which disintegration is bound to ensue. There will be chaos in Uttara Pradesh if Pandit Pant's masterful governance is lost to it in the present critical juncture of affairs. As for Sri C. Rajagopalachari, having been the head of the State with the right and duty of entrusting the Prime Minister with the task of forming a Government, it does not seem to conform with the propriety of things that he should accept an offer of office in the gift of the Prime Minister. The integrity of the headship of the State is seriously impaired if anyone elevated to it is to be subsequently involved in party or administrative tasks at a lower level. The precedent of giving a pension to the ex-Governor-General was inspired by a fine constitutional intuition, and was intended presumably to absolve him from any kind of dependence on other employment for meeting economic necessities. The choice of Sri Rajagopalachari as Minister belies the admirable principle underlying the conferment of a life pension on him as an ex-Governor-General.

Leaders like C. R., Sardar Patel and Sri N. Gopalaswami Aiyangar are to be treated as national assets to be saved from the disturbing strain and turmoil of daily executive tasks, and preserved for national counsel and guidance, for as long as physically possible with every indulgence due to their age and eminence. These and others distinguished in the past as great administrators, should form a brain trust of elder statesmen while younger ones are placed on the saddle to get trained

for leadership in future. Pandit Nehru should seek for talent to man his Cabinet boldly outside the legislature. The taint of undemocratic procedure cannot attach to such a course, as the Parliament of India at present is only by courtesy a democratic body, consisting as it does of a body of favourites handpicked by bosses like Nadar and Ranga who freely abused their vantage positions in the Congress organisation to promote third-raters above their betters. Sardar Baldev Singh, Sri Jai Ramdas Dowlatram, Moulana Azad, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur and Gadgil have not justified themselves as Ministers. The dead weight of Ministers who have failed to give a proper account of themselves in terms of executive energy and public welfare, is pulling the Nehru Government down, and unless Pandit Nehru extricates himself from it, he will not be able to do much good either to Congress or country. Leadership in a democracy cannot survive on tolerance of the unfit in seats of government. We commend to Pandit Nehru Mr. Attlee's example. On one occasion Mr. Attlee summoned to 10 Downing Street one of his Ministers and demanded his resignation. The dismissed Minister summoned his courage and asked, "Is there any special reason why you want me to go, Sir? Some change in administration?" Mr. Attlee replied, "I don't think you measure up to a Minister's job." The pranks of Ministers who do not measure up to their jobs have filled India with waste and nepotism and exposed the once-loved Congress to opprobrium. We cannot have better Government without better Ministers.

Of all anniversaries I think the seventieth is the most momentous. One has reached the three score years and ten which one is accustomed to accept as the allotted span of man, and one can but look upon such years as remain to one as uncertain contingencies stolen while old Time with his scythe has his head turned the other way. At seventy one is no longer on the threshold of old age. One is just an old man.—SOMERSET MAUGHAM, written on his seventieth birthday.

Sotto Voce

Royal Presents



THE Princess of Jodhpur was wedded to the Prince of Baroda recently; and as part of the dowry forty-seven favourite maid-servants accompanied the Princess to her new home. That good friend of the lowly and the oppressed, Thakkar Bapa, is deeply pained by the incident. In a letter to a Delhi paper he points out that this is a relic of an old custom prevailing among the Royal families in Sourashtra and Rajasthan. He deplures it as tending to "the formation of a caste of people who have little independent existence." From this might flow, as he darkly hints, "abuses which cast an evil influence over society in general also." He concludes, "The sooner such practices are ended the better will it be for the future of Hindu society."

The Princes of Sourashtra and Rajasthan might however plead classic precedent. Manthara, the prototype of crooked mischief, came all the way to Ayodhya from distant Gandhara as part of Kaikeyi's dowry. Valmiki indicating the inevitable casualness of evil, speaks of her contemptuously as a "family-serf, born no one knows where, who had grown up with Kaikeyi as part of her household." Now, the hunchback, far from having no independent existence, was in fact the tail that wagged the dog. She could twist her mistress round her little finger. And though she paraded her all too brief prosperity rather blantly—the poet unkindly likens her, bedecked with necklaces and ropes of pearl, to a monkey in leash—her disastrous single-mindedness, unlike that of our latter day Fuehrers, wrests our unwilling admiration.

Mr. Thakkar was perhaps thinking rather of the domestic and social crisis that "the favourite servant

maid" so often precipitates in classical drama. It is true that such a poignant situation as was created by Malavika's advent in Agnimitra's court would be regarded as impossible in polite society today. But a generation brought up on Noel Coward's comedies has no right to cast the first stone. When we are inclined to be supercilious about the "sword-wives" of our ancient (and not so ancient) monarchs let us remember that as a mode of acquiring wives that institution was not intrinsically more irrational than signing in a book in a dingy registry. If you were old-fashioned enough to prize fidelity there was everything to be said for the sword-wives.

Notions of personal dignity differ from age to age. Not only servant maids but poets and wise men were exchanged as presents between Royal friends without regarding themselves or being regarded as chattel. The sweetest of Tamil bards, Pugazhendhi, went with the Pandyan princess to the Chola court, and tradition has it that he was thrown into prison by the influence of his bitter rival and enemy Otta Koothan. But 'dowry' though he was, in such esteem was he held by his queen that the king her lord and master was soon made to see the error of his ways. And Koothan, crest-fallen, retired to brood over the fickleness of fate.

Some years ago there was a vigorous controversy between the "progressives" and the "naturalists" as to how the aboriginal tribes should be fitted into the pattern of free India. Mr. Thakkar argued that their salvation lay in their being assimilated as early as possible, culturally, with the rest of the population. Mr. Verrier Elwin maintained no less

vigorously that this would mean the wiping out of the more primitive but not on that account less valuable culture. The curious thing was that neither seemed to realise that he was approaching the question as a rank outsider.

It offends our national pride that there should be among us persons and institutions which the rest of the world might slight as being *outré*. The western anthropologists on the other hand accord to these the impersonal courtesy that biologists extend to the animal kingdom. But the aboriginal is neither political thesis nor a specimen under the microscope. The unself-conscious savage is not ashamed of polyandry. But he may, without loss of self-respect, come to shed the practice if he is left undisturbed to cultivate a new customary mores. And though he is apt to fall for gin and

the cheap cinema the remedy is not to wrap him in cotton wool but to reform his "betters" who induce him into these civilised pleasures.

Much generous indignation is poured out on our habitual addiction to what is called a double standard of morality. But the women who petitioned Parliament against compulsory monogamy, can hardly be regarded as less sincere than the unattached ladies who passionately plead for the right of divorce. We must sympathise with Mr. Thakkar's concern for the future of Hindu society. But it is so easy to persuade ourselves that we are merely lopping off excrescences when we are actually maiming ourselves. Hinduism can no more save itself by ceasing to be Hinduism than democracy by ceasing to be democracy.

VIGNESWARA.



—Courtesy: Vign.

A PTI message says that every day for the next two weeks Frenchmen are expected to smile, no matter what they are thinking, as a means to avert war. Why not start a campaign in India too?

DELIMITATION OF CONSTITUENCIES

By Dr. V. VENKATA RAO, M.A., M.Litt., Ph. D.,
(Politics Department, Madras University)

SECTION 327 of the Constitution of India empowers Parliament to make provision by law with respect to all matters relating to the delimitation of constituencies. Acting under this provision, the Law Minister, Dr. Ambedkar introduced a bill—the Representation of the People's Bill—which authorised the President to delimit, after consultation with the Election Commissioner, the various constituencies for the purpose of the elections to fill seats in the House of the People and other legislative bodies in the centre and the provinces. This provision evoked a good deal of criticism. A careful reading of the parliamentary proceedings clearly establishes the fact that the House was divided as to the machinery that should be set up to determine the boundaries of the various constituencies. Some including the Prime Minister and the Law Minister wanted that the Speaker should set up advisory committees for the various states consisting of members representing each state; and the Election Commissioner, in consultation with these committees, would submit to the President, proposals for the delimitation of constituencies. The President would then pass orders and place them before Parliament for its scrutiny and approval. Dr. Ambedkar made it plain in Parliament that it would not be divested of the power vested in it by the Constitution and that he was himself anxious that "at every stage in the delimitation of constituencies, Parliament should be associated." Others including Kamath and Dr. Deshmukh contended that it would be improper for the Speaker to set up committees for this purpose. They wanted that Parliament itself should set up advisory committees "in such manner as the Speaker may prescribe." Their contention was that Parliament should not divest itself of the power conferred on it by the Constitution. A third section of the House including Ajit Prasad Jain and Krishnamachari wanted that an al-

together different machinery should be set up. This group held that the whole question of delimitation of constituencies required a judicial approach. Though they did not state specifically the kind of machinery they desired to be set up for the purpose, they probably had in their mind an impartial committee consisting of men who have nothing to do with politics. The House finally accepted the suggestion of the Law Minister. Now the question is whether the machinery set up by Parliament is the most appropriate one. For, it should be remembered that the delimitation of constituencies is an important aspect of election administration. The territorial boundaries of the constituencies may be so fixed as to exclude a particular party or group from any representation in Parliament. Let us take, by way of example, the city of Madras which is entitled to four seats in the Madras Legislative Assembly. Let us assume further that one quarter of the electors belonging to the working class lives in the centre of the city and normally votes Socialist while the rest of the population is middle class living in the suburbs and normally voting Congress. If the city is divided diagonally into four quarters each including a part of the centre as well as a part of the suburbs, it will return four Congress members. But if the centre is formed into a separate constituency and the suburbs are formed into three separate constituencies, one Socialist and three Congress members will be returned. This example shows how important is the question of the delimitation of constituencies. The entire structure of representative government depends on the delimitation of constituencies. It is therefore essential that there should be absolute impartiality in the delimitation of constituencies.

What is the kind of machinery that should be set up for the purpose? The writer thinks that there is not much difference between the methods suggested by the Law Minister and Dr.

Deshmukh. Instead of Parliament appointing the members of the committee, the Speaker would name the personnel of the committee. In any case the committee would consist of members of Parliament drawn from all parties, a majority of them being from the party in power. Is this the appropriate method of approach to this all important question? It is true that the Constitution empowers Parliament to "make provision by law with respect to all matters relating to the delimitation of constituencies." But this does not mean that the framers of the Constitution expected Parliament to determine the exact limits of each and every constituency. All that they intended was that Parliament should lay down the general principles in regard to the delimitation of constituencies and leave the detailed work to appropriate non-party organisations. It is pretty well known that Parliament is generally controlled by a party and that party should not have an opportunity to gerrymander. Students of history know that in the past this power was abused wherever it was vested in a legislative body. In 1812, for instance, Governor Elbridge Gerry—after whose name the word 'gerrymander' was coined, allowed a bill apportioning Massachusetts into districts of fantastic shapes to become law. By 1840, gerrymandering was common practice in America in the apportionment of seats in the House of Representatives as well as in the state legislatures. As a result, the map of congressional and legislative districts in some American states presented very striking appearances. For example, there was the famous 'shoe string' district in Mississippi about three hundred miles long and twenty miles broad; a district in Pennsylvania resembled a 'dumb bell'; and another in Illinois a 'saddle bag.' In Continental Europe, too, there was some amount of gerrymandering. It was practised in Switzerland as early as the 1870's. When France changed from the list system to the single member constituency system in 1927, the new single member districts were flagrantly gerrymandered. In Australia, there was considerable manipulation of boundaries, especially on the part of the Labour Government of Queensland and the anti-labour Government of Victoria. In Europe gerrymander-

ing was not so much prevalent as in the countries mentioned above owing to various factors such as the existence of the list system of voting with proportional representation. The rotten borough in England, while producing results somewhat similar to gerrymandering, was not the result of any deliberate policy of Parliament. In Madras also there has been some amount of gerrymandering. For instance, the Madras Government were authorised to fix the boundaries of each electoral area for purposes of electing members to the local authorities. In fixing the boundaries, the Government was required to observe "certain principles." It should be seen, so far as district boards were concerned, that each electoral 'circle' consisted of one or more revenue firkas. But no electoral circle should contain villages taken either from different taluks or from different revenue firkas. Further, in the case of revenue villages, the entire revenue village should form one electoral unit. In the case of municipalities, each municipal area was to be divided into several wards for purposes of elections. Each ward must be a compact aggregation of citizens united by racial or religious bonds. There should not be any marked difference between one ward and another either in population, voting strength, or in the revenues derived. Though these principles were there, the Government were at times influenced by extraneous considerations in the delimitation of constituencies. In the Kistna District the constituencies were delimited to meet the political considerations of the President, District Board, the Rajah of Mirzapuram. According to Mr. C. K. Reddi, villages were transferred from one circle to another so as to secure the return of a particular individual or to break the opposition of a particular community. The boundaries of the 26th ward in the Madura municipality were altered to secure the return of a Roman Catholic instead of a Protestant Christian. In the Bhimilipatam municipality, a particular locality opposed to the chairman of the council was rendered powerless by attaching it to another ward where it would have no voice or influence.

The examples given above are by no means exhaustive. But they illustrate the fact that there is some gerry-

mandering where the power to delimit constituencies is vested either in Government or in Parliament. A former Minister for Local Administration, Mr. B. Gopala Reddi, informed the writer that "there was a certain amount of subdued favouritism" in the delimitation of constituencies and that "very good reasons were invented to support that." In the light of what has been said above, it is clear that neither the Government nor Parliament is the appropriate body to handle this all important question. In the interests of fairplay and justice, Parliament should appoint a committee composed

of persons outside politics and in whose integrity and independence the public can have confidence. Parliament may lay down the principles which the committee should observe. But there should not be continuous interference in its work. And the recommendations of the committee should invariably be accepted. That would not only establish a healthy convention but would also demonstrate the ability of the party in power to deliberately give up the political advantages it has, where national interests require it.

MAHARAJAPURAM VISWANATHA IYER

By "RAJASREE"

NEXT to Ariyakudi, in point of age, comes Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer who is six years younger. Viswanatha Iyer was born on 15th September 1896 in Maharajapuram in Tanjore district. He owed much of his early music to his father, Rama Iyer, who was himself a musician of repute.

Maharajapuram started his musical career as a boy of 13 years and became the sishya of Umayalapuram Swaminatha Iyer under whom he had an excellent training. The Umayalapuram school was pledged to traditionalism in music. Maharajapuram started giving performances from his 15th year, his first performance being in Kodaivasal, near Kumbakonam.

His early performances showed great promise and even high brows like Konerirajapuram were convinced that "his music was quite up to the standard." But the meteoric rise of Pushpavanam and certain other circumstances caused him to suffer an eclipse and he disappeared suddenly from the musical horizon. For years he remained in the background and there was every danger of his name itself being forgotten.

But, fortunately, in 1944, Maharajapuram reappeared, taking the South Indian music world by storm. His come-back was as sudden as his disappearance. Since then, he has been on the ascendant and today, despite his age, there is none to equal him

excepting of course, Ariyakudi the Master. He was the recipient of the title of "Sangeetha Bhoopathi" from the music lovers of Tanjore. In 1945, the Music Academy honoured him by electing him President of that year's Conference and by conferring the title of "Sangeetha Kalanidhi" on him. It may be mentioned here that Semmangudi was his sishya for some time.

Maharajapuram is an artist par excellence. His immaculate style has marked him in a class by himself. It is while rendering the raga and singing the swara that his creative imagination is revealed in all its splendour. His music is never stereo-typed. It is always fresh, original, gorgeous and exhilarating. His manodharma is rich. Some of the ragas are exquisitely rendered by him. His Arabhi and Mohana are delightful. One can hear him at his best in Madhyamakala kritis. But like all geniuses, he is a man of moods and rarely does he produce the same form in two performances in succession.

Maharajapuram's strong personality and jovial temperament have contributed largely to his popularity. Off the platform, he is a very agreeable person with a keen sense of humour and a ready wit. Ariyakudi, Maharajapuram, Semmangudi, Madhurai Mani and G. N. B. are the five exquisite gems of Carnatic music like the Pancharatna Krithis of Thyagaraja.

INDIA'S PLACE IN SOUTH ASIAN ECONOMY

By GUY WINT

A new economic system needs to be built up to match the new political system in South Asia, says Guy Wint in the special article below. It is against this background that the Commonwealth Conference at Sydney will discuss plans for the economic development of countries in this important region of the world.

Guy Wint analyses the role of Western countries and describes why India will have a special place in the Conference debates.

ON May 15 there meets at Sydney the Commonwealth Conference which is to discuss development plans for South Asia. This conference is a continuation or offshoot of the Conference of Commonwealth Foreign Ministers at Colombo last January. At that meeting, first Ceylon and then Australia presented large proposals for new economic strategy by the Commonwealth in Asia. The Foreign Ministers decided that these plans must be studied by a separate conference of experts. The Sydney Conference is the result.

Some people have supposed that the chief aim of the new conference is to fight Communism in Asia by economic means. They imagine that the Commonwealth is trying to repeat what the Marshall Plan has done in Europe. This is a misrepresentation. Of course the Communist triumph in China and the Communist threat to such countries as Viet Nam have given what one English newspaper calls "an edge of urgency" to the South Asia situation. They have perhaps caused the conference to meet earlier than it would otherwise have done. But Communism or no Communism, an economic conference on South Asia would sooner or later have been necessary.

Tremendous political changes have taken place in the region since 1945 (with the liquidation by the West of its administrative responsibilities there) and they have radically changed the economic circumstances. A new economic system needs to be built to match the new political system.

Unhappily, one of the chief characteristics of South Asia is the terrible poverty of many of its peoples. Desti-

tution of much of Asia compared with the relative prosperity of the West must, unless remedied, cause increasing trouble internationally. In its own interests, as in its care for theirs, the West has every cause to offer aid to Asian countries in raising their economic standards towards the Western level.

The Commonwealth countries whose economic problems are to be discussed at Sydney are, of course, India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Malaya. The position of the other South Asian countries outside the Commonwealth will also be studied.

It seems that all these countries can be divided into two classes. In some, great as may be their economic difficulties, the basic and underlying economic circumstances are not unfavourable. All that prevents their smooth economic development is political instability. Burma falls in this class; so in general do Indo-China and Indonesia. But in the other countries there are genuine economic difficulties caused by economic circumstances, not by politics.

If India, for example, failed to solve her economic difficulties, the result would affect all her neighbours. On the other hand, if an upswing of the Indian economy can be induced, this will cause the economy of all South Asia to become dynamic. India will, therefore, have a special place in the conference debates.

The Indian economic situation is affected by two great factors. One is the population growth. India's population is increasing at the rate of 3,000,000 people a year and India has needed recently to import 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 tons of grain annually. Secondly, India needs a new large

inflow of capital to extend its economy to support its ever growing population.

This example of India shows the kind of problem which experts will be discussing at Sydney. What are the needs of each country in South Asia if its agricultural and industrial output is to be increased? Here the conference will face the difficulty that statistics and economic research in most of the countries are quite inadequate. What can each of the Commonwealth countries offer in a common endeavour to raise the standard of living? There is a special interest in seeing what Australia proposes, since it was Australia which, with admirable political vision, started the movement for the conference.

Is capital the chief need? Here the problem is very hard. Since 1946 the U. K., by releasing sterling balances and in other ways, has been pumping capital into India and other parts of Asia. For this capital flow Mr. Bevin has quoted the figure of £750,000,000. This may not be an exact computation but it shows a rate which cannot be sustained over a long period by the U. K. in its present circumstances.

If larger sums of capital are to be obtained they can come only from one source—the U.S.A. American interest

in the Sydney Conference is encouraging. But America, with its present commitments, could hardly be invited to shoulder new liabilities in Asia unless the Sydney Conference can demonstrate that South Asia is "a good risk."

Besides capital, South Asia needs technical aid. Its problem in improving its agriculture is to apply modern scientific knowledge. Here a great advance might be made by means of a cadre of technicians recruited from all the countries of the Commonwealth and loaned to countries most needing them. Unhappily, technicians, like capital, are in short supply. But plans have been put forward for attracting more of them into Commonwealth service.

There can be no doubt of the seriousness with which delegates are going to the conference. A sound economic foundation is indispensable if Asia's new ideals of nationhood are to be realised. Extreme poverty must be ended before concentrating on less material aims. The conference might take as its warning the words of Francis Bacon three centuries ago: "The matter of revolutions is of two kinds, much poverty and much discontentment. The rebellions of the belly are the worst."

THIS THEN IS ISS

By DINKAR SUKRIKU

A donation of Rs. 50,000 for a special ward for university students in the T. B. Sanatorium at Tambaram being constructed by the Madras Government has been recently announced by an organisation called ISS. This will be the first ward of its kind—in Asia. International Student Service, popularly known as ISS is a service agency to universities, the only one of its kind.

Not quite so widely known, the ISS has been silently and unostentatiously working in India since 1946, helping to promote better understanding and co-operation between university men and women and between India's major student organizations. More important still, ISS is rendering concrete

help to needy students, particularly displaced students from West and East Pakistan. Rs. 100,000 a year has been the rate at which ISS has been distributing relief grants to India's struggling universities and suffering students. Guided by that veteran educationalist Dr. Zakir Hussain, ISS has kept out of all party politics and communal feuds and concentrated on direct work, on concrete tasks of helping students and building up a basis for co-operation and understanding between the university community in India and universities all over the world.

Where from flows this rather plentiful supply of money? Sounds rather incredible, nevertheless it is

THE UNSEEN HAND

*There are more things in Heaven
and Earth.*

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

—Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

ON a rainy night, I came home late and hung up my rain-coat and umbrella to the hall-stand. Next morning, to my surprise and indignation, both disappeared. My servant swore on the Gods that he did see them a few minutes before. Just then, his pal Kali sauntered into the compound and my servant ran towards him to enquire if he had seen anyone walking away with them. Lean and hungry-looking Kali stared vacantly at him and grinned.

A good friend of mine, with whom I spent the evening, had lent me his rain-coat and umbrella—both expensive and swanky too—when rain came unexpectedly. How to tell him that I lost them was worrying me, when Kali meekly approached me and enquired what the matter was. When I told him that he and his pal would go to perdition, in a trice, for the disappearance of the rain-coat and the umbrella, he laughed and begged me to look out for them in my dressing-room. I rushed towards it and he followed me. As I entered the room, I saw the rain-coat and the umbrella, descending from the blues, as it were, and dropping with a thud on the floor. Kali sardonically muttered that poor folk like him and my servant were readily suspected, though things said to have been lost, had been merely misplaced. I was confounded for the moment. Is Kali a wizard? How comes it that the rain-coat and the umbrella, hung up in one place, drop from the roof of another room, away from it? After a while, I saw the sinister-looking Kali standing before me smiling and chuckling and muttering incoherently.

Agitated in mind by this strange happening, but glad at the prospect of handing back the rain-coat and the umbrella to my friend, I tried to get ready for going out after having my breakfast. Kali was seen walking towards the backyard of the house. My cook, a portly fellow, came running to me and blurted out gasping that the boiling milk on the stove dis-

appeared in a cascade, as though some one quaffed it from the roof of the kitchen. Kali was standing within sight of me, with folded hands towards the rising Sun. Something told me that Kali had a hand in these weird occurrences; but I could not, for the life of me, conceive the idea, how boiling milk could shoot up to the roof and disappear. Confounded and weary, I was at my wits' end to fathom this mystery, when Kali barged in. It struck me at once that Kali was in league with the devil and that he should never enter my house hereafter. Kali offered to get my breakfast ready in a minute or two, if I permitted him to go to my dining room. "Go to Hell" I said in disgust and he went in. I and my cook followed him after a few minutes. Kali, standing at the door, announced that it was ready. My cook bounced into the room before me and stood tongue-tied. The milk, which disappeared in the kitchen, and coffee with toast which he prepared that morning were all there. Kali, standing in a corner, growled that everything was there and masters like me flew at their servants for nothing. My cook blazoned in righteous indignation, that Kali was a Shaitan.

After breakfast, in a calmer and reminiscent mood, I asked Kali to speak the truth and promised a pair of dhoties. After some hesitation, with tears in his eyes, he confessed that he did show a bit of his art and said that he could do something more. What he said was rather too credulous to be believed, demanding the "willing suspension of disbelief" far beyond measure. So, I challenged him for a positive test and he agreed.

I, then, took him to the shops of merchants known to me and asked them to keep a note of articles, touched by Kali. He examined cocoanuts in one shop, dhoties in another and shoes in a third shop and stated that the price demanded was beyond his reach. We then came home, without buying anything. Kali sat in an empty room, closing all the doors and windows. In a few minutes, he came out and invited me to see the articles, which he selected in the shops we visited—six cocoanuts, a bundle of dhoties and a pair of shoes—dropping one after the other, from

true, that all this money comes from the not-very-full pockets of students. Universities in countries unaffected by the devastation of war or national revolutions conduct fund-raising campaigns to help universities in war-stricken and under-developed countries. Total collections every year amount to over three million Swiss francs (about the same amount in Indian currency, after devaluation). Here is how they do it in the words of Dr. Malcolm Adiseshiah, ex-Assistant Secretary of ISS and now a Deputy Director of the UNESCO.

"In the University of Chicago after I had spoken for an hour, one group, the American Veterans Committee came up to me and said that they had decided to ask each veteran to donate one pint of blood. For each pint of blood to the Blood Bank they will get 7.50 dollars in return. They have more than 10,000 members in the Chicago Veteran Committee. As the Secretary said to me, "We want our members to feel that to our suffering fellow students in Europe and Asia they are giving not only a part of their money—which they can part with more easily, but a part of their being and so we are going to make this blood appeal."

How did ISS succeed in organising such a global link-up of university men and women for mutual help and co-operation? It is a story of thirty years unceasing work in the service of universities. It all originated in 1920 after the First World War when the World Students Christian Federation made an appeal for funds to help war devastated universities. The response was tremendous and a separate autonomous section of WSCF called European Student Relief was

created to deal with relief. By 1925 it was developed into a more comprehensive service and became the ISS, the agency for cultural and educational co-operation.

The ISS works with students and professors the world over to strengthen and develop student solidarity and co-operation. The ISS has no individual membership and it is simply a service of and for the university. It is not a representative body but an agency—through which all members of the university, staff and students, can act together. It reflects current university trends, it provides a platform for the expression of all honest points of view, for free discussion and study. It is non-political and non-religious and works without discrimination as to race or nationality. It is the channel which conveys assistance to those in need and it is the medium uniting university men and women of diverse and conflicting opinions and beliefs in the eternal quest for Truth and Understanding.

The General Headquarters at Geneva act as a clearing house for information on world university affairs.

The biggest annual event of the ISS is the World Conference which is always a gathering of eminent educationists, professors and student representatives from all over the world. This is the only conference which brings together on a common platform university men and women from all nations and also provides a common platform for them and student representatives. This year the conference is meeting at Poona in India, in August. Dr. Zakir Hussain who, besides being the Chairman of the India Committee, is also the Chairman of the S. E. Asia Council, will preside.

De Quincey used to give orders to his cook in a language like this: "Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much indeed, as to increase nervous irritation and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form!"—K. MASTERS.

Friend: "Ah! Professor! I hear your wife has twins. Boys or girls?"
Professor (Absent minded): "Well, I believe one is a girl and the other is a boy, but it may be the other way round, I don't know!"

CRISIS PUBLICITY

By N. RAGHUNATHAN

above. I took the articles back to the bazaar and after verifying the disappearance of each lot, returned them to their owners, to their surprise.

When I asked Kali why he piled bricks all day long sweating and thirsting, when he could get anything

for nothing, he said he had to toil, while others could partake what the Spirit controlled by him fetched home. So, Kali always remained lean and hungry-looking, spending his evenings with a pot of evil-smelling coconut toddy, amidst his fraternity of froth-blowers.—G. R.

ARTIFICIAL RAIN TO END WATER SHORTAGE

MAKERS of artificial rain in the United States are attempting to relieve the serious water shortage of one of the largest metropolitan areas in the world—New York City. They are using "cloud-seeding" techniques developed by the Nobel-prize-winning chemist, Dr. Irving Langmuir, to induce rainfall in the huge "watershed" region from which the city gets its water.

New York City authorities launched the six-month "Rain Stimulation Project" after conferring with Dr. Langmuir and the U. S. Weather Bureau, which has promised to give any needed cooperation. The project is headed by Dr. Wallace E. Howell, Harvard University meteorologist and director of the Mount Washington Observatory in the state of New Hampshire.

The cloud-seeding experiments are being carried out in the Catskill Mountains region northwest of New York City. Either airplanes or smoke generators mounted on trucks can be used to seed the clouds. Operations are directed by radio from a control centre that receives reports on promising rain clouds—the type known as supercooled cumulus clouds—from weather observers and volunteers throughout the watershed region.

The planes eject pellets of carbon dioxide (dry ice) into the supercooled clouds according to carefully timed calculations. Success of the cloud-seeding experiments, Dr. Langmuir emphasizes, depends upon seeding a cloud at the exact moment that a crystallization chain reaction causing rain to fall can be started and maintained. Mobile radar equipment is used to aid in such calculations and also to help observers check on the development and results of the cloud seeding.

The ground smoke-generators (to be used primarily when flying conditions are unfavourable for planes) send

billions of silver iodide particles billowing upward into supercooled clouds to induce rain.

The carbon dioxide and silver iodide particles, both extremely inexpensive to use, act in place of natural dust particles to form nuclei of tiny ice crystals, according to Dr. Langmuir. Ordinarily, these ice crystals are formed when moisture in the supercooled cloud condenses on each dust particle. This condensation process causes heat to be released, and the heat makes the cloud rise into cooler air. The cooler air in turn causes the ice crystals to increase in size and number until the point is reached where moisture falls to earth.

The current attempt to fill New York City's half-empty reservoirs is expected to add to the scientific knowledge of artificial rain-making and help resolve conflicting views regarding the effectiveness of rain-making techniques. Many rain-making experiments have been conducted in the United States by both governmental and private researchers with reports on results varying widely from outstanding success to complete failure. Dr. Langmuir has been devoting his time to perfecting rain-making techniques as chief consultant for "Project Cirrus," a joint research study conducted by the General Electric Company and interested agencies of the U. S. Government.

Data accumulated as the New York rain-making project progresses will be studied closely by scientific groups, including a committee composed of six scientists from colleges and universities in New York City. Dr. Victor K. La Mer of Columbia University, chairman of the committee, points out that the results of the project will be of international interest since artificial rain-making holds important implications for many arid regions of the world.—USIS.

YOU have all heard the story of the cub reporter who was assigned a wedding. He returned to the office late in the evening, noteless but cheerful, and told the night editor that there would be no report because there had been no wedding. Asked to explain, he said, "The bride was there all right—with white veil and orange flowers and the full quota of bridesmaids. So was everybody else—but the intended. They searched for him high and low, but not a trace of him was to be found. If you ask my opinion, I think he rattled from pure funk."

"Blast your opinion," roared the night editor, "Don't you see, you precious idiot, that the failure of the wedding to come off was first class news?" And he hustled a rewrite man to vamp up half a column, bright and snappy, based on this grain of fact; and that was the day's front page lead.

Now, that story is apocryphal and early twentieth century. We could easily bring it up-to-date. The modern successor of that naive reporter would have wirelessly the news to the office on his pocket transmitter. And the news editor would thereupon have done any or all of the following things. He would have telegraphed to every police station in the country and all the air ports a description of the missing man; despatched a corps of private detectives to the scene of occurrence in the office plane; telephoned to a famous London psychiatrist to explain in four hundred words for the benefit of the laity how shell-shock might have brought about amnesia; and then thoughtfully ordered the local pond to be dragged. The millions of his readers engrossed in this great romance might never discover that the next morning the bridegroom, a most respectable man who had taken the temperance pledge, had been found dead drunk in the loft of his house. The paper, legitimately regarding this as not news, would have blandly proceeded to cook up the next day's sensation.

We have travelled far from the days when a sub-editor on *The Times* could

calmly spike the story of how a circus elephant had broken loose and careered up and down a London thoroughfare for half an hour. He had been instructed to "treat the story on the merits" and decided that a run-away elephant was not dignified enough for the august columns of the *Thunderer*. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, to whose "Sixty Years in Fleet Street" I am indebted for this delightful story and many others, reminds us that Buckle when he was editor of the *The Times* would not tolerate a telephone within hearing distance. And he had no use for stenographers. When Robinson of the *Daily News* made it a rule that correspondents abroad should always telegraph, he was as much a pioneer in his own way as was Lionel James who at the time of the Russo-Japanese War chartered a vessel for *The Times* and wirelessly despatches to his paper on a primitive transmitter.

Newspapers in India would also like to be enterprising—if they knew how. Some years ago two papers in Allahabad set all the town talking, as the saying goes, by a desperate competition to be in first with the news. It was not exactly earthshaking news, to be sure, being merely the School Final results which in those days were published from Lucknow. But Mr. Desmond Young with infinite satisfaction spread himself all over his paper explaining how he had outwitted his contemporary by a superb co-ordination of human ingenuity and mechanical planning. Live wires like Mr. Young soon get themselves transported to spheres worthier of their enterprise. Our papers as a rule prefer to walk along well-laid paths. With a pleasant sense of excitement they used to put at the head of despatches from Delhi, Calcutta or Bombay the legend, "By Trunk Telephone" long after every gambler and tipster had begun to use this facility as a matter of course. And even to-day, you will notice, the fact that so and so arrived by air or departed by air is solemnly chronicled.

Next to hunger, curiosity is the most powerful of human instincts. And people have always liked to get the day's news as fast as they could. By

a natural transference of sympathy the messenger, whether he was a winged god like Mercury or a humble horseman like him who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, shared in the friendly interest which he communicated. The magic of the poet can in fact invest the humble mount with even more glamour than attaches to his human rider. Listen to Browning's description of Roland as he galloped:

*And his low head and crest just
one sharp ear bent back*

*For my voice, and the other prick-
ed out on his track;*

*And one eye's black intelligence,—
ever that glance*

*O'er its white edge at me, his own
master, askance!*

*And the thick heavy spume-flakes
which aye and anon*

*His fierce lips shook upwards in
galloping on.*

It might seem difficult to work oneself up to such lyrical rhapsody over the jet plane or the Flying Scotsman, though Kipling in *McAndrew's Hymn* did essay the task. In fact Watt's steam engine before which a man walked holding a red flag had more poetry in it than the sleek and shining Leviathans of today. The machines that have been developed for the transmission of news have fascinated newspapers and their readers as much by their novelty as by their speed. In the process of assimilation of every invention three stages may be traced. Look at television which is still in its infancy. A paper in India which could occasionally print a telephotographed picture from London will have reason to be proud of the achievement. For though the resulting daub might look as surrealist as Tenali Rama's horse it is still a telepicture—something which you don't get every day. The reader feels personally grateful for this new and expensive toy. The next stage is that which the trunk telephone and the aeroplane have reached. These have definitely arrived. Nevertheless a newspaper which is normally transported by air and which gets its long-distance messages by the teleprinter or by the private telephone looks upon itself as cut above its fellows who still depend on

the plebian telegraph and the earth-bound railways.

The character of the popular press has been largely determined by this craze for newness and speed. It is on the whole lucky for the tabloid press that its readers do not ask cynical questions as did the sage, who being told that a man was walking on water, wondered whether he could not muster the six pence that would have paid for the ferry. Not only has speed come to be regarded as an end itself. These papers have convinced themselves that mass circulations can be found and retained only by assiduously encouraging that hectic attitude of mind which feeds on sensation. However exciting the world we live in, it is not possible to find every day hard news of first class importance to fill a whole page. In this predicament the news editor is too often tempted to exalt the trivial. He is partly compelled, partly encouraged to do this by the recollection that the vast body of his readers are in the words of a well-known editor "not really adult completely in the mental sense." Between the two wars an American news agency devised a calculus of news values; sex, liquor, wealth, religion, science (or rather pseudoscience) and immorality were regarded as having the highest pull. And the mode of treatment was as irresponsible as the selection of subjects. "Sensations were sought for," says Mr. Fyfe, "more eagerly than straight accounts of current happenings; even the latter had to be presented in a guise which diminished their straightness." The irony of it was that the sensation-mongers were solemnly exhorted by their masters to "carefully confirm every statement they made." And in fact they wasted a good deal of time and money, verifying the accuracy of some item of news which had no intrinsic value at all. But while they strained at a gnat they swallowed a camel. The effort to be original and striking almost always overcame the scruples bred by copy-book maxims. The reader was misled at every turn by captions, pictures and even contents bills—of which last Madras was given a brilliant example in the days of diarchy. The passer-by was startled by the announcement, "Madras Minister Dead"; on opening the paper in question, he discovered, with emotions which I will not at-

tempt to describe, that it was a minister of the Church that had passed away.

This desperate chasing after sensation and embroidery for effect have produced a mass readership which is thoroughly unstable, chronically unable to form an opinion for itself and apt to swing from the extreme of credulity to the other extreme of suspicion. The press has at the same time ceased to count as a political influence, as more than one General Election in Britain has proved. This is because the popular press is not only ill-informed on important issues; it is given to the wildest somersaults. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe gives an amusing account of the tergiversations of the *Daily Express*. In 1939 the Beaverbrook organ began on a Monday with the confident prediction that the year would be one of peace and plenty. By the time Saturday had come round it had executed a series of crab-like

movements as the net result of which it could avow with equally solemn seriousness that it was a troubled world which confronted the fascinated and horrified British people. Those who closely followed the reactions of the public on both sides of the Atlantic to the devastation of Nagasaki and Hiroshima by the atom bomb could not but have been gravely disturbed by the curious apathy shown to the terrible tales of destruction and suffering. This was not due merely to the brutalising effects of prolonged war. There was to be detected no less clearly the benumbing influence of cheap journalism on the minds and hearts of people who in their personal relations were perhaps as decent, kindly and God-fearing as their forbears. A press that shouts at the top of its voice all the time must inevitably breed the mass-neurosis on which war-mongers and dictators thrive. —(A. I. R. broadcast)

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A BIRD'S EYE-VIEW OF FREE INDIA

By Dr. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

WHAT a world we are living in! Is life worth living under these conditions or is this chaos and confusion itself life? The ancient Chinese proverb in answer to a question as to how to clear the muddy waters of a stagnant pool has prescribed the simple remedy of leaving them alone. For then the limpid waters rise to the surface, the mud settling down at the bottom. But the two world wars have disturbed and brought to the surface the mud that had for some time gravitated to the bottom. Nor has the second World War really ended, either; for treaties of peace have not been concluded with the most important of the belligerents. It is as if the war, as many seem to fear, were a kind of disease, which starting as a sporadic, becomes endemic in a particular area, then develops into an epidemic embracing a whole region and finally turns pandemic, so encompassing the whole world. The international bodies, UNO, UNESCO and WHO—all these, while perhaps doing good work in the ultimate analysis, are still considered by those pessimistically if not cynically inclined, as self-advertising charlatans who, like Chaucer's busy lawyer that always appears busier than he is, have succeeded in stimulating interest in and attention from, the more vocal and vociferous politicians of the world. The nearer the aeroplanes bring men together, the farther do men's hearts fly from one another. Does frequent meeting, do continuous and constant consultations, make for unity of counsel or for better exposure through nearer vision, of the narrow cracks and fissures in the bridge that soon reveals the real yawning chasms and gulfs?

II

The countries and races of the world are no longer tied by bonds of wider human interest, but are being separated by national unity. The wars of the ancient world which at first originated in lust for power and territory sublimated themselves into lure for fame. That age is gone. With the

advent of Nationalism, individual, kingly ambitions for personal fame became sublimated into national greed for power and economic grab for wealth. Natural, geographical delimitations, historical tradition, biologic descent, common language, race and religion and community of interest and incentive began to be the moving factors in forming new units such as the union of Greece and the Ionian Islands, the union of the French and the English of Canada, the confederacy of the German States, the Federation of the 13 American Colonies which have since progressed to the forty-eight States of the U.S.A., the Federation of Australia, and the Union of South Africa, and the latest development is the Commonwealth Nations, with the King of Britain as the symbolic head—of which India has become a willing member—though the tie of membership is loose—more like that of a companionate marriage, than of a sacramental tie. Has kinship with Britain—if any, at all brought together or really rent asunder the two divisions of India and Pakistan? Now is not perhaps the time to rip open the sores that have just begun to form a crust on the surface—to heal by second intention, having failed to have any chance of healing by first intention. It may therefore be a wise move—a step in expectant treatment not to rake up past history beyond making a hurried summary and allow the wounds to become encrusted under the latest formula of agreement devised between the two divided sections of a former united whole.

III

Nearer home, the Indians have a hundred crores of property—lands and houses—left behind in Burma and perhaps an equal amount in South East Asia. Burma has enacted an Expropriation Act by which the land is taken over by Government and, the former Indian landlords—mostly Natukotal Chettlars, are to have a compensation twelve times the land

revenue—which comes to Rs. 9 to 14 where the annual lease yield per acre is Rs. 10. In other words, the compensation is barely a year's income and cannot in any sense be regarded as either fair or just. But supposing it is accepted, it cannot be brought to India under Burma's rules and regulations, nor can people live for the sake of this income in Burma at the risk of not merely property but of life and limb. Barely a month ago, our Parliament voted a million loan to Burma. Well might India's interests have been negotiated before the loan was sanctioned or before it is disbursed.

While general discontent has seized the minds of the public in respect of the country's relations with Burma, South Africa and Pakistan, home affairs appear to fare no better. In the field of Industry, in the domain of the former States of Princes, in the control of the twin monsters of communalism and communism, the progress made by the Indian Republic—while by no means negligible, is still capable of much improvement. The earlier declarations of Karachi (1931) that key industries shall be nationalized or brought under national control have been sobered down into a classification into groups, the first of which embracing vital sections such as textiles, iron and steel are held over for ten years. Some are sought to be brought under national control, while the last of the categories—cottage industries—are just claiming the earnest attention of Government. Every big industry such as shipping complains that adequate attention has not been paid to it. The shipping interests argue that we should have made a sum of 100 to 150 crores of rupees as freight value of overseas trade over an aggregate of 1,000 crores covering exports and imports. Most of this large sum has, it is said, "gone to add to the receipt side of the balance of payments account of foreign countries." Indeed not less than 50 per cent of freight should be carried by the merchant fleet of each maritime country. In that case, our freight earnings would have been 50 to 75 crores. That implies that the present Government, immediately after it came into power, should have set about acquiring 2 million tons of shipping within five to seven years. The import of food grains alone in this

view would have brought us, it seems, not less than 20 crores of rupees out of the 137 crores paid by us.

As in India, so in America, the shipping industry soon after the American Civil War (1861-1865) began to be on the decline—and this, despite Governmental aids of a wide variety offered in respect of it, "so as to reduce ship-building costs, and include mail contracts favouring faster speed." It was only in 1904 that a Merchant Marine Commission was appointed which recommended legislation "providing for 10 new ocean mail services, for the organization of a naval force, and for subventions being given to all USA vessels engaged in foreign trade." But it was not till 1916 that a Shipping Board of five commissioners was appointed under a new law with broad powers to purchase, lease, charter or build vessels and operate them for commercial purposes. The earlier taboo between 1914 and 1916 of foreign vessels had only led to a glut of goods in ports which could not be relieved until the later drastic step was taken. That was not all. These ships could not be sold or leased out, nor could the shipyards construct for foreign account. The largest output was 2300 vessels. The programme was accelerated between 1936 and 1946 during which period over 5600 vessels were built under the Maritime Commission which had succeeded the Shipping Board so that at the end of the war, the U. S. A. possessed 60 per cent of the world's tonnage. Where is America and where are we? Yes, we have to plan out our future.

IV

We have indeed appointed a Planning Commission. We stand between the old and the new. We cannot change over from an oriental to an occidental nation overnight. Our society, law and customs of marriage and inheritance may have to be planned anew. Our industries—machine and manual, have to be correlated with each other. We have hundreds of cottage industries suitable for export trade—Japan has 1400 of them—and with bamboo alone Japan makes 114 varieties of toys and trinkets. Our arts and crafts are age-old and constitute the index of our civilization. Our shawls and carpets will remain unmatched and certainly unexcelled. Carved wood

work is as variegated as it is ancient and artistic. But they require organization of production and distribution. The craftsman requires a financier, an emporium and a salesman. India may well organize the manufacture and sale of its crafts on a nation-wide scale and earn dollars easily enough for her purposes and needs. While commerce and industry require capital, machinery and scientific knowledge, here are our age-old crafts—the products of skill, sense of beauty and simple workmanship—awaiting recognition, patronage and organization.

V

Much has been the criticism hostile and even bitter that has been made against Congress Governments in India of the past three years. Perhaps there has been room for a bit of it but when they assumed control, the habit of the British era being unconstructive and unsympathetic or even irresponsible, they did not command that weight which in due proportion and with adequate responsibility should have been theirs. When advanced wings of political thought criticise Government for pursuing prohibition policy, they may well be reminded that Bihar is yet to inaugurate it. The country has made a sacrifice of seventy crores and will earn ten times as much in the universal moral uplift and heightened capacity and coefficient of work. The Harijans are now able to recognize that their social, religious and physical grievances have been removed by law and their economic emancipation is one not peculiar to themselves. The zamindars, jagirdars and their class are being deprived of their weapons but they are as much citizens of India as the common man and must be absorbed into democratic society with equal rights and responsibilities. The States of the Princes have all been reintegrated but it takes time for those who were once steeped in feudalism to reconcile themselves to the ways of democracy that are more

dilatory and, in the post-war era, even more corrupt.

VI

The Planning Commission is to inaugurate a mixed era of mechanized industry and home crafts and deserves all the sympathy and cooperation the nation is capable of. The competition between English and Hindi must soon cease and the State language must become the national language. Inter-provincial cultures must soon develop and the *literatures* of one province must be made available in the language of another. For this the Centre and the Provinces may well cooperate in order to induce scholars of different areas to acquire proficiency in the languages of neighbours—near or distant. The Sikh problem centering round the Gnani and Nagoki groups must be solved and should no longer involve wider areas in its ramifications than the Punjab and the PEPSU. The misfortune of Bengal, let us all hope, will soon become a forgotten (or never to be forgotten) chapter of past history and let us also hope for the restoration one of these days, of the cultural unity and domestic harmony of West and East Bengal. At long last, Chandernagore has become part of India and this is another proof of the triumph of non-violence which again let us hope, France will extend to Pondicherry and Portugal to Goa, Diu and Daman. In the north, Pakthoonistan is raising a call to India and Afghanistan as against Pakistan which stands for its absorption and ere long may succeed—succeed perhaps before the linguistic provinces in India are realized. All these are the immediate problems of India. But will they have a chance of peaceful solution or will the world be earlier engulfed by the aggressive tone and temper displayed by Russia in relation to Berlin? The world is sitting on a volcano in the hope that the lava will not emerge from the mountain heights and devastate the peace and plenty of all the surrounding places.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

According to the National Safety Council, some of the most serious accidents among children each year occur because they chance upon loose pins, needles or bobby pins. An attractive "pin-bin" is now available for both office and home use. It consists of six magnetised compartments to which all types of pins will stick. This gadget will hold on to such lethal items tenaciously, reducing the danger of them falling off bureaux onto the floor where the little busybodies can find them.—BETTY HILLARY

Short Story

REPENTANCE

By Dr. N. Venkataramanayya

QUEEN Kamaladevi suddenly woke up. Something disturbed her in her sleep. A husky inarticulate voice of some one in distress seemed to call out for help. She sat up; but excepting the momentary notes uttered by the *sakines* in the frame of her ivory cot, caused by the movement of her body, no other sound was audible. It was past midnight. The bustle which usually lasted until a late hour in the mansions of Krishnadevaraya and his queens had at length subsided. The inmates of the various establishments, fatigued by their nightly round of pleasures, had sunk into sleep. Even the women-guards keeping watch and ward over the streets and lanes of the *antahpura*, after the midnight patrol, slumbered on the stone benches of the guard room. Deep silence prevailed in the vast zenana enclosure, where lived some twelve thousand women. It resembled a city of the dead, without any perceptible sign of life. Inside the chamber there was absolute quietness. In the subdued light of the Goa-lamp which stood on a silver stand, everything in the room including the objects of furniture, flower vases, *harivanas* of fruit and refreshments, rose-water pouches, betel baskets, camphor caskets, fans of peacock feathers, seemed to be deeply asleep. Unable to discover the cause of disturbance, the Queen was about to lie down, when a gurgling sound issuing from the mouth of the Emperor who was sleeping by her side attracted her attention. She was startled; for she was assailed by the fear that he was suddenly taken ill in his sleep. For the fraction of a second, she believed that some malady came upon him suddenly in his sleep; but a glance at him dispelled her fear. The Emperor was indeed asleep, though the tension of his body and the distorted appearance of his face indicated that he was in the grip of a nightmare. To relieve his distress she gently touched him with her hands. The tension of his body relaxed immediately, and his face assumed its normal appearance.

He slightly moved in the bed, and raising up his arms, brought them near his face, and wiped his eyes with his outstretched fingers. Then he opened his eyes slowly, and turned his head from side to side as if to assure himself that he was alone. An expression of fear still lingered in his eyes, and a tremor which passed over his body showed that he was not yet completely free from fright. Seeing the face of the Queen bending down on his recumbent body with a look of enquiry in her eyes, he became more confident, and heaving a sigh of relief, muttered half to himself, 'Oh! my God, what a horror!'; and then to remove, as it were, the evil effects of the dream, he recited in a low droning voice, the well-known verse, 'Ramam Skandam Hanoomantam'.

Unable to remain silent any longer, the Queen asked anxiously, "What ails you, my lord?"

"Nothing much, my beloved," replied Krishnaraya, "it is only a bad dream; don't be worried; but lord, what a horror!"

"What is it about, my lord? Dreams are insubstantial fancies conjured up by the creative faculty of the mind, when it lies dormant. Though some are fearsome, their effects do not outlast their duration. But your Majesty appears to be still under the spell of the dream."

"No, my love, what we saw in the dream is not mere fantasy, but what actually happened to us at one time. It was so vivid and realistic that we are not able to believe that it all happened years ago, and not within the past few minutes."

"Pardon a woman's curiosity, my lord; may I request your Majesty to favour me with an account of the dream? It is not, I hope, a secret."

"No, it is an old story, my beloved, known almost to everybody. You may not even be ignorant of it."

"How can I guess what is in Your Majesty's mind? And until I learn

what actually Your Majesty had seen in the dream how is it possible for me to say whether it is known to me or not?"

* * *

It all happened on Suddha Ekadasi, of the month of Bhadrapada, in the year Sukla. I returned to the capital on the previous morning from Penugonda, where I had been in charge of the administration of the Durga, since the unfortunate death of Tamma Maharaya, at the express command of his Majesty the late Emperor Vira Narasimhadeva Maharaya. Though I learned from the messengers that His Majesty was ill, I could not understand the reason for this urgent summons. After my arrival in the city, I attempted to see the Emperor; but permission to see him was refused on the ground that my presence would aggravate his malady and worsen his condition. Then I called at the mansion of Appaji, our Sarvasirah Pradhana, but he was not at home. Commanded by my step-mother Tippaji, who, since the illness of her son, had taken over the management of the affairs of the State, the Prime Minister, it was said, was in attendance on the sick Emperor day and night. The city was rife with rumour. Some said that the Queen-Mother was planning the destruction of all the princes of the blood so that she might seize power in the name of her infant grandson. Others confidently asserted that she entered into an alliance with Yusuf Adil Khan of Bijapur, who agreed to come to Vijayanagara, and help her to enthrone her grandson in return for the surrender of the forts of Mudgal, Bankapur, and Adavani. According to others, however, everything depended on the Prime Minister who was playing a lone game. He favoured secretly, it was said, one of the sons of Obamba; but for the time being he was humouring the Queen-Mother to keep himself in power. What truth there was in all these rumours I did not know. Thinking of what the future might bring about in the event of the Emperor's demise, I returned to my residence in the Bhujabalaraya Street. After a bath and meal, I went up to Chandrasala on the top of the mansion to have my midday nap. I could not, however, sleep. My mind was puzzled. Why was I summoned urgently from Penugonda? Why was I

refused permission to see the Emperor? What were the intentions of the Prime Minister? Though these questions surged through my mind again and again I could not find answers to them. I tossed over the couch restlessly for a long time. At last an idea struck my mind and resolving to seek enlightenment from a quarter where I was not likely to meet with disappointment, I set out once again.

"I am so happy, beloved," said Sanga flinging her arms around my neck; and the mischievous parrot which was seated in a gilded cage in the centre of the hall, with a twinkle in its eyes expressed its approval by singing in a solemn voice, '*Ananda-mananda-mayenu ma Akkayya Pen-dli—*'.

It was not, however, allowed to finish the song. One of the maids who was obviously listening at the door rushed in and snatched away the cage with its inmate.

"I knew," she continued, "that you would come, though mother thought otherwise."

"Why does your mother think that I don't love you?"

"On the contrary, she is convinced that Your Royal Highness is greatly attached to me, so greatly attached as to promise to marry me."

"Why then did your mother think that I would not come?"

"It is not due to any lack of faith in Your Highness' affection for me. She believes that at present the city is not quite a safe place for Your Highness, and even if you are so imprudent as to allow yourself to be caught in your enemy's meshes, it is not wise that we should meet each other."

"I don't understand. What is the danger which threatens me in the city? Assuming that my safety is imperilled, what harm is there in our meeting together?"

"How can you? You could not have known the changed situation in the court until you arrived in the city. The Emperor took suddenly ill. The matter was kept secret; for several days it was not known in the city outside the precincts of the palace, until his condition became serious. The Queen-Mother assumed control of the affairs of the State; and the Prime Minister joined her."

"Indeed? but the Emperor will recover soon."

"That is the desire of all the citizens; but the physicians seem to have given up hope; and the Queen-Mother is said to be busy making arrangements for the coronation of her grandson."

"That is to be expected; but I fail to understand her motives in summoning me to the capital. Perhaps she expects me to support her."

"On the contrary, she fears you, beloved. She finds in you an insuperable obstacle to the success of her schemes. She dotes on her grandson, and is resolved to place him upon the throne at any cost. Now that you are in her power, she will not fail to accomplish her fell desire."

"That is?"

"She will slay you. O! my beloved, I feel guilty. I should have warned you; but I was selfish. I felt miserable without you. I longed to meet you, to be with you, to hold you in my embrace. I thought only of my happiness but not of your danger."

"Don't be distressed, my dear, no harm has come out of it. I am still unmolested and free; and I can leave the city quietly when I wish."

"True, you are yet unmolested, but not free. Your movements are watched by unseen eyes. Every one of your movements. Your presence here is perhaps already known at the court."

"You magnify things on account of your fear."

"How I wish that it is as you say. The eyes and ears of Timmarasayya are everywhere. He sees what happens in every household in the city; hears every word uttered within these seven walls. (The city of Vijayanagara was surrounded by seven walls of fortification). Nay, he even knows what passes in every mind."

"Timmarasayya is indeed a great minister, but he is neither a God nor an omniscient *siddha*. If the Queen-Mother is bent upon my destruction, and if the Prime Minister is in league with her, how is it that I am still unhurt and free?"

"That is because of the indecision of the Emperor. His Majesty does not approve of the Queen-Mother's plans; but she is persistent; it is said that she takes with her the young prince to His Majesty's sick chamber every

day and pleads with him on his son's behalf. His Majesty is said to have yielded to her and following her advice nominated his son as his successor; but he is not willing to order, at her suggestion, the imprisonment or the execution of the princes of the blood even to safeguard his young son's interests."

"Our safety, then, depends upon the slender thread of the Emperor's life, or perhaps not even on that, as His Majesty may ultimately yield to the importunities of his mother and do her bidding. Wish I had never been born a prince."

"What'll you do, my lord? Would it be possible to steal across the frontiers?"

"You said a moment before that it wouldn't be possible for me to leave the city. No, my love, even if it were possible, I would not throw myself at the feet of the Mussalman even to save my life."

"What can I do to save you? I am the miserable daughter of a courtesan. Who cares to listen to me? Not even he who is the breath of my life."

"Don't distress yourself, darling; you forget the Lord of the Seven Hills. Have you not heard that He is the protector of the helpless and a faithful friend of the distressed. Tell Him your troubles. He will surely listen to you."

It was Harivasara. (Jav specially sacred to Hari or Vishnu.) I fasted as usual, and spent the whole day in devotion. With the rise of the sun, I went to the Tungabhadra, and having bathed and performed the morning *sandhya* in the Bhaskara Kshetra, returned to my quarters. Throughout the day I was engaged in Potana's Bhagavatam, especially the soul-stirring chapters on Gajendra-moksham and Prahlada Charitra. In the evening I went to the temple of Vitthala to have darsan of God and place my humble offerings at His lotus feet. Though a cloud of melancholy settled over the city due to the serious illness of the Emperor, a large crowd assembled in the temple, attracted by the news that the famous musician Purandaradasa, accompanied by a band of *sankirtana* singers from Tirumala, was visiting the temple to offer Gitanjali to the God. As soon as I entered the pre-

cinets of the temple, the *sthanapati* with the *sthanikas* came to receive me; and leading me to the *ranga-mantapa* of the musical pillars, seated me in the place usually occupied by the princes and the members of the royal family.

That was a memorable evening. The best composers and artists of the empire came to participate in the ceremony. After the invocation of the deities Ganapati and Sarasvati, the Gitanjali commenced. It consisted of songs in Telugu and Kannada in praise of Vishnu arranged alternately. The musicians arranged themselves into two groups, both facing the processional image of God Vitthala, seated for the occasion on a gorgeously decorated throne, near the northern edge of the *mantapa*; Sankirtanacharya Peda Tirumalayya on the one side and Purandaradasa on the other took the lead. The ceremony began with a song in the Lalita tune,

Veduka-kadu Gadamma Vitthalundu

Add-nida-negi Vachche-nade Vitthalundu

composed by Annamayya; and it was followed by a *kirtana* of Kankadasa in Kannada. The performance thus begun continued with great enthusiasm, with *kirtanas*, *darus*, and *javalis* in Telugu and Kannada. The music

was excellent; it feasted the ear and exalted the mind. The performance, however, came to an abrupt end. When people were listening with rapt attention to the beautiful *kirtana* in which Annamayya describes the dance of the Goddess of Manga before Venkatesvara, there was a sudden disturbance near the Southern Gopura. There was an altercation between the *parupatyagara* and some one outside demanding admission; and a few moments later in came Kavali Jangamayya, accompanied by a band with the jingling staffs in their hands. At a sign from Jangamayya, his followers halted near the steps of the *ranga-mantapa*. He mounted the steps alone, he saluted the deity from a distance, and proceeding quickly to the place, where I was seated, he prostrated on the ground, and getting up at once, he said in a stentorian voice, 'In the name of His Imperial Majesty, Maharajadhiraja Paramesvara Vira Narasimhadeva Maharaya, and by the command of Her Majesty, the Queen-Mother, Tippaji Amma-varu, I place Your Royal Highness under arrest.' This announcement produced consternation in the temple. To me it however brought relief. The harrowing period of suspense was over. The bolt had at last fallen. I commended myself to the protection of the Lord of Tirumala, and followed the chief *talari* silently.

(To be continued)

MARGARET TRUMAN ON HER CAREER.

Writing about her singing career, the only daughter of the President of the U. S. A. says: "My struggle for recognition has been complicated by the suspicion in many quarters that the thought of singing was a bright idea that suddenly seized me only when I became the daughter of the President of the United States. I resent the horrible insinuation that I am trying to exploit the prestige of the White House. Singing is the only career I ever seriously considered. I want very much to get married and have children, but for the present I will concentrate on my career. There is no one on the horizon right now, but a girl can dream, can't she?"

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My friend Sir Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey and one of the most accomplished musicians of our time told me that when fishing in Aberdeenshire he agreed to play the harmonium in the parish church one Sunday afternoon and did his best. When the service was over and the congregation was leaving the church one of the visitors was heard asking another: "What did you think of the music today?" "Oh! very indifferent" was the reply "but what can you expect in a small country place!"—SIR CRICHTON BROWNE.

THE CEYLON INDIAN CONGRESS

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

FOR good or evil the political status of thousands of Indians in Ceylon depends on the Ceylon Indian Congress. What sort of organization is it?

I found on close observation of its working, that in many respects, it resembles the Gandhian and pre-Gandhian Congress of India.

Its history is brief. Prior to 1939, there were a number of organizations of Indians in Ceylon but no central political organization. In 1939, prominent Ceylon Indians conceived the idea of a central political organization, and the same year during the visit of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Ceylon Indian Congress was inaugurated by him. The first session was opened and attended by Sri V. V. Giri, the present Indian High Commissioner in Ceylon, and the late Sri S. Satyamurthi. The sister organization of the C. I. C., the Ceylon Indian Congress Labour Union, was started a year later. It included most Indian workers on estates and elsewhere. Every year the membership of both increased. During the last elections to Ceylon Parliament, the C. I. C. candidates won seven seats in the lower House and one in the upper.

The membership of the Ceylon Indian Congress at present is about 133,400 out of a total population of 8½ lakhs of Indians. Any one who believes in the aims of the C. I. C. and pays a nominal annual membership fee can be a member. The present membership is nearly one-seventh of the total Indian population, a position which the Indian National Congress in its best days never reached. Ceylon Indians are solidly behind the C. I. C.

The main working body of the C.I.C. is the Ceylon Indian Congress Committee or the C.I.C.C. (corresponding to the A.I.C.C.) elected on a basis of one C.I.C.C. member for each thousand C.I.C. members. There is far more direct contact between C.I.C.C. members and the C.I.C. members than ever obtained between the A.I.C.C. members and the primary

members of the Indian National Congress. Above the C.I.C.C. is the C.I.C. Working Committee much like the Congress Working Committee numbering from 20 to 25 members. But unlike the Congress Working Committee which is nominated by the President, from the A.I.C.C. members, the C.I.C. Working Committee is elected by C.I.C.C. members, not only from among themselves but from other members primary of the C.I.C. The C.I.C. constitution is thus even more democratic than the Congress constitution in Gandhian times, and definitely more so than the present Congress constitution.

I have witnessed some elections of the C.I.C. when they were proceeding. As far as possible, competition is sought to be avoided as was the case with Congress prior to 1942. Most elections are unanimous, just as was the case in the Gandhian Congress.

Entirely separate, on paper, from the C.I.C. is the C.I.C.L.U., which actually works in the closest collaboration with the C.I.C. It has a membership of 75,527, and is the largest trade union in the island, since the membership of other unions is less than half of this. Since 90% of the 8½ lakhs of Indians in Ceylon are labourers, the main strength of the C.I.C. lies in the C.I.C.L.U. In some years as the present year, the Presidents of both the C.I.C. and C.I.C.L.U. are the same.

The leaders of both the C.I.C. and C.I.C.L.U. are, in the main, drawn from the working classes. Most of C.I.C.C. members are workers from the estates. But once again the C.I.C. exhibits the same anomaly as the Indian National Congress of Gandhian days. Most of the C.I.C. members are estate workers who are also members of the C.I.C. Labour Union demanding better conditions of work from the estate owners. But two of the most active leaders of the C.I.C. are themselves owners of large estates. I understand from delegates, that one of them, an ex-President of the C.I.C., is quite philanthropic, and treats his work-

ers well. It is like the Gandhian Congress, where millionaires like Bajaj found no difficulty in reconciling revolution with philanthropy. As the leftist leader N. M. Perera remarked, the C.I.C. is a conglomerate organization. But it is a highly unified organization at present, in aim as well as tactics. Sri V.V. Giri told me that rarely had he found such perfect unity in any other organization.

In the politics of Ceylon, however, the C.I.C. has to choose the middle course, and the leaders have to use great circumspection in choosing their path. The Government of the U.N.P. Party does not like the association of the C.I.C. with the leftist opposition parties. On the other hand the leftist parties are not satisfied with the amount of co-operation they get from the C.I.C. The Communists call the C.I.C. the *pandam cariu* (lantern bearers) of Nehru. When I stayed in a village in south Ceylon in the rubber estate area, my host was a Communist, and the local Communist workers gave me a long list of the sins of the C.I.C. in misleading labour to follow the path of trudging before estate owners and the U.N.P. Government. Then, the L.S.S.P., the Trotskyite leftist party of Ceylon, was not quite pleased with the C.I.C., since during the last elections the C.I.C. supported the U.N.P. candidate against the L.S.S.P. candidate in some places, notably in Matugama. Communists of Matugama were also equally emphatic in denouncing the C.I.C. stand in this constituency. I referred this matter to S. Thondaman, the leader of the C.I.C. parliamentary group. He said that the C.I.C. was not for voting left whole hog in every place and on every point. The U.N.P. candidate for Matugama was Kannangara, ex-Minister of Education, and the father of the free education system in Ceylon. The C.I.C. supported him because of his past service to education in Ceylon, and also of his definite promise that all estate schools would be taken over by the Government. Actually, however, the opposing candidate won, in spite of C.I.C. support for the opposite candidate.

From all this it is clear how difficult is the path of the C.I.C. The U.N.P. Government want them to be camp-followers of the Government,

and the left opposition is not satisfied because the C.I.C. does not co-operate wholly with them in bringing about the revolution. The C.I.C. cannot rashly launch on strikes or similar measures, as the cry of racialism comes in handy for the U.N.P. Government in all such cases. Even among the Indians, there are a handful of merchants who hate the C.I.C. policies, based mainly on consideration for Indian labour, and a handful of Indian labourers who belong to the Ceylon leftist parties who consider the C.I.C. as timid.

How to get citizenship rights for most Indians settled in Ceylon, is the question now facing the C.I.C. Last year, they boycotted the iniquitous Ceylon Indian Pakistani Residents Citizenship Act, but this year at the session at Matale they gave powers to the C.I.C. to reconsider and if necessary revise the decision. It is now known that they may withdraw the boycott. What led to this *volte face*? Is it wise, and will the results be good? That the Act is impossible to work and its provisions are iniquitous was still reiterated by the C. I. C. President at Matale. One M. P. told me that under its provisions, not 18 months but 18 years won't be sufficient time for registering all the resident Indians. But the C. I. C. hope for a change both in the actual clauses of the law and also in the spirit of its working. The one year boycott has been absolutely successful, and there is reason to believe that the iniquity of the clauses are admitted by many Government spokesmen. Nanayakkara, M. P. for Matale, and a member of the Government party, admitted that he knew a case where the desired documentary proof could not be produced under any circumstances. Even Senanayake, while refusing to change the Act, said that he was considering the liberalization of the clauses, relating to Indians *born* in Ceylon, i.e., the clauses which are not only the most iniquitous but patently the most absurd. I learnt from V. V. Giri that he had convinced the Ceylon Premier not only of India's good intentions but also the need for a more liberal outlook regarding citizenship. He seems to have stressed the fact that the loss would be mutual and Ceylon also would suffer by alienating Indian labour; for example, as a result of

stringent emigration and passport regulations, 16,000 harbour-workers of Colombo had left Ceylon for good, and the harbour was suffering for want of skilled and experienced labour. All this might have impressed on the Government the need for a changed outlook; but they might not on considerations of prestige, take any legislative action. The C. I. C. thinks that by giving up the boycott, whose effectiveness has been demonstrated, they can create conditions where good sense would prevail. Even those who wanted the boycott to continue, have now agreed to give the new step a trial. As C. R. said, it is an opportunity for the (U. N. P.) Sinhalese M. P. s to act with courage and imagination.

I would also cite here what Mr. N. M. Perera, the leader of the largest opposition party in Parliament told me in an interview. He said that a mere boycott of the Citizenship Act was a negative attitude, leading nowhere. The C. I. C. must have done propaganda among the masses of Ceylonese about the iniquity of the Act, and forced the Government thereby to bow down to public opinion. When I pointed out that racialism was a weapon in the Government hands, he replied that it had to be met with by propaganda and unified action. He himself advocated dropping of the boycott now and promised all help to the C. I. C. in getting the Act amended suitably.

The success of the move of giving up the boycott depends on two things. First of all, the least that could be done is the amendment of the absurd provisions regarding Indians *born* in Ceylon. As to the clause insisting upon a variety of documentary proofs to establish the qualifications for citizenship, it is too late in the day to expect them to be amended. But much of their rigour and injustice would become inoperative, if the registering officers are liberal in their demands for proof of birth or residence. This can be done of course not on their own initiative but only when the Government signifies its approval of such an attitude.

In this respect, I must say that it takes normally twice as much time for an Indian to get a passport from his own Government as to get a visa from the Ceylon Government. It takes more time to get the documents signed

by a magistrate in India to support an application for a permit to send money from Ceylon than to get a permit from the Ceylon Government. The behaviour of Ceylon officials is quite courteous towards Indian residents, but the behaviour of Indian officials towards their own nationals in India is simply disgusting. I say this most reluctantly but out of personal experience on both sides. Sri S. Thondaman, the leader of the C. I. C. parliamentary group, said to me during the Matale session that in Ceylon most civilians were amiable and approachable but in India they behaved like masters towards servants. I make a present of these to the Madras Government who are never slow in asking Nehru to take up the Ceylon Indian problem, lest Ceylon go the way of Hyderabad. If they spend half their energy in making their own officials behave properly towards Ceylon Indians, things would be better. Madras Ministers who visited Ceylon recently said in answer to my questions that they were going to study the Ceylon Indian problem. Those who are going to study a problem, would better desist from passing resolutions on the problem they have not studied! These things, to the discredit of our own Government, do not find a place in the Indian press, but it is good to bear in mind these facts.

In the Matale annual session of the C. I. C., I found that, more than anything else, the desire to present a united front on the citizenship issue, was most prominent. The differences on it were pronounced, but in order to preserve unity all were agreed that the matter should be left to the committee instead of the hot passions of an open session. But what impressed me most was that there were at least a handful of enlightened ladies participating in the discussions. There was one old lady who though not educated made a good impression by her vigour, vivacity and sincerity, while another young lady, who was a member of C. I. C. Working Committee, exhibited a capacity for quiet unostentatious work. In this respect, the C. I. C. resembles most leftist parties.

It is remarkable that the most brilliant public women of all lands are always found in the leftist wing, while the right rarely contains any woman of ability.

THE LAND OF THE PHOENICIANS

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

TO the average Indian, the Middle East is a feudal ridden, backward region whose social conscience is slow in awakening into active manifestation. One therefore arrives at Beirut expecting to see fly-infested bazaars, narrow twisted lanes and dingy houses—in short all characteristics of the colonial East. So one has to see Beirut in order to believe it. It is an incredible oriental city. It is extraordinarily clean and very modern. It is pretty well streamlined but not like 20th century cubist pictures. It has hardly any archeological sights, for the old city disappeared during the first world war. Today you see asphalted roads and wide avenues linking the different parts of the city. The frontage of houses and the pathways look delightfully clean. People, well dressed, swing along with straight poise. The shops wear a chic Parisian appearance. The place is distinguished by the absence of slums, the inevitable feature of every modern city.

The word Lebanon is an ancient semitic term meaning *white* which it derives from the perennial snow-crowned mountain, known in the Bible as the Mountain of Perfumes; one still finds even in the cracks of its rocks a rich variety of sweet smelling herbs whose odours blend with the delicate aroma of the flowers that grow luxuriantly around. Its main characteristics are its mountainous feature, its proximity to the sea and its central position among a group of thickly populated states. One may say that its historical evolution has to some extent been influenced by these factors.

Its earliest people of whom there is any historical record are the Phoenicians who built up their civilization from around 4000 B. C. They evolved a predominantly urban character, with city states as the base all along the coast, gradually spreading their territory by the shores of the Mediterranean and busily developing their trade with the outside world. While the sapphire blue waters beckoned them, the hard cedars provided them

with durable boats and the tiny townships they constructed provided the base. With these they soon became prominent amongst the most adventurous traders of the world. Cities like Byblos, Beryte, Sidon and Tyre became supreme in the Mediterranean world and, for several centuries, controlled the trade between eastern and northern ports and extended their power to Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, the Aegean Islands, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta and the settlements along the coasts of Italy. The Phoenicians were considered matchless in nautical matters. They rounded Africa, landed in England and Ireland, touched the Baltic shore. They also acquired other allied sciences, namely geography and astronomy; and were clever in assessing distances and determining the time of the tide. They also showed themselves as remarkable builders and raised big structures such as monumental temples. But it is in the invention of the alphabet that they rendered humanity the greatest service—the alphabet of 29 signs that the Phoenicians first took to Europe out of which was evolved the modern European script.

Although their urban trait was more assiduously cultivated than their rural, partly because the proportion of cultivable land is very little—about 1/5 of the whole country, the rest being a high barren region—the ingenious nature of these early settlers is seen in the intensive cultivation these mountain plots are subjected to through a system of terraces known as *djelalis*, thus deriving the maximum benefit from the available land. This mountain region is said to have the densest population in the world. These people showed their skill also in the invention and use of new agricultural implements. Today when you leave the city of Beirut, you begin to drive through smiling gardens, fruit laden orchards and verdant fields. In the middle of each plot stands a dainty cottage, spick and span, the paint in pastel shades blending with the blossoms around and, the hues of the Mediterranean in the distance. The

people appear well fed and well clothed, the children robust and buoyant. In size, the area of land given to fruit trees ranks second to that producing cereals and in value the fruit crop is greater than that of cereals. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the fruit trees are the main basis of the agricultural wealth of this land, about 85% being grown on the mountains.

One may say that the real core of Lebanon is the mountain people and its social history has been shaped by them. It was in these mountains that the early social revolution took shape when the long exploited tillers of the soil rose in revolt to assert the axiom "Land must belong to the man who tills it." Thus today one finds that while feudal land ownership obtains in the south, characterised by large plots of land enclosed by shrub walls, in the mountain region the cultivator owns the land he tills. These rights he won through long and bitter struggle. This background greatly explains the progressive outlook of the Lebanese and the weak condition of the feudal elements in that country as compared with the rest of the Middle East. This mountainous character gave it another peculiarity, made it a haven for persecuted minorities from other countries who found a shelter here. Thus the Maronites nestled in its northern vastness, the Druzes dipped behind the central hills, the Shiites established themselves in its southern slopes. Clinging to these mountain shelters, they felt free to pursue their own faiths and their own way of life. These migrant communities have continued down to this day preserving their special characteristics and customs.

The intermediary position of Lebanon athwart the great international high-ways has meant that when the waves of conquest swept from North to South or East or West they took it in their stride. The eighteen polyglot inscriptions upon the rocks to the left of the river Nahr-el-Kalb about 12 kilometers from Beirut, which seems to have served as the gateway to the country, provide a faithful record of the streams of peoples that seem to have poured in, the Pharaohs, the Assyrians, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Arabs, the French and the British. Through these inscriptions, they all commemorated their inva-

sions and victories and other important events of their advent. But the last set is by the Lebanese to mark the departure of the foreign troops and the dawn of Lebanon's independence.

The Lebanese follow the adventurous tradition of their forefathers. In fact many more Lebanese live abroad scattered through the many continents and countries than at home. While a million live at home, a million are in America and a million are scattered over the world. The large sums of money sent home by these emigrants play a very important role in the economy of this country which is equally influenced by the tourist trade—foreigners come to Lebanon to sojourn in its cool, salubrious mountains in summer.

Lebanon continued to serve as the main link to the West as it moved eastwards and became thus the natural base for the new knowledge which spread from the western scientific and cultural savants. American and European institutions were established in Beirut and other important coastal towns. The Lebanese thus were the first to receive and respond to the new stimuli. Lebanon leads in the field of education among the Arab countries, in universality and the high standard of education, the literacy being around 87%. Beirut possesses more newspapers and magazines than any other city in the Middle East, mostly in Arabic but, they also include English, French, American, Greek and the like. The flowering of Beirut goes back to the Roman days when the Roman emperors lavished particular attention on this city, erecting palaces and temples and finally conferring on it the privileges reserved for a Roman colony and Emperor Augustus naming it after his daughter, Julia Berytus.

The two most noted institutions are the American and the Jesuit universities. The former was founded in 1866 by a professor of the American Presbyterian Church. It is today one of the largest educational centres in the East and has played an important role in the national life of the Arab countries. Its medical faculty has won great distinction. St. Joseph's university is older dating back to 1843. Its chief feature has been the great encouragement it has given to the study of Arabic language and specialised studies in the history and cultu-

ral evolution of the Middle East. Its great asset is its fine printing press that has given such an impetus to Arabic publications. Its library is monumental and contains over 35,000 volumes and hundreds of original manuscripts.

No description of Lebanon would be complete without a reference to its cedars towering into the sky with their massive branches and thick foliage. They owe their fame to the

incorruptibility of their wood. Their wood seems to have been in use for at least 3,000 years in the early dawn of human development, in the building of the fleets of the Pharaohs and the temple at Jerusalem. The cedar very significantly is now the symbol of the new Lebanese Republic. Lebanon the great pioneer in civilization has also been the pioneer in democratic thought and practice. So she continues ever young, vital and imperishable.

THE LEGEND THAT WAS ROMMEL

By MATTHEW HALTON

The author discusses in this article the recently published biography of Field Marshal Rommel by Brigadier Desmond Young.

FIELD Marshal Erwin Rommel, the greatest German soldier of World War II, died by poison, which he took with his own hand. But, in fact, he was murdered by Hitler. Unlike General Beck and Admiral Canaris, who had taken part in the plot against Hitler's life, he was not hung up by the throat on a butcher's hook and left to die. But he was murdered.

The story of his death is told in a biography of Rommel just published in Britain by the firm of Collins. The author is Brigadier Desmond Young, who had more than his share of adventures in both world wars.

The author writes that in July, 1944, Rommel was seriously wounded in Normandy, when his car was attacked by British planes. He made a phenomenal recovery, but a shameful death was at hand. Hitler now feared and hated him. Rommel had told him plainly that the war was lost; and he had protested against the massacre of the Jews, and against the barbarities of the SS troops in Italy and France. Moreover, General von Stulpnagel, dying under fearful torture, had mentioned Rommel's name with his last breath, thus vaguely incriminating him in the July 20 plot. And now—on Oct. 14, 1944—the murderous Hitler sent two of his Gestapo generals, Burgdorf and Maisel, to Rommel's house, in Herrlingen, where he was convalescing.

Burgdorf and Maisel talked to Rommel for an hour and then went outside to their car. Rommel went upstairs to talk to his wife.

"As he entered the room," says Frau Rommel, "there was so strange and terrible an expression on his face that I exclaimed at once, 'what is the matter with you? What has happened? Are you ill?'" He looked at me and replied "I have come to say good-bye. In a quarter of an hour I shall be dead.... Hitler has given me the choice of taking poison or being dragged before a people's court. They have brought the poison. They say it will take only three seconds to act."

Now Rommel had not, in fact, taken part in the July 20 plot, and his wife implored him to go before a court. "I would never reach Berlin alive," replied Rommel—and he said good-bye. He entered the car and was driven away. Twenty-five minutes later the telephone rang in his home, and Aldinger, Rommel's aide, was told: "A terrible thing has happened. The field marshal has had a hemorrhage, a brainstorm, in the car. He is dead."

Hitler gave the murdered marshal a magnificent funeral. The oration was read by Field Marshal von Rundstedt. "Rommel's heart," said the distinguished speaker, "belonged to the Fuehrer."

Such was the shameful end of Germany's best soldier.

I shared with Brigadier Young some of his adventures in World War II. He was a public relations officer with the Indian Army, and was captured twice.

One day in the Syrian campaign, in the battle in front of Damascus, I bet him \$25 that I would get into Damascus before him. He won the bet—but in such headlong fashion that he was captured. He escaped, and was captured again in the Western desert, and later made another daring escape. Now he has written the story of Rommel. I regard it as one of the dozen best books to come out of the war.

It is the first authentic story of an enemy general who was a legend to our soldiers as well as to the Germans, of one of the most dashing fighting generals in history; of a man who would have changed history if Hitler had given him just two more divisions and some gasoline in front of Alamein.

Desmond Young's book portrays Rommel as a hero, as a brave, intelligent and honest man, and as a military genius—and it convinced me that he was all three. The book has had an immense reception in Britain, and Rommel is called a noble man and a great captain even by Field Marshal Lord Wavell and Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck both of whom felt Rommel's whip in desert sands.

But the new biography has also been severely attacked. It has been criticized for its lack of objectivity, its unconvincing conclusions, but mainly, for "romanticizing the German militarists." It is accused of reviving the legend of "the good Germans," and playing "into the hands of the German militarists." And it is true enough that Rommel, though never a Nazi, was all for Hitler as long as he was winning.

Rommel first won a name in World War I as a young fighting officer who knew no fear. Between the wars little was heard of him. But in the blitzkrieg of 1940 he sprang to fame as the commander of the famous "ghost division," the German tank formation that went right through France to Cherbourg like an electric shock. Then, in 1941, he erupted in North Africa at the head of the Afrika Korps and gave General Wavell the surprise of his life.

Wavell's brilliant little army had just won an astounding victory over 500,000 Italians, and Rommel was sent to their aid with German troops and tanks. He was told by his superiors to have a plan of attack ready by April 20. But Rommel ignored headquarters. His genius was disruption

and surprise. He attacked at Agheila three weeks earlier than April 20, found the British unprepared, and drove them several hundred miles to Sollum and the frontier of Egypt.

From then on he was a legend. Time and again the battle shifted back and forth across 1,000 miles of blood and sand (we called it "the Bengazi handicap"). Sometimes we beat Rommel and sometimes he beat us. But Rommel seemed to be winning when he got us back to Alamein, with the whole Middle East almost in his grasp. And the bewildered British troops, always fighting well but beaten back from Gazala to the Nile, cursed their own generals and looked on Rommel as unbeatable.

For a time, in fact, Rommel was almost the favourite general of the British troops. They talked about him—with a kind of rueful affection—"old Rommel," they used to say. Not since Napoleon, as the new biography says, had the name of an enemy general sounded so menacing in British ears. The legend that Rommel was unbeatable became so widespread that General Auchinleck was forced to issue a humourously worded but anxious order of the day to his senior officers:

"There exists a real danger that our friend Rommel is becoming a kind of magician or bogeyman to our troops, who are talking far too much about him. He is by no means a superman, though he is undoubtedly very energetic and able. Even if he were a superman, it would still be highly undesirable that our men should credit him with supernatural powers. I wish you to dispel, by all possible means, the idea that Rommel represents something more than an ordinary German general."

Rommel was a master of surprise and dash. No general has ever been better at exploiting success. When once he found a hole, a weak point, and caught his enemy off balance, nothing could stop him. He drove himself and his men ruthlessly. He was always at the front, and by the front I mean the actual battle, leading, exhorting, driving his men, and utterly oblivious to danger. He fought clean—"Thank God," he said, "I have no SS troops in the desert."—but he fought savagely hard, and made his men love it.

Rommel had "a great and lasting admiration for the New Zealanders," writes Desmond Young, and a healthy respect for the British. He even admitted that certain famous British units such as the Long Range desert group were better than the Germans, "who would not have had the same confidence or shown so much enterprise far behind the enemy lines." Rommel wrote in his diary that the British soldiers had "an extraordinary bravery and toughness—combined with a rigid inability to move quickly."

Let it never be thought, however, that there was no brilliant British general in the desert war until Montgomery appeared on the scene. At Alamein, Montgomery had overwhelming strength. In the earlier days the odds were often equal.

The most exciting, fierce, hard-fought battle I ever saw was the desert campaign which began on Nov. 18, 1941, and got us to Begazi on Christmas Day. At Alamein, as Desmond Young shows, Montgomery had 1,114 tanks, a third Grants and Shermans with 75 mm. guns, against Rommel's 600, of which more than half were Italian. In the 1941 campaign the British started with 455 tanks against Rommel's 412. And the British tanks were armed with two-pounder guns. They had to go in 800 yards under the effective fire of the German Mark III's and Mark IV's before their own shots were effective.

Six days after the battle began, six days of heroic, ding-dong fighting by both sides, six days of the wildest, mixed-up melee the desert ever saw, both sides had pretty well knocked each other out.

And then came the high spot. Rommel took his last 50 tanks, placed himself at their head, and made a mad dash into Egypt in a brilliant effort to destroy our supplies and disrupt the whole offensive. He failed—but a lot of people including myself, will never forget that chase! As Desmond Young says, "It was like a shoal of mackerel before a shark." The shark was Rommel, leading the attack in "Mammut," his captured British car, Rommel at his most daring and aggressive. My friends and I escaped him that night only by driving through a minefield and the Italian lines into a surrounded British position at Sidi Omar.

The wild confusion of the battle is

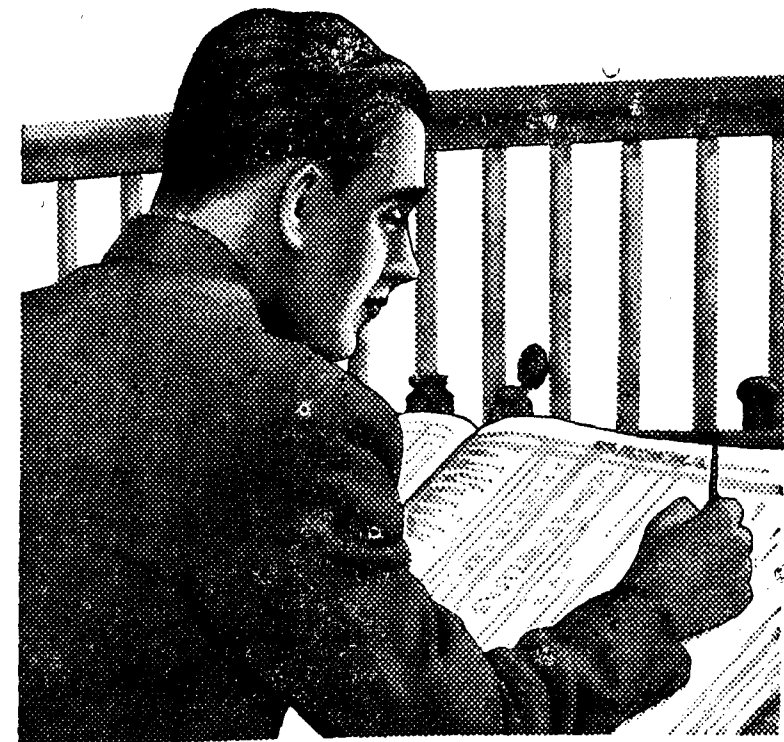
illustrated by a paragraph in Brigadier Young's book: "The previous afternoon Rommel had visited a field hospital, full of a mixed bag of German and British wounded. Walking between the beds, he observed that the hospital was still in British hands and that British soldiers were all about. It was, indeed, a British medical officer who was conducting him around, having mistaken him, or so he imagined, for a Polish general. The German wounded goggled at him and began to sit up in bed 'I think we'd better get out of this,' whispered Rommel. As he jumped into 'Mammut,' he acknowledged a final salute."

Rommel was more than a brilliant tactician. He was a strategist. He knew that Hitler, by not sending more divisions to Africa, was making one of the worst mistakes of the war. When it was too late he sent many first class divisions to Tunis—in time to be captured. Had he sent just two more divisions to Rommel before Alamein he would have had the Middle East. Rommel wrote one day to his wife: "Hitler has made me a field marshal. I would prefer he had given me one more division."

The end came in Africa, and in 1944, Rommel was given partial command in France. Just before the invasion, Montgomery told war correspondents: "Rommel's forte is disruption. If he has his way he'll try to smash us on the beaches." But Rommel was not given his way. The German armour was used only in dribblets.

Rommel by now had come to hate Hitler. For long he had thought that while the Nazi party was "brown scum," as he called it, Hitler himself was a dedicated man who sought only to serve his country. But, by 1943, he realized that the leader was half mad and malevolent, and cared nothing about German lives. And, in 1944, he warned Hitler that the war could not be won. Then he joined General Beck, General Von Kluge and General von Stulpnagel in a plot to overthrow the regime. This plot was disrupted by another—the attempt on Hitler's life on July 20. But Stulpnagel revealed it under torture. And Rommel received his cup of hemlock.

Desmond Young's biography tells the dreadful story brilliantly and fairly. He convinces me, at least, that Rommel was "a good German." He was certainly one of the great soldiers of the war.—(Copyright.)



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INDONESIA'S UNCERTAIN FUTURE

By WALTER BRIGGS

Walter Briggs was in Holland during the Indonesian independence negotiations and previously had studied Indonesia at first hand. A former member of the Chinese Government's Information Department in Chungking, and later a war correspondent, he has travelled widely in Southeast Asia.

THE independent Republic of the United States of Indonesia was born on 27th December 1949.

The decisions made at The Hague vitally affect the destiny of about 80,000,000 people, more than six times the population of Canada. The Indonesians live in Java, Sumatra and 2,000 and odd other islands that stretch like an emerald necklace as far as from Vancouver to Ottawa. There is a land of rice, rubber and oil, of volcanic mountains and steaming jungles, of seaside villages from which fishermen sail in small craft over vast blue waters.

Once, hundreds of years ago, there was an Indonesian empire that stretched into continental Asia. But the islands have been conquered time after time. The Indians went there and implanted their Hinduism. The Arabs arrived and superimposed their Islam. About 350 years ago, Europeans—Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese and British—began to show up. The Dutch eventually drove off the others.

The Dutch administration gave the Indies a certain amount of order. But, of course, it gave the Indonesians little chance to think for themselves. And, under the Dutch, native sultans thrived. Their subjects were all but serfs. In fact, that's the way it is for many Indonesians today.

The Indonesian rebellion was a mass movement, supported by most of the natives. Some of the sultans joined in. Both had had enough of the Dutch—as rulers. The rebellion was won by hard guerrilla fighting against a well-equipped army. It was won by subjecting villages and plantation to scorched earth. It was won by enduring privation.

Its success came, too, from the sweat of Indonesia's few educated men who constantly exhorted their people on, who argued defiantly with

the Dutch around many conference tables, who laid their case brilliantly before the United Nations and thus before the world, who pushed through the agreement at the Hague.

The U. N. itself helped a lot. U. N. representatives worked closely, though often bitterly discouraged, to bring the Dutch and Indonesians into harmony. The results are probably the U. N.'s biggest accomplishment since its inception.

The Dutch themselves were loath to give in. After all, about 30 per cent of their foreign investments are in Indonesia. The islands have been a rich source of profit from shipping, plantations, mines, oil wells, and the like. Out of them came salaries and pensions for Dutch civil servants. Furthermore, to lose Indonesia was for Holland to lose face, and to lose a strategic base in an uneasy region.

But, harassed by guerrilla warriors and backed to the wall by world opinion, the Dutch finally realised there was no alternative but to give in—with a hope of salvaging some of the investment. To their credit, they did it gracefully in the end.

The new republic is fully sovereign. There is no question about it. She is tied to her former colonial master only by a loose Netherlands Indonesian Union, which gives both nations "equal status with equal rights" while recognizing the Dutch Crown as a symbol of mutual fellowship.

One outcome of The Hague Conference left a bad taste in Indonesian mouths, however. It concerns the future of Dutch New Guinea. New Guinea is a huge island, peopled by primitive Polynesians, about half of which is administered by Holland and the other half by Australia. The Dutch want to keep their half of New Guinea as a land where, as one Dutch official told me, "we can still export

our energy." Also, they suggest that New Guinea could provide a home for those of the 20,000 odd Eurasians who won't care to accept Indonesian rule and would feel out of place in Holland. And they contend that they possess the technicians and resources to develop New Guinea more fully and rapidly than the Indonesians can.

The Indonesians point out that Holland always has governed New Guinea as part of Indonesia. They say New Guinea's 1,00,000 odd population should be given the opportunity of sharing with them the building of a new nation. And they emphasize: "Holland has had centuries to develop New Guinea, but has done little there. We intend to develop it immediately."

The argument was resolved temporarily, through U. N. mediation, by leaving New Guinea under Dutch control for one year. In this time the two countries are to work out an agreement. Leaving it like this bodes badly for the council of ministers that is provided for under the Netherlands Indonesian Union Statute. Almost certainly the issue will lead to bickering at the council's first meetings.

The Hague agreement allows the Dutch to keep their naval base at Surabaya, on the north eastern coast of Java. The Indonesians regard this as no infringement of their sovereignty. Ultimate control of the base rests with the Indonesian minister of defence. The provision for a base was inserted, incidentally, not so much because of Dutch wishes as because of Anglo-U. S. pressure. Parenthetically, the Dutch have agreed to try to debark all of their troops stationed in the Indies within six months.

In the post-war years the Dutch created 15 regional "federalist" Governments in the Indies. These were supposed to sap away the influence of the republic, which was fanatically nationalist. Republicans used to deride federalist leaders as puppets of the Dutch. But, as might have been expected, the republic's nationalism was contagious.

Today, leaders of these federalist regimes are one with the republicans. They voted readily for Soekarno, the militant republican president, to become president of the new United States of Indonesia, and Mohammed Hatta, equally militant premier of the republic, premier of the new nation.

In the first cabinet, Indonesian republicans hold 10 portfolios and one ministry without portfolio and the federalists three portfolios and one ministry without portfolio.

A provisional constitution has been signed at Soekarno's Batavia home where, significantly, the republic was proclaimed on Aug. 17, 1945. The constitution is federalistic and patterned after Western European democracies. There is a senate and house of representatives.

Those who have studied Indonesia on the spot are both excited and afraid for the new state's future. The Japanese war, then the war of independence have devastated much of the country. Factories and rubber and tea estates have been levelled. The economy has gone topsy-turvy. Inflation has set in.

Yet Indonesia is so rich that, with proper management, it can become a garden spot. The Indonesians can become prosperous, at least in comparison with their Asian brethren in the poverty-stricken lands of China and India. But good management is essential.

For her size, Indonesia has few capable technicians and trained administrators. There are only a few thousand men who measure up, largely because of Holland's skimping on native education. Indonesia must, if she is to prosper, set about quickly training native leaders.

Prominent Indonesians have told me they want to keep on many Dutchmen as employees of the United States of Indonesia. They need these men to fill gaps caused by their own lack of leadership. But they emphasize they won't pay the Dutch the salaries, huge in comparison with their own, that the colonial regime has been handing out. Nevertheless, many Dutchmen are expected to remain because of the dearth of economic opportunity in their homeland.

One expert Indonesian economist said the new state is eager for foreign investment. "We estimate we'll need about \$1,000,000,000 in investment capital during the next five years," he said. "We'd like a U. N. survey team to come immediately to examine our potentialities and make recommendations for equipment."

He suggested Indonesia might begin to process some of her plentiful raw materials—rubber, for example, on

the spot. These materials have always been sent abroad. The finished product has been enormously expensive for Indonesians. "We have cheap and plentiful labour," he said. "And it will save a lot of wasted shipping space."

The Indonesians were grateful that the U. S. Economic Co-operation Administration approved a grant of \$37,000,000 soon after The Hague agreement was reached. This grant had been suspended as a result of the Dutch military venture. The money will be used to buy \$16,500,000 worth of textiles from Japan, \$11,000,000 worth of textiles from the U. S. and \$10,000,000 worth of rice from U. S. suppliers.

"We hope the E. C. A. will pay even more attention to Southeast Asia," my economic friend said. "This region has been a big dollar-earner for western Europe all along. From 1919 to 1939, for example, Holland had a deficit on her current trade account of about \$900,000,000. She made up this unfavourable balance through a surplus from Indonesia of \$995,000,000."

Premier Hatta said recently that "the best defence against Communism is the economic improvement of our people," a thesis that the E. C. A. has long since agreed with. "Marshall aid to Indonesia will now be a stabilizing factor," Hatta said. "Before, when it only to the Dutch for use as they desired, we feared they would use it for military purposes against us. That possibility has gone now. It will help all Indonesia."

The Communists are disappointed in the happy way the Dutch-Indonesian conflict was resolved. They had hoped for the continued struggle.

When the modern wishes to look especially dignified he assumes a form of raiment which resembles a woman's frock. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, our judges on the bench, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and other members of the City Corporation of London gain added dignity when robed... There is an amusing story by O. Henry, the American writer, concerning a wealthy young man in New York, who was invariably dressed in the latest style. Suddenly he disappeared and no trace of his whereabouts could be found. After an interval of a year or so, his comrades happened to be travelling in the Near East and they spent a night in one of the monasteries in Mount Athos. As the monks marched into the dining hall, the two visitors recognised in one of them the erstwhile friend from the fashionable set in New York. They urged him to return but he refused even under the strongest inducements they could devise and said finally "No, I shall never come back. I have at last found a garment that does not bag at the knees!"

—FRANK ROSCOE.

This would have weakened both the Dutch and the republicans, paving the way for a Communist offensive.

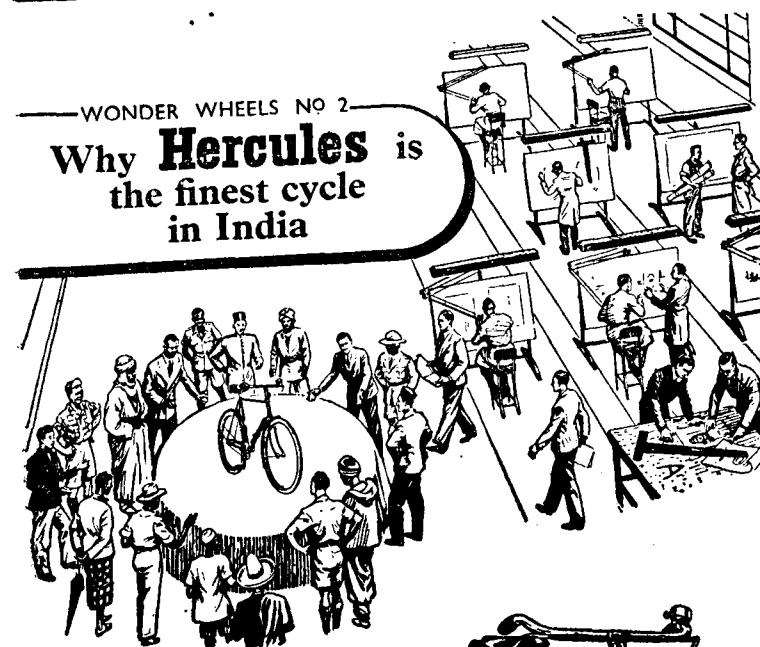
Russia told the U. S. that the agreement was a "betrayal" of the Indonesians, calculated to re-establish Dutch colonial rule. The U. S. opened the way for this "betrayal" according to Soviet delegate S. K. Tsarapkin, by including Soekarno and Hatta to "kill once for all the national liberation movement"—the left-wingers, including the Communists.

In 1949 this movement unleashed a rebellion against the republic. Soekarno responded quickly, his army putting down the Communists in three weeks. Communist leaders were liquidated and about 30,000 rank and file interned. The latter were released, however, when the Dutch initiated their second "police action."

Indonesia's huge emigrant Chinese colony may be a threat. While these Chinese are mainly businessmen and their families, the Chinese people are notoriously susceptible to the pull of their homeland. When Sun Yat Sen was going strong, for example, most overseas Chinese plumped for him. When Chiang Kai-shek was strong, they supported him. Now Mao Tse-tung and the Communists have come to power. As a result, the Chinese in Indonesia could create a lot of mischief.

With Russia bending her back to make friends in Asia, western observers in Indonesia believe the west should make every effort to be helpful and friendly toward Indonesia. The west needs all the friends she can make in that unsettled region of the world.—(Copyright).

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INDIA'S CATTLE-WEALTH

By U. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO

IN 1929 when the price of milk was very low, the annual yield from cow's milk was officially estimated at about 1900 crores of rupees. Seth Govind Das, presiding at the All India Cow Protection Conference held in Hardwar on April 9 this year, provided facts and figures about the consumption of milk and the rate of mortality in different countries and said among other things that in New Zealand, the *per capita* consumption of milk was 56 oz. while it was only 6 oz. in India. Naturally, the rate of mortality was also highest here, being 290.7 per thousand. With the partition of the country, there has been a further reduction in the consumption of milk in India by 2 oz. per capita. The non-availability of pure milk in India has been the direct cause of the increasing incidence of tuberculosis and consequent increase of mortality. In this agricultural country, proper attention should be paid to the care of the cow and the bullock as they constitute the backbone of the entire fabric of Indian economy. Those two function as vitally as the lungs of the human body and the cows which are, in a sense, the geese laying golden eggs, should not be turned into the street or killed just because they chance to become barren after having yielded milk, in some instances for nearly two decades. Such barren cows should be maintained at state expense near forest areas where their up-keep may cost next to nothing; they might also be sterilised scientifically. The Government should also ban cow slaughter at all stages; they should also ban the production of artificial ghee or vegetable ghee and cases of adulteration of ghee or milk should be very seriously dealt with by penal legislation.

The annual milk-yield in India has been estimated at 6,01,800 lakhs as reported in 'Rural India' recently; the average yield of one cow per year is

753 pounds; the following estimates as supplied in that very magazine are instructive and tell their own tale:

In Belgium the average yield of a cow is	6889 pounds
In Denmark the average yield of a cow is	7005 "
In Switzerland the average yield of a cow is	6498 "
In England the average yield of a cow is	5576 "
In Germany the average yield of a cow is	5305 "
In America the average yield of a cow is	3432 "
In Russia the average yield of a cow is	2334 "

This low yield can be easily increased if proper oil-cakes are supplied to the cows; in India only two ounces are supplied to the cow per day whereas in western countries she gets nearly two pounds per day. Similarly the cows should be properly mated with superior bulls and they should be provided with green grass and fodder and other eatables. They should be allowed abundant space to roam about, and what is more, their calves should not be neglected in the desire to extract as much milk as possible. Vitamins A and B are in abundant measure in our cow's milk, and it has been proved that the vitamin content of our cow is much superior to the cow of the western countries.

Our veterinary research institutes should take up this matter in right earnest and should make the villagers realise properly their duties towards their livestock. The Government also should realise their duties and establish as many veterinary hospitals as they can in rural parts where free service will be rendered to the agriculturists.

SIDELIGHTS : :

The test of management must be efficiency and it follows from this that those in charge must be selected on grounds of individual ability, not as representatives of one section or another.—FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

THE Indian Parliament at New Delhi is a huge building containing a vast emptiness. Against the background of its height and size, its human occupants fall into a conspicuous smallness and look like pigmies. Inside, the appointments are on a lavish scale. There is over-much of comfort. The semi-circular chamber in which the House sits is lined with spacious galleries for the press and the public and the seats for the legislators are luxuriously cushioned. They are made for rest and enjoyment. The architecture of the place gives an impression of sparseness even when the attendance of members is complete, on account of the generous provision of space which permits them a lot of freedom to roll about. Several of them take advantage of it to go to sleep while the proceedings go on, contributing a soporific effect to the debates. Of those that keep awake, the vast majority are passive onlookers. Active participants in the activity of question and discussion are numerically negligible. There is an intensification of monotony as the same persons rise up to make the agenda go round. Nehru is the outstanding personality and when he steps in there is a stir. He is agile, energetic, buoyant and gay and has the gift of filling the air of the neighbourhood with an electric atmosphere. Next to him the most impressive figure is Patel who walks with the gait of an invalid evoking anxieties as to the state of his health. Nehru, Patel and half a dozen others monopolise the whole drama of the give and take of the legislature, and whatever sparkle there is, of brain and intelligence, comes from them. The rest are just corporeal entities: they fill the chamber with a dreary load of inconsequence and dullness. Appalling is the poverty of equipment of many of them for comprehending the affairs of State coming up for consideration on the floor. It is a

Parliament packed liberally with uneducated mediocres, and an hour of it is tiring to the visitor, and suffices to drive him out for relief.

From Delhi to London is a long way but the distance between the Parliaments of the two countries is longer still. The political climates of the two institutions are entirely different. The British House of Commons sits in a narrow rectangular hall where there is barely room for two-thirds of its members. When the House is full, many have to stand. It is a jostling crowd with no elbow room. Even the great Mr. Churchill sits sandwiched between rows of members on either side. No leader, however mighty, evokes awe. It is knocked out by sheer pressure of contiguity. The proceedings are lively and break out often into outbursts of scintillating wit and wisdom which are responded to with instantaneous uproars of hilarity from all sides of the House. It is said that scarcely any subject in the world can be mentioned in the Commons without some member shyly coming forward and revealing that he knows all about it. Fools and imposters are thus quickly unmasked and put out of action. The terrible discomfiture of it drives them thereafter to apply for Chiltern Hundreds and run away. This power of throwing out the incompetent makes the House a rather formidable body. It is a sort of cross section of the whole nation with incalculable resources of knowledge and information, and in the light of its exacting standards none can survive without alertness and efficiency. Questions put by the M. P.s. in the Commons are no indications of ignorance. They are expert probes of the knowledgeable for admissions from the official side of what they already know. The skill and dexterity with which these shafts are met and countered provide thrilling exhibitions of debating mettle, and a Minister is lost for ever who seeks refuge in arrogance or evasion, or betrays ignorance and unpreparedness by asking for "notice."

Here are some celebrated tributes to

Teacher: "Now, Robert, what are you doing—learning something?"
Robert: "Oh, no, sir—I was listening to you."

the mighty power of the House of Commons:

Macaulay: "There is not a more terrible audience in the world."

Gibbon: "It is more tremendous than I imagined. The great speakers fill me with despair; the bad ones with terror."

John Bright: "I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself, but the fact is I never rise in the House without a trembling at the knees and a secret wish that somebody else would catch the Speaker's eye and enable me to sit down again."

Austen Chamberlain: "I never rise in that House without a sinking feeling at the pit of my stomach."

North (son of the famous Lord North): "I brought out two or three sentences, when a mist seemed to rise before my eyes. I then lost my recollection, and could see nothing but the Speaker's wig, which swelled and swelled and swelled till it covered the whole House. I then sank back on my seat and never attempted another speech, but quickly accepted the Chiltern Hundreds."

In an address before the Federal Bar Association in Washington last week, President Truman wondered who was the most powerful man in the Government of the United States—he sometimes thought, he said, it was the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The constitutional status of the Speaker of the House of Commons is in some respects higher than that of the King. Every day that the Commons are in session the Speaker marches in slow procession from his house through the corridors to the Chamber, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms with the Mace before him. Then the uniformed

policeman on duty takes the helmet off to him, a deference which is not paid by the members of the force while on duty even to the King. The might and majesty of the British Parliament is in this way vindicated to the pageantry-loving British public.

The Palace of Westminster that houses the Commons is full of practical aids for legislative work, and its corridors, running to a length of four miles and a half, are flanked by canteens, committee rooms and libraries. It is a structure of modern amenities built into the frame-work of ancient tradition. The whole place is replete with historical associations. The places where Warren Hastings was impeached and King Charles put on trial are marked out and preserved. The actual document that sentenced the King to death containing the signatures in original of the convicting judges is kept on show in a glass case in the library of the House of Lords. Lord Pethick Lawrence when he showed us round the Terrace of the House of Commons told us a fine story of the importance of tradition in the outlook of the Englishman. It would appear that an American who surveyed the Thames from the Terrace spoke derisively of the river comparing its smallness with the magnificent size of the Mississippi. "Do you call this a river," he said. "So small and narrow, it is barely the size of a canal." The Englishman who heard the remark was nettled and bristled with anger. "What is your Mississippi?" he retorted. "A mass of water, though a large mass. But the Thames is different. It is *liquid history*."—SAKA.

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother, when the conductor asked the question:

"How old is the boy?"

After being told the correct age which did not require a fare, he passed on. The boy was silent for several seconds, and then, as if concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor at the other end and shouted:

"....and mother is thirty seven!"

MAN AND MIRACLES

IN these hot, sultry days, the news-fronts of the world are getting slack.

The East-West "cold war" shows no signs of warming up, despite Hoover's suggestion for a Sovietless UNO, and Liaquat Ali Khan's promise of moral support to Truman in return for U. S. dollars. Our own Indo-Pak. "cold war" has definitely passed out of the danger of developing into a "shooting war." Even the Lion of Andhra has no more need to roar at the Congress lambs, now that his stand has virtually been vindicated. But for Seth Dal-mia's series of sensational "confessions," the Marwari businessmen's public oath-taking to give up black-marketing and such other practices "in the future"—the oath to be operative for one year!—, and the inevitable E. I. R. train derailment, the newspapers would be hard put to it to fill up their columns.

MAN BITES DOG—AT LAST!

But here comes the classic news-report, straight out of the definition of news in text-books of journalism. At last *Man has bitten Dog*!

When dog bites man, the theorists of journalism have been telling us through the decades, it is a trivial and commonplace occurrence (not so trivial and commonplace to the man who is bitten!) but when man bites dog, that is news in capital letters.

It happened, of course, in America, the land where they burn grain and coffee in steam engines, where morning newspapers come out before midnight and evening papers appear at breakfast time. According to a Washington cable, dutifully front-paged by all conscientious sub-editors, a 23-year old young man by the not inappropriate name of Sitwell was found digging his teeth into the dog's haunches. When questioned, he explained it was his dog and he would bite it if he wanted to. The Police are reported to have taken him to a hospital for observation, but it is not improbable that the young man will engage a lawyer (or even a *laissez faire* philosopher-economist) to argue on his behalf that bit-

ing one's dog is just a form of "private enterprise" which is so religiously upheld and glorified as the "American way of life."

BLACKMARKETEERS CONFESS AND REPENT!

If man bites dog is news, no less newsy is the report that five or six hundred businessmen (most of them belonging to the Marwari community, the news agency report adds) took a mass vow in Delhi to give up black-marketing "in the future." When a businessman indulges in blackmarketing, it is trivial and commonplace, as natural and normal as dog biting man (though the victims of the dog and of the blackmarket might howl with pain), but when a blackmarketeer publicly confesses his anti-social crimes and takes a vow to give up blackmarketing, this is news, indeed!

The only point worth investigating further is whether the Income Tax authorities and other Government departments have been duly informed by the penitent blackmarketeers. And now that a public confession has been made, what excuse will the Government find *not* to punish these blackmarketeers? After all without punishment, such a touching gesture of repentance will remain incomplete.

FAITH CURE?

While Delhi is no doubt duly amused by the miracle of the penitent profiteers. Bombay has been thrilled by the miracle wrought by the "pilgrim virgin"—the statue of Our Lady of Fatima—which is said to have caused the miraculous cure of a crippled 39-year old nun Sister Beatrice who, after she had attended a special service for the sick and the afflicted to receive the blessings of the virgin, discarded her wheel chair for the first time in twelve years and walked away on her own two legs.

The authorities of the Church are still investigating this strange phenomenon and have not yet officially proclaimed it a miracle. But, meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of devout Christians (and even many belonging to



other faiths) are spiritually thrilled by the wondrous cure of the crippled nun. "A miracle, indeed!" is on every lip.

The case, of course, deserves to be investigated not only by the authorities of the Church but by a committee of solid, secular medical men who are not otherwise 'miracle-minded.' Was it a miracle or faith cure, the nun regaining her lost strength by an exercise of the will which had been lying dormant but was re-activated by the inspiring sight of the statue with its miraculous associations? If faith can move mountains, human will, too, can often reveal unsuspected powers. A psycho-pathological examination of the lady should prove most illuminating both to votaries of faith and to men of reason.

Incidentally, if the cure of a single cripple by the blessed sight of Our Lady's statue is held to be a miracle commanding the awe-struck veneration of millions, what about the numerous cures of the (hitherto) 'incurables' that men of science and medicine, doctors and surgeons and psychiatrists, are daily achieving all over the world? When a Soviet surgeon operates on the heart and revives its activity, several minutes after a man had died, is that not as great a miracle as the phenomenon in Bombay? If it was miraculous for a saint to fly on the back of a bird, it is no less miraculous that thousands today (including saints and sinners) should be able to fly in the air, without any wings? The man-made miracles of modern science are no less thrilling than the miracles of the saints. How is it then that they elicit so little attention?

WHEN THE SUN DANCED!

Man is the creature of God, but throughout history, man has sought to exploit the name of God and use Him as an instrument of his own worldly ambition and aggrandisement.

The story of "Our Lady of Fatima" goes back to 1917, to a little village in Portugal called Fatima where the vision of Our Lady is said to have been couched to three shepherd children. It is interesting and significant to read the description of the vision which conforms not to the historical figure of the humble Mary, the mother of the proletarian Jesus, but to the stained-glass picture in churches

endowed by Kings and Queens who liked to have the holy figures made in their own royal images. According to one account, she was "a beautiful figure of heavenly beauty... her hair white as snow reaching her feet. In her right hand she held a rosary of *shining pearls* with a *silver cross*." (Pearls and jewels, silver and gold—just like Kings and Queens!).

She promised the children that she would re-appear six months later on October 13, 1917, when she would disclose her identity and confirm it with a miracle.

On October 13, 1917, seventy thousand men and women and children gathered near the village of Fatima and are said to have seen the "miracle of the dancing sun" which is described thus:

"At first the sun grew dim like a disc of dull silver; then it began to tremble and quiver; after four minutes of this strange phenomenon, the sun started to spin while shafts of multicoloured light flashed through the sky. After four minutes the sun stood still only to begin a second and then a third time whirling in a fairy-like maze of light. For a fourth time the sun ceased to turn and like a gigantic wheel which by the very movement of turning had detached itself from its axle it hurtled down towards the terror-stricken crowd on the ground. It seemed that it was the end of the world foretold in the gospels. But the end did not come. The sun stopped in its headlong descent and when the first fearful heads were raised it was to see the marvel vanished and the sun shining in its usual place in the sky."

POLITICS BEHIND RELIGION?

This miracle, it is said, was seen not only by the congregation of 70,000 present but even by people 20 miles away, so that it could not be an optical illusion induced by auto-suggestion. But in that case, the strange antics of the sun should have been visible not only 20 miles away but also 2,000 miles away—indeed all over the world. Strange, indeed, that we should have heard of such an amazing astronomical phenomenon as the "dancing sun" only 33 years after the event! Or, perhaps, it is not so strange, and not accidental that the statue of Our Lady of Fatima is being

taken round the world in the year of 1950 as a means of reviving faith.

For the original miracle in 1917 was later interpreted as having been a "warning" against the advent of "Godless Communism," a symbolic forecast of the Russian revolution. The governments of Portugal, Spain and other Catholic countries are not likely to be averse to using the holy statue now in their campaign against Communism. Most write-ups about the statue do not forget to sound the warning that "Atheistic Communism is spreading godless tentacles crushing religion in the countries which it dominates."

Some obvious questions which arise in the anti-Communist context of this miracle: If Our Lady wanted to warn the world against Communism, why should she have chosen to appear in an unknown Portuguese village? Why not in Russia where such a miracle might have been instrumental in checking the spread of "Atheistic Communism"? Moreover if Our Lady had the power to make the sun defy the laws of nature and go into a crazy dance, to warn the world against Communism, couldn't she spread confusion and doubt in the ranks of the Bolsheviks themselves and thus check Communism at its very source?

And, even granting the historical fact of the miracle, could it not also be interpreted as a symbolic prophecy about the impending end of the capitalist order, a promise of the coming of Communism? Couldn't the cure of the nun in Bombay be a prophecy that the poor, the afflicted and the humble are about to stand on their own two legs, and to walk erect under the sun? That, indeed, would be more in keeping with the revolutionary character of the son of Our Lady, the inspired carpenter, who defied the power of Kings, turned the money-changers out of the temple, and promised that one day the meek shall inherit the earth!

A MIRACLE, INDEED!

Talking about miracles, have you thought about the phenomenal and almost unbelievable change that has come about in Indo-Pakistan relations?

Two months, or even one month, ago who could have believed it possible that thousands of Hindus of East Bengal and Muslims of West Bengal

would be coming back to their homes? Who could have imagined that Indian and Pakistan editors (most of whom, till lately, were bitterly attacking each other) would be holding joint deliberations in New Delhi and unitedly declaring that henceforward they would work to spread goodwill and harmony between their countries? Who, indeed, could have foreseen or forecast the royal reception that our Prime Minister Pandit Nehru got in Karachi or the cordial welcome that the Pakistan editors got in Delhi? Until some months ago, it was widely believed that the Sikhs and Muslims would never, never forget and forgive each other the bloody happenings of 1947. Yet, during their stay in Delhi, the Muslim editors from Pakistan were given a public reception *inside* a gurdwara, they received *siropa* from the granthees, shouted *Sat Sree Akal* while thousands of Sikhs joined them in their cry of *Allah-o-Akbar*, and finally before they left they solemnly pledged themselves to try their best for the restoration of all gurdwaras and other Sikh shrines in Pakistan.

Here, indeed, is a miracle much greater and profounder than the cure of a crippled woman—for it signifies the cure of the mental and spiritual afflictions of millions of human beings in Pakistan and in India. It is a miracle wrought not by the appearance of a saint, but by humanity, goodwill and reason reasserting themselves in both the countries.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

PARIS: The United States promised France military aid to fight the "menace of Soviet imperialism" in Indo-China.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

SHOLAPUR: All Congress candidates who contested the elections for the Village Panchayat of Village Angar, Sholapur district, were defeated by the representatives of the Workers and Peasants Party.

INDORE: About 350 Bhils who had come here from the districts of Ratlam, Jhabua and Dhar, were arrested when they were marching towards the Secretariat Building to stage a demonstration, demanding introduction of prohibition in their districts. The Madhya Bharat Government is using all possible means to curb the movement for introduction of prohibition.

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.

Pleb's Pegasus

Vighneswara's inimitable contribution to SWATANTRA on "Pleb's Pegasus" inspired me to have a ride in the tramcar, after a number of years. Its number is 102 and the journey is from Elliot's Road to Parry's Corner. Vighneswara's innate courtesy has made him call the tramcars public benefactions. No: they are a public nuisance, to put it mildly, in respect of their noise. They are superannuated and rickety and are managed also by superannuated officers. Both must go. It is undoubtedly a tribute to our powers of endurance, how we are tolerating a most outmoded form of public conveyance fit for scrapping.

G. RANGA RAJU.

Adulteration of Food Grains

Our Chief Minister is reported to have observed on the 28th ultimo at Kozhikode that the bad quality of the rice supplied to the public was due to the failure of the concerned District Supply Officers and their inspection staff "to see that only rice conforming to the Civil Supplies specification was despatched." This doubtless explains the cause but does not redound to the credit of the Ministry. If, instead of enjoying princely private hospitality in their tours, as a protest against which Mr. Kumaran M. L. A. has announced his resignation, our Ministers and other high ranking officials insist on taking the food prepared from out of the stuff sold in the ration shops to the ordinary members of the public, they would realise what a great suffering the people are undergoing in regard to the matter.

Minister after Minister has stated on the floor of the Assembly that the consumer is entitled to the supply of clean and unadulterated foodgrains, but it is not a mere statement of the right that the consumer is interested in so much as in the steps taken to effectively combat the evil complained of. We had recently a large consignment of Tadepallegram rice which smelt so badly that it was unfit for human consumption. The bags were tossed from one area to another till the entire stock was sold out to the starving public, who had no other alternative source of supply. It was explained in official quarters that this was due to an extensive play of fraud and corruption. The truth of the matter is that there is ample scope for adulteration at every

stage. In surplus districts, procured paddy which contains a large admixture of chaff is left in huge stacks on the thrashing floors and railway quaysides exposed to the elements and it is simply impossible for the procurement officials whose efficiency is measured in terms of quantity of foodgrains procured, to insist on the correct specification, even assuming that their integrity is beyond question. Secondly, large quantities of chaff are used in the railway waggons as buffer to prevent pilfering en route, but this very buffer chaff is utilised to adulterate the food grains in the godowns of the wholesaler, many of which are in unlicensed premises. A majority of these wholesalers are co-operative societies and the branch managers who are in charge of go-downs with thousands of bags of food grains, are generally men with low education and in receipt of poor salaries.

Again it is physically impossible even for officials with a high sense of duty to actually count and verify the contents of thousands of bags in the godowns with a view to detecting adulteration. The tendency is to follow the line of least resistance by only checking the accounts, which are always perfect. The same process of adulteration is carried on in the ration shops by the retailer who, by adopting, in addition, a dexterous process of under measurement and manipulation of accounts in favour of ghost cards, is able to save not less than a bag a day for his private deal in the black market. Hence the scramble for the licences. The entire thing revolves on the system of monopoly in all the three stages of the deal. My experience is that nearly every one who has had anything to do with these food grains transactions has his share of the wrongful gain. Adulteration of foodgrains is inherent in the system of food control as it obtains at present and it can be eliminated only if the control is entirely removed or at least confined to major cities. Prices are likely to go up after decontrol, but they will be counteracted on the one hand by the law of demand and supply and on the other by suitable legislation fixing the ceiling price. Anyway, the real price of foodgrains in the ration shops in many places is by reason of adulteration much higher than in the black market and it is wise to recognise this fact.

M. G. GURUSWAMI AYYAR,
Member, Ramnad Dt. Food Committee.



Summer

All day the scorching sun beats down on a dry and thirsty earth. The fields are faded and

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ATOMIC ENERGY—A symposium—Publishers, Royal Institute of International Affairs.

To many lay readers of newspapers, it was a surprise that Russia resisted the plan for atomic energy control, put forward voluntarily by America, when Russia did not possess the atom bomb. It all appeared a bit absurd. The counter-plan of Russia put forward by Gromyko was even more bewildering; since the difference between that and the American Baruch plan appeared to be that between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. All such doubts will be cleared and the lay reader will get a clearer perspective of all these tussles at Lake Success, when he reads this book.

The book does not merely discuss the control of atomic energy alone. It gives, in the first two chapters, a brief but very lucid picture of the history of the atom bomb and the scientific principles underlying it. There is a chapter on the peace time use of atomic energy and another rather highly imaginative disquisition on the possible uses of nuclear energy in future wars. The chapters which deal with the main subject of atomic energy control give a clear idea as to why Russia and America differ on this crucial issue, and also discuss the Baruch plan for control and various unofficial plans. Most of the facts given here should

serve the intelligent reader to understand this highly technical problem of atomic energy control, which happens to be nearly the most important international problem as well.

ISLAND STORY. By Vijayatunga. Publishers—Oxford University Press.

This book on Ceylon is evidently conceived on the lines of Masani's "Our India." It is a fine prose poem on the island, and can compare favourably with John Still's classic on Ceylon. But one must say that some facts have been lost sight of. In the chapter on tea estates, the estate worker's existence is portrayed as an idyllic one. In spite of nature's bounty on the hillside, the workers have their own problems, what with the Criminal Trespass Act and suspension of wages boards. There are not many statistics, though the author has cleverly woven some statistics into the narrative.

But the book is gripping from start to finish. It has a flow and rhythm like the very rivers of Ceylon which it describes. Chapter glides on to chapter in natural sequence. To readers who have visited the Island, the descriptions of Kandy or Sripada bring back vivid memories of their journeys. The book serves as a good introduction to the panorama of beauty and gaiety that is Ceylon.

UNIQUE LIBRARY SERVICE FOR BRITISH PEOPLE

THIS year marks the centenary of Britain's public libraries: the first of them came into existence exactly a hundred years ago.

In 1850, Parliament passed an Act permitting—not compelling—English and Welsh towns with 10,000 people or more to impose a rate of up to a half-penny in the pound to build or maintain public libraries. Five years later another Act reduced the population limit to 5,000 and also allowed books to be bought.

Today 590 local authorities have libraries under their control and together they own 42,000,000 books. In the whole of the British Isles there are only 60,000 people out of a population of just over 50,000,000 who live

in areas which have no public library service. Even remote villages and hamlets are now served by travelling libraries of County Councils—specially fitted motor vans from whose shelves readers can make their choice.

In the last hundred years these far-sighted library Acts have brought enjoyment and education into the homes of Britain's people on a scale which is remarkable. There were, of course, libraries—some world famous—before 1850, but they catered mainly for scholars and technicians.

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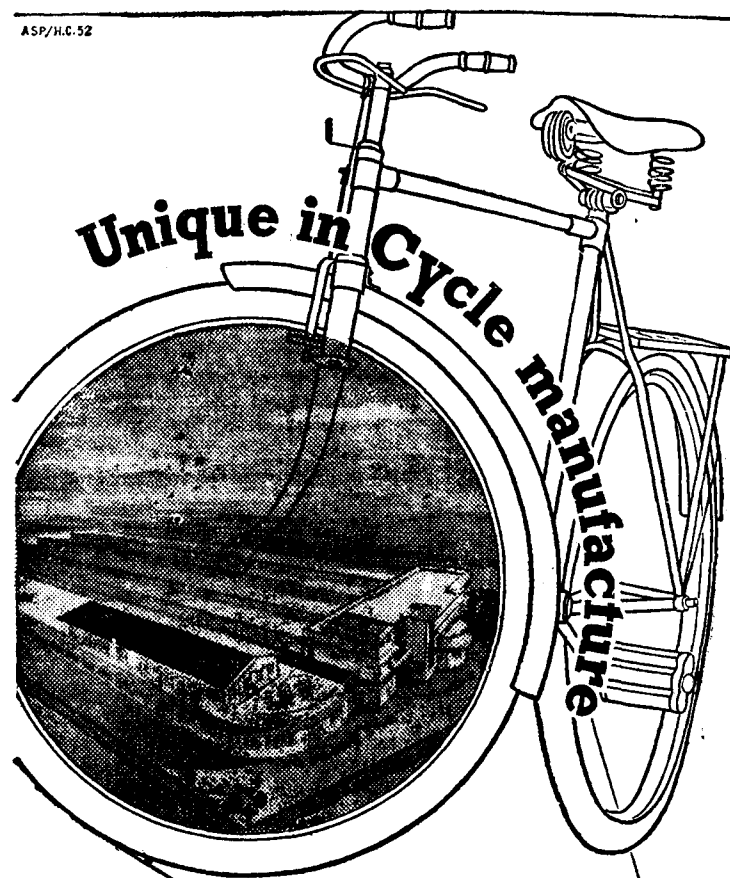
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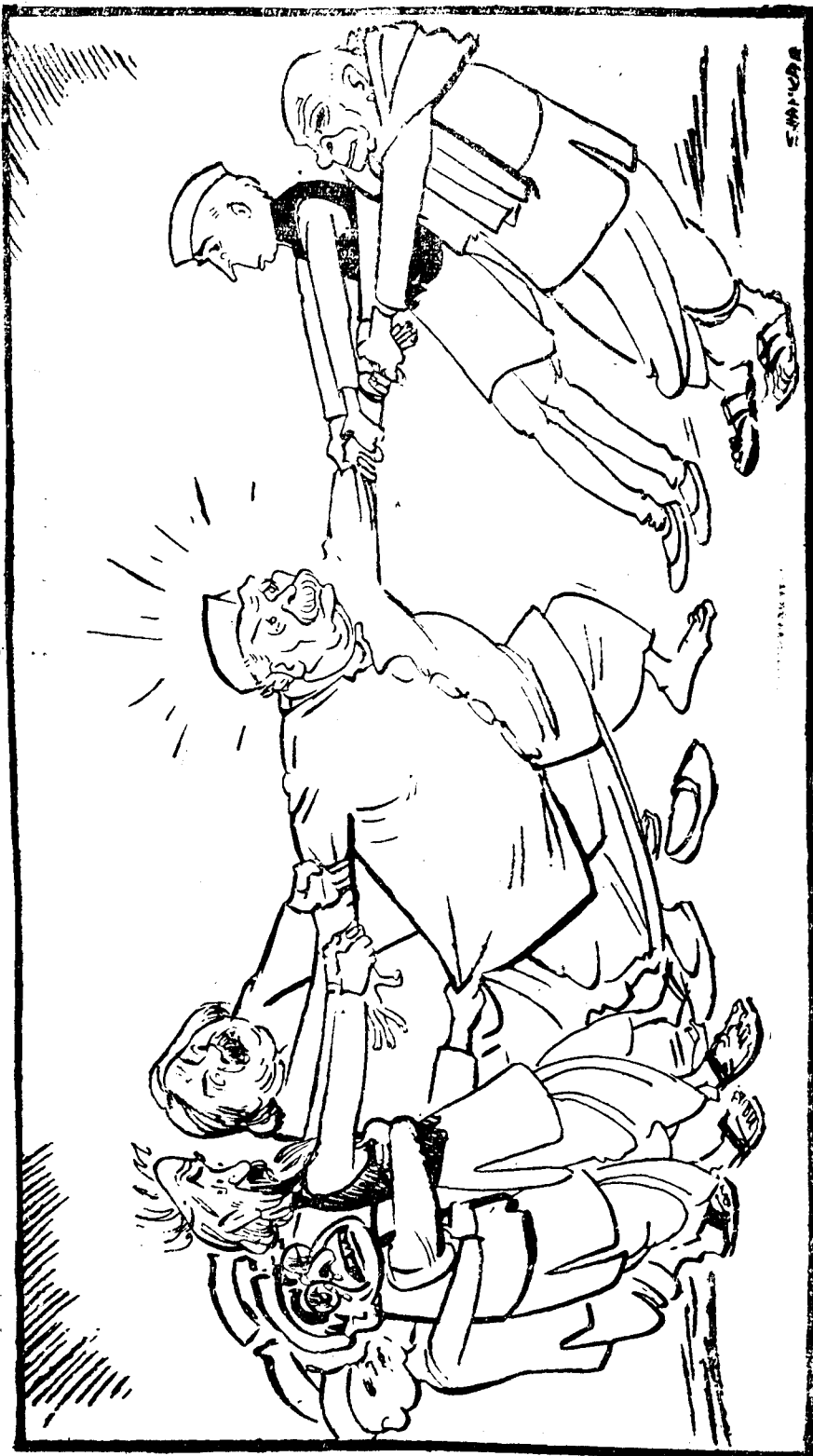
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—Courtesy: Shankar's Weekly.
U. P. Congress leaders are opposed to Pandit Pant joining the Centre though Pandit Nehru and others are keen on it.

SWATANTRA

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

A BAD PRECEDENT

THERE is now a furore in the British Press over the right of the King to refuse dissolution of Parliament when the demand for it is put forward by a Prime Minister whose party has sustained a defeat in the Commons over an important vote. Lord Simon started the controversy with a letter in *The Times*. "There seems to be an impression," Lord Simon wrote, "that if the Government were to be defeated in the Commons on an important vote in the present circumstances, the Prime Minister would have the right to demand a dissolution of Parliament. This is unsound constitutional doctrine. Mr. Attlee would have no such right." In support of his contention Lord Simon quoted the authority of Lord Oxford. It would appear that just after the first MacDonald Government was formed in 1923, Lord Oxford (Mr. Asquith as he then was) declared in a speech that "the notion that a Minister who cannot command a majority in the House of Commons is invested with the right to demand a dissolution is as subversive of constitutional usage as it would be pernicious to the paramount interests of the nation at large." Lord Simon's present attitude is at marked variance with an opinion of his own publicly stated some fifteen years ago. Discussing whether there was to be then an immediate General Election or not, Lord Simon said that the decision on the question "rests with the Prime Minister, and until the Prime Minister has decided, all anticipations are without authority." It is evident that fifteen years ago Lord Simon—Sir John as he then was—believed

that the King has no choice but accept the advice of the Prime Minister on the question of dissolving Parliament and holding a General Election.

Lord Simon's change of front synchronises, in the timing of it, with the publication of a similar letter by Mr. Amery in *The Daily Telegraph*. The leaders of the Labour Party have taken both to be part of a Tory technique for bringing Mr. Churchill back to office forthwith. If, as Lord Simon and Mr. Amery contend, the King is not bound to dissolve Parliament at Mr. Attlee's request, the only alternative left is that Mr. Churchill should be invited to form a Government on the first occasion when the Labour Party sustains a defeat in the Commons over a major issue. Such an alternative is challenged as grossly improper by Lord Chorley, a Labour peer, on behalf of the Labour Party. He holds that if the King were to refuse to accept the Prime Minister's advice for dissolution and thereby put the opposition into office, that very minute he would get himself involved in party politics. He would be responsible for giving the Opposition the right of choosing the occasion for holding the General Election. He would expose himself to criticism by playing a party that lost at the last elections at an advantage over the party that had won against it at the polls. Powerful support to Lord Chorley's point of view is contained in Laski's book "Parliamentary Government in England." Says Laski:

"If the Government which asked for a dissolution and was refused was a majority Government, it

would obviously resign because its advice was disregarded. Its successor, being in a minority, would sooner rather than later be forced to ask for a dissolution; and the King would then be in the delicate position of refusing to one Prime Minister what he agreed to grant to his successor. The precedents, indeed, make it clear that no Government which wishes to consult the electorate will be prevented from doing so if, at the time of its request, it has a majority in the House of Commons. Were it otherwise, the Crown would inevitably subject itself to the accusation of discriminating between the parties."

In India the authority of the British King exists no longer, but the need is all the greater for conventions to save the head of the State from involvement in party politics. The President of the Indian Republic should be placed in a position of unassailable independence and integrity if the office is to develop value as a

symbol of sovereignty subject to no pressures from sects. If it were to be open to Dr. Pajendra Prasad, on the expiry of his term of office, to sit along with Pandit Nehru in his Cabinet, the Presidentship would lose its dignity and will be reduced to an office of potential subordination to the Premier. The Speaker of the British House of Commons, even if he were to sit in the chair for a day, gets a life pension. The object of the arrangement is patent. It is intended to protect the independence of the Speaker against deviations from duty traceable to future anxiety or ambition. It is of paramount importance that the head of the State in India should be similarly protected. The appointment of the late Governor-General as a member of the Central Cabinet is therefore very much to get regretted for the precedent it creates of making the head of the State vulnerable to the favour of the Prime Minister. There is menace to the future of our democracy in this precedent.

Sotto Voce

The Gold Curtain



THERE is a story told of a man who resolved to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth for a single day. Long before the twenty-four hours were out he was raving mad. If one may judge from the vicerious repudiation it has provoked in influential quarters Seth Ramakrishna Dalmia's latest confession cannot be set down wholly to a delusion. He has declared that he and other members of his family in charge of his many business concerns made large contributions to the Gandhi

Fund in the hope that it would procure them immunity from the income-tax evasion probe. And he innocently assumes that most other moneyed men must have acted from like motives.

Owning a newspaper seems to act like taking cocaine on some people. Mr. Dalmia bought a big paper some time ago but seems to have taken the central direction in his own hands only recently. He signalled the occasion by having printed in it a long

report of an address he gave his employees. In that address he told them that the paper was intended to do good to the world at large and in particular to promote the happiness of the employees themselves. That was his way of making amends for the sin he had committed in amassing a large fortune in all sorts of ways, right and wrong. Of course he was not the only one who had done it, but—it was implied—he had at least the grace to admit it.

The employees who dutifully listened to this remarkable performance could not be expected to comment upon it. The curious thing was that nobody else thought fit to take notice of it. The statesmen and the publicists who are now furiously angry perhaps thought it best to dismiss it as but another instance of Mr. Dalmia's eccentric exhibitionism. Had he not told the world that he would devote the rest of his life and many of his millions to the service of the cow? But if it was the accepted thing to treat him as a vain old man with a kink, why this sudden rumpus about "tainted money"?

After all there is nothing inherently improbable about what Mr. Dalmia said. That there are many tax-evaders among the industrialists the existence of the Varadachari Commission is itself proof. That the authorities have not been averse to compounding with the defaulters has long been bazaar talk. In the circumstances men who had made huge fortunes may not unreasonably have entertained the hope that they could get off lightly if they ingratiated themselves with the powers by making handsome contributions to the Gandhi Fund. The promoters of the Fund may not have looked upon it as a bargain, but who is to say that the industrialists did not?

A Delhi paper ingenuously argues that the industrialists' contribution was not made by a few rich individuals but came from money belonging to lakhs of shareholders. What say did these lakhs of shareholders have on the question whether donations should be made to the Fund or not? About as much, one should

think, as they have in regard to other important decisions the Directors take every day—which is precious little. This enthusiastic sponsor of the Fund gives away the whole case when it blandly adds, "In fact this was another form of applying the principle of all persons paying ten days' income to the Fund." So far as that large class of contributors, the Government servants, were concerned, there was no serious attempt at any time to maintain the pretence that the contribution was voluntary.

It matters little whether it was fear that operated or it was self-interest. When the Britisher ruled, none more violently denounced the exactions for the umpteenth War Funds than those who rule in his place today. They should have known human nature sufficiently well to have been reasonably sure that by depending for the success of the Gandhi Fund on the efficient bureaucracy which collected the War Funds they would be making themselves a party to the employment of the methods which had brought so much odium on the previous regime. Pious exhortations not to put pressure on the unwilling or the unable are taken seriously by nobody.

Mr. Dalmia has not only horrified the Government and its champions in the press. He has provoked indignant remonstrances from members of his family who are partners in his enterprises. They energetically maintain that they made their own contributions voluntarily "to perpetuate the sacred memory of Bapu." And they testify "from personal knowledge" that contributions by other industrialists were made equally spontaneously. Sardar Patel, who has been shocked by Mr. Dalmia's revelation and is bent upon returning his contribution, is however persuaded that the vast mass of contributing industrialists are honourable men. Polite society will no doubt take its cue and drop this indecent episode into the abyss of forgetfulness. As for others, they will ruefully find a new meaning in the saying of the old Vedic rishi: "Verily is the face of Truth hidden behind a visor of gold."

VIGNESWARA.

THE CABINET RESHUFFLE

By P. N. SAMPATH

The significant feature of the recent Cabinet reshuffle in the Centre is the sacrifice of convention at the altar of expediency. The weaning away of Pandit Pant and Mahatab from their respective provinces is an unwise move. Pant has been acclaimed as the ablest and the strongest of provincial Premiers. Likewise, much of Orissa's rapid progress has been due to Mahatab and to the unity he has been able to achieve in the provincial Congress. Their exit from their natural spheres will lead to splits and squabbles in the Congress affairs of the province concerned, in turn leading to deterioration in the administration. The present split in the U. P. Congress may become a chasm. As for Orissa, we have already heard of the birth of the Kunango party and the Choudari party. It is no good therefore filling one hole by the facile expedient of creating another.

C. R.'s inclusion in the Cabinet is a good expedient, but a bad precedent. For a retired head of the State, it is a passage from dignity to dependence. It is a sort of political mesalliance. We kowtow the Western democracies in very many things, and there is no reason why we should not follow some of their established conventional practices also. This transgression of convention might have been avoided if, with sufficient forethought, C. R. had been retained as the first Indian President. Since administrative talent in the Congress is in short supply, and as the latest problem of Indo-Pakistan rapprochement will need all the wisdom and sagacity that can be brought to bear on it, C. R.'s re-entry into the administrative field at the Centre should be welcomed. His appointment is a late mending of a past mistake.

The renewal of C. R.'s administrative career has already begun to resuscitate the moribund qualms of the Madras politicians who have hitherto been under the fond belief that he was no longer a contender for provincial ministerial honours. To-day he may be in the Central Cabinet; tomorrow he may be asked to don the Premier's cap at Madras. Who can tell?

The omission of the Congress organisation to rear up a band of young administrators to succeed the present elders at the top is also to be deplored. This question is too elementary to allow of any extenuation for neglect. No organisation worth its name can afford to maintain a non-possumus attitude in this vital matter of rearing and regulating the training of competent

juniors to step into the shoes of overstrained seniors, in the interests of its own longevity and to ensure continuity of its work. The Congress High Command probably considers that an old fogey on hand is worth two or more possibles in the recesses of the organisation not ferreted out as yet. But, what would happen if the old fogey were to crack up (crack up he will) all on a sudden either through age or strain?

The task of picking up competent young men from among the present set up of legislators is as difficult of accomplishment as of picking a diminutive needle from an amorphous haystack. For, the present legislators were arbitrarily selected through a procedure by which the will of a few was made to seem the choice of the many. No wonder, there is a shocking dearth of talent among them.

The suggestion that indispensable elder statesmen like C. R., Sardar Patel and Iyengar and others unconnected with the Congress, should form a National Brain Trust or Brain Bank, serving the nation in a consultative capacity without wielding actual power, is laudable enough. But, once divested of governmental power, the Brain Trust if it is formed, may relapse into just an innocuous dispenser of advice with none to listen and act up to it. Mahatma alone had the power to influence both the Government as well as the people either through his advice or through his admonitions, even though he was neither a member of the Congress nor of the Government. That is probably the reason why Sardar Patel is reluctant to part with power despite his diminishing health.

The Attleean remedy of cashiering "Ministers who do not measure up to their jobs," will not be as easy in this country. Far above their intrinsic or individual worth, Baldev Singh, Azad and Amrit Kaur have come to acquire adventitious importance on account of their connections with the leading minority communities of India. They are necessarily Ministers by courtesy if not by rights. However, it will be a sad commentary on the communities to which they belong, if more energetic representatives than they are not available in fact. As it is, they will continue to be in the Cabinet as long as they like. The redeeming factor in their favour is their culture and the fact that they create no difficulties inside the Cabinet. They may be deadweights as far as active help is concerned, but they are not obstructionists to the constructive activities of the others.

FRANCE FIGHTS FOR HER LIFE

By SAUL K. PADOVER

THE most important battle in France today is not political. It is biological. It is, in the most literal sense, a fight for life. Upon its outcome will depend whether France is to remain a great nation or shrink into comparative insignificance.

Only in recent years did responsible French leaders come to the shocking realization that, unless something drastic was done, France would cease to exist, as a major nation in three or four generations. If the rate of reproduction remained unchanged, scientists estimated, Greater Paris would be reduced from 5,000,000 inhabitants in 1940 to 1,000,000 in 2040. The rest of France would be reduced more or less in the same proportion until, in the 21st century, she would be about on a par with Sweden.

France's decline, in numbers and in power, is one of the dramatic stories of our age. It should be remembered that at about the time George Washington was sworn in as President of 3,000,000 U. S. citizens, France was numerically the biggest state in Europe outside Russia. There were then some 25,000,000 Frenchmen—as against half that many Germans and Italians—and they ruled most of Europe, not to speak of a good part of the outside world.

France's decline started, gradually, sometime after the middle of the 19th century, when the population reached its peak of 40,000,000. After that, while the other European countries, particularly Britain and Germany, began the process of doubling their populations, France started slowly to die, biologically speaking. Between 1861 and 1865 there were 38 more births than deaths for each 10,000 population. This fell to 11 in 1906-10, to eight in 1931-35, and to three in 1936-37. Thereafter the number of deaths exceeded the number of births. On the eve of World War II France was, literally, a dying country.

Historians and social scientists in general do not know the exact causes why nations decline and die. They can only guess. The French think that at least four main factors have been responsible for their decrease.

First, economic. As a general rule,

the birthrate is higher in rural than in industrial areas. Up to the latter part of the last century France was largely rural; the majority of Frenchmen lived on farms or small communities. They had large families which replenished the cities.

But gradually France has become a country of cities and towns. One hundred years ago, three-quarters of the population was rural; 50 years ago, two-thirds; today, less than half. More than 53 per cent of France's people live in urban areas nowadays.

With this came a steady diminution of the size of families. Poor Frenchmen, particularly workers, could not afford many children. They had neither room nor money to bring up more than one, two or three children. Wealthier city dwellers did not raise large families primarily because of their high standard of living and luxury. There was also among them an increased knowledge of contraceptives and a decreased interest in religion, which had encouraged the raising of many children. In brief, luxury prevented rich Frenchmen, and poverty poor ones, from having large families. A study made of one working class community showed that 18 per cent of the families were childless and 19 per cent had only one child each.

Secondly, the growth of cities and towns created many serious problems, which were poorly solved or even ignored. This was notably true in such matters as the increase in tuberculosis and venereal diseases. Slums spread and perpetuated under-nourishment and disease. Orphans and illegitimate children were largely neglected by a society which, for a long time, left such questions to the caprice of charity. This was particularly grave in a country where illegitimacy is high. About one out of every six children born in France is illegitimate. It has been estimated that thousands of parentless children have died in slummy founding homes and similar charitable institutions.

Thirdly, alcoholism. On this subject there are few reliable statistics but many significant indications. Frenchmen themselves view the mat-

ter gravely. A recent poll showed that 47 per cent of them are convinced that alcoholism was the main single factor responsible for the enfeeblement of France and, incidentally, for the loss of the war in 1940.

What is the proof? To begin with, one must note the wide extent of France's alcohol industry. In 1900 around 550,000 persons were employed in wine-growing and liquor-distilling; in 1936, 3,500,000. In the latter year they produced about 76,000,000 hectolitres (over 1,990,000,000 gallons) of wine, cider and alcohol. Much of it was exported, but a large part was consumed at home. The French drink nowadays more than 3,000,000 hectolitres (almost 80,000,000 gallons) of wine a month. For France has an astonishingly large number of liquor-dispensing establishments and they, too, have been increasing—from 464,419 in 1901 to 508,000 in 1936. This means that, on the eve of World War II, there was roughly one liquor drinking or selling shop for every 78 persons in the population. One-fourth of that number, it has been estimated, would have been sufficient to satisfy the national thirst.

How great, then, is the national thirst? Pioneer studies made by French scientists indicate it is far greater than that of any other country in Europe. The tax figures show that in 1937 the consumption of all alcoholic beverages was approximately 16 quarts per person per year. Actually, it is believed to be considerably higher, because the tax statistics do not take into account the drinking at home by the distillers and growers. Whatever the yearly per capita consumption is, it is still by far the highest in Europe. In Italy, for example, the average annual per capita consumption was 11, in Belgium nine, and in Germany four. This means that Frenchmen drank anywhere from four to seven times as much as did the Germans.

The effect of excessive alcoholism on health and vitality is, in the long run, incalculable. Unfortunately, vital statistics are not well advanced in France. There is, for example, no universal practice of having doctors examine the corpse to discover the exact cause of death; consequently, such precise information is hard to come by. In 1936, of 640,000 deaths, 180,000 were unspecified as to cause.

But even insufficient or careless statistics reveal enough to cause worry in high French circles. Thus, in 1936, no less than 11,000 were officially listed as having died of cirrhosis of the liver, a disease ascribed generally to alcoholism; the real number was undoubtedly much higher. Physicians also suspect a close connection between excessive drinking and the rise of tuberculosis as well as mental disturbances. On an average, one-third of all mental cases in France are believed to be alcoholic. It is significant that during World War II, when wine and liquor were scarce, the number of interments in mental hospitals fell by 83 per cent for alcoholic patients and by 37 per cent for psychotics in general. It has also been established that in the wine-growing regions of the Midi the mortality rate is one-third higher than in the rest of France.

Scientists have likewise called attention to the fact that the average death rate of men between the ages 20 and 60 is around 30 per cent greater in France than in England. This excess, they believe, can be accounted for by alcoholism, since it is an ascertained fact that the French consume from four to six times more liquor than the English.

Fourthly, the two world wars. On this subject we have precise and indisputable figures showing how France was bled for her manhood. Between 1914 and 1918 France lost 1,320,000 men, or 3.3 per cent of the total population (compared to 1.6 per cent for Great Britain). Over 700,000 Frenchmen were crippled. What was worse, the casualties occurred in the ranks of the young. Fifty-seven per cent of those killed were under 31 years of age. This direct loss of around 2,000,000 men out of a total masculine population of 20,000,000 was probably the greatest single catastrophe that has befallen France in recent centuries.

World War II further depleted the French population. The Germans captured 1,800,000 prisoners, or one-third of all the Frenchmen between 20 and 50. Most of them were kept prisoners for five years, and were thus prevented from raising families. Then there were, of course, the outright casualties. One hundred and ninety thousand Frenchmen died in battle; 120,000 were killed as civilians;

40,000 were massacred by the Nazis; 300,000 perished in Germany. This makes a total of 1,200,000. An additional 410,000 were wounded. Altogether, World War II cost France three per cent of her people, mostly males.

As a result of all these factors, the population would have dropped far below the 40,000,000 mark if it had not been for immigration. It is a little known fact that, in our century, France has been Europe's largest immigrant-absorbing country. Between 1921 and 1931, for example, immigrants entered France at the average annual rate of 200,000. There were more than 3,000,000 foreigners (Italians, Spaniards, Poles, etc.) in France when the last war broke out.

But this pre-war sporadic and unorganized immigration was a mere stop-gap. It just barely helped to hold the population line at a fixed point. It did not affect the root causes underlying the declining national vitality.

Leaders and public did not become aroused to France's peril until World War II. It was the revelation of France's tragic weakness that finally horrified people into action. Then began France's fight for life.

A number of important steps were taken. In April, 1945, while the war was still being fought in Germany, France set up a general secretariat of family and population. A few months later this was placed in the recognized ministry of public health and population. The next move was to create a National Institute of Demographic Studies in that ministry; for, strange as it may seem, France possessed no organized body of scientific data on the subject that was causing her creeping death. Now the institute's staff of scientists is carrying on basic researches in the whole range of subjects connected with population—biologic, medical, statistical, economic, social, psychiatric, etc. The research centre publishes a first-rate journal, *Population*, which helps to spread knowledge and to educate the public on the country's demographic tragedy and needs.

Most significant, perhaps, was the official recognition that public health and social security, being basic to the life of the nation, were the responsibility of the Government. This realization was embodied in the preamble to the constitution of 1946—a general

statement that all but declares France to be a welfare state. It reads:

"The nation assures the individual and the family the conditions necessary for their development. It guarantees to all, particularly to the child, the mother and old workers, the protection of health, material security, rest and leisure."

These words are now being translated into practice.

Since the end of the war, the French have been moving along three broad fronts to reverse their fatal biologic trend and to replenish their population. One policy has been to encourage large families. Another has been to battle against devitalizing diseases. A third, the systematic organization of immigration.

Since 1946, an impressive social security system has been put into operation. It includes every type of social insurance and medical aid. It covers each individual, except employers, from the cradle to the grave. Social security pays for everything, from the infant's milk to the old person's coffin. Motherhood, in particular, is given every encouragement and assistance. Maternity benefits include complete medical expenses, free delivery, free milk, three months' pay (in case of an employed woman), and large premiums for each child, ranging from two to three times the parent's monthly wage. Even after the accouchement and the premiums, there are continuing benefits. A worker's earning, for example, is scaled upward in proportion to the number of children he has. Moreover, France's working people (a phrase that includes everybody except employers) no longer have any medical worries; *Securite Sociale* pays around 80 per cent of the cost of doctors, drugs and hospitals. In brief, it now pays to have children in France. Large families are no longer a burden financially.

The results have been encouraging. Infant mortality decreased by two-thirds between 1938 and 1947. Tuberculosis has also declined sharply, from 143 deaths per 100,000 people in 1938 to 87 in 1946—a drop of almost 40 per cent. But the most striking gains have been registered in the birth-rate.

The biologic turning point came in 1946, when 845,000 babies were born. This was 345,000 more than the

annual average of the past 75 years, or a gain of 69 per cent. For the first time in her history France had a population of 42,000,000.

In the meantime, the need for additional people in the age of vigour has remained urgent. It is not merely a matter of natural reproduction, important as that is, but of economic production. France needs adult workers. For her population has been aging in the last 50 years. The country has too many old and unproductive people, who are a constantly growing burden on the young. On an average, five productive adults have to work to support three non-working aged. In a few years the proportion would be five to four.

In consequence, the French Government undertook a policy of planned immigration. In November, 1945, a national office of immigration was set up in the ministry of labour and social security. It was to operate in co-operation with the ministry of public health and population. The planned immigration policy, however, has not worked out in practice. For one thing, the experts have not been able to agree; for another, the whole thing got tangled up in politics and red tape.

Thinking of immediate economic requirements, the economists representing France's Four-Year Monnet plan hoped to get 650,000 immigrant workers by 1950. But the population specialists, considering the country's long-range biologic needs, thought plans should be made for at least 5,000,000 young immigrants. Both groups of experts, it turned out, have been wildly optimistic.

The first difficulty has been this: Where was France to get the proper immigrants? There existed four potential manpower sources—D. P. camps, North Africans, Germans and Italians. For a number of reasons, including political, the D. P.'s were not considered desirable. The North Africans, especially Algerians, were

coming into France freely anyhow; but they are unskilled labour and not easily assimilable. As for Germans, for obvious political reasons, large-scale immigration could not be organized; but the French did try to encourage prisoners of war to remain in the country as civilian workers. One hundred and twenty-three thousand Germans did so.

Italy alone was thus left as a reservoir of human resources. In March, 1947, after long and somewhat strained negotiations, the French and Italian Governments made an agreement for 200,000 immigrants to come to France that year. The Italians were to enjoy the same rights, wages and protection as French workers. They could join whatever trade union they liked. They were permitted to send 40 per cent of their earnings to their families in Italy. When their one-year contract expired they had the privilege of renewing it, and ultimately to become French citizens.

But the policy of bringing in Italian immigrants has been wrecked by administrative inefficiency and international misunderstanding. Disregarding Italian psychology, French officials treated the immigrants at best as conscripts and at worst as prisoners. Workers who signed up were not only pushed around but never told where they were going and what was expected of them. Many Italians, moreover, found the damp climate unbearable; others disliked the food. Most were poorly housed. Word about these difficulties quickly spread in Italy, with the result that only about 50,000 entered France. A good many of these have returned home. Thus, Italian immigration, so vital for France's survival and prosperity, has practically dried up.

France's fight for life has, so far, had only partial success. But the important thing is that the French now know what ails them and they are trying hard for a cure.—*Copy-right.*

"Sir" said a policeman to a jay-walker "how long more do you expect to be out?"

"What do you mean by that?" replied the gentleman.

"Well" said the policeman "there are a couple of thousand motorists who would like to use this road after you've done with it!"

THE CONCEPT OF PROGRESS

By M. S. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

WE live in an age distracted between the intense need of believing and the difficulty of beliefs. Words like 'Progress,' 'Humanity' and 'Civilisation' are significant to us only if their contents and scope are based upon correct beliefs, and they are so indissolubly bound together that it is difficult to separate them.

Progress is a Latin word and was used by the Romans, but its connotation had been known earlier to the Hindus and the Greeks who conceived it as a steady process in things, including man himself, from lower to higher forms. It was Lucretius, the Roman writer, that was the first to expound it with sufficient breadth and interest in his fifth book on the 'Nature of Things.' By Progress he means "those things which by practice and experience of the unresting mind have taught mankind gradually as they have progressed from point to point." Thus the two words Progress and Humanity, exchanged for each other, entered the arena side by side. Progress contains, therefore, in the words of F. S. Marvin, "Greek thought summed and applied by Roman minds," and it means the all-round improvement and elevation of mankind.

In the Middle Ages, 'Progress' was given a spiritual form owing to the impact of religious ideas on secular matters. Francis Bacon and Descartes sound the modern note when they think of it primarily as an advance in the arts and sciences. Galileo and Newton raised marvellous visions of human regeneration by science and the era that followed witnessed the adumbration of the idea of 'the progress to be.' Bodin, for instance, in his comprehensive work, 'A Method for the Easy Understanding of History,' embodied radical innovations in respect to many cherished conceptions of social and political beliefs, including the idea of progress. He rejected the popular notion of a golden age and a subsequent degeneration of mankind. He emphasised the process of change, the oscillation of a country's civilisation, which was, to him, another name for progress. He divided the ages of the world into

three—religion, sagacity and warfare and inventive skill. Nevertheless, he was mainly concerned with the past and the present, not the future.

The future was stared at and challenged by the Encyclopaedists who gave the fullest and the most enthusiastic statements of progress as a gospel. Turgot and Condorcet, for instance, painted the picture "of the human race freed from its chains and marching with a firm tread on the road of virtue and happiness." Moreover, Herbert Spencer in his 'Social Statics' says, "Progress is not an accident but a necessity. It is a part of nature." Burke asserts that "nothing in progression can rest on its original plan, and that we might as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant." Gibbon felt that all that is human must regress if it does not advance. J. S. Mill wrote, "A people may be progressive for a certain length and then stop. When does it stop? When it ceases to possess individuality." Oscar Wilde speaks of progress as the realization of utopias. One of the characters of Bernard Shaw in 'Antony and Cleopatra' says, "The notion that there has been any progress since Caesar's time is too absurd for discussion." Contrast this morbid view with the shrewd observation of Machiavelli who spoke of all human affairs as always in motion; they must progress or decline and if they do not lead, necessity often drives them.

To Lord Acton progress, like history, is the true demonstration of religion. Bury finds in it not an absolute, but a relative concept. To some, progress is an illusion, and such was the view of Dr. John Grote, 'the acute critic of the mid-Victorian prophets of progress,' Bentham and Mill, the authors of the calculus of felicity.

That progress is desirable is undoubted; that the individual and humanity decay if they do not progress, is indisputable. But it is difficult to answer the question, "Are we, the individual and the human race, progressing today?" For, progress is unintelligible without relevance to 'When, why, what, and how?'

In the simple sense progress means

advancement or improvement or increase of knowledge, of power, of human happiness. To take an elementary example: a boy is promoted from one class to another. He is no doubt advancing, but the more important point is, "Is he improving, that is to say, has he been able to preserve what he has learnt in the earlier class or classes and make that learning the foundation of his knowledge in the latter? Does he sow as he garners?" In the wide meaning progress may be identical with civilisation. Yet the difficulty is to know whether the world has been able to be more civilised from age to age, whether there has been any progress in civilisation. A discerning observer who has just returned from a trip in the rural areas cries, 'Back to civilisation'; at the same time a social worker is shocked at the animal sacrifices in the villages and exclaims, "How barbarous! how uncivilised"; a little later he is surprised to learn that the same villages were the owners of a resplendent civilisation and culture in the bygone times. As J. K. Folsom in his 'Culture and Social Progress' remarks, "Obviously civilisation is a relative term: the difference between the civilised and the uncivilised being a difference of degree and not of kind." In this sense progress is relative because all nations have not been uncivilised at all times, civilisation being a point of view differing both in kind and degree; and no one nation has been continuously civilised. It has been calculated by Arnold Toynbee in his monumental work 'A Study of History' that out of the thirty civilisations of the world, four have miscarried, twenty-six were born alive and sixteen out of these twenty-six are by now dead and buried. This is because civilisations, like the individual, are subject to the perpetually recurrent cycle of alternating birth and death. However, the kink is that civilisation and barbarism have no fixed meaning and represent merely an attitude of mind.

Earl Grey in his 'Twenty-Five Years' writes, "The story ran that a Japanese in England, finding himself and his nation to be objects of admiration, reflected thus upon the course of events: 'Yes,' he said, 'we used to be a nation of artists; our art was really very good; you called us barbarians then. Now our art is not so good as it was, but we have learnt to kill,

and you say we are civilised.'" In a striking passage of his 'Lectures on Modern History,' Lord Acton observes, "A speech of Antigone, a single sentence of Socrates, a few lines that were inscribed on an Indian rock before the Second Punic War, the footsteps of a silent yet prophetic people who dwelt by the Dead Sea and perished in the fall of Jerusalem, come nearer to our lives than the ancestral wisdom of the barbarians who feed their swine on the Hyrcanian acorns." But the Hyrcanian barbarians were world-conquerors who were once considered more civilised than the kinsmen of Socrates and the denizens of Jerusalem. The Aryans of India characterised the non-Aryans, if such an absurd ethnic dichotomy is admitted, as 'Dasyus,' but if the Dasyus were the Dravidians they did not compare unfavourably with their conquerors in civilised attainments. No single age, therefore, can be dubbed exclusively as civilised or progressive, barbarous or unprogressive, unless 'the what, when, why and how' of that age are determined. In the light of this view

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the colour bar and 'apartheid' as practised around the world today become patent folly and unscientific aberration.

The modern European age is progressive, it is claimed, in science and the ideals of collective good, but it has not been equally progressive in religion and philosophy. Modern Asia seems to excel in the latter, in at least a limited sense, while it is totally backward in the former. In spite of the capital contributions of the Renaissance to the idea of progress, the same Renaissance gave a bias to the course of Western civilisation from which it has suffered ever since. This bias was the breaking up of international unity which Rome achieved in ancient times and the stressing of the mechanical, material and external side of human behaviour and thought. We of the East and West seem to have lost our soul at the cost of an insipid and listless mind; we are on the sea of chance and misadventure without the rudder and the sail.

Our task therefore is to synthesize science and religion, collective and individual good, knowledge and skill, power and wealth. Hitherto the emphasis has been on only one side at the expense of the other.

How can this synthesis be brought

about? Bertrand Russell in his 'Religion and Science' observes, "Scientific technique is becoming more important in its effects than the scientific temper of mind, that newer religions are taking the place of Christianity and repeating errors of which Christianity has repented." He distinguishes between pure and applied science and pure and applied religion and pleads for the promotion of pure religion and science, the scientific and noble temper of the individual harnessed to human good, not the encrusted superstitions and collective destruction by war. If we harness science to collective happiness and religion and philosophy to individual happiness, we would have progressed more than our ancestors. Otherwise we would mistake feverish action for normalcy of health, misdirected advancement for progress or improvement.

Progress means a process of change for the better. It is a condition in which the whole space, not some nook, of God's creation is made a little fruitfuller, better and more worthy of God; all, not only some, human hearts are taught to be a little wiser, manfuller, happier—more blessed, less accursed.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—OFTEN IN THE MINORITY

By F. LAURISTON BULLARD

Acutely aware of the moral element in politics, this great American President relied mainly upon his own judgment.

FOR reliance on his own judgment Abraham Lincoln, who was President of the United States from 1861 to 1865, is not surpassed by any American statesman. He was patient and tolerant, willing always to listen, but he made up his own mind, accepting advice from time to time but not dictation.

During his formative years in the midwestern State of Indiana he was surrounded by settlers from the American South who were either indifferent or positively favourable to slavery. Before he left the State, Presidential candidates of the Democratic Party which at that time was

the political party most sympathetic to slavery, were victorious in the State of Indiana four times and his own neighbourhood sent members of the Democratic Party term after term to the U. S. Congress.

It is not known just when he became a member of the opposition party, the Whigs, but it is known that the Whigs were always a minority party in the State of Illinois where he lived after leaving Indiana. He lived for 6 years in the hamlet of New Salem and then established himself in the city of Springfield, the capital of the State and chief centre of Whig strength.

As a young man he served four terms in the General Assembly, elected partly by Democratic votes owing to his personal popularity, but in two Legislatures the Whigs were outnumbered more than 2 to 1, and later he was twice defeated for the Speakership. One after another, his district sent Whigs to the U. S. Congress, and in succession his predecessors and he were known in Washington, the nation's capital, as "the lone Whig from Illinois."

No candidate of Lincoln's party, Whig or Republican, carried the State for the Presidency until Lincoln was elected in 1860, nor did the Whigs ever send a Senator to the U. S. Congress nor install a governor in the Illinois State House; and, what seems passing strange, Lincoln carried his home town in 1860 by only 69 votes and lost the county by 42 votes, and in 1864, when he was running for re-election to the Presidency, he escaped defeat in Springfield by 10 votes and lost the county by nearly 400.

If Lincoln was disconcerted by these home-town verdicts, he was depressed to discover that all but three of the clergymen of Springfield opposed his candidacy in 1860. He could not understand such an attitude in view of the issues at stake. The clergy were mindful of the fact that he was not a member of any church, and in those days an outsider was called an "infidel," while church membership was a certificate of respectability. He was unable to avow his acceptance of the extensive creeds to which members subscribed, and he would not affirm them with mental reservations.

The family pew in the First Presbyterian Church is now on display, and there is evidence of his serving the church as a layman. He knew the

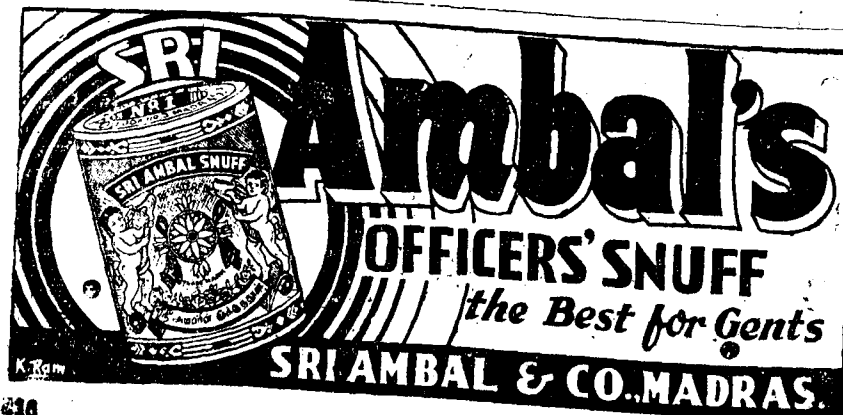
Bible well, and as President he many times demonstrated the depth and the height of his religious convictions. In this vast field, as in political matters, his ultimate conclusions were developed from his own thinking.

Of the care with which he analyzed public questions and the fidelity with which he stood by his opinions there are many striking examples. In the last of the famous debates with Stephen A. Douglas, who ran for President against Lincoln in 1860, Lincoln reminded his mighty opponent that the issue between them involved "the eternal struggle between...right and wrong throughout the world."

To a group of chosen friends he read in advance his "House Divided" speech, the most famous of the speeches of the debate in which he declared that a nation could not survive half free and half slave; all but one warned him against its use; the next night he delivered it without change. When he read the Emancipation Proclamation, freeing the slaves forever, to his Cabinet he plainly told them that they were not consulted as to the expediency of its promulgation; his own decision was irrevocable.

In 1864, during the American Civil War when some vindictive members of Lincoln's party were determined that the southern States must be treated as "conquered provinces," and he stood for a peace without penalty, he vetoed the bill and thereby risked the splitting of his party.

Abraham Lincoln was a party man, but he was responsive always to the moral element in politics. That faith made him strong. It was the product of years of independent study.—From *Christian Science Monitor* through U. S. I. S.



Short Story

REPENTANCE

By Dr. N. Venkataramanayya

THE STORY SO FAR

Krishnadevaraya, one night, was troubled by a nightmare and in answer to his queen Kamaladevi's anxious enquiry he related an incident in his life that had happened many years ago, of which the recollection was fearful even in a dream.

Krishnadevaraya had returned from Penugonda to the capital Vijayanagara upon a command from Emperor Narasimhadeva Raya. On arriving at the city he learned from his beloved Sanga that the Emperor was very ill and the administration was being run by his step mother, Queen Tippaji. The Queen-mother was anxious to have her grandson crowned and she also planned the destruction of other princes of the blood who might have some claim to the throne. The reluctant monarch was finally made to nominate his son as his successor but he could not bear the idea of ordering the execution of all his relations. Krishnadevaraya lived in the capital in constant fear not knowing when the blow would fall on him. On Harivasara Day, as he was in the company of learned musicians, in the temple of Vitthala, Jangamayya announced his arrest, under the orders of Narasimhadeva Raya. He was thrown into prison.—

NOW READ ON

THE dungeon was dark and noisy, the air was stuffy and the ground damp. From the crevices in the rock which formed the walls of my cell, water was oozing out. The only article of furniture was a stone-bench on the hard cold floor on which I had to spend the night. For a long time I sat upon the bench brooding over the evil designs of the Queen Mother, the ingratitude of the Emperor, and the opportunism of the Prime Minister. I was foolish; I should not have come to the capital in obedience to the royal command; but then I never thought that the Emperor was dying and that it would be hazardous to come to the capital. Scurrying

sounds, as of people walking hurriedly, cut short my meditations. Becoming apprehensive of some unseen danger, I got up from my seat and moved about. The sounds stopped immediately. I thought that my imagination was playing tricks on me; and was to about resume my seat when the scurrying was heard once again. Suddenly a hairy damp body of the size of a big cat scampered across my feet; and startled by the sudden contact, I jumped back in revulsion, and in doing so very nearly fell down, having collided against the stone-bench. I realized what it was that ran at my feet. It was the dungeon rat, the terror of all the prisoners. Gruesome tales are told about its dreadful activities. It attacked the defenceless prisoners and ate them alive. I remembered the cruel fate of Sambeta Sarvaraja who was imprisoned in one of the cave dungeons of Hemakuta by the orders of the Emperor Saluva Narasimha Raya. When the talaris went into the dungeon two days after the imprisonment to take him before the dannayaka, they found him, no doubt, alive; but without his eyes, and ears, nose, fingers and toes, all of which had been eaten away by the dungeon rats. To protect myself as well as I could, I sat haunched up in one corner of the bench leaning my back against the wall. For some time there was absolute silence. Then they came, at first one, then another, and then God knows how many. They scampered about the floor, filling the room with stench. At last, one scrambled up the bench, and came near my feet nosing about. Fortunately my feet were protected by shoes, and I kicked out. It fell with a thud on the ground. That was, however, only the beginning. Throughout the night, I was engaged in a fight with the rats. They gathered about me and attacked me without giving me respite. The fight was unequal. They were too many and seemed to gain strength every minute. I was extremely fatigued and overcome by

lassitude. The struggle very nearly ended in a victory for my enemies, when relief came to me from an unexpected quarter.

The wall opposite the entrance of the cell appeared to move; and a square block of stone receded from its position leaving open a passage large enough to allow a man to pass through. The cell was flooded with light; and the rats, surprised by the sudden illumination, scampered away. Two black burly men of savage appearance entered the cell, and came towards me silently. I knew who they were and what their purpose was. They were the executioners who had come to take me to the place of execution. Though I attempted to steel my mind, and face my destiny, a nameless terror came upon me and I began to tremble. By a supreme effort, I regained my self-possession and cried out, "Who are you, villains? What do you want?" They did not, however, reply; but seizing me silently, they gagged me first and having secured my hands and feet by strong ropes, fastened a bandage of thick cloth on my eyes and dragged me out.

Some one unfastened the bandage from my eyes; and before I could turn my head to see who he was, he vanished. I found myself reclining on a dilapidated couch standing in the centre of a spacious room. From the golden rays of the Sun which streamed into the room from two small windows placed almost near the ceiling in the lofty wall before me, I inferred that it was early morning, and the day which was to be my last on this earth had just begun. In front of the couch on which I sat, a rough wooden table with a leather pouch resembling a barber's case stood at some distance. While I sat wondering what it could contain, a door on my right opened, and from the corridor on which it opened entered a person dressed as a barber, accompanied by a boy carrying a *harivana* under one of his arms, and a parcel in the other. Both stood silently, obviously awaiting the arrival of some one whose presence was necessary for commencing the work which they had come to perform. A few minutes later, the door on my right opened, and from the large hall which lay beyond, one of the servants in court livery came in, and turning to the man in the

barber's attire said, "Gopaju, prepare your instruments and be ready. His Excellency, the Prime Minister, is on his way." I understood the purpose for which they came. They were there to put out my eyes, to blind me, and shut out from me the light of heaven for ever. Oh! cruel fate, why have you apportioned this punishment to me? What did I do in my former birth to deserve it? While I was thus mutely bemoaning my misfortune, the Prime Minister Timmarasayya, preceded by two mace-bearers and followed by Upapradhana Apparasayya entered the room. On seeing him I attempted to rise up; but he bade me be seated, and commanded one of the liveried servants to pull the gag off my mouth. The barber protested. "It is customary, Your Excellency," he said, "to gag persons in the circumstances." The Prime Minister's face blazed up in anger and he cried out, "How dare you contradict us? Do as I bid you. Take away that rag from the mouth of His Royal Highness." The liveried servant hurried up to me and removed the gag quickly. All the feeling of sorrow that was pent up within me burst out at once, and I exclaimed in a broken voice before I was aware of it, "Appa, Appa, what—what are you going to do with me?" At this, the Prime Minister's self-possession abandoned him. Bursting into tears, he came near me, and placing his hands affectionately on my shoulders, he sobbed out; "Oh! my child, I am a miserable wretch. A servant has no option; he has to do the bidding of his master. He cannot offer protection even to those whom he loves."

"Appa, Appa, are you then determined to put my eyes out?"

"It is not for me to determine. I am a servant. His Imperial Majesty's orders must be carried out."

Turning towards the barber, Timmarasayya asked, "Are you ready, Gopaju?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," replied the barber, "The *meels* (instrument for blinding the eyes) are being heated."

"Meels? No, meels are not needed. Have you the gorugols? (an instrument for paring the nails, used also for plucking the eyes). Sharpen them."

"Gorugols, Your Excellency? They are used for plucking the eyes."

"I know. Sharpen them. Be quick. His Majesty is gasping for breath and may depart this life at any moment, and the Queen-Mother desires that His Majesty should see the eyeballs of His Royal Highness before he takes leave of the world."

When I heard these words I was horror stricken. In great anguish I cried out, "Oh, Appa, Appa, Appaji."

The barber cut in, "Your Excellency must pardon me for requesting that the gag should be replaced. The cries of His Royal Highness should not distract our attention."

The Prime Minister appeared to hesitate a little, but he complied with the barber's request, and ordered the liveried servant to replace the gag. The barber took out from the leather pouch on the table two gorugols, placed one on the table, and began to sharpen the other on a strap, standing very close to me. Meanwhile the liveried servant advanced towards me with a fresh piece of cloth to be thrust into my mouth. When he came near me, lifting up with a supreme effort both my legs which were tightly fastened together I kicked at him putting forth every ounce of my strength. Hit in the stomach, he let out a loud shout, and fell in a heap at a distance. Before they could make another effort to gag me, I cried out with tears in my eyes, "Appa, Appa, Appaji, call these villains away. Oh! let not cold steel penetrate into my eyes; let them not blind me and shut out from me the light of heaven for ever. I am your child, you tended me with your own hands. Oh, Appa, Appa, don't allow them to pluck off my eyes. Instead, cut of my head with those dear hands of yours."

I had scarcely stopped my appeal, when a change came over Timmarasayya; he was no longer the middle-aged Prime Minister, dressed in his official robes, commanding those around him to do his bidding. In his place stood a decrepit old man in a tattered prison garment. All the majesty departed from his face; and deep despair was imprinted upon it. He did not speak; but when he heard my pitiful cry, he languidly raised his head and oh, horror, he had no eyes, but only empty sockets from which the eyeballs had been pulled out. He slowly lifted up his hands from his side, and thrust one finger in each of his empty eye-sockets. What I might

have seen afterwards, it is not possible for me to say. You woke me up and the dream came to an abrupt end.

"It can't be difficult for you to recollect, my lord."

"How do you mean, my love?"

"Your Majesty said that the dream was not the result of mere fancy."

"True, but with a difference, which introduces an element of doubt."

"What difference, my lord?"

"This is what actually happened. When I entreated Timmarasayya to kill me with his own hands rather than allow those villains to blind me, his heart was touched. He immediately ordered that the barber whom the Queen Mother specially sent to blind me should be thrown in the darkest dungeon on the Hemakuta, and his whereabouts kept a secret. He instructed the liveried servants to take me in a closed *andalam* to a place of safety. In the dream, however, Timmarasayya becomes suddenly old, infirm, he is without eyes. In response to my appeal, as it were, he points out with his forefingers his eyeless sockets. I fail to understand the meaning of this change."

"Yet it is quite plain."

"Plain?"

"Yes, my lord. It is an accusation: I gave you your eyes. In return, look here, you deprived me of mine."

"How dare he accuse us? He is a criminal, a poisoner of young children. We punished him as he deserved. Had he not been born a Brahman, he would have answered for his crime, the traitor."

"Poor old man!"

"You seem to sympathise with him, Madam."

"Yes, my lord, not only myself but also a large number of Your Majesty's subjects."

"The assassination of our son, we suppose, appears to you all a commendable act."

"No, my lord, surely not, but has it been clearly established that the Prince's death was due to poison?"

"Was it not?"

"Many people in the court think differently. They believe that the prince died a natural death, being suddenly stricken with one of those *vayus* to which children frequently fall a prey, and that the enemies of the Prime Minister seized the opportunity to poison your mind against him,

and bring about his downfall."

"Who are those enemies?"

"Need I mention them by name? Your Majesty knows."

"Do you believe the story, my beloved? It can't be true."

"I beg Your Majesty to forgive me. I am convinced that the Prime Minister was the innocent victim of a plot."

"Why did you not tell us about it?"

"Because I did not know it at the time. Even if I had known, I would not have had the courage to approach Your Majesty."

"Why?"

"For several reasons."

"Namely?"

"If it is Your Majesty's pleasure to learn them, I have no option except obedience. Though six years elapsed since our marriage, we were still strangers to each other. They were hard days, days when I lived alone in exile, as it were, in this *antahpura*, in the midst of thousands of women. I was still looked upon as a dangerous foreigner, who would not shrink from any act of perfidy. Hated as an intruder, suspected as a foe, and treated as a criminal, I found life burdensome. How could it have been different? I was an unwanted wife whom

my imperial husband married for a wager. Having satisfied his vanity, he cast me into this glorified prison-house...."

"Well, my beloved, we are, indeed, sorry; but that is all past now. Need you recall all these unpleasant incidents which are best forgotten?"

"True, my lord, the wound in my heart has certainly healed, but the scar which it has left behind occasionally hurts. I don't want to cause distress to Your Majesty, but to explain the unhappy predicament in which I found myself. I cannot imagine how I could have continued to live but for the kindness and the paternal solicitude of the good old Prime Minister."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, Sire. In those days, he was to me like a father. He would somehow discover my needs and provide for them; realise my difficulties and help me to overcome them; and understand my mental anguish and comfort me by his sage counsel and yet when this old benefactor was accused of a crime, a crime which, as it turned out, he did not commit,—and punished unjustly, I could not lift up my little finger to help him."

(To be continued)

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THE ELECTORAL SYSTEM

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

(Politics Department, Madras University)

WHILE discussing the provisions of the Representation of the People bill in Parliament, Bhargava and Krishnamachari suggested that specific provision should be made in the bill that the parliamentary constituencies would be single member constituencies. The Law Minister, Dr. Ambedkar assured the House that he would introduce, at an early date, a more comprehensive bill dealing with all aspects of election administration. Now that the suggestion has been made that the parliamentary constituencies should be single-member constituencies, it is proposed to examine the theory and practice of this system in some countries.

Under the single-member constituency system each constituency returns one member. This system was introduced in England by Mr. Gladstone's Redistribution of Seats Act, 1885, and in the United States of America by an Act of Congress of 1911. In this country also, excepting in a few cases, we have the single-member constituency system since 1909.

The advocates of the single-member constituency claim several advantages for it. They say, that as the size of each constituency would be comparatively small, it would enable the member to establish personal contact with a larger number of his constituents. They would feel that he is their member and he would feel a personal responsibility for their welfare. It should, however, be said that this argument is fallacious. Normally, electors do not vote for any individual. Very few of them know anything about candidates except their party labels. After the advent of the party system, the local member "is rarely the favourite son of the constituency." It is no doubt a fact that in recent elections to the District Boards in this province,—particularly in the South Arcot district—communal considerations played a vital part in the return of candidates. Even then the electors chose the candidates not as individuals but as belonging to a particular community. The elector did not look round among his acquaintances to find out which of them is

most capable of representing him in Parliament. He learns his politics in political discussions at home and in the club; he reads the newspapers and determines which party he should support. The qualities of the candidates, therefore, have little to do with his choice. A very good candidate may be able to poll a few thousand votes by assiduous nursing. But generally, it is the party label that determines the choice.

The single-member constituency system has been criticised by eminent men like Professor Ramsay Muir, the Liberal statesman and J. L. Garvin of the *Observer*. Garvin termed this system as "the most discreditable electoral system in the world." They say that this system was responsible for the continuance of strained relations between Ireland and England for a period of 30 years since 1880; that it was partly responsible for the failure of the League of Nations. In 1886, at the General Elections, a small majority of voters were in favour of Mr. Gladstone and of Home Rule for Ireland. Owing to the system of elections in force, Gladstone could not secure a majority in the House of Commons. The consequence was to postpone the settlement of the Irish question for a period of 30 years. Again, the general impression is that the Coalition Government of Lloyd George swept the country with such slogans as 'Hang the Kaiser', 'Make Germany Pay', 'A land fit for heroes to live in.' But the fact is that it was the system of elections in force that secured for the Coalition Government 525 supporters in the House of Commons. If each party had been represented proportionately, the Government would have had 395 supporters and the opposition 311. It is therefore asserted that the Treaty of Versailles would have been different "if Lloyd George had not so many hard-faced colonels watching his every movement and protesting vehemently at every suggestion of clemency to the defeated enemy."

The critics of the single member constituency system say that it would lead to a consistent distortion of the

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popular will. It may return to power a party which had polled a minority vote. That is, it would place in authority, a party which won a bare majority of the seats by small majorities, while the other party which won a minority of the seats by very large majorities would be out. In fact this has happened in Britain. There the number of seats won by the victorious party at each General Election was proportionately larger than the number of votes cast in support of its candidates. To illustrate this fact, let us take the figures of some recent elections. In 1929, Conservatives polled 8.30 million votes, Labour 8.60 million votes and the Liberals 5.22. But Labour secured 288 seats, Conservatives 254 and the Liberals 57. In 1931, however, Conservatives and their allies gained a supremacy in the House of Commons which was out of all proportion to the votes cast in their favour. Conservatives polled 14.42 million votes and secured 551 seats and Labour with their 6.64 million votes secured 52 seats. In the 1935 General Elections, the National Government polled 53 per cent of the popular vote and secured 66 per cent of the seats. In 1945, Labour polled 48.2 per cent of the popular vote and secured 62 per cent of the seats. The Liberals with their 9.1 per cent of the popular vote secured only 1.6 per cent of the seats. In the 1950 General Elections, Labour polled 46.4 per cent of the popular vote and secured 51 per cent of the seats and Conservatives with their 43.4 per cent vote secured 48 per cent of the seats. From these figures it is evident that the number of members returned in support of the victorious party—excepting in 1950—was proportionately larger than the number of votes cast in its favour. It is, therefore, contended that under the single member constituency system, not only the minority opinion is completely unrepresented, representation in Parliament gives a totally inadequate picture of the state of opinion in the country.

Further, it has been contended that it works unfairly when there are more than two candidates. Where there is

a triangular contest, it often happens that a candidate who has not the support of a majority, and who would not otherwise have been returned, is selected on a split vote. The writer has investigated this question by reference to election statistics relating to Britain and India. The results of his investigations are as follows. At the General Elections to the House of Commons in 1929, there were 444 three cornered contests. And the Labour Party gained the chief advantage. The *Times* calculated that 80 Labour candidates were returned by a minority vote. In the 1935 General Elections, there were 155 triangular contests but only in 48 cases the candidates were returned by a minority vote and 28 of them were Conservatives. In the 1945 General Elections there were more than two candidates in 332 constituencies and 172 of them were returned by a minority vote, 84 of them being Conservatives. In the recent General Elections there were triangular contests in about 500 constituencies. The number of members returned by a minority vote is not known. But of the 479 candidates set up by the Liberal Party 413 lost their deposits. So far as the Indian Legislative Assembly is concerned, there were triangular contests in 16 constituencies in the 1946 General Elections. It is remarkable that not even one candidate was returned by a minority vote. As regards the General Elections to the Madras Legislative Assembly held in 1946, there were triangular contests in 23 constituencies. Only four of the members—Mallikarjunarao, (Factory Labour, Vizagapatam) Wilson, Aaronrao, and Samuel—were returned by a minority vote. While in England about 70 per cent of the seats were contested by more than two candidates, in India less than 10 per cent were so contested. In England, while a substantial number of candidates belonging to both the parties, Conservative and Labour, were returned by a minority vote, in India very few candidates are returned by a minority vote. However, the fact remains that under the single member constituency system, some members are returned by a minority vote.



By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

COMMENTING editorially on Prime Minister Liaquat Ali, an American newspaper says: Compared to names like Gandhi, Nehru and Jinnah, the name of Liaquat Ali Khan is relatively unknown in the United States. But Liaquat Ali, Prime Minister of Pakistan, is a statesman of increasing importance in Asia. Last week the United States had a chance to see the Pakistan Premier first hand. Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, said plainly his country needed arms and technical aid. If he obtained both of them here, he implied, United States' purposes as well as Pakistan's might be served.

The Prime Minister's visit in this country included news conferences and addresses to the Senate, the House and the National Press Club. While demonstrating a facility for avoiding direct answers to certain pointed questions, the chief of the largest of Moslem states did not pretend that he had come here primarily on a sightseeing tour.

He was vague about visiting Moscow and equally vague about attending an anti-Communist conference in the Philippines. He did not think other ways of life, Communism, would find fertile ground in Pakistan but avoided a direct rejection of Communism. His vagueness was deliberate but so good humoured that correspondents laughingly accepted his answers as the devices of statecraft.

The Prime Minister said Pakistan's chief interests were her territorial integrity, the preservation of her culture and economic development. He noted in his Press Club speech that Pakistan physically divided had inter-

ests not only in northwest Asia where she borders on Afghanistan and Iran, but in southeast Asia where the new nation borders on Burma. In the northwest, of course, Pakistan is not far from the Communist territories of Russia and China.

He said that Pakistan occupies a very important, strategic position. That, he added is why he was interested in having up to date equipment for his armed forces. Was Pakistan in a position to buy arms? "We have so far but it has been a very heavy drain on our resources." He added that his country did not receive its share of equipment in the partition of India.

When was he going to visit Moscow?—No date has been fixed.

Does Pakistan have Communist problem?—Every country has Communists. If you mean by that a threat of importance, so far it is not. Because the vast majority of Pakistanis are Moslems; we have our own way of life. Other ways of life are not likely to find very fertile ground in Pakistan. He agreed that the two ways of life exclude each other.

He was asked about Point Four technical aid to undeveloped countries and he replied: "We are hoping Point Four will adopt some concrete form." The Prime Minister read his three sets of speeches. The two at the Capitol were identical but he was just as facile without benefit of manuscript. After his Press Club address he answered audience questions put to him by the Club president, Radford E. Mobley, Jr.

Were not certain types of enterprise in Pakistan reserved to the State or to Pakistan capital?—Very few indus-

tries were reserved for State enterprise, he said. He mentioned communications and two or three others and said "the rest was open to free enterprise." Then he added with a twinkle: "If no indigenous capital is forthcoming, there is no reason why the whole of the capital can not be supplied by, say, the United States."

How large a standing army did he want?—That depended on this great country of yours, he said. If your country will guarantee our territorial integrity I will not keep any army at all.—There was a burst of laughter.

He was asked about Communists and replied: "Any way that attacks

our way of life will get short shrift, no matter what ism it is.

How many Communists in Pakistan? —I am afraid I have not yet taken a census.

Was he going to join in the Philippine Conference against Communism?—The matter is under consideration.

The Senate and House of Representatives gave him enthusiastic welcomes. In his Press Club speech the Prime Minister acknowledged anxiety is shared by the Indian Government also. He said there was some resentment within India against the partition that created Pakistan but none in Pakistan against India.



This photograph, taken at National Airport as Mr. Liaquat Ali and President Truman exchanged greetings, shows (left to right) Begum Liaquat Ali, Mrs. Truman, Mrs. M. A. H. Ispahani, wife of the Ambassador of Pakistan to the United States, C. G. S. Corea, Ambassador of Ceylon to the United States and Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Ambassador of India to the United States. At the right, behind the Ambassadors, is Secretary of State, Dean Acheson.

NEW RESEARCH ON THE TUBERCLE BACILLUS

By RENE J. DUBOS

IN 1948, 45,000 persons died of tuberculosis in the United States. This death rate—30 people out of 100,000—is the lowest on record, and it is probable that the 1949 tuberculosis mortality will be even lower. Yet, tuberculosis remains the most important single cause of death among people ranging in age from 15 to 35. There are in the United States more than 500,000 individuals of all ages who suffer from active clinical forms of the disease.

A hundred years ago, the annual death rate resulting from tuberculosis reached 400 people out of 100,000—more than 10 times the present rate. Some time around 1860-1870, it began to decrease in Europe and the United States, coming down to less than 200 at the beginning of the present century.

The fact that tuberculosis mortality has decreased more than tenfold in the last century is a great achievement of which modern man is justly proud. But his pride is tempered by the realization that no one knows exactly how this achievement was brought about. Tuberculosis is being conquered in spite of the fact that it is not completely understood. The truth is that tuberculosis mortality began to decrease two decades before the tubercle bacillus was discovered; half a century before the wide adoption of such measures as early detection, segregation of patients in sanatoria and treatment by bed rest, pneumothorax and other forms of collapse therapy; almost a century before the first specific anti-tubercular drugs (streptomycin and para-amino salicylic acid) became available, and before vaccination was even considered. How, then, can one account for the downward trend that began around 1860? Many explanations have been suggested among them the improvement of sanitary conditions and better nourishment of the population. Some scientists believe that the major factor is genetic. The human strains most susceptible to tuberculosis were practically wiped out by

the scourge during the nineteenth century. As the victims often died too young to leave any progeny, there occurred a natural process of selection of those most resistant to the disease.

All these reasons sound plausible, but there is as yet no technique available to establish their validity. Of one fact, however, one can be almost certain the bacillus itself has not changed much. It is still as virulent as it was a hundred years ago. This is indicated by countless experiments on animals and by recent epidemic outbreaks of tuberculosis in certain human populations.

The bacillus, although a necessary condition to clinical disease, is not in itself sufficient. The microbe needs a fertile soil. It produces clinical tuberculosis only when the individual's hereditary constitution, physiological disturbances, emotional upsets, overwork, and other excesses prepare the ground. Thus, there are two aspects of the disease to study: the conditions in the body that enable the bacillus to produce disease and the bacillus itself.

The first aspect of the problem has not yet been adequately investigated. Good and abundant food and thorough rest from mental worries as well as from physical effort are regarded by every physician as the most effective weapons against the disease, but it is not at all clear how physiological well-being and mental rest can increase the ability of the tissues to resist the bacterial invader. It is in this field of research that are to be found the most important problems of tuberculosis, but unfortunately physiological science has not yet begun to deal with them.

What about the other side of the problem: the bacillus itself? The most important tool for the detection of tuberculosis is X-ray photography. Several other diseases, however, show abnormalities so similar to tuberculosis lesions that convincing diagnosis must finally rest on the finding of tubercle bacilli. Thus, the develop-

ment of techniques for the identification of the bacilli is undoubtedly one of the most useful contributions of bacteriological science to the knowledge of tuberculosis.

The knowledge that tuberculosis is a germ disease, established by Robert Koch in 1882, has, of course, stimulated a long and industrious search for drugs to treat it. The most spectacular fruits of this search have been streptomycin and para-amino salicylic acid (PAS). These substances help in controlling the disease by interfering with the multiplication of the bacilli in the tissues. Whatever their usefulness, however, it is unlikely that these drugs, or any that may follow them, will ever constitute the final solution to the problem of tuberculosis. The ultimate goal is not to treat the patient, but rather to prevent the development of the disease.

A step in this direction, though a very short and uncertain one, is the vaccine known as BCG. BCG is a weak strain of tubercle bacillus which lacks the power to cause the progressive and fatal disease but retains the ability to elicit in the individual in whom it is injected a certain level of resistance against the more virulent strains. The BCG problem is so controversial and technically so complex that it would not be advisable to discuss it in detail in this article.

Although the germ theory has found many applications, it has not thrown much light so far on the mechanism that enables the tubercle bacillus to become established in human tissues and to cause there the typical lesions of tuberculosis. This question has engaged the attention of the research laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York City during the past 4 years.

The tubercle bacilli belong to a large natural family of micro-organisms commonly designated as "acid-fast" because, once they have been stained with certain aniline dyes, they are resistant to decolorization by acid treatment. These acid-fast bacilli are very widely distributed in nature; they are normally present in the human body, on objects such as rubber tubing, in certain foods such as butter, on many plants, and in soil and water. Yet of all these acid-fast micro-organisms, very few species can cause disease in animals or man.

How do the disease-producing species differ from their innocuous variants?

When the scientists at the Rockefeller Institute decided to attack this problem, a technical difficulty at once presented itself. Unlike most other micro-organisms, the tubercle bacilli are not readily wetted by water. Their surface repels water like a duck's back. Consequently, in any culture medium using a water solution, populations of tubercle bacilli have a tendency to grow in the form of clumps or thick "pellicles" consisting of millions or even billions of cells which adhere firmly to one another instead of becoming evenly dispersed throughout the medium. This peculiar mode of growth makes it difficult to prepare homogeneous bacterial suspensions and thus limits the possibility of doing quantitative work on samples of the culture.

The answer to this problem was suggested by a chemical experiment, publicized in a commercial film some 10 years ago. A duck was shown floating with ease in a tank of water. Then a small amount of a detergent, or wetting agent, was dropped into the tank, and the duck's feathers immediately began to lose their water repellency and became soaked. The poor bird was sinking helplessly despite its frantic efforts to remain afloat. What had happened was that the detergent permitted the water to penetrate the thin coating of oil beneath the duck's feathers which traps air and keeps the bird afloat. This released the aid and destroyed the duck's buoyancy.

This experiment led to a suitable technique for cultivating the tubercle bacillus. American scientists found that certain wetting agents are capable of rendering the surface of tubercle bacilli wettable by water. Thus, it became possible to obtain homogeneous, well-dispersed bacterial populations.

The solution of this technical difficulty permitted a more rapid investigation of the central problem; the mechanism of virulence. The term virulence means that a certain micro-organism can behave as a parasite for a certain animal or plant. A comparative study of virulent and avirulent strains of tubercle bacilli was undertaken by American scientists, in the hope that some specific differences

correlated with the ability to cause disease could be recognized.

It has long been known that the virulent and avirulent variants of tubercle bacilli do not behave in the same way toward the cells of animal tissues. Some 20 years ago, the Russian cytologist, Alexander Maximov, then working in Chicago, Illinois, observed that the virulent bacilli exerted a destructive effect on animal cells, whereas the avirulent bacilli failed to cause any obvious damage. Does this mean that the virulent forms liberate some peculiar substance that is toxic to the tissues? This is precisely what happens in certain common disorders; for example, in diphtheria and tetanus. In the case of tuberculosis, there is a potentially poisonous substance, namely tuberculin, to which human tissues become sensitive. Tuberculin is a protein fraction of the tubercle bacillus. But it was found that tuberculin is produced by the avirulent as well as the virulent bacilli, and both forms are capable of sensitizing the body to its toxic effect. Tuberculin, therefore, cannot be the primary cause of virulence, although it certainly plays an important part in the manifestations of the disease.

Quite recently, there has come to light a type of action of virulent tubercle bacilli which is not exhibited by the avirulent forms. Like most micro-organisms, tubercle bacilli are readily ingested by the devouring white blood cells known as phagocytes. Under normal conditions, these phagocytes move about actively. Two years ago, the Swiss bacteriologist, Hubert Bloch, began at the Rockefeller Institute a study of the behaviour of phagocytes which had ingested tubercle bacilli. His experiments, later continued in Basel and at the New York City Public Health Research Institute, where he is now working, showed that phagocytes which have engulfed avirulent bacilli continue to move about at the normal rate, whereas those that have taken up the virulent bacilli immediately become motionless. These observations provide the first clue to a direct physiological inhibitory effect exerted by the virulent bacilli on normal cells.

Comparison of the virulent and avirulent bacilli has also revealed striking differences in their appearance. Much of the pioneer work in this field

was done by William Steenken of the Trudeau Sanatorium Laboratory at Saranac Lake in New York State. Steenken noticed that when the non-virulent variants are allowed to multiply in ordinary liquid media, they tend to accumulate in the form of isolated floating islands, which coalesce slowly as growth proceeds. The virulent bacilli, on the contrary, tend to spread rapidly over the whole surface, covering it with a thin veil of growth.

These observations have been much extended at the Rockefeller Institute by Gardner Middlebrook. He showed that the contrasting modes of growth are the expression of variant types of forces holding the bacilli together in the course of their multiplication. Under normal conditions, the avirulent mutants grow in the form of shapeless clumps, whereas the virulent bacilli adhere to each other sidewise, a fact which gives to their growth a highly characteristic, oriented, serpentine pattern. Interestingly enough, this serpentine pattern of growth was strikingly visible in some of the very first microscopic pictures of the virulent bacillus, obtained by Robert Koch in 1882.

There is as yet no precise knowledge of the nature of the forces which cause the virulent bacilli to orient themselves in the direction of their long axis. It has been observed, however, that the bacilli tend to lose their characteristic orientation and to separate into individual cells when they are cultivated in a medium containing wetting agents. This suggests that the orientation of the virulent bacilli may be due to the fact that they possess a special water-repellent substance which is distributed over their surface in such a way that the bacilli can adhere to one another only in a certain peculiar pattern.

The virulent bacilli possess several other physicochemical characteristics not usually found in their completely avirulent counterparts. Thus American researchers have recently observed that they have the ability to bind to themselves neutral red (as well as other basic dyes) in the form of its bright red salt. This occurs even when the dye is added to the bacilli in extremely alkaline media, under which conditions the dye ordinarily would become yellow. And, indeed, it remains yellow and unbound when

place in March—these have come to be known as the Accords of March 8, 1949—leading to a tentative agreement. The French colony of Cochinchina, in the southern end of Indo-China, was allowed to be incorporated into Viet Nam as demanded by Bao Dai. The foreign policy of Viet Nam was to be “co-ordinated” with the Foreign Affairs wing of the French Government in which Viet Nam would have delegates. Foreign missions in Viet Nam were to be accredited jointly to the Emperor and President of the French Union. Viet Nam was allowed to have its own army and internal sovereignty. Viet Nam was to form a monetary union with the other two States of Indo-China, i. e. Laos and Cambodia, and the Piastre was to be the only currency. Though these concessions fell short of the expectations of Bao Dai who demanded a greater amount of power for his Government, they were no doubt the best that could be wrenched from the French in the circumstances. A joint Franco-Viet Nam Commission started discussions on August 31, 1949 for implementation of this agreement and concluded in December. The transfer of a wide range of powers by December 30, 1949 was agreed to at this conference. This agreement was ratified by the French Assembly on January 29, 1950 and by the Council of the Republic on February 2, 1950.

True to his declaration in September, 1948, from southern France, that he could not return to Viet Nam until definitive treaties had been concluded, Bao Dai came to Viet Nam only after signing the March 1949 agreement. On June 14, 1949, the new state of Viet Nam was set up with Saigon as its capital. Speaking on the occasion, Bao Dai said: “To have a legal international position, I must temporarily keep my title (of Emperor) but I solemnly proclaim that the constitution of the future Viet Nam will be decided by the people who fought heroically for the independence of their country.” On July 1, 1949, the first cabinet was announced with Bao Dai as Chief of the State and Gen. Xuan as Vice-Premier and Minister of National Defence. This was, however, dissolved on January 5 of this year and a new cabinet was formed on January 21, only to give place to another one again this month.

Separate agreements were also

made with the other two kingdom-states, i. e. Laos and Cambodia, by the French. A treaty was signed in July, 1948 with Laos agreeing to allow Laos to have diplomatic representation in Bangkok. France was to supply technicians and experts for the development of Laos as also sponsor her application for U. N. membership. The Free Laos movement recorded its support to this treaty and announced its voluntary disbandment.

Cambodia which never had a stable Government and was always subjected to incursions from Annamites and Siamese, signed a treaty with France in November, 1948, on similar lines and the Free Khmer movement there supported this. Nevertheless, reports early in April last speak of concerted unrest in the south-western parts of Cambodia and an organised joint military offensive against French and pro-French forces in all three states by the nationalist resistance forces, and the treaty with Cambodia has not yet been put into effect. On the 2nd of this month, the King of Cambodia assumed all powers due to the “seriousness of the home situation” and appointed a new ministry.

There has been much controversy as to whether Bao Dai is really serious about his demands, whether he is really capable of holding his position.

Dr. Ho Chi Minh, whom the Western powers call a “Red,” is really a nationalist and his Government includes all shades of opinion that intend to fight against the French. The primary object in creating a Government under Bao Dai is to wean away all non-Communist supporters of Dr. Ho Chi Minh, an object not yet realised. The French policy of pouring in more men and war material in Viet Nam to wipe out Communism is on the face of it impracticable. Communism has strongly entrenched itself in China and is engaged in doing internal sabotage in Burma and Malaya. In a communique issued in April last by the French Army Headquarters at Saigon, it was alleged that Dr. Ho Chi Minh was getting many convoys of arms and ammunition from China. If, in the wake of this, American arms and ammunition are supplied to the French, where will be the end of it. It has been the woeful tale of every Asian nation that freedom was sold to a foreigner by internal dissensions.

Dr. Ho Chi Minh and Bao Dai do not seem to realise what a potential danger it is to the safety of their country and South East Asia if the present show-down is to continue indefinitely. After all, only a couple of years back, both worked together.

Recognition by foreign powers was asked for both by the Government of Dr. Ho and of Bao Dai, Peking was the first to recognise Dr. Ho Chi Minh and then Russia, followed by Hungary, Rumania and Poland. Mr. Dean Acheson announced America's recognition of Bao Dai's Government on February 7, 1950. On the same day, England's Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, expressed the hope that Bao Dai would succeed in establishing a stable Government and announced his country's recognition. Australia and Belgium followed suit.

India's position vis-a-vis these Governments is yet to be announced. At the ECAFE session in Singapore in October last, the Indian delegation said that India was in favour of recognising both Dr. Ho Chi Minh and Bao Dai. In reply to a suggestion that he should intervene in the colonial wars now going on in Malaya and Indo-China and save the people from general slaughter, Pandit Nehru said at a press conference on April 10, 1950,

“We cannot take the burden of the world on our shoulders. If we look after our own country tolerably well we will be satisfied.” Probably, the Government of India have not finalised their assessment of the situation, and our Prime Minister's policy looks sound in more than one way because by recognising one of the two Governments, we are only strengthening the hands of those who want to perpetuate the “cold war.” There is a proposal that Pandit Nehru should mediate in his personal capacity and not a few express the hope that his position and fame will make the parties accept his award. Nevertheless, every Asian country is looking to India, not for military or financial aid but for moral support and leadership; and, it is not known why India should feel hesitant to take up this offer and discharge her due obligations. However much India may depend upon Western countries for her own needs in capital goods, etc., her place is more with the Asian countries. India's security is inextricably bound up with peace in Asia, and the earlier we contribute to the formation of stable Government and maintenance of law and order in Asia, the more we will have truly served the ideals of the United Nations Organisation.

WANDERING MINSTRELS OF RAJPUTANA

By A. KUMAR

VISITORS to Rajasthan will not fail to observe that its historic towns contain the habits of several centuries. For instance, there are men who wander about playing musical instruments and singing songs. They are generally known as Bhats and make it their business to wander from court to court, palace to palace, and even from house to house, singing songs of the brave days of old.

Most of their songs relate to the heroic deeds of the ancestors of various Rajput clans and tribes, and the Bhats not only sing songs from memory but can improvise as well. These men are themselves Rajputs and even the Brahmins have not the same privileges they claim. They can enter any house where feasting is in

progress and claim one of the best seats.

Though they claim to be above the smaller distinctions of caste, Bhats do a great deal to keep caste alive. They have the genealogy of all the big Rajput families at their finger-tips and they are the people who decide whether a man has a right to marry into the East or the West, meaning the two great Rajput divisions. Though a man belonging to a Purbi (east) clan cannot marry into a Pachmi (west) family, the Pachmis do marry Purbi girls.

The Bhats are minstrels of the high-born and the wealthy. For the common people there are the Bhangs who provide a kind of comic relief to life both in the bazars and in the country where they attend fairs, markets and

other gatherings. All have fine voices.

A Bhang will come into a fair or market-place carrying a drum and a spear with a flag on it. He drives the spear into the ground and beats his drum. When sufficient attention has been directed to him, he begins to call in a loud voice something like this: "Listen, all ye people, I am Malum the Great, the noble Malum. Everybody knows me and I know everything and everybody. I have come here to sing songs about myself because the more you know about me the happier you will be."

Suddenly another voice is heard some distance away, drowning the voice of the first Bhang. "Who is the man to whom you are listening? Is it that braggart, that coward, that snake, that ape Malum? Don't listen to him, he was born on a tree. If he swears that he was not, then he was surely born *under* a tree."

Malum retorts by calling the other a frog, a mouse and names of that kind. And presently his words, though they are mildly abusive, begin to take a rhyming form. As soon as he stops to take breath, the other man begins to reply, also in rhyme. The crowd is now getting excited. When the time comes round for the second man to reply, a volley of real abuse in rhyme, punctuated with taps on the drum, is heard.

The end comes when you think that both these men are about to fly at each other's throats. But both of them embrace each other after having called a truce to their wordy warfare. This performance is called "abuse-with-music" entertainment and has a strange and interesting origin.

At the beginning of the last century, there was a man named Anthony Feringhi who became a celebrated singer of India. His name is found among the great poets of India and he is regarded as an Indian.

Anthony became celebrated in rather a curious way. One day in the year 1800, there was a quarrel in front of a large tank known as the Red Tank in the official and business

part of Calcutta; shouts and cries of "Beat him!" with a loud voice dominating everything. The noise attracted the attention of a wealthy merchant and he went to the spot to see what was happening. That loud voice belonged to Antony. He was abusing some sepoys, who had attempted to bathe in the tank, but had been turned out, for the tank supplied the settlement with much of its drinking water.

His interference did not take the form of physical violence. He merely told the sepoys what he thought of them and so savage and terrible was his language that they made off. The merchant was pleased at what he had seen and heard, for he was looking out for a man skilled in vituperation and that gift Antony possessed. This merchant's desire for having a man with a sharp tongue throws a strange light upon the social life of the wealthier people of those days.

The performances of those days consisted of "abuse-with-music" parties. A man who wanted to entertain his friends would ask them to a feast at which, after the eating and drinking was over, a master of "abuse-with-music" would begin his recitations. One guest was picked upon, very often the chief, and at him were levelled all the criticisms that the performer could think of. The attack was mild at first, but before it was over the victim would be writhing under the sneers and jibes, while the audience rocked with laughter. The higher the rank of the man attacked, the greater the mirth.

In this way a good "gali-wallah" would go through all the guests, touching on their weak points and ancestry and making those laugh who had a while before squirmed. It was considered the height of bad manners to resent this "abuse-with-music."

The merchant must have suffered severely in the past, for he took some trouble in having Antony trained in music and the art of rhyming. His success was instantaneous, and so great did his vogue become that finally "abuse-with-music" parties became popular all over Northern India.

PAKISTAN REVISITED

By ANDREW ROTH

PROBABLY the easiest ghostwriting job in the world is working for Pakistani politicians. Their speeches consist of repetitions of the same clichés about the "life-and-death struggle" in Kashmir, the warning that "Pakistan (or Islam) is in danger!" and the promise to "shed the last drop of blood" to protect its freedom. All these sentiments are exploited by Pakistan's leaders to keep themselves in their rickety seats of power. "If they didn't have the Kashmir issue to divert attention from themselves," mused one junior official, "I don't know what they would have to invent to take its place."

A Pakistani general said: "Pakistan's leaders talk big but are small men without great intelligence or self-confidence. They lean on the British because they don't dare to do things for themselves." A Pakistan diplomat explained: "We don't have our ablest people at the top. In the British days, our best people went into the army and civil service. The only people with the time and money for political agitation were the feudal gentry—and they now have all the top posts." A political writer chimed in: "What we need is a political striptease. If we remove the top layer, what remains is really firm and attractive."

The Lahore weekly, *The Guardian* expressed the growing popular dissatisfaction when it wrote recently: "Pakistan will live—despite its leaders." Actually Pakistan has done surprisingly well, considering the number of problems that beset it, but many close observers feel this has been done *despite*, rather than *because of*, most of its top leaders. Their morality is indicated by the fact that many of the "best" homes in Lahore display furnishings looted from the homes of Hindu and Sikh neighbours who fled. Corruption and nepotism have grown, particularly on the top levels. A constant round of formal luncheons, teas and official dinners seems to monopolize many of the waking hours of Pakistan's top leaders. In true feudal tradition, they concentrate mainly on show. Thus, although Pakistan cannot find the

money for adequate health or education efforts, hundreds of thousands of rupees were spent building pasteboard arches to honour the Shah of Iran on his recent visit. Dissatisfaction with this waste and inefficiency is so strong among Pakistan's political-minded army officers that well-informed observers feel a military coup in a few years is not impossible.

As a result of this growing dissatisfaction, Pakistan's leaders can feel their premier organization, the Moslem League, crumbling beneath them. The League developed enthusiastic mass support when it was promising not only to establish Pakistan but to carry through agrarian reforms to benefit the tenant majority. After Pakistan's establishment, its leaders, almost all landlords themselves, were very reluctant to penalize themselves. On the contrary, Pakistan's landlords began evicting tenants for fear that eventual agrarian reform would give them rights to the land they cultivate. At present tenants get only one-third of the crop they raise because, in addition to paying half the crop for rent, they are compelled to pay a host of medieval levies. In Montgomery district this includes contributions to support the landlords' prostitutes! Although there is still little organization to channel it, tenant resentment is considerable and growing and directed against the gentry who control the League. Even today, unless the Premier himself is present, there are very few places in the country where the Moslem League can attract a sizeable crowd.

To prevent power from slipping out of its hands, the League—which is run, in practice, by Pakistan's Premier—has utilized a number of devices. In East Pakistan and the North-west Frontier, by-elections for vacant seats have been delayed indefinitely because League leaders fear they cannot win them. In the Frontier, local dictator (and provincial Premier) Abdul Qaiyum broke the back of the opposition "Red Shirts" by having the police open fire on a meeting of theirs at Charsada he had banned, killing over 300 people. Scores of "Red Shirt" leaders are still imprisoned, including

the "Frontier Gandhi" Abdul Gaffar Khan, and his extremely popular brother Khan Sahib, the former provincial Premier. Other opposition leaders are banned from the Frontier Province or parts of the province. Recently new and stringent security measures were enacted as ordinances and when two League members of the Constituent Assembly attacked them as undemocratic and unnecessary, they were expelled from the League. Many observers feel the Government is stalling on the Constitution, not only because of the difficulties of combining Islamic and Anglo-Saxon law, but because when the Constitution is finished, the League will have to face a general election with an adult franchise, instead of the 13% who elected the present Assembly.

Pakistan's political situation is very fluid now because nothing has emerged to fill the vacuum left by the collapsing Moslem League. A tightly-knit, fanatically-religious and semi-fascist group called the "Madoodites" made headway for a while but overstepped itself and their leadership was decapitated by jailing. There is a tiny Communist Party of perhaps two thousand members which has not yet recovered from the exodus of Hindus and Sikhs, among whom it had recruited the bulk of its activists. The Communists have had minor but growing success in labour and peasant organizing but have little immediate political future because the anti-religious label counts for much here. Although they have none of the insurrectionist tendencies of the Indian Communists, they are receiving increasing attention from the Pakistan police with most of the arrests concentrated in East Bengal

where the Communists have built up a militant mass peasant following with their *tebhaga* (one-third) movement to reduce rents to one-third of the crop.

Observers feel the political situation would be revolutionized here if a party could successfully base itself on the widespread desire for agrarian reform without running counter to Pakistan's deep religious feelings. An attempt is being made to do this by the recently-formed Awami (Masses) Moslem League headed by H. S. Suhrawardy, the brilliant and unscrupulous former Premier of Bengal, who is trying to unseat the ruling politicians by attacking them demagogically both as insufficiently religious and too conservative. Suhrawardy is not too well trusted, however, and at a recent meeting of his party workers I heard one ask: "How do we know that you are not going to betray us?"

Intimates report that plans for a mass leftist party are being hatched by Mian Iftikha-ud-Din, publisher of "Pakistan Times" and long-time *enfant terrible* of Pakistan politics. A wealthy Moslem landlord of leftist views, he was thrice jailed as a leader of the Indian National Congress before he switched to the Moslem League in 1945. He was elected a Constituent Assembly member and was head of the West Punjab League but was expelled from the Assembly party in January for his continuous barrage of leftist criticisms. If "Ify" decides to launch a party he should be able to arouse substantial support, for even now, many Pakistanis, when questioned, say they are going to vote for the *Gharib* (Poor Man's) party, although no party by that name exists as yet.

HOLIDAYS WITH PAY—FROM GAOL

By BRENDA DAWSON

THOSE of us who number convicts among our acquaintances might be excused for showing surprise if we saw them walking about the street, obviously at liberty.

But we should be even more surprised if they answered our queries, "Escaped? Oh, no: we are on holi-

day!" Yet that sort of thing is actually happening.

Not long ago holiday-makers at the Bavarian Alpine resort of Bad Wiessee were astonished to see ex-Field Marshal Albert Kesselring walking with his wife. They knew that he was supposed to be serving life imprisonment in World Prison for war crimes.

He had not escaped; he was on holiday. The British military authorities in the Ruhr had given him eight days' leave.

Nor are German generals the only prisoners who have recently enjoyed holidays whilst still under sentence. Many less famous convicts have been granted leave from gaol in various countries.

Last Christmas and New Year were holiday-times for prisoners in Northern Ireland, Sweden, Germany and Russia.

Eighteen well-behaved first offenders in Belfast prison, in Northern Ireland, were allowed four days' leave at Christmas; and many Nazis, held in gaols in Wurttemberg-Baden, in the American Zone of Germany, were released to be with their families over the holiday week-end.

The experiment in Northern Ireland was well justified. None of the men given leave tried to abscond; in fact, several of them arrived back at the gaol before their leave-passes had expired!

Regular leave for ordinary criminal prisoners seems to have been initiated by the Soviets. Since 1924 every Soviet prisoner has been entitled to fifteen days' holiday each year. The privilege is withdrawn if the convict misbehaves.

Sweden and Bulgaria have recently tried holidays for long-term convicts. In both countries individuals serving lengthy sentences of imprisonment can achieve regular 72-hour leave-passes by good conduct, besides getting leave on compassionate grounds.

Prisoners going on leave in Sweden are allowed pocket-money in addition to free railway warrants, so they actually have holidays with pay! The Bulgarian and Soviet authorities, however, expect prisoners to save up money for their leave, as they are paid ordinary trade union rates for their work in gaol.

The most generous country with gaol leave is Iceland. Convicts in the

only gaol at Reyjavik, are allowed to take daily leave of absence. The only condition is that their cells must be tidy, and that they must return by sunset.

Both Sweden and the U. S. S. R. claim that absentees are almost unknown, though it has to be realised that most of the prisoners come from the "open" prisons without bars, from which escapes are always very rare.

In England there has been some discussion as to whether the Home Office will extend a system of leave to those first offenders serving sentences at the English "open" prisons. The fact that very few escapes have occurred at these wall-less and bar-less prisons suggests that their inmates could be trusted to return from leave, if it were granted. Askham Grange, the "open" prison for women in Yorkshire, has not had a single attempted escape in its history.

The difficulty is that the English law might have to be changed before prisoners could be granted leave, and Parliament is very busy with more important matters. Although Northern Ireland has been giving leave to male first-offenders, there appears to be no statutory authority for prisoners in either England or Scotland to have holidays from gaol. Even in extreme compassionate cases a prisoner is not given leave of absence, but is released under escort only.

Nevertheless, penologists in Britain are urging the authorities that leave should be tried in the gaols accommodating long-term prisoners. They claim that the grant of regular holidays to young "prisoners" in the reformatory schools has had a steady effect on the most difficult teen-agers, and say that it would enable adult convicts to rehabilitate themselves.

One of the most important advantages of holidays from gaol according to penologists, is that it prevents convicts from becoming strangers to their families. If only to prevent families from breaking up when their menfolk are sent to gaol, Britain may soon concede its prisoners holidays with pay.

Judge: Have you anything to offer the court before judgment is passed on you?

Accused: Nothing, Your Honour. The advocate took the last pie from me sometime back!

HINDUS, MUSLIMS AND EIGHTEEN FIFTY SEVEN

It was a pity and an irony that due to the indifference of the national and secular organizations, it should have been left to a communal organization like the Hindu Mahasabha to observe the "Martyrs Day" to commemorate the beginning of the First War of Indian Independence, infamously mentioned in history as "the mutiny of 1857."

The Delhi Hindu Mahasabha held a "yagna" on May 10 and followed it up with a public meeting, held (curiously enough) in Ajmal Park—so named after the great Muslim patriot! According to a press report, "speeches recalling the bravery shown by the Rani of Jhansi and other heroes of that period were delivered by a number of Hindu Mahasabha workers who exhorted their audience to work for the creation of 'Hindu Rashtra.'" A resolution demanding the release of Hindu Mahasabha leaders now in detention was also passed at the meeting.

Thus the national occasion was shrewdly exploited for party purposes, to do Mahasabha's communal propaganda.

History was distorted to create a totally false analogy between the heroes of 1857 and the Mahasabhaitees of today, and the impression was sought to be created that the patriotic revolt of 1857 was a Hindu phenomenon and "Hindu Rashtra" was the aim and purpose of the Rani of Jhansi and other patriots who laid down their lives while fighting the British imperialists.

Nothing could be farther from truth, for 1857 is a historic refutation of communalist ideology and of the two-nation theory. The so-called "mutiny" was a concrete example of the *Unity in action* of Hindu and Muslim patriots, inspired by the common ideal of national freedom.

VIR SAVARKAR'S TESTIMONY

To prove the national character of the 1857 revolt one may adduce testimony which no Hindu Mahasabhaite

dare challenge—a whole book written by Mr. V. D. Savarkar, the Mahasabha leader.

In his "*The Indian War of Independence—1857*," Mr. Savarkar has repeatedly testified to the unity of purpose that existed between the Hindu and Muslim patriots who led the people's revolt against the foreigners.

Strangely enough, the very first chapter of Mr. Savarkar's book (1947 edition) opens with a striking illustration showing the Indian landscape dominated on the left, by a Hindu temple and on the right, by a Muslim mosque. The symbolism is obvious—and true! The present policy of the author and his followers seems to be to spoil the historic and artistic balance of that picture by removing the mosque from the scene altogether.

Challenging the greased-cartridge theory of the British historians, Mr. Savarkar writes:

"If the revolution had been due only to the cartridges, why did Nana Sahib, the Emperor of Delhi, the Queen of Jhansi, and Khan Bahadur Khan of Rohilkhand

join it?" (Italics mine, to underline the wonder that these two names should not have been mentioned in the speeches delivered at the Hindu Mahasabha meeting). Further on, he says: "It was not these accidental things that roused the spirit of the sepoy and the civilian, king and pauper, Hindu and Mohamedan.... What then, were the real causes and motives of this Revolution? What were they that they could make thousands of heroes unsheath their swords and flash them on the battlefield? What were they that they had the power to brighten up pale and rusty crowns and raise from the dust abased flags? What were they that for them men by the thousand willingly poured their blood year after year? What were they that Maulvies preached them and learned Brahmins blessed them, that

for their success prayers went up to Heaven from the mosques of Delhi and the temples of Benares?"

The questions were challengingly posed to the imperialist historians. Let the Hindu Mahasabha propagandists answer them!

THAT HISTORIC DECLARATION

The whole book of Mr. Savarkar, indeed, is replete with examples of Hindu-Muslim unity in the cause of national freedom, dramatically demonstrated by various episodes in the revolt of 1857. With unconcealed approbation and admiration he quotes the declaration issued by Emperor Bahadur Shah, in the name of the people of India:

"Oh, you sons of Hindustan, if we make up our mind, we can destroy the enemy in no time! We will destroy the enemy and release from dread our religion and our country, dearer to us than life itself.... Hindus and Muslims of India! Arise! Brethren, Arise!... Are you going to remain idle even now? God does not wish that you should remain so; for he has inspired in the hearts of Hindus and Muslims the desire to turn the English out of our country."

This unity was a fact not only on the high level of the leaders of the revolt—Nana Sahib Peshwa and Emperor Bahadur Shah, the Rani of Jhansi and Maulvi Ahmad Shah, Khan Bahadur Khan and Tantia Tope—but permeated millions of Hindus and Muslims among the common people, sepoys and civilians, who were the real backbone of the revolution.

By no stretch of imagination can the lesson 1857 be interpreted in terms of communal or religious exclusiveness. Above everything else, the history of that first great armed rising against the foreign imperialists proclaims the revolutionary unity of the people, of Hindus and Muslims, irrespective of creed, community or caste. Neither the Hindu communalist nor the Muslim communalist can find any justification for their anti-national ideology in the history of 1857.

RANI OF JHANSI

Talking about 1857, I am reminded of the fine historical novel in Hindi "Jhansi-ki-Rani" by Shri Virendavall Varma, which needs and deserves to be translated into all other languages of India.

The character of the great Lakshmibai that it portrays is at once human and heroic.

Incidentally, this novel, too, emphasizes the unity of all the people, Hindus and Muslims, in the revolution of 1857. Of the two soldiers who were with the Rani in her very last moment of martyrdom, one was a Hindu and the other a Muslim. The novel ends on a sombre, yet inspiring note as the Muslim builds a grave over the ashes of the Rani, to save her sacred remains from the vandalism of the English:

"A section of the English army, searching for the Rani, passed that way.

"The newly-made mud platform had not yet dried up. The English Officer's suspicions were roused. He asked Gul Mohamed: 'Whose grave is this, Sai Sahib?'

"Gul Mohamed answered, 'This is the grave of our Pir, who was a very great saint'."

Can the Hindu and Muslim communalists efface the memory of the Lakshmibais and the Gul Mohameds of Indian history?

RS. AS. PS OF LITERATURE!

At the recent session of the Maharashtra Literary Conference, the President, Poet Yeshwant Dinkar Pendharkar, made a masterly and scathing review of the modern trends in Marathi literature. Much of what he said, with regard to the need of a United Maharashtra and a separate radio station for the Marathi-speaking people, was unexceptionable. Even though I am not conversant with Marathi, I am also ready to believe that his criticism of the Marathi literature, currently being produced, was justified. But there is an aspect of literary activity which is common to all the languages in India which the Poet-President, in his lofty ivory-tower idealism, seems to have ignored.

Bitterly criticising the recent poetic compositions in Marathi, which, he said, lacked originality of thought and boldness of conception, he observed that Marathi language could not hope to make such headway in the field of literature, unless the modern authors came to its rescue by giving a fresh impetus to it. In a platitudinous peroration he warned that the "chariot of Marathi literature had entered a blind alley, with a



very gloomy future ahead" and declared that "the stale atmosphere in Marathi literature needed fresh air and an adventurous spirit, in order to enable it to march forward and win fresh laurels."

If platitudes could fill hungry stomachs, I am sure Poet Pendharkar's exhortation would have produced an electrifying effect in the ranks of the Marathi literature. But I venture to think that the Marathi writer (like his counterpart in Gujarati, Tamil, Telugu, Hindi, Urdu and other Indian languages) is unable to produce great literature, principally because he is starving, and the soul-killing worries of material existence are strangling his inspiration.

Take the example of a young Marathi author whom I recently met. He is engaged as a clerk in a Bombay Office, getting a salary of about Rs. 125 on which he has to support his entire family. Still he somehow finds time to write novels. Last year he took two months' leave, went to his native village in Konkan and completed a short novel which has been hailed by all the critics as a "little masterpiece." It is even supposed to be a best-seller. About seven hundred copies have been sold in a year. And what did he get out of all this creative endeavour, this vast expense of inspiration and perspiration? A couple of hundred rupees!

And yet Marathi novelists are expected to produce masterpieces of the level of "War And Peace," "Boston" and "Freedom Road!"

The situation is no better in the other Indian languages. *No Indian novelist, poet, essayist or critic can feed himself and his family out of his earnings from creative literature.*

I know I will be reminded that artistic genius is indifferent to material considerations, that great literature is created not to earn a living but to satisfy the artist's hunger for self-expression. I also know that I will be reminded of this idealist view of literature—by those who are not writers, or by writers who do not have to live by their pen and have landed property or derive a comfortable income, for instance, from defending

black-marketeer millionaires in law courts!

The lofty idealist view of literature is a luxury which the poor writer simply cannot afford.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

BONN (West Germany): The West German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, said: 'It is quite clear from this communique (of the foreign Minister of Britain, France and U.S.A.) that the three Western Allies are firmly resolved to give Germany, as soon as possible, complete freedom of action and to receive her in the comity of nations.'

ROME: Unofficial Italian political quarters foresaw the re-emergence from the ruins of her old war-time partner, of a new Germany to whom Italy might look for useful diplomatic support....

MOSCOW: A radio commentator described the Big Three Foreign Ministers' Conference as "a scheduled step in the preparation of the new War."

ABOARD THE TRUMAN TRAIN: President Truman said that he would order the use of atomic bomb again if necessary.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

MADRAS: Reports of drought and acute scarcity of drinking water are reaching Madras from various parts Drinking water is said to be selling at one anna per pot in Malabar and Salem districts....

LUDHIANA: One hundred and twenty-five Congress workers have tendered their resignations. In the course of a letter to the Secretary of the A.-I.C.C. they have made serious allegations against the Provincial Congress Committee. The letter said: "We feel that the Congress in the Punjab is heading towards destruction. We expected honesty, trust, justice and democracy under Congress rule but our hopes have been dashed to the ground."

INDORE: The City police had a strange experience in a marriage function. To prevent violent clash, they had to lock up two prospective bridegrooms both of them claiming the right to marry the same girl."

COMMUNISM COMES TO TIBET

By MATTHEW HALTON

BEYOND the Himalayas, mountain-locked and lonely between India and China, lies Tibet, the highest and perhaps the strangest country in the world. It is a country of plateaus in the sky, and the bottom of the lowest valley is 12,000 feet above the sea. It is a country which the tides of change and conquest have by-passed for centuries, a forbidding and forbidden land where even now few travellers ever go. But today the flood of Communism, having inundated China, is moving south; and already the Chinese Communists have seized part of Tibet. The remotest land on earth has come into the cold war. History has arrived at the gates of Shangri-la.

The lamas are still chanting in the thousand monasteries in the land where every fifth male is a priest. The devout still run their prayer-wheels and seek to acquire virtue. In their yak-hair tents on the high mountain-sides, the herdsman still squat over their cups of buttered and salted tea; in his fantastic Potala palace in Lhasa, the 14-year-old-Dalai Lama, king and God to his people, still sits as Supreme Holy One and Powerful Ruler of Three Worlds. But for how long? Tibet is on the road to India, and Communism in Asia is on the march.

The hardy Tibetans say they will resist aggression come what may—but they could not mobilize an army of more than 30,000 armed men. In the eastern provinces the Communists have already formed a provisional Government. They have set up a Panchen Lama as a puppet against the Dalai Lama of Lhasa and his anti-Communist supporters. They are using religion to get a foothold on the roof of the world.

The Tibetans are the most religious people on this planet. Mysticism and religious exaltation always seem to flourish in the rarefied air of mountain lands, and in Tibet every one is a devotee. The religion is a form of Buddhism, with a widespread belief in reincarnation. Oracles are in daily use. The Government itself consults the oracles before it makes decisions. And there are pilgrims everywhere.

It is impossible to travel in Tibet without meeting pilgrims on their way to some holy place—perhaps a temple, perhaps a mountain, inhabited by spirits, perhaps a rock where there is the footprint of a saint.

Some pilgrims cover every yard of the journey with their prostrate bodies. The rapt zealot lies down at full length on his face and makes a mark with his fingers on the ground just in front of his head. Then he rises, steps forward to the mark, and prostrates himself again—and so on, mile after mile, day after day, until he reaches his mecca. Many of these pilgrimages take years.

About one-fifth of the entire male population enters priesthood. There are monasteries everywhere, and some of them contain over 1,000 monks, or lamas. There are temples over 20,000 feet above the sea level.

The spiritual and temporal head of this strange feudal theocracy is the Dalai Lama.

When a Dalai Lama dies, the leading lamas of the hierarchy begin searching throughout the land for his reincarnation—because his soul has not gone. It is reincarnated in some new-born child. The search often takes years, and it takes the seekers into the remotest herdsman's tent and up the highest mountains. The search for the present Dalai Lama took two years. The infant boy, named Lha-mo Tondrup, was found by divination in a peasant's hut.

The method of assuring the authentic incarnation is this! The lamas place before the possible candidate two identical rosaries, two identical skull-drums and two identical walking sticks. But one rosary, one skull-drum and one walking stick are those used by the late Dalai Lama. If the boy picks up the right ones, it is proof he is the true incarnation. He is then installed in the palace at Lhasa. His title is Holy One, Noble One of Soft Voice, Mighty in Speech, Excellent of Knowledge, Absolute in Wisdom, Holder of the Doctrine, Powerful Ruler of the Three Worlds, the One Without Equal, and Reincarnation of the Lord Mercy. He is the ruler in both civil and religious

affairs. But in his extraordinary holiness he has to live a life of austere discipline and study. He must know all the theological and metaphysical subtleties of Lamaism. No woman is allowed in his life.

But there is another high priest in the Tibetan system—the Panchen Lama. In Tibetan mythology, the world was begun by two gods—the Lord of Mercy and the Lord of Boundless Light. The Dalai Lama is the reincarnation of the Lord of Mercy, the Panchen Lama reincarnates the Lord of Boundless Light. In 1923 the Panchen Lama of those days had a quarrel with the Dalai Lama and was forced to flee to China. He died in exile, but the new Panchen Lama, now a boy of 12, was not allowed to return to Lhasa.

The Chinese Communists have set up the young Panchen Lama in eastern Tibet, and around him they are rallying all dissentients. Some Tibetans believe the Panchen Lama to be more holy than even the Dalai Lama. Moreover, by some lucky chance, the new incarnation was found in the province of Tsinghai, which always wanted union with China. Thus, once more in history, religion becomes the tool of politics and Communism has got a foothold in Tibet.

What a fascinating land it is, this Tibet, "the treasure house of the Gods." Very few outsiders have been there—and yet, we have all been there. What boy of 14 has not gone to Tibet with the first white man who ever went there, the Portuguese Jesuit, Antonio de Andrade, in the year 1600? What boy has not been to Tibet with George Boyle of the East India Company, 1774?

There is a character in one of Moliere's plays who boasted, though he had never been anywhere himself, that he "knew a man who had been to Carcassone." I go farther. I have looked at Tibet with my own eyes. I rode 12 miles—once from Darjeeling at the foot of Kanchenjunga, to have a look at Mount Everest. And as I stood there looking, breathless at the splendor, my guide said: "Look, sahib, those mountains on the right, they are in Tibet." At once I was a boy again, going through with Seven Hedln, the great Swede, into the ranges beyond the Himalayas.

The average height of the Tibetan tablelands is 16,000 feet. No point in

the land is lower than 12,000 feet. And the average height of the marvellous peaks—range on range on them, from Everest to China, lonely and untouched is 22,000 feet.

In the river valleys between the Himalayas and the trans-Himalayas grow peaches, apricots, watermelons and even pomegranates. In these valleys roam bears, wolves, foxes, marmots and monkeys. Higher up are the wild asses and the pandas. Above, in the high wastes, are the herds of yak, musk deer, Tibetan antelope, wild sheep and wild goats. Highest of all are the strange creatures compounded by mysticism and men's fears—the abominable snowman, half-man, half beast.

Do not say the abominable snowman, as the Tibetans call him, is unreal. Hilman and other Everest explorers say they have seen his footprints in the snow. The Tibetan mountaineers say he walks upright like a man, and that he is enormous in size and evil as sin. There has been more than one letter in the solemn London *Times* affirming that the abominable snowman exists. Who are we to say that he is only a product of high Himalayan dreams, insubstantial like the walker of the snow?

Tibet is a land of fierce climate contrasts. At the bottom of many valleys the vegetation is sub-tropical and at the top of the same valleys it is Arctic.

The people are Mongoloid. They are short in stature, the average height is five feet, five inches. They have high cheek bones, thick noses, strong irregular teeth, broad mouths. The men wear sparse beards and moustaches. They look like rather jolly villains. They are, in fact, cheerful and pleasure hunting. But every act of their lives is hedged in with terrific ceremonial and etiquette.

The wealthy people of Tibet, the top lamas and the nobles, are very wealthy. The lamaseries draw one-half the entire revenues of the nation, and the nobles one-quarter. Two-thirds of the arable land is owned by the lamaseries.

The poor are very poor. Most of Tibet's 4,000,000 people are still more than serfs, hungry, ignorant and dirty.

Buddhists are vegetarians, but the cold climate forces Tibetans to eat meat. The staple foods are yak's meat, mutton, barley flour, cheese

and tea. Especially tea—though emphatically not tea as we drink it. They use brick tea from China. It is first boiled in water flavoured with soda. Then butter and salt are added and the whole mixture is churned. The poor use butter made from the milk of sheep and goats. The rich will use only butter made from the milk of the female yak. The Tibetans drink from 30 to 50 cups of buttered tea a day.

The women of Tibet have a high social status. For them it is always leap year; they make the proposals of marriage. The marriage system in most districts is polyandry. When a girl marries a man, she marries his brothers as well. The women wear elaborate head dresses, carry charm boxes on their chests and smear their faces with cauchouc for ornament.

The Tibetans greet their friends by sticking their tongues out at them.

In time of drought the people pray

not for rain, but for sun. The sun melts the upland snows and swells the rivers.

Every Tibetan carries a prayer-wheel all the time. Printed prayers are placed in the drum of the wheel, and every turn of the wheel says a certain number of prayers. It saves a lot of time.

The social and economic structure of the country is fantastic. There is little chance that it will survive now that the new order is knocking at the gates. There is an old unwritten agreement between Britain and China that Tibet shall be regarded as part of China provided its self-government is respected. The Chinese Communists have denounced the agreement. There is little or nothing that India can do to save Tibet. It looks as if Communism will soon include the strange, praying Buddhists on the roof of the world.—(Copyright).

MADAME SUN YAT-SEN: BEAUTY OF CHINESE WOMANHOOD

By WALTER BRIGGS

MADAME Sun Yat-Sen is astonishingly beautiful. Everyone who sees her tells of her grace and fine features, but no amount of description adequately prepares one for the astonishment that comes on meeting her. Though she is 54, she looks no more than in her late 30's.

However, even more impressive than Madame Sun's beauty was, to me, visiting her in Shanghai, her great gentleness. She spoke softly and with supreme compassion.

It was hard for me to visualize this gentle woman as the greatest revolutionary of modern China, the leading revolutionary among 200,000,000 Chinese women. Yet that is exactly what she has been—and perhaps still is.

There is, of course, good cause for Madame Sun's revolutionary fire. She was married to Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, the father of the Chinese republic, and worked side by side with him as he ought to fashion China into an independent, unified nation. She carried onward, after his death in 1925, the deals for which he stood. She remains a revolutionary to this day.

Shortly after the Chinese Communists captured Shanghai, the largest and most important city in China, Madame Sun once more made her

position clear. General Mao Tse-tung, leader of the Chinese Communist movement, is "a leader tempered in steel and matured in the rural soil," she declared. The Chinese people "are marching toward a newer and brighter summit" under Communist leadership.

For many years Madame Sun had stayed out of active politics. Occasionally, however, she would plead with the warring Nationalist and Communist factions to get together. Peace must be achieved immediately she would say, to end the suffering of countless millions.

At the same time she would castigate the Nationalist Government, led by her brother-in-law, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, for its totalitarianism. She would repeat that the Generalissimo and his Government had betrayed the democratic principles of Dr. Sun.

However much he may have wanted to silence Madame Sun, the Generalissimo didn't dare interfere with her until, last October, in a drastic but futile step, he ordered her arrest. No action had been taken previously because, as Dr. Sun's widow, she was worshipped by too many Chinese.

While she never said so in so many,

words, Madame Sun's public statements gave the impression that the Communists were adhering to Dr. Sun's ideals more closely than Nationalists.

For many years Madame Sun has confined her activities to charity. She heads the China welfare fund, an organization devoted to bringing medicine and education to a part, at least, of China's immense body of under-privileged, particularly children. Huge formal balls given by the organization to raise money for its work have been the highlight of the post-war Shanghai social season. Foreign diplomats and businessmen always attend, along with Shanghai's Four Hundred.

Ailing in recent years, Madame Sun has spent most of her time in the quiet of her home in the former French concession. She lives on a pension provided by the Government. This pension is understood to be supplemented by funds from the coffers of her wealthy brothers and sisters. Surrounding her is a coterie of young persons, many of them westerners, who help in her charity work.

Madame Sun, whose given name is Ching-ling, is one of the three Soong sisters, whose names are famous in China. Ai-ling, the oldest, is now living in the U.S. with her millionaire husband, banker H. H. Kung, a former Finance Minister in the Kuomintang regime. The youngest sister is May-ling, the wife of Chiang Kai-shek.

In China a popular saying goes: One of the Soong sisters loves money, one loves power and one loves China. The references, of course, are to Ailing and money, May-ling and power, Ching-ling and China.

The Soong sisters are the daughters of the late Charley Soong, the son of a merchant family who made a fortune selling Bibles. He became one of Shanghai's foremost compradors, or go-betweens, between Chinese and western businessmen.

Old Charley Soong also had three sons, T. V., T. L., and T. A., who also have figured prominently in recent Chinese history. T. V. Soong, the best known, has been Premier, Foreign Minister, Finance Minister and Governor of Kwangtung. Fleeing the Communists, he now lives in a suburb of New York City.

The unpopularity of the other Soongs seems in no way to have lessened the esteem in which Madame

Sun is held by the Chinese people. Ching-ling, like all the Soong children, studied in the U. S. She attended the Wesleyan College for Women, a small Methodist institution in Macon, Ga. She returned to China in 1914, shortly after the Nationalists, led by Dr. Sun, had overthrown the decadent old Manchu dynasty. Soon Ching-ling, then 19, met Dr. Sun, a widower of 48. They fell in love.

Ching-ling travelled constantly with Dr. Sun as he went about whipping up enthusiasm for the new democratic order in China. She was his secretary, confidante and inspiration.

In 1927, Madame Sun fled to Hankow, where a Communist Government was being formed, rather than remain at Nanking with the Government of Chiang Kai-shek. She believed that Chiang, who had been one of her husband's trusted lieutenants, had turned reactionary, and gone back on Dr. Sun's teachings. Meanwhile, the Soong family, including, of course, May-ling who had married Chiang, sided with the handsome young Generalissimo.

Shortly, Madame Sun surreptitiously returned to Shanghai. At 3 o'clock one dark morning she boarded a Soviet ship, and was taken to Vladivostok. From there she travelled on the Trans-Siberian railroad to Moscow, where she spent several years living in self-imposed exile.

The pressure of the Japanese on China and the ensuing invasion caused Ching-ling eventually to return to the family fold. She put the safety of China above everything.

After Chiang's resignation as President, his successor, General Li-Tsung-jen, hastened to Shanghai to see Madame Sun. He wanted her to join his Government, which was then negotiating with the Communists for peace. Apparently Madame Sun believed that General Li and his cohorts were insincere. At any rate, she refused to accept.

What of Madame Sun's future? Although she has been elected a Vice-Chairman of the new revolutionary Government, some observers believe she may become as disillusioned with the Communists as she is with the Nationalists. She may come to believe, they conjecture, that the Communists, in their way, are just as far off from Dr. Sun's democratic path as are the Nationalists.—(Copyright).

SIDELIGHTS :

They that govern most make least noise. In rowing a barge they that do drudgery work, slash, puff, and sweat; but he that governs, sits quietly, at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.

—SELDEN.

TEN, Downing Street, the residence of British Prime Ministers, is an unpretentious building without a compound in front. The door opens straight on from the street. The facade outside is unattractive, dark in colour. There is a policeman near the entrance. He knocks at the door once, twice, very gently when a visitor announces himself. Apparently there is an alert man on the watch inside. He promptly opens the door, bows you in and takes your coat and hat and hangs them on a stand to the left. Being helped to put on the coat or take it off is a thing referred to frequently in the works of Dickens and other English writers. It is a reference that lightly clad South Indians familiar only with the sweltering heat of the torrid zone, are not likely to grasp. They are apt to think, as I did, that it was an affectation of strange helplessness for one to be unable to put on or off one's coat and require to be helped with it by another. The meaning of it will dawn on one in a country as cold as England where the wearing of a heavy overcoat outdoors is a necessity. Indoors where it is warm, it is an encumbrance. The weight of it is such that one is thankful for assistance to take off the overcoat when entering a house and put it on when leaving it. The charm of English hosts is full of assiduous alacrity to render this and similar kinds of assistance.

The floor is all coloured with red plush inside 10 Downing Street. It receives the footfall softly and no noise is made. I was led up and delivered to a secretary in waiting who invited me to sit on a sofa. He then went along a passage to the right and disappeared inside and returned immediately and said, "Will you please

wait a minute?" While he was saying this I saw Mr. Attlee come from within, open a door and pass in. An official of the household rushed to the secretary and said the Prime Minister was ready. The secretary led me across double doors into the room into which the Prime Minister had gone, introduced me, bowed and retired. It was a large room with a long table surrounded by many chairs and looked like the cabinet room. Mr. Attlee appeared very fresh, as if he had just come from a bath.

The talk turned on things of interest in Britain. I said that the buildings and factories and offices that we had seen, though magnificent, were not unique, as another country like the U. S. A. had them on a more lavish scale. But a really unique thing was a plaque that we had seen in the chapel of New College, Oxford, which was in the nature of a memorial to German students of the place that later fought against England in the war. The plaque bore this inscription: "In memory of the men of this place who coming from a foreign land entered into the inheritance of this place and returning fought and died for their country in the war." Mr. Attlee said he was aware of the inscription and it represented British character at its best. I said that a nation that could fraternise so cordially with an enemy naturally found no difficulty in maintaining internal harmony in the midst of diversities, and the respect paid to parties in a minority seemed to be an essential feature of the British democratic way. Mr. Attlee concurred with enthusiasm and said that the whole value of democracy lay in tolerance of minorities and the sense of security it gave to citizens of all varieties of opinion; that study of the constructive purport of minority dissent had to be unceasing in a democratic regime; and that democrats had not only to put up with but to welcome criticism and to learn all that it had to teach.

Then the Kashmir issue came up.

for discussion. Mr. Attlee said: "India blames me for being pro-Pakistan. Pakistan blames me for being pro-India." I said that India had a Prime Minister whose creed of secularism impelled him to be pro-Muslim, whereas there was none in authority in Pakistan who was pro-Hindu similarly. The two countries were not on a par, and it was the substance of the Indian complaint that they were placed on a par in the British estimate. Mr. Attlee said, "The rights and wrongs of a situation are subject to differences of opinion. The results that have to be produced are really more important. Certain results have got to be produced on certain occasions, and statesmanship consists in producing them. On the present occasion, settlement between India and Pakistan is the result that has to be produced. How it is to be produced, it is for the leaders of the two countries to determine. If 400 million people cannot live at peace, the peace of the whole world will be affected. You must come to a settlement. You must come to a settlement. Tell your leaders that." Mr. Attlee expressed great appreciation of the brilliant attainments of Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer and he seemed to be of the view that in power of brain and intellect and administrative

ability there were few that could hold a candle to Sir C. P.

The remarkable thing about Mr. Attlee is the ease with which he has taken, in his stride, the mightiness of power that has devolved on him as the head of a great Government. He is an expert in non-retaliation and takes attacks gently without being provoked. He is more interested in plodding quietly promoting social welfare than in seeking limelight through heroics and publicity stunts. He has found in discipline the key to the mastering of all difficulties. Nothing worries him. Freedom from worry seems to be shared in common with Mr. Attlee by all British Ministers. They are skilful economists in handling the time at their disposal to the greatest public advantage. They are careful with their time. They do not squander it recklessly in wildgoose tours and attendance at trivial functions. Policies interest them. And they work hard to lay down plans and policies for improving the living conditions of people. They do not invade the domain of their secretaries and subordinates, killing their initiative with unprincipled intervention. It is a harmony of autonomies, each sticking to specific work of his own, leaving others to do theirs, to the best of their ability.—SAKA.

After forty-eight years among the English, I am still puzzled by their inability to turn a hair in any crisis, or in any catastrophe. Napoleon was non-plussed by this English characteristic. In his rage, he called England a nation of shopkeepers. Their icy calm exasperated him when all Europe lay prostrate under his iron heel. He discovered the elementary truth about the English, namely, that they never know when they are beaten and that they always win the last battle.... In the eyes of the foreigner the English are always fools. It is a great English asset, this international reputation for foolishness or, if you like, stupidity. It fools all the foes of England. It is part of their make-up, this divine gift which they wear like armour everywhere on earth. I have spent my life trying to understand the English and I confess I have given up the attempt. They are the only unfathomable race on earth. They English never reveal their thoughts. They keep their inner nature secret even from each other. They are coldly impenetrable. You may argue with the English for years but they keep their own counsel.—JAMES DOUGLAS.

HYDERABAD'S DEMAND FOR DEMOCRATIC RIGHTS

By "YERRA BABU"

ENLIGHTENED citizens have come to feel that the British Government did a great disservice to the people of India by gifting away political power to the Congress bosses, for they have subsequently become autocrats in the matter of the governance of the country. The Congress Governments, both at the Centre and in the provinces, have in a thousand and one ways violated all principles and canons of democracy. This autocratic rule of the country by a single political party is not only doing violence to the rights and privileges of other political parties in as much as it is in no small measure directed towards killing all political opposition, but it is also telling on the democratic rights of the people.

The policy adopted by the Government of India towards Hyderabad is neither safe, nor democratic nor in conformity with the wishes of the people of the State. It is basically and fundamentally wrong. The policy the State Ministry pursued ever since the successful termination of the "police action," has been consistently anti-democratic and dictatorial. They have virtually treated Hyderabad as a conquered State. The most exasperating feature of that policy is the denial of sovereignty to the people of Hyderabad. Swerving from the right royal path of democracy, they have made the reactionary Nizam the constitutional head of the State, though almost every political party in the State had passed the verdict that he forfeited his moral right to be the constitutional head on account of his past attempts to establish an independent Islamic regime in Hyderabad crushing the natural wishes of the majority of the people with the support of a State-pampered communal and military organisation alleged to have perpetrated thousands of murders and dacoities in the State. After the historic "police action," the people of the State expected that the Government of India would recognise their sovereignty as the only justification for taking the police action. They expected that they would be afforded

immediate opportunities to decide such matters as the future set-up of the State and the future of the Nizam. They also eagerly expected that they would be called upon to elect a popular Government responsible to them.

But instead of acceding to the people's wishes, the Government of India have been riding rough shod over the fundamental democratic rights of the people. Evidently Congress democracy, which stands for a government of the leaders, by the leaders and for the leaders as opposed to Abraham Lincoln's conception of democracy, does not believe in changing policies or actions to conform to the wishes of the people.

The inordinate delay made in convening a Constituent Assembly is also a part of the betrayal of the people of Hyderabad. For reasons the Government of India have not cared to give, the elections to the Constituent Assembly have been postponed till the general elections in the rest of India. The motive behind this postponement seems to be that by then the anti-Nizam feeling or agitation will fizzle out. But it is time they realised that the continuation of the present state of affairs will further augment the discontent and wrath of the masses. The Government of India also seem to be afraid that if the Constituent Assembly is immediately convened it will demand the deposition of the Nizam, disintegration of the State and merger of the three linguistic units with the neighbouring States. To postpone elections with a view to evading some unpleasant popular demands would be not only doing injustice to the people, but it also speaks of weak leadership. There is no valid reason why elections should be postponed, especially when electoral rolls are ready and when law and order have been restored all over the State except in two Communist-infested districts of Telangana.

And the continuation of the bureaucratic regime which is neither popular nor responsible to the people is adding fuel to the fire of popular discontent. The present Government is

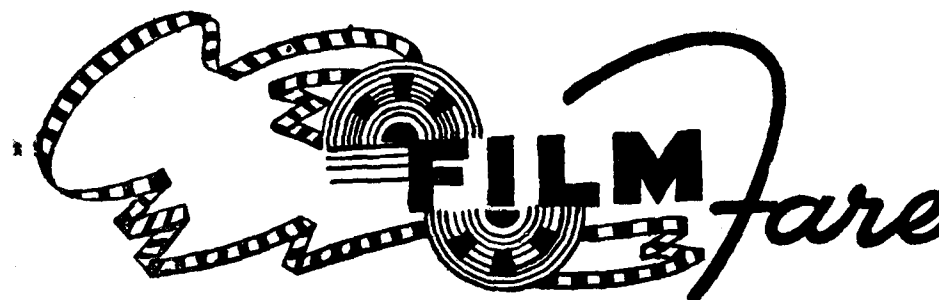
packed with I. C. S. officials imported from outside who have come to enjoy rather than to do their duty by the people. Sri Prakasam might have said that Ministers are the servants of the people. But here in Hyderabad it is quite the reverse. The people are the servants of the servants of Sardar Patel. The Ministry does not tolerate any criticism against it. It regards it beneath its dignity to accept suggestions from any political party. Gag orders and arrests have become the order of the day. Recently, Mr. Ramamurthy Naidu, President of the National Youth Congress, was served with a gag order for making public speeches advocating the early establishment of a responsible Government, and was later arrested for defying the order. So, in Vellodi's Hyderabad, to plead for a popular Government is also an offence! Thus one of the fundamental rights guaranteed to the citizens under the Constitution, namely, freedom of speech, has been thrown to the winds.

The escape of Mir Laik Ali from lawful custody, not to speak of the discovery of his escape three days after his escape, the escape of Captain Hussain from the Osmania Hospital and the escape of two notorious Communists sentenced to death from the High Court all in open day light, speaks volumes of the inefficiency and incompetence of the Ministry. Such a Ministry should have resigned. The Ministry has failed to purge the administration of anti-social and undesirable elements. It has also failed miserably in discharging its elementary duty of protecting the lives and property of the Andhra citizens in Telangana from the Communists. The cumulative effect of all this has been the accentuation of discontent, especially among the young elements in the State. Their discontent is mounting up. Unfortunately, there is no leader in the State who can provide a constitutional outlet to popular discontent. The result is, there is gloom, frustration, inertia and dissatisfaction everywhere. The Government of India, however, seem to have realised that if the present state of affairs is allowed to continue, disastrous conse-

quences would ensue and the present Government would face a breakdown. They have therefore devised some short-cuts to meet the popular discontent half way. The bringing in of 16 persons through the backdoor into Parliament as representatives of Hyderabad and the proposal to include four Congressmen in the State Cabinet, they thought, would do the trick of averting an administrative breakdown. But actually the people of Hyderabad do not rejoice over either the selection of these 16 local persons as their "representatives" in the Indian Parliament or over the proposed inclusion of four Congressmen in the Cabinet. People feel insulted in that the selection of the so-called representatives was made in accordance with the pleasure of the Nizam. Democracy requires that members of Parliament should be elected. Five of the representatives were members of the Legislative Assembly that flourished during the Razakar regime. Another two are big capitalists who are known to be extremely unpopular and reactionary. The majority of the members have been chosen from the State Congress whose representative character has considerably dwindled in the wake of the recent secession of the "Progressive Group" from its fold. Four of these representatives do not possess even an elementary knowledge of English, and so they cannot follow the proceedings of the Parliament, let alone participating in its deliberations. These representatives are dummies and cannot be expected to render any service to the people of Hyderabad.

Nothing short of immediate elections will satisfy public opinion in the State. Hyderabad elections need not wait till the general elections in the rest of India, which in view of past experience, may be pushed to the end of *Kali Yuga*. Elections should be immediately held for a Constituent Assembly to decide the future of the State, the future of the Nizam and the future set-up of the State, and the Consambly may be turned into a Legislature to elect a popular Government.

A negro minister was preaching on the horrors of hell.
"There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth" he prophesied.
"But I haven't got any teeth" moaned an old woman.
"Teeth will be furnished" was the solemn assurance.



BAGDAD

(Universal—International)

THIS colourful, garish, rambunctious film is the right medicine for all those moviegoers who are of the opinion that Hollywood is synonymous with class and quality in visual entertainment and education. *Bagdad* is comparable, entirely to its detriment, with any of our indifferently produced films here in South India. It is worse than some of ours and as bad as the rest.

Maureen O'Hara has been many things in the course of her acting career, from a princess of the Middle Ages and a 20th century harassed young matron to a tough frontier gal. In *Bagdad* she is an Arab princess who goes to Bagdad to join her father, and finds on arrival that he has already been joined to his forefathers in an affray with a notorious gang called the Black Robes. And so the daughter in true royal style vows revenge upon his murderer and goes about the task in the typical woolly-headed fashion that people seem to go about in Hollywood-created Bagdad. And in equally typical feminine caprice, she pursues the wrong man, a young prince in disguise who, she is convinced against all her womanly instincts, is her father's murderer. She is saved in the nick of time from making the fatal mistake and instead of putting a bullet into him falls in love with him, while their enemies are slain right and left by the valiant prince.

How Hollywood could have hoped to create the optical illusion that Maureen O'Hara's Irish beauty had been transformed into the luscious, entirely non-poetic loveliness that is nurtured in Arabia, is a mystery. She looks, even in the cumbersome, half-gypsyish, undatable costume she

wears, one hundred per cent American. Not the slightest effort has been made to make up her features in the style of the Middle East, though a half-hearted attempt at subterfuge has been made in describing her as an Arab princess educated in Britain. Nothing that British schools have ever turned out could have been quite like this.

Paul Christian who has the male lead as the debonair young Arab prince, is certain to have a good future in Hollywood. He has, what gossip columnists call, all that it takes. Vincent Price, of course, is inimitable as the one-eyed, unscrupulous Turkish military governor. The action of the story is supposed to take place in Bagdad, but the sets are transparently phoney. Even the cosmopolitan cafe seems like a bad dream.

MY FOOLISH HEART

(Samuel Goldwyn)

LONG ago, eight years ago in fact, I saw a film called *Adam had Four Sons* in which a lovely young actress made her debut. Her name was Susan Hayward. Everybody predicted the most wonderful future for her, but somewhere, somehow, something went wrong and the young woman failed to make the grade. Hollywood forgot about her (or so it seemed), then suddenly picked her up again and gave her a terrifically dramatic role in *The Smash-up*, and followed it up with a few other equally dramatic roles including the present one.

She still hasn't made the grade. Entirely my opinion, of course.

Susan Hayward fills here the role of a college girl who falls in love with an aimless, unambitious guy (Dana Andrews) who not only does not know

what he wants of life but, worse, makes a philosophy of drifting. He makes a half-hearted attempt at seducing her and then goes off and joins the army. Susan continues to meet him clandestinely off and on and succeeds in getting herself expelled from college to the secret satisfaction of her father and the hysterics of her mother. "I was a nice girl, wasn't I?" asks Susan later remembering those painful young days. She was indeed a nice girl as nice girls go but, as the song goes, as nice girls go, *she* also went. If you get the drift. And, when Susan finds herself expectant she rebounds in panic into the arms of an earlier neglected swain (Kent Smith). The two marry and lead a

cat and dog life until the day Susan decides to look the future squarely in the eye, forget her dead lover and free her husband.

The deep, emotional appeal which a role like this carries doesn't somehow get over. Susan Hayward's face has been described as "expressive." On the contrary, I would call it a "closed" face, an introvert's face, a face whose expression is turned in. Her portrayal does not reach out to the audience. She acts to herself instead of acting to the audience.

Dana Andrews is admirable as the aimless guy; Kent Smith and Lois Wheeler adequate in the supporting east.

NO PROPRIETARY RIGHTS

By ARTHUR OSBORNE

A movement is reported to establish an exclusive orthodoxy at the shrine of Bhagavan Sri Maharshi at Tiruvannamalai, observing rites that not all the devotees can attend and even shutting out all but one community from the innermost part of the shrine. This must not be allowed. Sri Bhagavan was above the four castes. He had surpassed all ritual, all paths, all religions. And from this height he received and guided devotees of all castes and all religions with like solicitude.

There are already those who feel tremendous outpouring of Grace from the Samadhi, and they must not be shut out or partially and conditionally admitted on grounds of race or religion. The Grace of Bhagavan is free for the whole world. As many will be drawn to his Samadhi as were drawn to his bodily presence. But they must have free access. They must have the right to lay the tribute of flowers upon the Samadhi. Already the question has arisen whether a Harijan whom Sri Bhagavan deemed worthy to attend to his body is worthy to place garlands on his Samadhi. By what right can any forbid it?

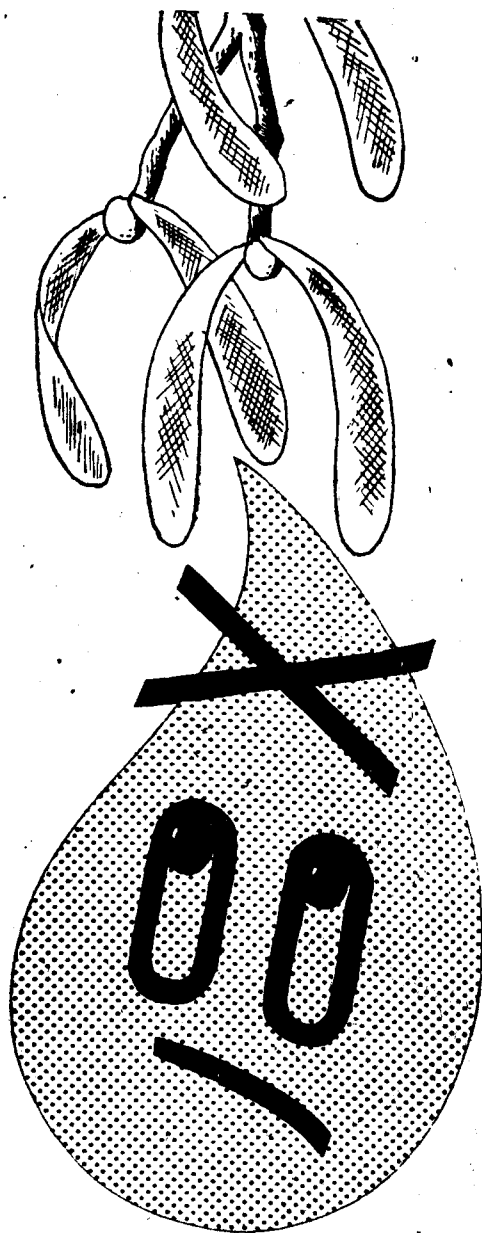
Sri Bhagavan allowed those who wished to observe caste distinctions to do so but gave them no preference over others. If Brahmins cared to sit separately in the Ashram dining hall they could—but he did not sit with them. Vedas were changed in the hall—but no Christian, Muslim, Buddhist, Parsi, Jew

or Harijan was to be turned out the while. No community was excluded from his presence and no ritual was allowed which would necessitate the exclusion of any community. Now, as then, his Grace radiates out from Tiruvannamalai to all who turn to him, and all who are drawn there must have free and equal right of access.

This question of the Samadhi is no local matter to be settled at their own will or in their own interests by those who happen to be on the spot. Bhagavan is in the hearts of his devotees, but his Grace also radiates and will continue to radiate from the Samadhi at Tiruvannamalai. Many of the devotees who will be drawn there are now in Europe or America or scattered though the cities and States of India. Many of them are eager to help towards the construction of a shrine, never suspecting that it may be partially closed to them when they arrive. Rich and poor, Indian and foreign, they must not be allowed to leave their homes or cross the ocean to pay homage to Sri Bhagavan and receive his Grace, only to find on arrival that they are treated as outsiders, shut out from the ritual and allowed in only conditionally, at certain hours and to certain parts. Those devotees who are near at hand in South India must bestir themselves immediately to preserve for themselves and all their fellow devotees the world over that heritage which Sri Bhagavan intended for all.



The HUB of ASIA
and eventually of
The One World



Shell Oil acquaintance be forgot?

SWATANTRA

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it is but poor consolation to people to listen to his theoretical ventilations of great principles continually dishonoured in practice. Leadership is not of power only. It springs from ideas. Leaders whose ideas are flouted by their own followers cannot maintain their prestige or justify their position, if they take their discomfort tamely.

Time And Tide

GREAT hopes are being raised all over the world by the apparently successful moves of Mr. Trygve Lie in his mission to Moscow. Tremendous rumours are afloat, born in Paris and London and New York that Mr. Lie carries the blue-print for world peace in his attache case, that he is the bearer of a message from Stalin himself to all whom it may concern, that such a bearding of the lion in its own den as Mr. Lie had attempted was sure to provide results. While, it is earnestly hoped, something will emerge from Mr. Lie's sincere bid for conciliation of the parties involved in the cold war, it would be unwise on our part to be completely taken in by the expectations. This is not the first time that Western diplomats have left the Kremlin fully convinced of the unquestionability of Stalin's desire for peace. The situation, as we look about us, is discouragingly dismal. While we, lulled on the one hand by the reports of good impressions gained by intermittent visits to Russia from the West, and on the other encouraged by the military inviolability of the Western nations, especially America, as embodied in the ever-rising pile of armaments in the American arsenal, have come to feel that war, while possible, is improbable; the United Nations has disintegrated into a forum of international disputes which have in the final analysis dissolved into logomachy.

Mr. Lie's desperate search for a solution of the world situation reflects how bad indeed things have

become in South-east Asia and Western Europe. Communist success in China has so strengthened the Kremlin's hands that even the pretence that Russia by itself had no hand in the spread of its ideology in the East, is being dropped. It is widely discussed that Soviet officers are training Communist air personnel in the Chinese war and that Ho Chi Minh receives his orders directly from Moscow. America has spent 2,000 million dollars on the Philippines and there is nothing to show for it. In Malaya there are 16,000 troops and 70,000 police and a fully equipped air contingent and the insurrection which began twenty-three months ago is as far from being put down as ever. Britain has given Burma £72 million since the end of the war and has now promised her 6 million more and yet no one is quite happy about the prospect of that country ever sufficiently stabilising itself and putting an end to its civil war.

In Europe the Marshall Plan and the European Council and the Atlantic Pact are being padded up with more and more safeguards till one has lost sight of where they began and cannot guess where they would end. And almost every country sought to be protected by these pacts and unions and mutual dependency programmes, is facing a budget deficit. Decision on Germany, western statesmen feel, can be deferred only at the risk of their position there. The Western European Union has reached a dead end chiefly because of customs difficulties. In the U. S. A. the legislature and the executive are at loggerheads and important issues such as help to South-east Asia have been more and more delayed. South-east Asia was recognised as an emergency area even at the Commonwealth Conference in Ceylon last year but precious little has been done so far to lift it out of the mire of economic and political despondency. All this is no sudden deterioration. It has been steadily going from bad to worse

along the months. And we haven't touched the nadir yet.

So it is not a blue print on paper that we need right now but a substantial, practical solution for keeping the tide of Communism in South-east Asia strictly within the bounds of China. Britain must take a less hide-bound and a more concessional attitude in Malaya and get the people on its side if it hopes to change it from the abattoir of the East that it is today. India's economic life must be stabilised and the darkness of lies and distorted perspectives which befores its

administration, dispelled. Otherwise the fever and the agitation in Telangana and the sporadic Communist outbursts in Tamilnad will spread north. This is exactly what Dean Acheson meant when he referred to the need for creating throughout the world, "situations of strength." India, Malaya, Burma and Ceylon are replete with situations of utter weakness instinct with danger. These have to be first infused with a new life and virility before we can breathe freely again or believe in miracles on paper.

Sotto Voce

Our Two Nations.



SOMEWHERE in Upper India an important man was entertaining a party of journalists. When *chuppatis* were being served one of the diners told the waiter, "I don't want four. Two will do. Please take away the other two." The host who happened to be passing by came up and himself removed all the four *chuppatis*, leaving the guest to digest in speechless wonder the remark which sounded like a challenge, "Why do you speak in English?" And yet our host was a courteous man who might be supposed to value freedom of opinion, being himself a member of a dissenting sect.

In another place the man who did the honours was more polite and more obtuse. Seeing a South Indian he asked the inevitable question, "How is Hindi progressing in Madras?" "Rather more feebly than it used to, because the Government has adopted it," was the reply. He opened his eyes wide in surprise. "But don't the people want to learn it?" "Why should they?" "Surely you should know the national language?" "You mean the State language?" "It is all the same,

isn't it?" "No, there is a world of difference," he was told. "Take English. It used to be the State language for a couple of centuries. But even Macaulay did not dream of making its use universal and compulsory, in other words, making it a national language."

That was a point of view that had not occurred to him, though he had endowed a school and was busy with good works. "But, then," he objected, "if people don't learn Hindi they will be handicapped in various ways—commerce, Government service etc." That was too much for the rather slender stock of patience of his vis-a-vis who had had a gruelling week in the Gangetic plain, ineffectually trying to make himself understood in basic English. So he remarked with a smile, which he hoped would mask the barb, "Sethji, your people seem to have got on wonderfully well without English all these two hundred years. In any case if you want us to learn Hindi, why don't you learn Tamil? That is only fair."

His host almost visibly lost his

composure for a moment. "My dear sir, you seem to forget that the two languages are not on a par." "Of course they are not," snapped the man from the South, "Tamil has merely the oldest literature in the world barring Samskrit and one of the richest, whereas Hindi was spawned in the purlieus of the Moghul court. And in my young days only the syces spoke it in our part of the country. I used to think in the simplicity of my heart that it was the language of the horses."

It is not patriotism but five per cent that is behind this Hindi ballyhoo. In Parliament a determined attempt was made to deny the period of grace of fifteen years which it was proposed the non-Hindi areas should have. The move was defeated, but what was more significant was the dismayed wail of the Hindi enthusiasts. "Oh, in fifteen years these fellows from the South will learn to talk Hindi as well as we do and come to monopolise all the jobs." And yet there are innocent people in the South who ask you in pained accents whether a common language is not a *sine qua non* of nationhood.

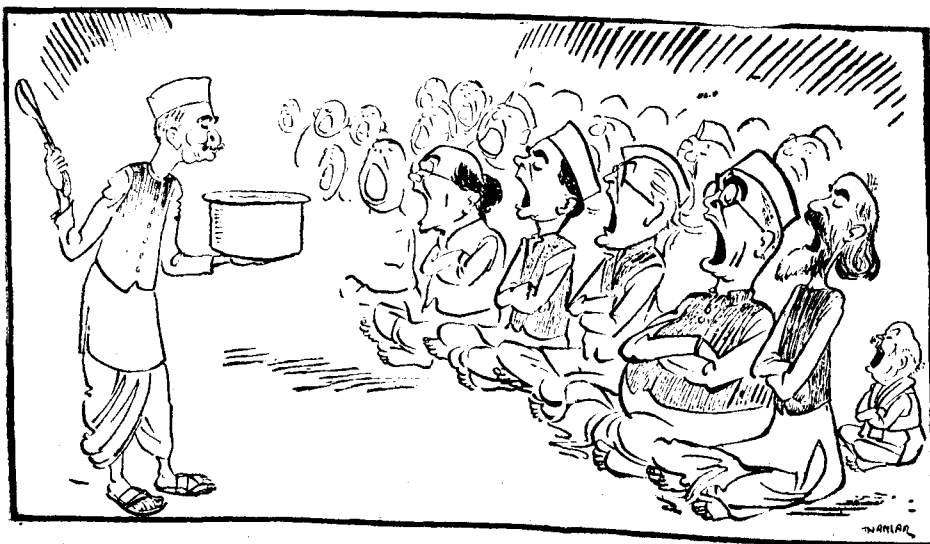
Nowhere else in the wide world would the fantastic notion that the language of a hundred millions could be foisted upon two hundred and fifty

millions have survived for a day the Homeric laughter of a sane people. Even Mao Tse-tung, who believes in "workers of the world" uniting, has no programme, so far as I know, for making every little Chinese learn Russian. There can be no surer way of laying up hatred for Hindi in non-Hindi breasts than by making them mug up the rudiments in the First Form. The vast majority are never likely to progress beyond the rudiments and the sweat and the tears will have all been for nothing.

Amid oceans of sugar (notwithstanding the controls that were supposed to exist) and ghee I longed for a little buttermilk and rice as a soul in Hades might thirst for a sip of ambrosia. And then I discovered those great institutions, *kacha khana* and *pucca khana*. For the benefit of the uninitiated it was explained that a Brahman might eat *chuppatis* with a bania without losing caste; that was *pucca*. But if he took a morsel of rice from the same man it was *kacha* and he was *kacha* too. I thought it prudent not to point out that in the South he would in either case be damned without benefit of clergy. But as I hungrily lapped up the excellent *dahi* I wondered whether we might not be evolving into a *kacha* and a *pucca* nation, too.

VIGHNESWARA.

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED



"...if people don't learn Hindi they will be handicapped in many ways...."

—Courtesy: Shankar's Weekly.

THE TRUE GREATNESS OF KARL MARX

By RAYMOND POSTGATE

A foundation member of the British Communist Party, and editor in 1922 of its official organ, Raymond Postgate left the Party in 1923 because he disapproved of its tactics and policy.

He is the author of *The Bolshevik Theory* (1919), a book personally revised by Lenin, and *Revolution from 1789 to 1906* (1920), a standard work. Since 1920 Postgate has written 20 books, chiefly history and biography. *The Common People*, written in collaboration with G. D. H. Cole, has sold some 50,000 copies and is widely used by students. He has also revised and brought up-to-date H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*.

He was born at Cambridge in 1896, son of the then famous classical scholar, Dr. J. P. Postgate, and married in 1918, the daughter of the late Rt. Hon. George Lansbury.

KARL MARX, who was born on May 5, 1818, is one of the three philosophers responsible—or partly responsible—for great changes in history.

There are plenty of important philosophers responsible for keeping things as they are. But apart from Marx there are only two inspirers of revolutions: Rousseau and Iambulus. Whether you count Rousseau as more effective than Marx depends on whether you think the French revolution or the Russian will ultimately be more important. As for Iambulus, the Roman slaves and dispossessed Greek citizens whom he inspired lost their revolution and in the end fell back on the religious consolations of Mithraism and Christianity; nobody therefore knows much about what he said.

In any case, for us today, neither of them is as important as Marx.

THREE HANDICAPS

This is so in spite of the fact that he has the three most discouraging defects that a candidate for immortality can have. Firstly, he never completed any work of his; secondly, he completely misunderstood the relative importance of the various parts of it; thirdly, when he allowed himself to predict the probable results of what he had observed, he was usually wrong.

It is natural that we should find defects in the work of an economist and philosopher who wrote a hundred years ago; it is only necessary to underline them because in this case some of the Social Democrats and

all of the Communists have attempted to ascribe a sort of omniscience to him. To disagree with Marx, to be a "revisionist," is indeed to be in physical danger in some countries today. But those three criticisms of him are true.

Take the first: the majority of his finished works are either brief propaganda pamphlets (such as *Wage Labour and Capital* or *The Communist Manifesto*); attacks on other people like Proudhon or Napoleon III; or books like the *Critique of Political Economy*, which were admittedly first sketches of the theories he was going to work out later.

They are all either ephemeral or introductory: they are examples of, or leading up to, the great work he was going to do; and he never finished that work.

Only one volume of *Capital* was published while he was alive; when he died, Engels found an immense amount of unfinished studies, sufficient to fill two more volumes. (Kautsky published even more afterwards). But they were so chaotic that even after Engels' patient sorting there is a direct contradiction on a quite important point between Volumes I and III of *Capital*. Something had gone wrong with Marx; it is a common failing in academic circles to accumulate great masses of knowledge and not be able to use it—to begin important excursions and never be able to finish them.

OUT-OF-DATE THEORY

Now, there are three main sections

of Marx's philosophy: the "Labour Theory of Value," the theory of "Dialectical Materialism," and the "Materialist Conception of History." Of these he believed the first to be most important. This was not an error of adoring disciples, but of himself.

Aveling, his son-in-law, reprinted the first nine chapters of *Capital* as essential reading for new students; they are the most arid and abstract section, dealing exclusively with the theory of value, and they were selected because Marx considered all his philosophy was founded upon the mathematical exposition in them. But not only are they very difficult to read: they are almost entirely obsolete. It is just possible to describe modern economic phenomena in terms of labour value—Professor Cole has done it, and a fantastic feat of ingenuity it is—but even the orthodox Communists have ceased to insist on it. The thing has practically disappeared; and in going has done no harm to Marxism.

Dialectical Materialism (it is true) has vitality enough left to cause confusion and dissension; but its damage is chiefly done in academic circles, and Marx's continuing reputation certainly would not rest upon it even if it were true. (It is not; it is mere myth making).

SOURCE OF MARX'S FAME

Marx's fame rests on what is called the materialist conception of history. There is, as usual, no complete and full description and discussion of this in Marx's work. But, in brief, it is a demonstration that the motive power in history is economic. It is the methods of production, and the class relations that these involve, that have dominated and directed past history, which in consequence has always been a history of class struggles.

This theory has had an immense clarifying effect upon the writing and understanding of past and contemporary history; it is as important, in its sphere, as the theory of evolution, and puts Marx himself in the same category as Darwin. Practically no

competent historian nowadays puts forward the "great man" theory of history.

PROPHECY FALSIFIED

As a historian and interpreter of the past, Marx was unequalled. But as a prophet and guide to the future he was a failure. System-making—unfinished—was his delight, and he composed for the materialist conception of history, the economics of labour value, and the mysticism of dialectical materialism, a system which proved that the class struggle which was then going on would proceed in a certain way. The employers would get fewer and fewer in number, and their wealth would get greater and greater. The workers would get poorer and poorer and as industrial development progressed the factories would get more and more enormous. Commercial crises would become more and more violent until the last somehow (how was left unclear) provoked a conflict in which the regiments of workers in the most developed countries destroyed their tiny group of oppressors. Then the classless society would begin.

In many ways, most of which everyone can see, this prophecy has gone wrong. The upper and middle classes have not dwindled to a tiny handful, nor has a commercial crisis set off the tiniest revolution. (Revolutions have been caused only by wars). But what is most interesting to the historian is to note that in studying the working class, Marx predicted the exact opposite of the truth.

It is where the workers are least organised and least important that Communist revolutions succeed; it is where they are most advanced, best organised and most thoroughly industrialized that the Parties meet with humiliating disasters. The first Marxist revolution came in Russia, with a ninety per cent peasant population; the second in China with an even tinier proportion of industrial workers. It is in Scandinavia, Belgium, Britain and the United States that no progress is made. And there, by Marx's demonstration, the revolution should have started.

We do not regard Marxist theory as something completed and inviolable; on the contrary, we are convinced that it has only laid the corner-stone of the science which Socialists must further advance in all directions if they wish to keep pace with life.—LENIN.

ECONOMIC FORECAST IN U. S.

By PETER R. LEVIN

Despite high 1949 production levels, certain cracks have begun to show in Uncle Sam's economy which must be repaired if the house is to remain standing.

LAST April, when it looked as if the post-war boom in the U. S. had finally fizzled, prophets of the economic weather began searching overcast skies for a portent of the future. They saw factories cutting down production, business profits and farm income sagging, and a sudden jump in unemployment. Naturally, many took these as storm warnings—as in fact, they were.

By July, more than 4,000,000 were without jobs and at least 5,000,000 others were working only part-time. Industrial production had fallen about 17 per cent since its post-war peak in November, 1948. Within half a year, the rate of business failures had doubled. Thirty-five industrial localities were declared by the federal Government to be "distressed areas."

Clearly, the situation was threatening. Yet, by the end of the year, the impending storm had not broken. Far from that, unemployment had declined by almost 1,000,000 and once again there were 60,000,000 jobs in U. S. industry, stores, and offices, and on U. S. farms. Early in January, President Truman was able to report to Congress that "production had regained nearly half of the lost ground." As for the 35 "distressed areas," they had received special Government contracts amounting to \$39,000,000.

Perhaps most encouraging of all, when economists totalled up the figures on consumer spending they found that exactly the same had been spent in 1949 as in 1948, the year of record prosperity. Furthermore, because the price level was a trifle lower than it had been, owing chiefly to a steady decline in food prices, consumers actually had received more goods and services for the same amount of money. In other words, despite the mid-year recession, the U. S. standard of living had not fallen.

These optimistic circumstances have led the President and his administra-

tion to congratulate themselves in private and to speak confidently in public. For example, with things going as they now are, say Mr. Truman and his council of economic advisers, there is no reason why the economy cannot provide 64,000,000 jobs and an output of \$300,000,000,000 inside of five years. Under those comfortable conditions, they prophesy, every U. S. family will raise its annual income by a respectable \$1,000.

Most economists seem to agree that the country is still a good way from reaching its economic limits and that, whatever the validity of the President's relatively short-term predictions, the long-term possibilities are enormous. A conservative group like the Brookings institution declares that, one century hence, the U. S. can enjoy a fabulous 20-odd-trillion dollar economy and handsomely support twice its present population.

Several of the country's biggest industries are still riding their own post-war booms without sign of a let-up. Steel, for instance, continues to operate at close to 100 per cent of rated capacity with only a minor fraction devoted to armaments.

After a year of record production and record sales during which they sold over 6,200,000 vehicles, automobile producers envisage another bumper year. For one thing, they believe the domestic prosperity tide will continue to run, especially for lower-priced cars. For another, they point to the fact that while, in pre-war depression days, the average age of an automobile was 5.5 years, the typical sedan or truck rolling on U. S. streets in 1950 is 8.4 years old. Even at 1949's production rates, it will take six years to bring the average back to its pre-war level.

Nevertheless, certain cracks have begun to show in the economy and, unless these can be repaired, the house may gradually fall apart. No

sudden shock or drastic readjustment seems likely, but several unhealthy tendencies are evident. They presage a slow-down of overall economic activity.

A particular case in point is the declining level of international trade. The trouble is the same old one that has plagued the western world since the war's end: the U. S. sells abroad several billion dollars' worth of goods more than it buys, it has unwillingly drained other countries—both in Europe and Latin America—until the terms of trade have become too expensive, even with E. R. P. and other dollar loans poured in to make up the difference.

Last September's devaluation was supposed to help reverse this trend and stimulate trade by making foreign purchases more attractive to U. S. buyers. And to some extent it did. It helped swing the U.S.-Canadian trade, which for a year had been very unfavourable to Canada, into a nearly even balance. It has also closed some of Britain's "dollar gaps" by reducing her imports from dollar countries while increasing the overseas sales of British goods and services. But the general trade decline has not been arrested: since devaluation occurred the volume of trade has continued to fall.

How dangerous is this development? As long as E. R. P. funds flow, the situation isn't critical. These account for four-fifths of the U. S.-European trade. But after 1952, when Marshall aid stops and when Europe will still have an estimated \$2,000,000,000 trade deficit, a real crisis is possible. Not only that. Unless additional loans are granted, all countries in the dollar bloc will find their export industries curtailed drastically for lack of a market.

Because international trade amounts to only five per cent of all U. S. economic activity, this potential freeze undoubtedly would have more profound repercussions outside its borders than inside them. However, there are signs that a different kind of freeze may grip the economy internally. These are:

1. Reduced profits (both before and after taxes) in numerous major industries.

2. The nation's inability to develop

new, post-war industries large enough to take up the slack.

During the period immediately following the war it was hoped that television, plastics and electronics together with new usages for light metals would play a big part in the country's continued economic growth. But while all these have been successful to some degree, they have not come close to meeting expectations. And for a variety of reasons,—the biggest being that their products have not been sufficiently useful or low-priced to attract the greatest mass of consumers.

Meanwhile, the burden of economic expansion is being carried by older industries like steel, oil and electric power. But if other industries cannot expand along with them, it is only a question of time before these too reach their maximum limits. Then, indeed, the economy will be stalled. It will stay that way until shaken up by a major technological revolution as, for example, discovery of widespread civilian uses for atomic energy.

How an economy slows down is perhaps best illustrated by what is happening to U. S. railroads. On the one hand, it is to the U. S. national interest that they supply transportation at approximately current levels. On the other hand, by providing this service they are, financially speaking, sliding downhill. Passenger traffic is carried at a consistent loss of almost \$600,000,000 a year. Freight operations are still able to make up this deficit and return a narrow margin of profit, but trucking and pipeline competition is shaving that margin. Rolling stock is out of date and deteriorating badly, but its replacement would force the companies into debt from which there is no prospect of recovery.

This sick condition has consequences elsewhere. The demand for steel that would go into new equipment has been reduced. The demand for expansion in electric power and oil has been stifled.

What can the railroads do for themselves? Very little. If fares, which already stand at an all-time high, are increased, passengers will turn in even greater numbers to competing airlines and buses. If freight rates go up, pipelines and trucks will reap the benefits. Costs cannot be cut without reducing service below the minimum standard the country requires.

Obviously, Government subsidization seems to be indicated. Yet, under subsidy, weak industries live on the strong—through taxation of their employees. Subsidy is a crutch, not a cure. Genuine revival of the railroads can come only from a growing economy that will fill trains with passengers and load freight cars with goods suited to rail shipment.

Right now, the outlook for this kind of growth in the immediate future is dim. Particularly vexing is the decline of investment to start new business or enlarge those in existence. An expanding economy demands that constantly bigger sums of money be put into such enterprises. But for the past 18 months these sums have been contracting.

As if this were not enough, U. S. consumers are showing an alarming tendency to spend less than it takes to maintain stable prosperity. Featured in the spring and summer recession of 1949 was a writing-down of inventories by about \$4,000,000,000 and the refusal of merchants and sellers to reorder until their stocks were cleaned out at reduced prices or at a loss. At the same time, however, personal savings were on the upgrade, last year hitting a peacetime high of \$14,400,000,000.

But here's the rub. Mostly, these savings represent investment in "safe" propositions—Government bonds, saving accounts, life insurance. They didn't go into spending on consumer goods, and only a small fraction gravitated toward "venture capital" of the kind that promotes economic growth.

What about the Government? Here may be the crux of the entire problem and its solution. In the first place, Government taxing and spending account for one-quarter of U. S. economy. And while, by itself, this huge figure is at once impressive, but essentially meaningless, how the Government spends and whom it taxes are of vital influence in shaping the future. In the second place, there is ample ground for believing that the Government can do much to smooth out the ups and downs of the business cycle.

However, there is no agreement on what part the Government should play. Mr. Truman's supporters and critics have rightly hauled the question of the "welfare state" into the political arena, but they have argued it out of all proportion to its true size.

Actually, when you get into the statistics, their fierce debate deals with something that covers a small fraction of the total picture. The sum involved is about \$6,000,000,000 for such items as old-age benefits, public housing, health, welfare, and subsidies to farmers, airlines and ocean shipping. Yet, big and ambitious as this programme might look, its running costs need to be placed in perspective. And here percentages are revealing! "Welfare state spending" takes less than 2.8 per cent of the national revenue, it amounts to roughly 12 per cent of the total cost of the federal Government.

And if, as is most unlikely, Mr. Truman's farthest steps in the direction of welfare economics win the approval of Congress, the added costs of the welfare state would be doubled or, at most tripled. At the outside they would take something under 70 per cent of the country's income.

The chief contribution of "welfare state spending" is to act as a balance wheel to the economy as a whole by redistributing the national income on a more equitable basis through services and cash payments. But few U. S. citizens see the issue in these terms, and accordingly the issue has become confused. Those who oppose the administration want Government spending curtailed, and to achieve this would junk the balance wheel. Those, like the President, who want to maintain and expand the welfare state, haven't said from where will come the additional money they plan to redistribute.

Confronting both sides is the helter-skelter U. S. tax system which operates at cross purposes, encouraging and retarding the nation's productive forces. Income and estate taxes help to redistribute the national income and prevent a concentration of wealth in a few hands. But this salutary effort is nullified by other taxes. High excises (a few of which are due for repeal) reduce consumer purchasing power and industrial productivity by raising prices. Business taxes fall more heavily on individuals, partnerships and small firms than on big corporations. No one has come forth with a programme that is both practical politics and sound economics for getting the Government and its taxpayers out of this tangle.

Does this suggest that economic stagnation must eventually overtake

the U. S.? Not necessarily. This year will see an extraordinary expenditure of \$2,800,000,000 in veterans' insurance dividends injected into the country's economic veins. Among those helped most will be retailers and manufacturers of consumer goods. Then too, the administration is now concerned about the fate of small and medium-sized business, and is trying to develop an investment programme in their interest. It remains to be seen whether

businessmen will be willing to accept the aid tendered them.

So much for the immediate future. Longer range prospects are uncertain because the part assigned to Government is fraught with political confusion. And where there's confusion about such an important factor in the economy, balmy skies are not often to be found.

Today's economic weather and a forecast for the coming years: partly cloudy.—(Copyright).

THEY ARE WORKING ON SEA WATER

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Today the world, and particularly North America, faces a critical shortage of fresh water, for domestic and commercial purposes. The solution may lie in the distillation of sea water, and experiments are now proceeding to this end. One authority claims that if pure water can be drawn economically from the ocean, the world's vast undeveloped regions could be made to bloom like the Garden of Eden.

THE world takes water virtually for granted, but its use is so essential to life, industry and agriculture that world growth will be stopped if more water is not made available. Where is the water to come from? Distillation of sea water has provided an answer, and pressing domestic shortages and high costs of transportation have caused wide-spread intensification of scientific efforts to purify salt water. If the experiments are successful the effect on the economies of all nations would be profound.

New York City is suffering from an acute water shortage. New Yorkers have had to curtail shaving, washing and bathing as city officials warned that reservoirs which hold the water for New York's 8,000,000 residents were perilously close to drying up. The shortage is causing not only disruption of daily household amenities, but threatens to strangle industrial development and sanitation measures necessary to health. Fire protection may be limited as the city faces failure of pressure unless reservoirs can be replenished, and strict conservation measures have been ordered in an attempt to alleviate the situation.

Is the U. S. as a whole short of water? The answer, according to Oscar L. Chapman, is emphatically in the affirmative.

President Truman's new Secretary of the Interior does not believe anyone is going to perish of thirst. But he has warned that "many important sections of the nation cannot expand in population or agricultural production unless we tap vast new sources of water."

Water is so scarce in the picturesque California city of Santa Barbara that residents jestingly call the community "Sahara Barbara." A posse checks water meters to make sure no one is guilty of using more than his fair share.

Los Angeles has invested \$225,000,000 in canals and aqueducts to pipe Colorado river water across 360 lonely miles of sagebrush. This means that the West's greatest city, the home of 4,000,000 men, women and children, must pipe its drinking supply a distance equivalent to that between Toronto and Montreal.

Yet even this long line is endangered. Arizona contends that additional water pumped to Los Angeles will assure a slow, choking death for Arizona fields and orchards which require extensive irrigation. So arid is this immense area that the states along the Colorado actually claim 1,000,000 more acre-feet of water than the surging river pours into the Gulf of California.

What is the West to do? Its population is up 49 per cent since 1940 and still growing. Los Angeles soon must erect barricades at the city boundaries unless the water supply can be increased.

For the first time engineers and public officials are looking at what one of them calls the "West's last water hole." This is the biggest water hole in the world—the Pacific ocean.

Raymond V. Darby, chairman of Los Angeles county board of supervisors, has proposed a reward of \$1,000,000 for the man who devises an economical and practical method for distilling the salt out of sea water. Paradoxically, while Los Angeles fears for its future because of a shortage of water, millions of gallons of water beat on the shores just beyond the city.

But this water means death for the crops on which it might be sprayed, agony for the men and women who might drink it. Can it be purified in enormous quantities?

Mr. Chapman, who recently was put in charge of the West's natural resources, is directing an elaborate programme for the distillation of the ocean. Should this programme equal his high hopes, the entire economy of the world might be changed.

Secretary Chapman has pointed out that important advances in the purification of the ocean were made during World War II. The U. S. navy put numerous garrisons ashore on isolated atolls. The coral and sand of their perch yielded no water. Yet they might be forced to hold off Japanese attackers for weeks and even months. The defenders could get their water only from the sea.

The navy provided its garrisons with distillation units which could produce 250 gallons of fresh water every hour by burning 10 to 12 gallons of diesel oil. Since the end of the war, this equipment has been perfected further. The ratio of water to fuel is now approximately 200 to 1. "This is equal to about \$180 an acre-foot," explains Mr. Chapman.

Santa Barbara has paid as high as \$19 an acre-foot for water to save its parched lawns and flower beds. If the prevailing cost of distilling ocean water could be sliced two-thirds, the principal economic problem facing the U. S. West would be solved. This

is the goal of Secretary Chapman and the scientists in his department.

It requires 65,000 gallons of water to cool a ton of steel after smelting. It takes seven gallons of water to refine one gallon of gasoline. An acre of trees in an orange grove demands 800,000 gallons of water for irrigation. And a normal-sized plant producing synthetic gasoline from shale will need at least 50,000,000 gallons of water every day, seven days a week.

But the water cannot be had. Even along the rainy Atlantic seaboard, the great cities of the U. S. have a difficult time obtaining all the water their citizens require. Wells on Long Island, tapped to increase the drinking supply of New York City, now are 30 feet below sea level and brine has commenced to seep through their casings. In the lush San Joaquin valley of California, hundreds of wells are choked with dust. Peach orchards reliant on them for life have turned into grotesque collections of brittle sticks.

Underground wells are over the U. S. have run dry. A series of artesian wells in the Roswell valley of New Mexico once spouted 9,000,000 gallons every 24 hours. Today the yield is a mere 10 per cent of this, and the region has lost most of its agricultural and industrial prosperity.

California has suggested that the broad Columbia river be diverted southward from Oregon and Washington. The project would cost \$2,000,000,000. Oregon and Washington insist they need every drop in the Columbia for the generation of hydroelectric power. But California, with more than twice the number of people of the other two states combined, insists its needs should prevail.

Bills have been introduced in Congress providing a \$50,000,000 appropriation to construct pilot plants for the distillation of sea water. One plant probably would be constructed on the Pacific coast, the other along the Atlantic's shores. Various methods would be tried, and all kinds of fuel tested.

The largest sea-water evaporation plant now is being constructed on the Persian Gulf to provide 100,000 gallons a day for a group of oil companies. Engineers of the U. S. Government will visit this project to gather data for

the experiments in the U. S. One pound of fuel will be burned on the Gulf of Persia for each 190 pounds of water distilled. Secretary Chapman believes the ratio must be trimmed considerably more than this.

"I suppose a ratio of 190 to 1 is all right if the water is needed only for drinking or cooking," he explains. "But water must be much cheaper when it is used to irrigate farms, cool locomotive plants and soak lawns and golf courses."

Indeed, the shortage of cool, pure water in the Rocky mountain region has been a factor in the extensive acquisition of direct-electric locomotives by the western railroads. These engines do not require water, whereas steam boilers need a huge tank every 30 or 40 miles along the track. Swamp water or water with an alkali bite will corrode the sensitive plates of a locomotive.

In Canada, "findings," taken by the Government's water and power bureau, of glaciers in the Canadian Rockies have confirmed that they are still receding. The Government first began these tests in 1945, and has found the average rate of recession on five of Alberta's glaciers to be 100 feet a year. With the resulting warming of the earth the water supply diminishes.

Canada has nearly 30 irrigation projects planned for Quebec, Ontario, the prairies and British Columbia. Although irrigation has been of some help in certain areas of the prairies, drying-up continues.

Should the U. S. Government's seawater experiments prove a success,

Secretary Chapman points out that the effect on the world would be profound.

"Vast areas of China, Australia, North Africa and the Middle East are potentially fertile," he declares. "They need only fresh water to bloom like the Garden of Eden. If we could draw pure water economically from the oceans, we might provide every person on earth with enough to eat."

Two contrasting methods will be tried in extracting salt from the sea, when the pilot plants are built. The chemical process involves precipitation of the salt and separation of the solid material, leaving pure water behind in vats and trays. The mechanical method consists in boiling the ocean water, and drawing off the pure contents as vapour. The vapour then condenses into water which is as clear as any emerging from a mountain spring.

Government engineers regard it as significant that California, the state with the most aggravated water shortage, is also the state with the longest coast line. Some California valleys have a mere four or five inches of rainfall annually. Compare this with 33 inches in Toronto, 59 inches in Vancouver and 85 inches in Prince Rupert.

California recently superseded Pennsylvania as the second ranking state in population. Engineers and scientists claim that California's chances of passing New York, colossus of the Union, depend entirely on whether or not fresh water can be obtained from the measureless waves of the ocean which beat on California's shore.—(Copyright).

The number of stars in the Milky Way is not uncountable, though it amounts to more than ten thousand millions. It is considerably greater than the number of human beings on the earth. Each star is an immense fiery globe of the same general nature as our sun.

Our sun is just one star in a system of thousands of millions of stars; and that whole system is just one galaxy in a universe of thousands of millions of galaxies.

Our galaxy is, as it were, an oasis of matter in the desert of emptiness, an island in the boundless ocean of space. From our own island we see in the far distance other islands, one beyond another till our vision fails. One of the nearest of them can actually be seen with the naked eye; it is in the constellation Andromeda, and looks like a faint, rather hazy, star. The light which we now see has taken 900,000 years to reach us.—SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON.

SYSTEMS OF ELECTION: THEIR RELATIVE MERITS

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

UNDER the single member constituency system, some members are returned by a minority vote. To overcome this and other defects several alternative methods of voting have been suggested.

The first method is the alternative vote or the second ballot. In this form of election, the single member constituency system would be retained. But the elector, instead of simply putting a cross against the name of a candidate, would place the candidate in the order of preference. Any candidate who secures an absolute majority of the votes on the first count is returned, but if no candidate has a clear majority over the combined votes of his opponents, either a new election is held, or the second choices are taken into consideration between the two candidates who obtained most votes at the poll. Supposing, for instance, that in counting the first preference, the following result has been obtained:

Narasimham (Hindu Mahasabha)	25,000
Sitaram (Congress)	20,000
Anandam (Muslim League)	15,000

and supposing that most of the League voters had given the Congress candidate as their second choice, 10,000 to Congress, 2000 to the Hindu Mahasabha, while 3000 did not exercise their second choice at all, the result will be:

Sitaram (Congress)	30,000
Narasimham (Hindu Mahasabha)	27,000

The result is alleged to be fairer because a majority of the electors preferred the Congress candidate to the Hindu Mahasabhaite.

Under the second, ballot system, a second election is held in such constituencies where the candidates are not returned by a majority vote. But this system is open to the objection that it would prolong the general elections and would add considerably to the election expenses of the candidates. Further, it would be difficult to induce the voters to go to the polling booth for a second time within the same

week and, therefore, there would be a considerable fall in the total vote cast. The advocates of the alternative vote claim that it would, while avoiding the disadvantages of the second ballot, ensure the return of candidates who would command the confidence of a majority of the electorate. Both the methods proposed do not make provision for the representation of the minority groups.

The second method suggested is proportional representation by the single transferable vote. The object of this method is to secure the representation of minorities in proportion to their numerical strength. Of course, it should be said that the larger the number of candidates returned from each constituency, the more possible is it to secure a mathematically accurate representation of minorities. As in the case of the alternative vote, each voter would mark the candidates in order of preference. The difference is, however, that whereas under the alternative vote system, each voter has one vote for one member, under proportional representation, there would be at least three members and each elector would have one vote which would be transferred in the order of his preference. Let us suppose that the city of Madras, which under the single member constituency system would have returned three Congress members, has been formed into a single constituency—for proportional representation requires multi-member constituencies—the first preferences may be divided as follows:

First Count	
Narasimham (Congress)	85,000
Sitaram (Dravida Kazhaham)	65,000
Anandam (Muslim League)	50,000
Venkatesha (Mahasabha)	45,000
Pattabhi (Rad. Democrat)	20,000
Krishnamoorthy (Liberal)	15,000

Three members have to be elected and there are 2,80,000 voters. If any candidate receives 70,001 votes he must be elected because $3 \times 70,001 = 2,10,003$. The fourth candidate would have at the most 80,997 votes. Accord-

ing to the first count, Narasimham (C) has 14,999 votes to spare and let us assume that each vote has equal value. If we divide the surplus among the other candidates we get the following result:

Second Count

Narasimham (C)	70,001
Sitaram (D. K.)	
65,000 plus 200 ..	65,200
Anandam (M. L.)	
50,000 plus 1,000 ..	51,000
Venkatesha (M. S.)	
45,000 plus 100 ..	45,100
Pattabhi (R. D.)	
15,000 plus 13,599 ..	28,599
Krishnamoorthy (L)	
20,000 plus 100 ..	20,100

On the second count no candidate excepting Narasimham gets 70,001. We must eliminate the bottom candidate, Krishnamoorthy, and distribute his second preferences. The result will be as follows:

Third Count

Narasimham (C)	70,001
Sitaram (D. K.)	
65,200 plus 14,000 ..	79,200
Anandam (M. L.)	
51,000 plus 5,000 ..	56,000
Venkatesha (M. S.)	
45,100 plus 500 ..	45,600
Pattabhi (R. D.)	
28,599 plus 600 ..	29,199

In the third count Sitaram of the Dravida Kazhaham Party has secured more than the quota required. Let us distribute his surplus votes as we did in the case of Narasimham and we get the following result:

Fourth Count

Narasimham (C)	70,001
Sitaram (D. K.)	70,001
Anandam (M. L.)	
56,000 plus 4,000 ..	60,000
Venkatesha (M. S.)	
45,600 plus 5,000 ..	50,600
Pattabhi (R. D.)	
29,199 plus 199 ..	29,398

Even in the fourth count, excepting the first two, the others did not secure the required number of votes. So let us eliminate Pattabhi of the Radical Democratic Party and divide his votes to the next preferences and we get the following result:

Fifth Count

Narasimham (C)	70,001
Sitaram (D. K.)	70,001
Anandam (M. L.)	89,000
Venkatesha (M. S.)	50,998

The final result is that the city of Madras which would have returned three Congress members under the single-member constituency system would return one candidate from the Congress Party, a second from the Dravida Kazhaham and a third from the Muslim League. In other words, under proportional representation, the House would reflect more or less accurately, the political sympathies of the country.

The immediate effect of the second ballot or the alternative vote is to encourage the splitting up of parties. Small groups will find it worth-while to run candidates for the first ballot and then bargain for positions in the second ballot. In other words, there would be log rolling. As a consequence, no party will be able to have an absolute majority in Parliament. If the alternative vote had been adopted in England, it was most probable that no party would have had a majority in the House of Commons in 1922, 1924 and 1929. Further, the alternative vote equates the second preferences with the first. It should clearly be understood that a first preference is more important than the second. Therefore, the result is that the election secures the selection, not of the candidate who is approved by the largest number, but of the candidate who is not seriously objected to.

As regards proportional representation, it is argued that under it contact between the members and the constituents would be less close. Undoubtedly it will be. But it is not a serious objection, for the voter votes for the party and not for individual candidates. Again, it is argued that proportional representation is too complicated. It is complicated, no doubt, but it is complicated to the election officer and not to the voter, who merely has to write the number against the candidate's name. Finally, it is argued that the principle of proportional representation cannot be applied to bye-elections. But that is no reason why it should not be applied for general elections.

Proportional representation produces, however, one consequence which may be regarded as bad. The single-member constituency system maintains the two party system. But proportional representation encourages the formation of groups. Under the two party system, the elector

would have to make up his mind to vote for one party or other. That is, he would be voting for that party which he wishes to occupy the Treasury Bench. As the elector would have one vote he would naturally desire to support the Government or the chief opposition party. But if his vote is transferable other motives come into operation. He would wish not only to bring one party in, but would also desire to keep another party out. Thus most Congressmen would prefer a Socialist to a Communist; and most Communists would prefer a Socialist to a Congressman. The ultimate result of this process of elimination and selection is that a number of groups would come into existence. Proportional representation is, therefore, a movement for the encouragement of 'sects.' And if there are more parties and if none of them has an absolute majority in Parliament, the Government would necessarily be a coalition Government. And the coalition Governments formed under such circumstances would not be of the type that came into being in England in 1919, 1931, and 1939. These coalition Governments, though they consisted of the leaders of the major political parties in the country, were stable enough because the parties comprising the Government were united in the pursuit of a common policy which transcended their differences on other issues. But in France and Germany, where coalitions were formed of necessity, because no one party commanded the support and confidence of a coherent majority in the House, the Governments lacked the support of a popular mandate and were subject to all shifts and expedients of political intrigues. Such coalitions were the result of temporary bargains between the leaders of the parties. Very often they were concerned with the improvement of their tactical position more than furthering a vigorous constructive policy. The effect was seen not only in the instability of Governments but in the loss of administrative efficiency and integrity.

Further, the contention that each party has a definite policy and programme, fundamentally different from that of others and such parties would go unrepresented under the single member constituency system is not a valid one. A closer examination of

the principles and practices of the major parties both in Britain and in the U. S. A. reveals the fact that the gulf separating them is one of degree and not of kind. In the U. S. A. it is far from easy to draw a distinction between the Republicans and the Democrats. If great bankers like J. P. Morgan have been mostly Republican, great manufacturers like Myron C. Taylor and hereditary millionaires like Vincent Astor and Marshall Field III supported Roosevelt. No one seriously supposes that either the Republicans or the Democrats have a clear and coherent political philosophy. This appears quite unmistakably if one compares the outlook of Democrats and Republicans in the period of the New Deal. There have been men of ardent progressive outlook in each; and contained reactionaries not less ardent. So the dividing line between parties, whether as to persons or as to principles, is never clear and never straight. In the election of 1944, a Republican, Senator Ball of Minnesota, announced that he would support Roosevelt on international grounds. If one reads carefully the speeches of the candidates in the 1944 presidential election in U. S. A., one must inevitably come to the conclusion that Governor Dewey not only promised to maintain the New Deal of Roosevelt but to administer its principles more efficiently than his rival. Again, if we take the attitude of the American working class, it is still more difficult to understand it. The American Federation of Labour has consistently refrained from formulating any political philosophy of its own. The party outlook of the Railway Brotherhood has not differed very markedly from the party outlook of Main Street. The Congress of Industrial Organisations indeed worked in 1940 and 1944, for the return of Roosevelt. The Garment workers, particularly from New York, are Socialists in their outlook and yet they did not support the Socialist candidate for the presidency but Roosevelt. In Britain, too, Liberal and Tories never thought of revolutionary measures except for purposes of platform rhetoric. It was only after 1922 when Labour occupied the opposition, there was some distinction between the Conservative and Labour programmes. The practical exit of the Liberal Party in England

is owing to the fact that it did not produce a policy substantially different from that of the Government which it had decided to oppose. What has been said of the parties in the United States of America applies equally to parties in India. So the fear that the single member constituency system would strangle the minority parties with a definite political philosophy is not relevant to our present condition. And it is therefore pointless to introduce a system of representation just to enable recalcitrant groups to break away from the existing parties and establish them-

selves into separate entities.

But the over-riding argument in favour of the single-member constituency is that it is more conducive than any other electoral system to the orderly development of constitutional democracy, which requires that there should be, along with a Government currently in power, an alternative to which the voter can turn at the next general election. A two party system is the only guarantee of stability and progress. Electoral systems favouring the growth of many parties will destroy constitutional government and democracy.

LINGUISTIC EQUALITY IN A NEW DEMOCRACY

By Prof. K. N. SRIVASTAVA

THE doctrine of equality, which is the basis of democracy, guarantees to each individual the full realization of his capacities in whatever degree he may be endowed. The preamble to the Constitution of India, therefore, proclaims the equality of status and opportunity of all citizens. The declaration of Fundamental Rights secures to all linguistic groups the right to conserve and develop their language, script and culture. The promotion of one language does not mean the suppression of others. All languages are given equal opportunities to grow or progress.

The right of full realization accorded to linguistic groups assumes a special significance in a multi-lingual country like India or Russia wherein exist scores of living languages spoken by millions of people. The distribution of population is so complex that the realization of the principle of equality of opportunity of all linguistic groups becomes difficult. That struggle may be confined to a community when deciding the medium of instruction at the primary stage; or to a region at the secondary or higher stage—always a conflict between the right of the pupil to have his education in his mother-tongue and the interest of the region for administrative purposes and for building up unity—and confined to the nation resulting in a conflict between the

major linguistic groups. Further difficulties are created by the pockets, i. e. people of distinct language and culture inhabiting compact areas, by fringe areas and big cities and by distribution of dispersed linguistic population.

In India the national language is to serve federal legislatures, federal administration, the highest tribunals of justice, philosophy and science, delegating the function of education and the development of culture upto the highest degree to the regional languages. The regional languages, in turn, are to serve provincial legislatures, provincial administration, higher courts of justice and education upto the highest level, delegating the function of education at the secondary and primary stages to the local tongues.

It is evident how closely the influence of language is connected with educational problems and why it presents the main focus of all educational reforms in the country. An attempt will be made here to show how far and to what extent the policy of linguistic equality is going to materialise in the new democracy we are going to build up in the not too distant future.

The new Constitution lays down that a state may by law adopt any of the languages in use in the state or Hindi for all or any of the official pur-

poses of that state. Therefore the battle regarding the adoption of a common language may be repeated on a regional plane, at least in those provinces where more languages than one are spoken by millions of people until the redistribution of the country into homogenous linguistic provinces becomes a reality. In the East Punjab, for instance, the struggle has resulted in the recognition of two languages. The Hindu leaders headed by Bakshi Tek Chand have not accepted the Hindi-Punjabi proposals which are considered by them as anti-national, being based, according to them, on the two nations theory. The other group which is also in power, having faith in the policy of linguistic equality, has made Punjabi, the regional language in the Punjabi-speaking area and Hindi in the Hindi-speaking area. The medium of education upto the Matriculation standard, according to the plan, will be in the two regional languages. The study of Hindi or Punjabi in the opposite region will be compulsory from the first class of the primary department. Provision has also been made for the linguistic minorities in both the regions to have their education in their respective mother-tongues (to be declared by the child's parents) at the primary stage, provided there are not less than 10 such pupils in a class, or 40 such pupils in the whole school; and the secondary stage, if one-third of the total number of pupils of these two linguistic groups who are not able to build up the strength as laid down in the proposals will, of course, not have their education in the home speech. These proposals do not apply to those pupils whose mother-tongue is neither Punjabi nor Hindi and suitable arrangements will have to be made for their education if a sufficient number of such pupils is available at one place. The proposals have been described here in a greater detail in order to demonstrate how in a democratic country the application of the principle of equality of opportunity for all linguistic groups takes such a complex shape. Difficulties will still be greater in those provinces or states where there are more than two regional languages spoken by millions of people.

What shall be the criterion of judgment to find whether Hindi, the

national language has come upto the mark so as to represent the composite culture or the common language of India? What shall be the starting point or the goal? The expression "common language" pre-supposes a lowering down of the standard of the language in relation to certain areas and vice versa. If Hindi is shaped to suit the Hindi-speaking areas, it will mean a language of very high standard to the non-Hindi speaking areas, particularly in the South. This will put the people of the South on a perpetual handicap in regard to their share in the progress of the country, specially in the federal services. They have taken a leading role in the past in the administration of the country and therefore they are likely to be deprived of that status. As the medium of instruction in the universities will be the regional languages, a candidate educated through Hindi from his early infancy to the highest stage will on no account be at par with a candidate coming from the South educated in his regional language. He cannot acquire so much of proficiency in Hindi as the former could do. A period of 15 years as laid down in the Constitution or even more will not sufficiently help in levelling down such differences. A real competition is possible only on identical conditions when one language is the medium of instruction in all the universities. An endeavour should therefore be made that Hindi occupies an important place in the secondary and higher education of non-Hindi speaking areas.

If the standard of Hindi is lowered down so as to suit the non-Hindi speaking areas, many difficulties may appear to have been solved, but such a proposition will not be acceptable to the Hindi-speaking areas. It is also difficult to break Hindi into two water-tight compartments and to maintain two different forms, one as a language of culture and the other as a language of communication. The Hindi-speaking people cannot maintain two styles in one and the same person.

Another problem which has to be tackled arises from the privileged position assigned to one linguistic group. A citizen of the United Provinces will have to study only one language, that is to say, Hindi, his mother-tongue, his regional language

and the national language, while a citizen of Madras will have to study an additional one. The position of linguistic minorities, for example a Muslim in Hyderabad State or a Sindhi in Bombay will be still difficult because he may have to study three languages, Urdu or Sindhi, his mother-tongue, his regional language and the national language, provided no further demands are made on him to study other regional languages of the province as has been proposed in the Punjab. Such differences are likely to cause difficulties for the pupil and bitterness among the linguistic groups. Such differences may be minimised by requiring the privileged groups like the people of the United Provinces to study one more modern Indian language as an additional subject, preferably from the South Indian group.

The problem of the pupil who is likely to be overburdened with the increasing demands made on him to study more than one language should be tackled from a psychological point of view. He will be required to know the regional language, the mother-tongue, if it is not the same as the regional language, the national language, and possibly Sanskrit or Persian (which was considered in the past by some as an important content of the school curriculum) and English as recommended by the University Commission at the higher and university stage. To overburden the curricula with languages will be to restrict the scope for acquiring real knowledge.

There are numerous proofs showing the extinction of some languages and the gradual extension of others by a historical process. If a superior language in style and content with considerable number of speakers occupies a privileged position upon a somewhat inferior speech, the former is likely to assimilate the other stock and to impose itself upon the other, leading to the extension of its frontiers and virtual extinction of the other. Such tendencies must be checked.

The educational and the administrative policy of the provinces should be so shaped that the linguistic minority group are not compelled by circumstances to ignore or leave their

language, particularly by the inducement arising from the mere fact that the regional language will be the language of courts and administration.

A linguistic minority has been allowed under the Constitution to establish and to administer an educational institution of its choice. Although the right together with the right of receiving help out of state funds without discrimination has been granted, no such occasion should possibly be allowed to arise which may mean in practice double burden on parents, once by the taxation for the public schools and again by paying the expenses of their separate schools. It is the duty of a state to impart education to its children through the medium of that language and script which is theirs, at least upto the Matriculation standard.

It is an agreed principle that the regional language will occupy the same position in the provinces as the national language in the Union. With due regard to the regional languages and their development an effort should be made to see that linguism does not destroy the unity of the nation. This also applies to linguistic groups other than the regional languages.

The problems arising from the application of the principle of equality of opportunity to all the regional languages to serve the universities and high courts will have to be so tackled that the speedy administration of justice is not hampered and that the flow from one region to another of high scientific, technical and philosophical knowledge is not checked. This problem is very complex. Linguistic equality pre-supposes such difficulties and translations at the cost of the public exchequer are unavoidable.

The wounds of the language battle should be gradually healed up and an earnest endeavour be made through the policy of linguistic equality and tolerance to eliminate the feelings of prejudice, discontent and distrust, which had unfortunately developed or which may still be holding the field. It is not a question of appeasement or of lowering down the prestige of one's own linguistic group, but it is a question of psychology which would affect the whole life of the country.

ART AND LIFE IN MALABAR

By E. KRISHNA IYER

MALABAR is an inviting land of varied charm and beauty. If nature has endowed it with stately hills and sylvan glades, its people add to its attraction by their remarkable cleanliness of person and attire, unsophisticated customs and manners, colourful art and culture. Small neat-set temples in the background of forest clad hills, festivals with strictly orthodox rites, processions with gorgeously decorated elephants and all-night shows of Kathakali dance are some of the characteristic features of Malabar. In spite of the changing vicissitudes of our national life and the impact of modern ideas, Malabar seems to be tenacious in preserving its time honoured civilisation intact.

Kollengode is one chip of traditional Malabar. It is by the side of the Anaimalai Hills about seven miles south of Palghat. It has a reputed temple adorning the feet of the hills. The locality goes by the name of *Kasyapa Kshetra* (or Kachankurichi in folk parlance). According to tradition, the idol of Lord Vishnu is said to have been installed and worshipped there by Sage Kasyapa himself. It is noted for its annual festival, which is celebrated with great eclat. The Rajah of Kollengode is the chief trustee of the temple. As a devout Bhaktha, he preserves its traditional rituals intact and takes part too in them. Orthodoxy is so strict there, that not even a prince or Governor can enter the temple with his coat, shirt or shoes on. I had an opportunity to visit Kollengode recently at the invitation of the Rajah and during my four days' stay there, I could see for myself the life, religion and art of Malabar closely on the spot.

Daily processions of the deity after morning and evening pujas, with a row of five to seven elephants gorgeously decorated with gold plated hoods called *Pattams* covering their head and part of their trunk, are the most imposing sight of the festival. In front of these tusked is played the *Panchavadya* characteristic of Malabar and consisting of the chendai, maddalam and eddakkai drums, curved pipes and bronze cymbals. The music of this instrumental orchestra,

with drums predominating, sounds more war-like than sweet or melodious. In the evenings, the devotees are treated to *sakkyarkuthu*, consisting of an exposition of Puranic stories with a rich fund of humour intertwined with spicy running commentaries on social life, public morals and administration. The Ashtapathi songs of Jayadeva of the 12th century are sung daily during the puja time.

On three or four nights of the festival, Kathakali dance-dramas with Puranic themes are enacted as all-night shows in a small improvised pandal on the maidan in front of the temple. They have neither a stage, nor raised a platform nor other theatrical equipment except for a big brass lamp in front to supply lighting. Crowds of people from the surrounding villages witness these shows, squatting on the bare open ground and waking up all through the night and seem to enjoy the same without any discomfort.

The ten day festival concludes with the *Arattu* on the evening of the last day, when the festival idol is purified by a dip in the temple tank and taken back to the shrine in procession. The Rajah too takes his bath along with the deity, dons new clothes and special jewellery and leads the final procession bearing a sword and shield in his hands as the chief *dasa* of his God and commander-in-chief of his people.

Such a festival at Kollengode assumed additional importance this year by the visit of His Excellency the Governor of Madras and his wife, who stayed there as the guests of the Rajah for two days. They evinced a lively interest in all the details of the festival and agreeably conformed themselves to the orthodox customs of the temple.

Besides the art shows at the temple precincts, the Rajah had arranged for two more in his own Vengumad Palace. Kathakali dances by the boys and girls of the Rajah's High School formed the first night's show. It had an educational interest, because this school appears to be the first and only one so far in the Madras State to take advantage of

the inclusion of Kathakali and Bharata Natya as optional subjects in the bifurcated course of School Final studies and to give training in music and Kathakali. Mr. Subramania Iyer, the headmaster, is very enthusiastic about it. "Kaliyamardhana," "Kuchela", "Girls' Brigade" and other shows given by the students of the school were interesting and the Rajah and his school authorities deserve congratulations on the success of their educational experiment.

On the second night, the professional Kathakali troupe of Kettakal, which had been engaged for the festival season, treated the distinguished guests to two or three dance-dramas. Their "Kalyana Saugandhiyam" and "Uttara's Swayamvara" were of a high order, with elaborate and meaningful gestures and amazing facial expression. Their costumes and make-up were in their quaint orthodox style, with little reference to the natural contour of the human face or body and reminding one of the uncanny eeriness of the masked dance figures of the elder folk art. Their *kireetams* and head gear were grand and imposing.

Of all the dance systems of India, Kathakali of Malabar is noted for its masculine power and vigour. Bharata Natya as developed in Tamil Nad, on the other hand, is subdued and delicately suggestive in expression and replete with feminine elegance in its combination of alluringly artistic poses and kaleidoscopic rhythmic patterns. But the full significance of Kathakali expression, especially in its lengthy dialogues, can be fully understood only by those who have knowledge of the Malayalam language and the meaning of hand gestures. All the same, Kathakali is a great art and its real worth can be discerned only by observing it in its natural setting in Malabar as expounded by well trained experts.

Nowhere else perhaps are elephants put to such useful and intelligent work as in Malabar. Each elephant does the work of fifty men and as such, notwithstanding the great cost of their maintenance, they are a source of wealth and profit to their owners. In addition to their ordinary field work in estates and hills, they are extensively used also for

decorative purposes in festivals and processions. In such functions they seem to behave with almost human intelligence. It was a sight to see one tusker straining its massive body to push on a huge temple car in the midst of a surging crowd. This elephant, called Ayyappan, is about 55 years in age and majestic in appearance. It is reputed in Malabar for its power, intelligence and clever work. It is said to be very able in dragging out wild elephants from the catching pits and taming them. The Rajah of Kollengode is very fond of elephants and particularly proud of his pet Ayyappan, whose services he lends freely and gladly for festival purposes.

Malabar women enjoy a unique status. Their simple white dress adds to their natural charm and beauty. They wear no costly jewellery. *Marumakkathayam* is the law of succession there, by which the sister's son is the next heir of a property holder. So, the sister occupies a high status. Among such women, the Kollengode Raja's sister, the Senior Ranees, appears to be remarkable. Stately in figure and looking younger and more active than her age, she commands the respect of all by her tact and agreeable manners. She knows Tamil and English well besides her mother-tongue Malayalam. She is a keen connoisseur, critic and patron of fine arts and is herself a painter of no ordinary ability. Some of her paintings are worthy of being displayed in any art exhibition. She is an engaging conversationalist and it was a pleasure to converse with her on matters of art. The Vengunad Palace is replete with artistic wood-work also.

The Rajah and his sister were lavish in their hospitality and they helped us greatly with their engaging informality, to see and understand what all had to be observed and studied in Malabar. On the whole my four days' stay at Kollengode as their guest was not only enjoyable but also instructive, as it enabled me to see for myself the interesting life, religion and art of Kerala in their natural surroundings and traditional set-up. It was an experience worth having by any true art-lover.

Short Story

CASHMERE SHAWL

By G. S. BHARGAVA

THE toot of the car awakened Laxmi from her reverie. Immediately she rushed to the mirror hanging on the wall, combed her dishevelled locks, patted her rosy cheeks with the powder puff, arranged the sari and ran into the other room to alert her husband. It is the doctor's car which has taken a turn into that street towards their residence. The doctor and her husband, Prasad, are great friends.

They were classmates from childhood till the pre-graduation stage, when they had to part company. Those were the days of Gandhiji's Non-co-operation movement, when both the 'doctor' and Prasad gave up their studies and plunged into the movement. Together they had also gone to gaol, six months of companionship which had cemented their lives more than the earlier twenty summers of intimacy.

While in jail, both of them had vowed to remain unmarried, to boycott the 'foreign system' of education and to dedicate their lives to the service of the country. But fate had so conspired that neither of them could keep the vow in full. A few months after Prasad's release, his mother suddenly fell ill and wished to see her only son settled in life before she died. She turned a deaf ear to his entreaties and pleas; she could not see her only son remaining unmarried and the family perishing progeny-less. Whether she convinced him or not, she made him marry Laxmi, her own brother's daughter. But the second part of the vow, Prasad resolutely kept. He refused to cross the threshold of the college and wound up his studies.

The 'doctor', on the other hand, was compelled by his father to continue his studies. It was pointed out that all the leaders of the national movement, including Gandhiji, were products of the same system of education. Many of them had even studied

abroad and did not give up education mid-way. Moreover, several of his student-colleagues in jail had also rejoined schools and colleges. The movement had concluded and the boycott was no longer in vogue. Ultimately the father and son arrived at a compromise; the latter would go in for the study of medicine, become a doctor and serve the country through serving its millions. The humanitarian utility of the profession served to mitigate the stigma around the system.

The disparity in their educational and social status did not, however, affect the close friendship between the doctor and Prasad. They still remained the good chums they once were. But, by virtue of his position, the doctor became a prominent figure in the public life of the town. He was also elected to the local municipal council, while Prasad remained what he was, a poor Congress worker. But, to his credit, the doctor stuck to his vow to remain in single-blessedness as resolutely as Prasad kept the other part of it.

As the doctor entered their building, Laxmi ran back into the inner room. In the new red shawl he was wearing round him, the doctor's well-built, though dark, figure looked very attractive to her. In return, she felt the warmth of his glances on her cheeks, on her neck, scanning the whole body, lingering at the soft spots. Her whole body blushed.

"How do you like this Cashmere shawl; I bought it yesterday!", she heard the doctor ask.

"Oh, it is good! But it must have been pretty costly," Prasad replied disinterestedly.

"Don't mind the cost. It is not much. If you like it, you take it," the doctor said. Laxmi was struck by his generosity and largeheartedness.

"I have ceased to like or dislike things, long ago. But tell me how much you paid for it," Prasad insisted.

"Not much, comparing its quality and texture. Only 150 rupees."

"One hundred and fifty rupees? Not much!" Prasad interjected. Then followed the usual sermon on the poverty of the people and how that amount would have sufficed for the maintenance of a whole family for full one month. This description made the doctor feel guilty. He was reminded that he had not kept his vow and was rolling in wealth and comfort. Though both he and Prasad had not kept a part of the vow, in the context of his present prosperity, he felt more guilty.

Laxmi was sad at the turn of the conversation. She grew angry with her husband for cooling down the enthusiasm of his pal and responding to the latter's kind-heartedness with his usual cynicism. Reclining on the bed, she thought for herself. What was there in Prasad, frail, oldish looking man with a cynical outlook on life, to attract the doctor so much? Was it really for him and his friendship with him that he called on them so regularly? Or was it for anything else? Could it be for HER that he was coming so often? Had he seen her closely; did he want her? She was reminded of the warmth of his glances she felt on her body, as soon as he entered the building. She looked at herself in the mirror. Did she look attractive? Though she had no jewelry to boast of, her figure was agreed to be charming. When she was studying in the school, many of her classmates had pronounced her a beauty. Some of the naughty boys used to follow her also. A wave of pride swept down her spine.

Before the dawn of the New Year, the crops are harvested and the produce assessed in cash or kind. The new moon preceding the New Year is the deadline for transactions in the new crop. Prasad's cousin in the village collects the revenue for him and sends it to him. Every year he used to get it at least a month in advance of the New Year Day. But this year it has been delayed and there is no prospect of getting the money before the festival. In spite of their modest wants and austere ways of living, there are certain inescapable New Year Eve commitments which require

ready cash. Laxmi would forego the luxury of a new sari for the occasion but the goddess could not be dispensed with thus. It is their family tradition to offer new clothing to the goddess every new year. It should not be broken.

So she prevailed upon Prasad to approach the doctor and seek a small loan from him. He was at first very reluctant to ask the doctor; in spite of their close association he had never so far sought any pecuniary favour from him. But the compulsion of circumstances made him give in and he set out to see the doctor at the latter's dispensary that evening.

Laxmi sat thinking. She tried to imagine how different her life would have been, had she married the doctor. Her youth and charm would not have been wasted thus. She had nothing but compassion and pity for Prasad. He was a nice man but suppressed desire had had its repercussion on his psychology. It was not possible for all people to lead such a life, to curb desires and wants. While in the material world it was not possible to be not of it. Her pulse throbbed with new desire. Warm blood gushed into her veins. She felt she had suddenly, just then, become adolescent.

The train of her wishful thoughts was disturbed by the toot of the car. It was the doctor's car. He was coming there when Prasad was not at home. Her heart beat fast. Before she could get up from the chair, the car had already stopped at their door. It was dark all round. Engrossed in her reverie, she had also forgotten to light the lamp. In the dull star-light, she could only see the Cashmere shawl with its bright red colour twinkling in the night. She ran towards the door, and meeting him half-way, put her arms round his neck and closed on him in a tight embrace. "He has gone to see you only. . . . You have come at the right time," she was muttering in an ecstasy of emotion.

"The doctor, he is, such a loving friend, he compelled me to accept this shawl as a New Year gift. He has also given a sari for you. . . ." Prasad was explaining, dumbfounded.

THE INDIAN SCENE TODAY

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

INDIA today presents a pretty dismal picture, with scarcity of essentials, the ineffectiveness of the Governments and the general deterioration in the conduct of the public. The three are closely interlinked and have their interaction on one another. The tremendous enthusiasm with which the new state was ushered in stands today in striking contrast to the general cynicism of the people. It is an evidence of the rapid disillusionment that followed in the wake of independence. Nor can all of it be laid at the door of partition. Two factors in particular have contributed to this gloomy situation—the collapse of the political leadership built up by the Congress and the stalemate in the administration's executive machinery. The obsolete governmental machinery designed to rule and not to serve, the lack of imagination in most of the personnel that run the machine, its impersonal attitude to human problems amounting at times to callousness, all add up to the prevailing national despondency.

It seems hardly necessary to list these various cynical symptoms that almost everybody is familiar with—the useless din of oratory from the ministers, the slovenly character of governmental procedures and their inability to deal with corruption either within its own framework or that of trade and business; the group rivalries and personal quarrels amongst the politicians of the party in power; the weakness and precariousness of provincial ministries devoid of staying power and their lack of courage and competence that prevents their coming to grip with pressing problems.

This state of affairs is having very unhealthy repercussions on the general public. People are seriously questioning the benefits of freedom. One may as well challenge the wisdom of taking food, if after eating the wrong thing one develops a pain inside. One may question the existing system of government, even the usefulness of the kind of parliamentary system we have adopted wholesale. For it is by no means the only form of democracy nor the last word on representative gov-

ernment. We may look for an experiment with other forms which may prove more suitable. But it is dangerous to push the argument further and stretch the verdict to dismiss the principle of democracy itself, as the tendency is today. It is essential to remember that the prevailing system and democracy are not necessarily interchangeable. The functions of democracy too have changed from time to time, and the last word has by no means been said. But to question democracy itself is to doubt the efficacy of freedom and all that goes with it; the sovereignty of the people, the concept of the state as an expression of the people, supervision of the executive power, the government and its responsibility to the nation, the guarantee of civil and personal rights of the individual and other allied matters. What is essential is to examine whether the prevailing order satisfies the conditions of democracy, that is whether the Government reflects the needs and demands of the people and if not, then to investigate the cause.

The period of the freedom struggle in India was marked by considerable revolutionary urge and the masses rallied round it eager for big economic and social changes. Gandhiji's advocacy of a state based on social justice lent authenticity to the political movement as a procedure of its establishment. The Congress assumed in their eyes the shape of an instrument of social change. But once this political leadership got into the saddle it began to play for *status quo*, for that, in its mind, became synonymous with law and order. It became oblivious to the fact that where a revolutionary urge is prevented from fulfilling itself, disruption follows from inactivity. What keeps up the public morale is movement, advance, creation. The fear of big changes that affect the present political leadership in the Government betrays its mental make-up as being bourgeois, an inanimate unmovable sector. For the bourgeois is always alarmed at the popular upsurge which, to it, signifies hostility. For it apprehends power slipping out of its hands. All its past and present

slogans of a kisan-mazdoor raj become empty shibboleths—giant prospects turned to mere dust and ashes. Under such a lead, every attempt to rally the public reduces itself to an appeal to the bourgeoisie who can only be moved by the instinct of self-preservation and resistance to change. The force that still commands the modes of thinking and procedures of these traditionalists is battling to preserve an obsolete philosophy which, with each passing year, becomes more laden with disasters. The principle of unity which is so essential in party-rule, becomes in this case mainly negative, an attempt at preservation of the *status quo* and the continuance of the existing order. The bond that is formed of a positive and forward looking programme is absent in this instance. It is this bond, fashioned out of a common creative effort, that Gandhiji had sought to forge through his constructive programme and it explains the strong emphasis he put upon this activity as the very bed-rock of our political life. In the former case what discipline can be worked up in a party is out of fear. Absence of any group inspired by idealism and lack of team work, gradually leads to the weakening of governmental policies and inability of the administration to act effectively. A facile tendency develops to meet every difficulty with doubtful and precarious expedients requiring the minimum of effort or sacrifice and to run away from every compelling situation calling for bold action because they require firmness of conviction and courageous action. These are the characteristics of bourgeois conservatism.

A political body that looks upon a radical measure as risk must equally and for similar reasons fight shy of youth, for it characterises audacity. A popular movement always brings forth a fund of youthful energy and leads into play an immense reserve of youthful energy; popular organisations do not shrink from youthful

leaders. The political leadership in India on the contrary has always set great store by age and accepts, with stray exceptions, the slow methods of hierarchical promotion and is careful to preserve intact the rigid ladder of ranks and age.

It now seems as though the energy and drive which this leadership could generate has well nigh been exhausted in the half a century of the national political struggle. A governing class that feels it can maintain its cohesion only at the cost of inaction and can survive only if it can avoid any big changes, is incapable of either adaptation or using the fresh rising energies of the people. It is this that makes the present crisis like that of food weigh so heavily on us. The food drive cannot be an isolated action. It comes in the complex context of the general economic affairs in our country. Only an all round effort at transforming the current scene and renovating the faded picture, can galvanise people's imagination and enthuse them into action.

The adulteration, corruption and decay are all of a piece, the triumph of individual interests at the cost of that of the community at large. If we probe into the scandals, we find often enough a collusion of business and politics, which is characteristic of some sections of the present leadership. This is not determined by the worldly possessions of a leader but by the mental make-up. This decadence is reflected in everything including education which is marked by a steadily worsening grade of products, which has meant a decline in intellectual vitality. The wheel thus moves in a vicious circle. Acutely conscious of our own paucity and troubled by a subtle sense of inferiority, we try to augment our importance by drawing on the past, indulging in lyrical emotionalism on the ancient glories and try to compensate for the void by presenting ourselves as unique.

A teacher had explained to his class the Law of Gravitation. He said it prevented people from falling off the earth. When he had finished, he invited questions.

"Please, Sir!" asked one of the boys "what kept them on the earth before this law was passed?"

REPENTANCE

By Dr. N. Venkataramanayya

THE celebrations connected with the annual Vasantotsava festival were just over. That year the festival was performed with greater éclat than usual. A large number of scholars, poets, and philosophers assembled at Vidyanagara to participate in the celebrations. Several new kavyas, dramas and treatises on the theology and philosophy were published on the occasion. Timmanna completed the Kannada Mahabharata of Kumara Vyasa; Dhurjati won the applause of the poets by feasting their ears with readings from his great poem, Kalahastimahatmyam; the court-musician Bandaru Lakshminarayana expounded the theory of the Karnataka music in his Sangita Saryodayam; Haridasa demonstrated the superiority of Vaishnavism over Saivism; and his own play, the Jambavatikalyana, which was put on boards for the first time, proved an unqualified success. At the Madanotsava in the Madhuvana on the other bank of the Tungabhadra, the most beautiful women from all parts of the empire, the queens of the samantas, princesses of the various royal families, wives of the amara-nayakas, besides renowned courtizans from Kataka, Bedadakota, Kanchipuram, Tanjore, Madura, Kozhikodu, Goa and many other places gathered together and contributed to the success of the festival. Nevertheless, Krishnaya was not satisfied. In spite of the magnificence which characterized the celebrations that year, it appeared to him that there was a lack of something which caused him dissatisfaction. As he sat in the majjana-sala (bathing hall) on a low golden tripod, extending his arms to be massaged by the two lady masseurs who stood on either side, he began to probe his mind to discover the cause of his discontent. It appeared to spring from two sources. First, Chinnadevi, or, as he always loved to call her, Sanga, was no longer with him. Like a lightning illuminating the sky on dark wintry

nights, she came into his life and after brightening it for a short while she vanished into space leaving an empty void behind. She was the most womanly woman and queenly queen. Though Death had seized her long before her time, he was as much in love with her on that day as on that memorable evening twenty four years ago, when he first saw her at a fete in the court of his late brother, the Emperor Viru Narasimha, and fell for her. The void in his heart caused by her untimely death still remained unfilled. None of his other queens could take her place. Tirumaladevi was haughty and selfish; Annapurna though surpassingly beautiful was shallow and stupid; and Kamaladevi who possessed some of Sanga's qualities, had neither the wit nor the vivacity of the dear departed queen. What specially recalled Sanga to the mind of the Emperor was the ability with which she usually conducted the festivities at the court. She had a genius for organizing festivals, and making the inmates of the antahpura—queens, princesses, ladies in waiting, maid servants—feel that the success of the celebrations depended on every one of them individually.

Second, Krishnaraya felt the absence of Timmarasayya specially while presiding over the deliberations of the learned. Though his mind was filled with hatred towards the old Prime Minister, he could not fail to remember the service which the old man used to render him on such occasions. His judgment and discretion were rarely at fault. In estimating the worth of a poem or the value of a work of art he was indeed marvellous. While rewarding men of letters and artists, though he was strictly guided by merit, he displeased none. To everyone small or great, mediocre or talented, he had an appropriate compliment to pay, by which the impression was produced on their minds that the Emperor was their special friend and patron. A regrettable incident which happened during the literary

festival made the Emperor painfully aware of the absence of the old Prime Minister. While complimenting Haridasa for his skilful exposition of Vaishnavism, he said something at which the Saivas were offended. Though he attempted to please them by a lavish distribution of gifts, they went away secretly nourishing a grudge against him in their hearts. Timmarasayya, were he there, would have managed the affair differently.

These memories of the past made Krishnaraya pensive and he gradually fell into a reverie. The present was completely obliterated, and the forgotten past, as if by the touch of a magic wand, returned to life. Though he was the leading actor in all the scenes of his past life which passed before his mind's eye, he witnessed them as a disinterested spectator observing a dramatic performance. Of all the past incidents of his life, the picture of one was so real and true that for the time being the observer and the observed merged together completely.

"Akkayya, Akkayya," cried the parrot flapping its wings in great excitement against the gilded bars of the cage, "Our bava has come. Akkayya, Akkayya, where are you? Won't you come to welcome our beloved bava?" as the door leading into the second kakshya of the Bharativilasa bhavana in the Soolai Bazaar slowly opened, and Krishnaraya stepped into the abhyantara mantapa. Sounds of hasty footsteps were heard on the floor of the room above; and a moment later Sanga ran down the stairs, and sweeping into the mantapa threw herself upon the bosom of the Emperor, sobbing, "O! beloved, I—I thought that—that Your Majesty would come no more."

"Why, darling, why did you think that we would never more come? Who put that idea into your little head?"

"Now, Sire, you are the Emperor,—"

"Yes, what of it?"

"And I am a common courtesan."

"Who says so?"

"I, my lord."

"Then?"

"O! Sire, I love you, I love you. Though I am a common courtesan, love has entered my heart. You won't come to see me hereafter; you will not talk to me nor even look at me any longer. Dear me! What shall

I do? Oh! Oh! my heart is breaking."

"Sanga darling, whatever is the matter with you? Are you mad? The soiled clothes, the dishevelled hair, the sunken tear-strained eyes, the wild looks and the unkempt appearance, all seem to indicate that you are very nearly demented."

"Not very nearly, my lord, but wholly. How can it be otherwise with me, when the lord of my heart abandoned me like a withered garland?"

"Abandoned you? Far from it. You are dearer to us now than ever before. We mean to keep you with us always?"

"How so, my lord?"

"What prevents us from following our own inclinations?"

"Inexorable custom, my lord. Your Majesty is no longer a mere prince, in whom nobody is particularly interested, but the sovereign of the mighty empire of Vijayanagara, the monarch specially consecrated to protect our ancient Dharma. True, I can always remain with Your Majesty, not as your lawful spouse, but as one of the vast herd of courtezans who infest the court. Your Majesty cannot marry a courtesan's daughter and make her your queen."

Before, however, Krishnaraya could avow his intentions, the door communicating with the front kakshya opened again and a maid servant thrust in her head. The Emperor cast at her an indignant look of enquiry; and she said in reply to his mute question, "May it please Your Majesty, the Sarvasira Pradhana Timmarasayya is in the mogasala."

"Timmarasayya?" asked the Emperor, "What has brought him here?"

"He has come," replied the maid, "in search of Your Majesty."

"Tell him," said Sanga intervening in the conversation, "that His Majesty is not here."

The maid, as if pulled back suddenly from behind, withdrew from the passage, and made way for Timmarasayya who seemed to have followed her from the mogasala without waiting for permission to enter. As he emerged from the passage, Sanga stood up hastily, and moving towards a swing-cot hanging from a beam by four massive silver chains in the centre of the hall, requested him silently with the motion of her out-

stretched hands to be seated thereon. Timmarasayya, however, declined to comply with her request, and excused himself by saying, "A servant, madam should not presume to sit in the presence of his sovereign". Krishnadevaraya who was more embarrassed than annoyed by the intrusion of the Prime Minister on his privacy asked with a trace of reproach in his voice, "Appa, why have you come here?"

"In search of Your Majesty Sire," replied the Prime Minister.

"Why, has anything untoward happened? It is not yet two ghadis since we parted from each other in the council chamber."

"Nothing untoward has happened, Sire; but something may, if we abandon caution. Danger is lurking in every corner of the city; and it is not quite safe that Your Majesty should come out alone in this manner unattended."

"But Appa, we believe that there is no real danger. Due to the great affection which you bear to us, you perceive danger where it doesn't really exist. We never thought of this visit until it came to our ears casually that this lady was desperately afflicted; and we were so circum-spect and wary that our absence in the palace would hardly have been noticed, nor our movements outside were such as to attract attention."

"Yet, I knew it; what was known to me could not have been unknown to Your Majesty's enemies."

"How could it have been known to you all, when I didn't even think of it?"

"The proof of it, Your Majesty, is that I am here, and that some suspicious characters lurking about this place have been arrested some two ghadis ago by Jangamayya's talaris."

"Really? You all seem to be wizards. How could you know about my visit, when I myself was not aware of it."

"The fact is, sire, Your Majesty's visit has been carefully planned: and Your Majesty is the only person who knows nothing about it."

"You surprise us, Appa. Who has planned this visit? We heard casually the conversation between two palace maids, and being concerned about this lady's health we came here at once. Our visit was not premeditated."

"The conversation, Sire, which Your Majesty is pleased to consider casual

was, indeed, deliberate. Some one who knows Your Majesty's great partiality for this young woman persuaded the chamber maids to talk about her health in Your Majesty's hearing; and what followed was automatic."

"What for?"

"To inveigle Your Majesty to the Soolai Bazaar, and deal with you either in the street or here as they deemed fit."

On hearing this Krishnaraya became indignant. Turning with a look of fury towards Sanga, he asked her in a thundering voice, "How now, my lady, is this how you show your great love towards us?" Sanga was utterly dumb-founded. She never expected that her meeting with the Emperor would bring ruin and disaster on her. She believed that his visit to her was not prompted by anything but the great love which he cherished towards her. In great fear, she began to tremble from head to foot. Tears welled forth from her eyes. With a desperate effort she gained some measure of control over her perturbed mind and sobbed out, "O! My lord, I swear, I swear by... by Your Majesty's feet, I-I know nothing about all this. I am innocent." Her miserable condition caused distress to Krishnaraya and his heart was touched. Though he was inclined to believe in her innocence, he still kept on his stern appearance and demanded, "If, as you say, madam, you are really innocent, how can you account for the discussion of the chambermaids in the court about your present condition?"

"I swear, my lord, that I know nothing. I don't know how the chamber maids came to take an interest in my health, unless my mother, who left me after a heated argument this noon, happened to repair to the antahpura and speak about it."

"You had a heated argument with your mother? Wherefore, madam?"

"About my marriage, Sire. She, wanted me to give up the idea. She is of opinion that in the altered circumstances there is no chance of marriage, therefore as a sensible girl, I should follow the profession of our caste. I could not agree with her. I said that where genuine love is involved, circumstances, however unfavourable, did not matter; and that

if Your Majesty thought differently I would rather devote my life exclusively in the service of the Lord of Tirumala than follow the profession of my caste."

"No courtesan," interposed Timmarasayya, "ever likes her daughter to wed; and the advice tendered by your mother must not be lightly set aside; but, madam, what has His Majesty got to do with your marriage? The permission of His Majesty is not needed for you to wed."

"Everything, Appa. We promised to marry her; and we mean to carry out our promise, if she is really innocent."

"This young woman, Sire, is certainly innocent; I came here not because I had doubts about her; but I suspected that unbeknown to her, her old mother who frequents the palace of Tippaji Amma Garu might contemplate some mischief. However that may be, Your Majesty cannot think of marrying her."

"A promise, Appa, is a promise, though given to the daughter of a courtesan. We can't retract our plighted word."

"Impossible, Sire. No occupant of the Diamond Throne ever wedded a harlot's daughter."

Krishnaraya blushed, and a look of intense pain came into his eyes. Nevertheless, he observed, without losing equanimity, "A rose, Appa, blooms on a thorny bush; yet it smells sweet, and is valued above all the flowers. We intend to pluck the flower without getting entangled in the thorny arms of the bush."

"He who sits under a palmyra tree is accused of drinking toddy, though he only drinks milk; a courtesan's daughter can never be anything other than a courtesan, though a king weds her."

"May be. Our hearts are united in love; Life without Sanga is void of all interest. We have therefore decided to marry her."

"Your Majesty is quite determined?"

"Quite."

"Then, it is to be a choice between the sovereignty over the Empire and the marriage with a courtesan's daughter."

"How so?"

"Your Majesty has to reckon with the opposition of the nobles. The

right of the dynasty which Your Majesty represents, to rule the Empire is not recognized by the bulk of our nobility. The Salugas, the Sambetas, the Cholas; and the large host of Kannada chiefs are in deadly opposition. Many are in open rebellion; the others who are kept down by force want only a pretext to throw off their allegiance. Besides, the Aravidus, the only family of nobles who had been loyal to his late Majesty the Emperor Vira Narasimha, will be estranged from Your Majesty if this marriage were to take place."

"We are not unaware of the hostility of the disloyal nobles and the troubles they are likely to cause; but Appa, what can we do? We are desperately madly in love with her; we can't live without her. We promised to marry her, and we are determined to do so in any case."

"Another fact, Sire, which I mention with hesitation, must not be ignored. A false rumour that the blessed Nagala Devi, Your Majesty's mother, is of humble origin is set afloat; and interested parties are trying to make capital out of it."

"That is a lie; the tongues of those who give utterance to it must be cut."

"Politics thrives on falsehood; wisdom dictates that we should not by our action lend colour to it. We must proceed with circumspection so that we may not play into the hands of our enemies."

"Nevertheless, Appa, we have made up our mind. We don't want the kingdom; we'll abdicate; please make Achyuta, Emperor."

Sanga who remained a passive listener of the debate between the Emperor and his Prime Minister broke her silence and protested, "No, Your Majesty should not sacrifice the throne for my unworthy sake. I release you, Sire, from your promise of marriage. Though, as pointed out frequently by His Excellency, the Prime Minister, I am but the daughter of a courtesan, I am not selfish."

"But, Sanga," said the Emperor, "is not my love enough for you?"

"Enough and more, Sire; but don't give up the throne; it is a gift of the gods. As for me, I'll be satisfied with the position of a humble maid servant in Your Majesty's palace."

Timmarasayya saw that the Emperor was bent on marrying Sanga and

no useful purpose was served by arguing with him. To place Achyutaraya upon the throne was to invite disaster. The prince, though possessed of the martial qualities common to all the members of his family, was weakminded and capricious. He could not be expected to protect the empire which was assailed by powerful enemies from all sides. Krishnaraya was the only prince who could safeguard

(To be continued.)

MARSHALL PLAN: SUCCESS, OR FAILURE?

By M. S. P.

THE Marshall Plan has run half its course and is to end in another two years as at present proposed. When in 1947 this plan was formulated and put into execution, the authors of the plan had two aims in view. The first and the more important aim from the short-term point of view was to prevent a complete economic collapse of the West European countries and to repair the great harm done to their economies by the war. The second aim, which was not less important from the long-term point of view, was the restoration of balance in international trade, which had changed beyond recognition from its pre-war pattern. Another aim, which was not clearly conceived at the time the plan was inaugurated but which has taken shape since then, is to bring about the political and economic integration of Europe. The Council of Europe and the proposed European Payments Union are the first steps in this direction. An attempt is now being made to realise the third object alongside of the other aims of the Marshall Plan, but the plan is not the chief instrument of bringing it about. The importance of a closer union among West European countries arises from the fact that such a union is expected to facilitate the achievement of the second aim, viz., the restoration of balance in world trade. But we cannot judge the success or failure of the Marshall Plan by the success attending the efforts to bring about a European union. It is only reasonable to estimate the achievements of the Marshall Plan only on the basis of the

the interests of the empire and chastise its enemies. He therefore resolved to yield to the wishes of the Empire, and said, "The course suggested by Your Majesty is out of the question. Achyutaraya is, no doubt, an excellent prince, but he has no will of his own, he is a plaything in the hands of his favourites; and nothing but disaster could come from his accession to the throne."

progress it has made towards the other two objectives.

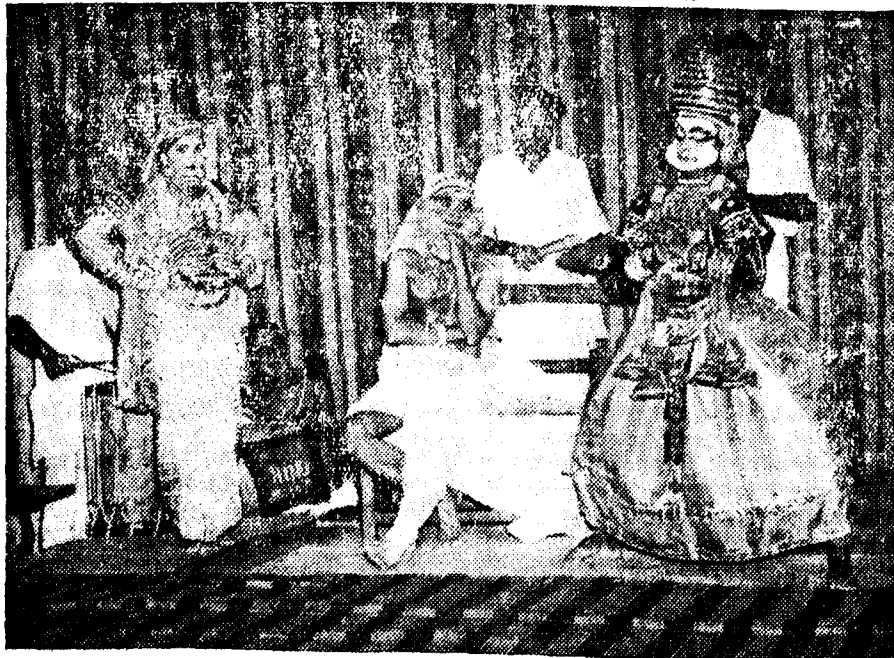
Regarding the first of its objectives, the Marshall Plan has proved enormously successful. Not only has the reconstruction of the war-shattered economies of West European countries proceeded at a rapid pace and has now been almost completed, nearly every one of these countries has surpassed its pre-war production level. Europe's industries are now producing 15 per cent more than before the war, while some countries like Britain are producing 30 per cent more. Agricultural output has also been restored to its pre-war level. It can, therefore, be said that in this respect the Marshall Plan has succeeded far beyond all expectations.

It is when we turn our attention to the other aim, viz., the reconstruction of world trade, that the shortcomings of the Marshall Plan become clear. The central fact of the present imbalance in world trade is the worldwide dollar shortage, which the Marshall Plan has temporarily overcome by liberal U. S. aid to Europe. A permanent solution to the problem lies in expanding Europe's exports to the dollar market; but all attempts to bridge the dollar gap by this method have failed. This is because of the nature of the dollar shortage, i.e., the causes giving rise to it. Moreover, changes in the pattern of world trade that have taken place over a period of nearly a century and the havoc wrought by two world wars cannot be rectified in a few years. It is reported that American aid to Europe may be

continued even after 1952 when the Marshall Plan comes to an end. This must be due to a realisation of the fact that the dollar gap cannot be bridged without some sort of American assistance at least for some time more to come. The Marshall Plan has not, therefore, been very successful in its progress towards its second objective. This is not to say that the plan has failed completely in its task of restoring equilibrium in international trade. Aid under this plan has been successful in staving off a complete breakdown of world trade and has maintained temporary equilibrium. Besides, it has helped West European countries, by enabling them to regain and surpass their pre-war levels of production, to increase their exports and has thus been successful in reducing the dollar gap to manageable proportions. The 9 billion dollar defi-

cit of 1947 has been reduced to 4 billions, and it is expected that this will fall to 1 billion in 1952. But this is still very far from complete success in restoring equilibrium in world trade.

The final judgment on the Marshall Plan at this stage must be that in repairing the war-shattered economy of West Europe, it has produced excellent results. The reconstruction of Europe could not have been carried on more quickly and production could not have increased more in such a short time. The other aim—the restoration of balance in world trade—has not been accomplished because it involved questions far beyond the scope of the Marshall Plan. Even so, some progress has been made in this direction also. This aim will not, however, be realised unless the U. S. does something more than merely extend dollar aid to Europe.



A scene from "Kuchela" a Kathakali Dance-Drama enacted by the trained dancers of the Kollengode Rajah's High School.

VILLAGE LIFE VERSUS CITY LIFE

TWENTY years ago, when I was about to pass out of High School, a popular subject for school-boy debates used to be "Village life is better than city life."

I also remember that it was considered idealistic and, by some strange logic, also highly patriotic to support this proposition. Youthful, pale-faced, town-bred orators, who had never spent a single day in any village, would wax eloquent in praise of the supposed delights of rural life, recite verses from Wordsworth and Tagore, and never tire of quoting clichés like "Simple living and high thinking."

Since then I have heard the same school-boy arguments repeated *ad nauseum* by those grown-up school-boys, our national leaders, who are always exhorting city-dwellers to go "Back to the village"—but refusing to set an example themselves! They tell us that the very air in the cities is poisonous and foul, while heavenly fresh breezes blow in the village—but for themselves they prefer the physical comforts and conveniences available in the city, such as electric fans, air-conditioning, refrigerators, lifts and limousines, to the alleged spiritual glories of simple village life!

THE PEOPLE DECIDE

Is village life better than city life? Is it, really?

The debate has been going on—in school debating halls, in the press and on the public platform. Orators, juvenile and senile, not to mention poets and producers of rural romances on the screen, have done their best to romanticise and glamourize the life in the villages and to present it in the most favourable and flattering light.

And yet the proposition has been lost by the overwhelming vote of the people, the village folk themselves, who in their tens of thousands, year after year, month after month, day

after day, are migrating to the cities. They certainly *do not* believe that "village life is better than city life." Or they would not leave the "idyllic" village and come to over-crowded, noisy, dirty cities!

Have a glance at the comparative population figures of any city—Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi, Kanpur, Madras. The population of each of these cities has at least doubled during the last ten or twelve years. Where have all these millions of new city-dwellers come from? From the small towns and villages, of course! And why? Because, consciously or unconsciously, they felt dissatisfied with their rural or small-townish environments and felt impelled to try their luck in the city.

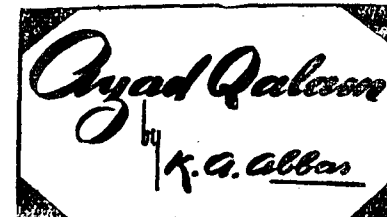
Such large-scale migrations of people cannot take place without fundamental economic, social and psychological reasons. The trek to the city cannot be stopped or slowed down unless these reasons are probed into and rural life readjusted accordingly.

Why do village folk leave their hearths and homes, their families and life-long friends, and

come to the city with its heart-breaking indifference, preferring to sleep on a city pavement rather than in their village huts? Why? Why, indeed?

What exactly constitutes the fabulous "lure of the city" that, magnet-like, draws millions to the bosom of the city?

The moralists would point to the "sinful" ways of the city exercising a devilish fascination for the simple souls from the villages. The classic pattern of a certain type of novel, play and film (including a film actually called "Lure of the City" or "*Shahar ka jadoo*" used to be; A simple-minded farmer's son comes to the city, gets involved with "evil company", falls under the spell of a dancing girl, forgets about the village and his family, and ends as a drunken sot in the gutter—ultimately to be saved and redeemed by devoted wife, sweet-



heart or friend. The last fade-out inevitably showed him returning home, disillusioned and chastened. Back to the Village! Back to Nature!!

That, of course, was fiction "with a moral." In actual life, there are few such cases of disillusioned "city-dwellers" returning to the ancestral homestead in the village. Once you are in the city, you remain in the city, however much you may detest it. Ten years ago, I remember meeting a sensitive young intellectual from up-country who had come to Bombay on some business. I asked him if he was staying on and he vehemently denied any such intention. "I hate big cities," he categorically stated, "I hate all this hustle and bustle and noise and money-grabbing that goes on here all the time. I am going back to sleepy little Dehradun." Ten years have passed—and he is still right here in Bombay! The irresistible "lure of the City," you see! But even if he wished now, he can never again go back to "sleepy little Dehradun," for Dehradun is no longer "sleepy" or "little." It is fast becoming a flourishing, thriving, noisy city!

WHY THEY COME TO A CITY!

The main factor in the "lure of the city," however, is mainly economic—and that, too, a negative one. It is not that the city pavements are paved with gold or that jobs are to be got in plenty; there is unemployment and misery enough in the city, but the conditions in the villages are worse. In the village not only is there no employment—but *no hope!* In the city there is hope—even, if in ninety cases out of hundred, it ends in despair and frustration. Economically and socially, the village is a blind alley—there is no hope or possibility of escape—while the city is a maze in which many are lost but at least a few do emerge successful. The difference between the village and the city is that of floundering hopelessly in the ocean or trying to save oneself in a leaky boat. No wonder so many take their chance in the leaky boat!

Not all the platitudinous and hypocritical lectures of well-fed, city-dwelling leaders would have the slightest effect on the phenomenal rush towards the city—unless and until the social and economic reorganization of the rural areas ensures a better life for the villagers.

The economic ruination of rural

areas caused by the excessive pressure on land, fragmentation of holdings, exploitation by landlords and money-lenders, decline of cottage industries, is the main cause for the migration of millions towards the cities. But I believe there are other factors also involved. To symbolize the "lure of the city" in the person of a temptress is, indeed, to over-simplify and even to distort the reality. But there is no doubt that, apart from the economic factor the city offers the temptation of certain other advantages and amenities which normal mortals cannot easily resist. Nor are these attractions merely sensuous and "sinful," as the moralists like to believe.

Specially speaking, a young man finds life in the city freer and far less restricted by the many taboos, traditions and superstitions which cramp his existence in the village. It is not generally recognized that, more than cinemas and theatres and glittering shops full of fancy luxuries, it is the cosmopolitan atmosphere in a city that casts a spell on the migrants from the village.

Higher education, of course, is an exclusive monopoly of the city, as most of our villages boast only of a primary school. Sometimes not even that!

How many of us realize that, far from being a "paradise on earth" flowing with milk and honey, many of our villages do not provide even the most elementary human need of drinking water and thousands of our brethren in the villages have to slake their thirst with muddy and slimy water from some infected puddle. Even this week, a drought is reported from many villages in the South and in some places drinking water is selling at three pices for a cup. Is it any wonder that, disregarding the advice of the leaders (who drink refrigerated *ganga jal* out of silver tumblers), so many villagers prefer the municipal water-tap in the city slums?

One must go and live in a village—with no roads, no railway station, no post office, no hospital, no newspapers, no radio, no cinema, no library, no school, no sanitation, no drainage, no lavatories—to fully realize the dull, drab, difficult, monotonous and colourless life that our rural folk are forced to lead. The surprising thing is not that some of them decide to migrate

to the cities but that many more don't.

And if conditions, economic and social, in the villages are such that the villagers themselves are taking the first opportunity to migrate to the cities, what hope is there of inducing young men from the cities, doctors and teachers and engineers, to go and live in the villages? Every now and then, specially in convocation addresses, leaders and Governors and Ministers advise the fresh graduates to go and serve the country in the villages. But I challenge any of these leaders to set an example, to settle down in a village or at least to send their own sons and daughters to live and work in a village. (But then in the life of our national leaders, the gap between preaching and practice has always been very wide—e.g. they inaugurated national centres of education but sent their own sons and daughters to English schools and colleges!)

It is both desirable and necessary that the present mad rush towards the cities must be checked; it is important that youthful talent must flow back to revitalize rural life; it is essential that villages must not be deserted and cities over-crowded. But this desirable consummation can be achieved not by airy advice but by squarely facing the fact that modern man, in India as elsewhere, has come to regard certain amenities of civilized and cultured life as necessary for his existence and he demands them, whether he lives in the city or the village. So long as these basic features of modern life—communications with the outside world through road, rail, post, telegraph and radio, sanitation and medical treatment, and entertainments like the cinema—are not made available in the village, the educated youth will prefer to starve and rot in the cities rather than go to the villages. And the mass trek to the city will continue.

HOW TO SAVE THE VILLAGES

Since, already the pressure on land is too great in India, it is also necessary that not only should the methods of agriculture be improved but industries should be started in rural areas, so that industrial employment is available to the villager, without the necessity of his crowding the already over-crowded cities. Indeed, the double process of industrialization and

modernization of villages is mutually complementary.

If further over-crowding of cities is to be avoided, and villages saved from extinction, the Government must undertake a scheme for planned dispersal of industries. If good road and rail communications are available, factories and mills can be located in the country-side, and not necessarily in Bombay or Calcutta or Kanpur. Tatanagar and Kirloskarwadi (in Maharashtra) are two examples which prove that such a plan should be successful.

Both in America and U. S. S. R., dispersal of industries in rural areas has been effected with remarkable success and the modern trend is towards restricting congestion in the larger cities by diverting industrial activity to the countryside.

That is the only way to save the villages—to provide them with scope for industrial employment and civic amenities!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"WASHINGTON: Vice-Admiral Merline O'Neill, U. S. Coast Guard Commandant, said that the Pakistan ammunition shipment which exploded in South Amboy, New Jersey, last Friday, had been exempted from a recent ban against such consignment."

"SYDNEY: The Commonwealth Conference on aid to South and South-East Asia has decided to lend the Communist-menaced nations £15 millions grant for technical assistance."

"SAN FRANCISCO: Addressing the Chamber of Commerce, General Omar Bradley revived the cold war and predicted that Russia would probably have enough atomic bombs in a few years to deliver a 'devastating blow anywhere'. To meet this threat he set forth a four-point programme."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

NEW DELHI: The Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru described the office of a Minister as a "bed of thorns." He said: "I am surprised why some people long to be Ministers. I do not know of a job more difficult or troublesome. This is a prison house—a bed of thorns."

KANPUR: With the object of purifying the Congress of undesirable elements, four local Congress leaders have gone on hunger-strike in the city. It is said that the leaders were upset by the lust for office shown by members of the organisation....

WHAT TO EAT AND WEAR?

By C. RAMANUJACHARI

WHAT to eat and what to wear is daily the main concern of most of us today and in some cases the sole concern; and to this is devoted most of our attention and thought. Those who are less fortunately placed in their life are not however so much worried about these as the better circumstanced ones, as there is little for choice in their case. If they get something to put in and something to put on, they are satisfied and their problem of the day is easily solved. Different is the case of the other, the well-to-do; picking and choosing occupies much of their attention and time. It is not that these questions should not claim any attention at all; but they are gradually absorbing undue attention.

A person with the unquestionable pre-eminence attained by Gandhiji can easily over-ride conventions; and for his innate worth, he will be accepted anywhere and in any form he may choose to appear. The difficulty is not so much even with reference to custom-ridden conventions in dress as with reference to the elusive and uncoded rule of 'fashions.' Choking collars, heavy dress unsuited to climatic conditions, tight-fitting garments, costly clothing are blindly used without any corresponding benefit. National requirements are set at naught. Adoption of anything alien becomes a craze. That simplicity has its own peculiar charm is often forgotten. The urge to acquire inner worth is gradually losing hold on our people. The more we feel inwardly the less will be our desire for the outward show, the deeper and nobler the life.

Gandhiji has brought back to us, both by precept and example, the ideal of simplicity. His gospel of khadi, whatever it has done or not done, has performed this great service to the country—of introducing simplicity in dress and avoiding needless finery. He has arrested in a measure the ruinous waste, economic and otherwise, of showy dress. The more his sway, the surer will be our return to simplicity in dress.

The problem is even more serious in the case of the womenfolk of South

India. They are naturally more beset than men by the desire of dressing for a "show-off." The ruination of several middle and lower middle class families can easily be traced to this disposition. Every little opportunity, every minor function is avidly seized by the ladies for enriching their wardrobe. The upper classes forget that they have a duty in this respect of setting a good example with their self-denial and adoption of a simpler type of dress. North Indian ladies of the upper class have already set such an example. The educated Indian lady has brought down somewhat, extravagance in jewellery which even a decade ago was often noticeable. It is also to be hoped that she would set her face against wastage of money on costly sarees.

Restraint and control of the senses can be achieved only by a hero. Of the senses which delude man the tongue is the most potent. It starts operating the earliest and leaves man the last; and during life, it is the most tenacious. He who conquers the sense of taste conquers everything. When the Guru was approached by Sri Chaitanya for giving him *sanyasa* the Guru doubted his fitness and strength of will to control his senses. In order to test Sri Chaitanya, the Guru placed a lump of sugar on his tongue and when he found the tongue remained perfectly dry, he unhesitatingly ordained Shi Chaitanya.

It must not be forgotten that our food largely determines our propensities and tendencies. To achieve certain objects, certain types of food have to be eschewed. The Sanskrit maxim "Hita Bhuk; Mita Bhuk" (Eat that which is suitable and that moderately) is not always followed. The Uddhava Gita lays down, "Worship the Atman with eatables, considering them as offerings to the Lord—not as satisfying the palate." Our Acharyas have laid down the rules (Ahara Niyama) for regulating the food to be taken—which should be taken and which discarded. Everything needed to lead us in the right path is there; the mind alone in its weakness still yields to temptations and gets caught in the snares laid by the senses and suffers.

THE RULE OF LAW

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE English Constitution embodying perhaps the best type of democracy, is said to rest upon two fundamental principles, the supremacy of the central authority and the supremacy of the rule of law. The rule of law means nothing more than the subordination of all subjects and races to the ordinary law of the land, or as one writer has succinctly put it, every official from the Prime Minister to the constable is under the same responsibility for any act done without legal justification, as any other citizen. An obvious defect of the French Republican Constitution is that in addition to the ordinary law of the land, there is a system established by Napoleon, known as the *Droit Administratif*, which prescribes an altogether different set of laws for public servants: in consequence, the State and its servants possess special rights not subject to the control of the ordinary courts and enforced by a separate agency of administrative courts. The English rule of law grew as an antithetical force to the executive prerogative of the kings and was evolved after considerable agitation and struggle spread over several centuries, dating from the Magna Charta in 1215. Perhaps its most important offshoot in the political sphere had been the impeachment of Warren Hastings in 1785. In England we witness three phases of development. First, the executive controlled the judiciary when the judges were puppets of the king, which was bad enough. Next and nearly as bad was the control by the Rump Parliament in 1649 leading to the execution of Charles I. In modern times the judiciary has effective control over the executive, and courts can review the proceedings of the State departments, at the instance of private individuals.

The rule of law is not foreign to Hindu jurisprudence. Of at least one Chola king it is stated that he put down his own son to death for running over a calf. In the early days of the company administration, it was very much in vogue. Latterly, however, the official acts of the Governor and his Cabinet and all revenue collecting activities as well as what were

known as the Acts of State in regard to the annexation of the Native States and certain privileges of Indian Princes, were exempted from the cognizance of the courts. The new Constitution has, however, made a clean sweep of all these restrictions and Section 226, which may be said to usher in the rule of law, enables the High Court to issue directions, orders or writs against any person, or authority including the Government. The principle is not easy of application and eternal vigilance is its price. Take, for instance, the recent enquiry against certain Madras Ministers. Some of the allegations relating to the issue of permits, licenses and loans to the near relations of Ministers have been condoned in view of certain extenuating circumstances; but it is extremely doubtful if the same conclusions would have been reached, had the parties been permanent Government servants subject to the Government Servants' Conduct Rules.

The rule of law makes for the judicial control of executive acts, that is to say, the courts review the acts of the administration to ensure the requirements of natural justice whenever its decisions adversely affect the rights of individuals. The machinery for enforcing this jurisdiction is by means of writs. A writ, literally speaking, is a command issued in the king's name from the High Court to the State or the individual, directing them to do what is right or just or to compel performance of public duties or to enforce private rights withheld by public officers. Being part of the royal prerogative, it is still a discretionary remedy in England, but according to the tenor of the Constitution Act it is a statutory remedy in India, available not merely for enforcing the fundamental rights but for other purposes as well.

The Constitution provides for five writs:—Habeas Corpus, Mandamus, Certiorari, Prohibition and Quo Warranto. Habeas Corpus (meaning "Produce the Body") writ is available against the State or any person who deprives an individual of his personal liberty without legal justification.

In any system of public administra-

tion, there are, generally speaking, four institutions: (1) judicial bodies, (2) quasi judicial bodies, (3) public bodies, and (4) public corporations or officers. Broadly stated, the writ of certiorari can be invoked against the first three of these whilst the writ of Mandamus is operative in regard to the last. The writs of Prohibition and Quo Warranto, also styled the disciplinary writs, may be enforced against courts and public officers alike. Now any person aggrieved by the decision of a judicial body, namely, an ordinary law court, can appeal to a higher tribunal in the hierarchy and get matters set right. But there are a certain number of judicial bodies whose decisions are rendered by the legislature as "final" or "conclusive," thereby shutting out the normal channel of appeals. To this class belong, for example, the judgments of the courts in election disputes and rent control proceedings. The High Court can, however, interfere with these decisions by means of a writ of Certiorari. The writ is also employed against the decisions of quasi-judicial bodies like the Board of Revenue, and the Religious Endowments Board which are lay bodies but discharge judicial functions. Finally, there are the public bodies like the Road Traffic Board and other licensing bodies which attend to certain specified administrative functions. In regard to these bodies, it cannot be said that they perform only purely administrative or ministerial duties. But to discriminate between a judicial and a ministerial proceeding of these bodies, is often not an easy process. Certain tests have, however, been laid down. A judicial decision is reached after hearing the evidence which is given on oath and after arguments on either side are heard and it is given upon a consideration of the facts and the circumstances, ultimately imposing a liability on one or other of the parties. Similarly, supposing a public body arrives at a decision on these lines, supposing there is a proposal and an opposition thereto and finally a decision is given which operates to the detriment of one of the parties. Then this is regarded as a judicial decision capable of correction by the High Court by a writ of Certiorari at the instance of the aggrieved party. Public bodies are however not expected to observe minutely the for-

malities of law courts, but there are certain minimum legal requirements to which they should conform. They should observe the principles of natural justice and their decisions should not be capricious or arbitrary. Supposing a Road Traffic Board assigns a particular route to one amongst several applicants on the toss of a coin, then the decision though bonafide would not be upheld by the courts. Recently, the Madras High Court set aside a decision of the Central Traffic Board which was arrived at by a "meek and supine submission" to the orders of the Government. The writ of Certiorari is applied not only to the proceedings of inferior judicial tribunals where the decision is without jurisdiction or discloses an apparent error of law but also to any body of persons determining questions affecting the rights of the people which, having to act judicially, act in excess of their legal authority.

The writ of Mandamus is issued against public corporations and officers to enforce statutory duties and rights and compel them to carry out their obligations, that is to say, compel performance of public duties and enforce private rights withheld by public officers without just cause. This is a particularly valuable writ protecting the citizen's rights and privileges and since its free exercise would interfere with the day to day administration, it was thought expedient to circumscribe it within the narrowest limits. Hence Section 45 of the Specific Relief Act has laid down stringent conditions. But under the new Constitution, these restrictions have no place and are as good as abrogated.

The writ of Prohibition restrains all inferior courts from taking cognizance of matters arising outside their jurisdiction or whenever the judges therein become interested in the subject matter. The Quo Warranto writ lies against any person claiming or usurping any office with a view to enquiring on what authority he came to occupy that office.

These writs furnish a special and important type of litigation, and through them the common man is brought very near to the courts; and it may also be said that there is no wrong of his which is without a remedy. It is perhaps inevitable that

in respect of proceedings of this sort the courts may come into conflict with the executive in its day to day administration; and it is possible too that in the initial or transitory stages the courts will be flooded with litigation of this type. For one thing there is no statutory definition of the ambit of these writs and for another the courts will have to rely on precedents, mostly English and American. It will

however be prudent to codify this branch of the law in a manner safeguarding the interests of both the State and the citizen, and it is up to our jurists, judges and lawyers to evolve a formula which will carry out the intentions of the Constitution Act adequately without at the same time losing sight of the fundamental implications of the rule of law.

GOVERNMENT'S LANGUAGE POLICY

By R. SRINIVAS IYENGAR

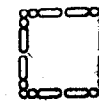
The Madras Government's educational policy in respect of languages came in for vehement criticism in the welcome address of the Chairman of the Reception Committee and in the special resolution adopted by the Tamil Festival Conference. The Chief Minister who opened the Conference felt embarrassed, did not explain the factors that led to the Cabinet's recent decision, but assured the Conference that the Government would modify their decision in accordance with the will of the people. The Press note on the language policy, like the ones on teachers' private tuitions and service after retirement, betrays lack of skill in draftsmanship and of clearness and is open to criticism and improvement.

It seems to me that the intention of the Government cannot be, as explained in the welcome address, to allow certain pupils to take Hindi as the first language and give them the privilege of studying two languages only even as the ex-Minister for Education permitted intensive study for Tamil for those who did not wish to study Hindi. The Government wanted to afford protection to the minorities who may wish to study Sanskrit and whose mother tongue is different from the regional language. Pupils who want to study Sanskrit may otherwise have to study four languages, and schools have found it difficult to provide for the teaching of Sanskrit in the present curriculum. To obviate this difficulty and remove the additional strain on the part of these pupils, the option of the classical language in the place of the regional language has been allowed. The distinguished speakers at the Tamil Conference pleaded no hostility to, but supported the study of Sanskrit. By granting this concession to

a very small percentage of the students in order to lay the foundation for preserving the precious heritage of Indian culture, I believe that the progress of Tamil language will not be hampered. We do not have many pata-salas for studying Sanskrit outside our educational institutions; and the study of Sanskrit has to be woven into the fabric of our educational curriculum. Every secondary school and college should make provision for the study of Sanskrit.

Again, the resolution passed in Tamil at the Tamil Festival refers to the fact that the mother-tongue is a compulsory subject of study in all civilised countries. The Government's recent order respects this elementary right of the citizens whose mother-tongue is not the regional language. This protection of the interests of the minorities is necessary in a multi-language province. I fail to see how these two concessions would adversely affect the advance, status and prestige of Tamil.

The devotion to Tamil has to be cultivated by better organisation of the content and methods of teaching Tamil in schools and colleges and, I wish, to see the day when the medium of instruction in our colleges and universities is the regional language. I was shocked to read Pandit Nehru's recent message to the Indian Students' Union, London, "that Hindi, India's national language will soon become the medium of instruction in our universities." I am sure that Hindi will not be allowed to usurp the place of English or the regional languages in South India as the medium of instruction at the university stage.



SIDELIGHTS : :

The act of government we are called upon to ratify and submit to is, in its essence, no more than an act of self-interest by men who, if no mythical authority stood behind them, would have a hard time of it surviving in the struggle for existence. These men, in point of fact, are seldom if ever moved by anything rationally describable as public spirit; there is actually no more public spirit among them than among so many burglars or street-walkers. Their purpose, first, last, and all the time, is to promote their private advantage, and to that end, and that end alone, they exercise all the vast powers that are in their hands. Whatever it is they seek, whether security, greater ease, more money or more power, it has to come out of the common stock, and so it diminishes the shares of all other men. Putting a new official to work decreases the wages of every wage-earner in the land. Giving an official more power takes something away from the liberty of all of us: we are less free than we were in proportion as he has more authority.—H. L. MENCKEN.

FROM correspondents' letters and sufferers' accounts, a horrible pattern has emerged of police activity in Guntur and Krishna districts by way of tackling the Communist menace. The police officials have taken to compelling every male resident of the villages of these districts, of ages ranging from 15 to 50, to form batches and mount guard in the nights at strategic points supposed to cover the ingress and egress of the dreaded Communists. Compulsion robs even palatable things of their pleasant taste. It was not surprising, therefore, if after a fatiguing day's work nobody enjoyed being called upon to forego the night's rest and take on police duties, especially when those paid for doing them were in all probability having a comfortable time of it, sleeping soundly in their beds.

Our police, like our Ministers, do not tolerate criticism, much less resistance. But the merciful limelight that beats on the Ministers, limiting to some extent their powers of inflicting injury, does not extend to the police in the interior wilderness of the mofussil. There are now large areas

in which the absolute powers of the police to do whatever they like with the lives of the people, are not modified in the slightest degree by fear of the consequences. It was not always thus. In the days of British rule, the police derived power from an alien authority which could not completely afford to ignore public opinion. The eyes and the ears of the Congress were then very vigilant to note police misdeeds and advertise them with due publicity from a thousand and one platforms. But now without changing their characters in the least, the police have gained the support of the Congress in full. The net result of it all has been to leave the people out of towns without any protection at all against the police.

While the Communists have gone on, looting and killing, the Ministers, not having grit enough even to inspect the infested areas without police protection, seem finally to have concluded that the way to deal with the trouble was to give more powers to the police. Never at any time in British Raj were the police so free to loot, raid, terrorise and kill as they now are in the Congress regime. Unable to discover the haunts of the Communists, they expect others to succeed where they failed. They beat people for not disclosing to them the whereabouts of wanted Communists. Whether their victims are wilfully withholding information in their possession, or possess no information at all, does not at all seem to trouble the police. They enter houses at will at all parts of day and night, drag out the inmates, and behave as if they were a licensed inquisition subject to no law. On pretext of buying spears and torchlights they collect money for which no account is rendered. There is one answer to all daring to raise the voice of protest against their tyrannies is to beat them soundly.

Sardar Patel made a proud boast last week of the strength of his Government to meet all eventualities.

what does strength consist? Is a Government strong that allows its police to run amok taking the law into its own hands? In less than three years Congress Ministers have made such a mess that economic distress has increased, nepotism has become rampant, administrative justice has ceased to count, merit has become discredited, efficiency has declined enormously, and mass apathy has become the order of the day. The worst of the misrule is to be found in Andhra villages where, under the coercion of Communists, police, political gangs and ministerial pressure groups, there is no safety for anyone who wants peacefully to mind his own business, and everyone is forced to seek the shelter of participation in the play of the faction flourishing fiercely without intermission. The Ministers have no touch

with the people. The people have no respect for the Ministers. The ominous disruption of the Communist menace hangs like a dark cloud over the atmosphere. But the police are dreaded even more than the Communists. Congress rule has become completely divested of hope and credit in the public mind. The glamour of a few great names like Nehru and Patel still survives, but more through force of habit than in intelligent estimation of measures and policies. The huge inroad made by present disillusionment on the credit of national leaders is making their assets dwindle at such a rapid rate that it is highly improbable they will last for very much longer. Even in a police State order cannot be maintained without public co-operation. Nobody in Government seems to know how to make the public co-operate.—SAKA.

POLICE RAID WORSE THAN COMMUNIST RAID

A VICTIMISED STUDENT'S ACCOUNT

ON the night of 8th May, 1950, a posse of special armed police raided this village (Pedanandipadu), and woke every male member, asking them to assemble at "Kutcheri Chavady" to attend an emergent public meeting at midnight. I had been to a picture that night and I had to follow with the others at the order of the police. The sub-inspector and the circle-inspector spoke to the villagers saying that the Communist menace had spread to this village. They asked the villagers to hand over the Communists, and warned them that otherwise they would be severely lathi-charged. Four or five persons mentioned a few names. The rest of the villagers were then ordered to be lathi-charged. Irrespective of their employment or profession, they were so charged twice, each time for five minutes. This was continued until a majority of the villagers came forward to shoulder the responsibility of

handing over the absconding Communists. This they did as they were unable to bear the lathi strokes. I myself, a student of Guntur, could not escape being beaten on my back and shoulders, though I told the officers that I had come to the village for the vacation and that I had nothing to do with the village affairs. Several teachers also pleaded in the same way but to no purpose. The scene on the morning of 9th May was ghastly. The whole village is now in a panic. People have come to feel that a Communist raid was better than this merciless police raid.

I request the authorities concerned to enquire into this brutal action of the police beating the innocent villagers at night. People will lose their faith in the Government and the Congress itself if such raids are repeated.—N. R. K. (Pedanandipadu, Bapatla Taluk, 10th May 1950).





STROMBOLI

(R. K. O. RADIO)

FEW Hollywood actors and actresses escape the stultifying compliment of being 'typed.' I guess Roy Rogers will one day have to die in harness or the American public will feel they have been cheated. Robert Alda is established—as the sleek, sophisticated heel, Ava Gardner is the irresistible siren, Spencer Tracy, the man who could do no wrong (and look what happened to him when they cast him differently in *Edward, My Son*) and Van Johnson the darling boy next door, Betty Grable is the super "cheesecake" and Peter Lorre the purest sadist of all sadists. But now that 'versatility' is becoming a much-used word in Hollywood, the temptation on the part of producers to 'type' starts or stay them 'typed' is receiving more and more opposition from the stars themselves.

There are some actors and actresses, of course, who, given a role as set and cheap as a cliché will mould it into a masterpiece. To this category belong Jeanne Crain and Olivia de Havilland.

And Ingrid Bergman. She has taken on roles as different as tile and glass. Joan Madon (*Arch of Triumph*) and Joan of Arc have nothing in common except their Christian name. Her role in *Stromboli* is different from anything she has done before.

Karen (Ingrid Bergman) is an Austrian refugee whom the tide of war had washed up in a displaced women's camp near Rome. In a desperate desire to get out of the camp she marries a young Italian soldier prisoner (Mario Vitale). She leaves with her husband to his village, Stromboli, a little fishing island west of Italy. The rest of the film is taken up with Karen's unhappy efforts at adjusting herself to her new life on the bleak, rugged island including a second bid on her part for freedom and a final realisation of her duty and destiny.

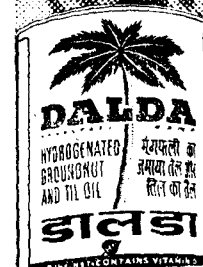
The story is not up to much. There is a minimum of dialogue. There are no clever touches, flash-backs, pretty speeches, high drama or low comedy. In a word, there is nothing which one might call attractive or pleasing. But Karen's dumb misery, her apathetic hopelessness, brittle as the dry, hot rocks of Stromboli, makes you say to yourself: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

Stromboli is, I think, typical of the films which are now coming out of Europe in various languages, French, Italian, Spanish. In Hollywood the tendency still runs towards padding films with the dramatic twist or the homely touch, romance, rough, tough and passionate or soft and tender like a bar of sentimental music or the inevitability of poetic justice or the working of the long arm of coincidence. But war-ravaged Europe sees life with eyes from which illusion has been washed away by tears, if its films are any indication. Its past is buried under the rubble of its shell-shattered homes, its present is riddled with passports, visas, permits, points and customs and hunger hedged in by threats of worse things to come, its future lies in the speeches of people it does not know, not in human hearts. But hope dies hard and out of a flicker here and a glimmer there the stark, naked, real drama of Europe's present reaches out to people all over the world. It is not beautiful, but there is in it the reflection of the spirit of peoples, a spirit which has been murdered but refuses to die. *Stromboli*, the island, is symbolic. In it the people live between the volcano and the sea.

Ingrid Bergman is magnificent. No attempt has been made to prettify even the heroine of the story. She looks big-boned, her face lashed by wind and weather, her clothes just anybody's. But she acts with a depth of insight and an exhausting nervous energy. The end of the story, unfortunately, is in the nature of an anti-climax. We sit on the edge of our seats and are prepared for anything, for Karen to reach her destination somehow, for the volcano to lap her up with its hungry tongue of lava, but she spends the night on the mountain-side and wakes up the next morning exclaiming "What mystery! What beauty!" And we find it difficult to smother a laugh.

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represented in the Government at the Centre. Such an omission militates against commonsense and democracy. It is a cause of great dissatisfaction to the Andhras.

M. RAMESWARA SARMA.
Bangalore.

Unlicensed Coolies on Station Platforms

Recently, I had the misfortune to travel in a crowded electric train with my sister and engage one of the unlicensed coolies at Madras Park, my destination. The cooly was detained at the gate by the ticket collector after I had passed a few yards. On my asking what the matter was, the ticket collector shouted that I should not have engaged an unlicensed cooly and that I must take the luggage from the police to whom the cooly and the luggage would be handed over. He refused to allow me to have the luggage transferred to a licensed porter.

After a lot of unnecessary discussion, I was made to pay excess fare for the unlicensed porter to retrieve my luggage on the spot instead of through the police. Had I been travelling alone, unaccompanied by a lady, I would have preferred to go to the police and see to the end of it. Anyway, I cannot understand this new method of bringing home to passengers that they should engage only licensed coolies. After all, the unlicensed porters' presence on the platforms means slackness of the railway staff—and I cannot see how the poor passenger can be penalised for this.

If this is an isolated case of an ignorant ticket collector's action, the railway would do well to educate them in the proper way. If, on the other hand, it is the policy of the administration to collect excess fare as part of their drive to enforce the engaging of only licensed porters, it hits the public hard and should be discontinued forthwith. Essentially, it is the responsibility of the railway to ensure through its servants paid for it, the elimination of the presence of unlicensed porters on the railway premises.

'A PASSENGER'

Ambathur.

Thefts In Kavali

We have several house-breaking offences in and around Kavali. The criminals of Stuartpuram arrive by No. 34 Cocanada Coach at 10 p.m. They conspire with local settlers and commit thefts overnight and leave the place by 3 a.m. by No. 9 Down. The railway authorities have practically no check over these offenders in these midnight hours.

The local police are straining every nerve to trace the offenders but with little success. The railway authorities will be well advised to stop train No. 34 at Ongole and extend No. 29 to Kavali. This may prevent the free joy ride of the cri-

minals who are next to the Communists of border areas.

M. V. KRISHNA RAU,
Pleader.

Kavali.

Rayalaseema Famine Relief Fund

The Rayalaseema Famine Relief Committee was formed some seven years ago under the presidentship of Sri Narayana Vittal Sayane. The late Konda Venkatappaiah Pantulu was also on the committee. He did yeomen service to Rayalaseema.

Due to differences between the President and the General Secretary of the committee the fund which was collected to Rs. 29,000, remains unused even to this day. Out of Rs. 29,000 collected, a sum of Rs. 5,000 was donated to Ananda Ashram on the recommendation of Sri Konda Venkatappaiah Pantulu. Some argue that the balance of Rs. 24,000 need not be utilized for famine relief. Others argue that the fund may be utilized for the enhancement of education for Andhras remaining in Bombay.

Let the members of the committee realise that they should utilize the fund for Rayalaseema development purposes. For Rayalaseema is backward in literacy. Let them institute scholarships or promote Khadi schemes in Rayalaseema.

G. M. GANGANNO.

Yemmiganur.

The Communist Menace

The Government should see to it that no one is made a scapegoat of by scheming persons taking undue advantage of the tenseness of the situation and venting private grudge by dubbing as Communists those that really are not, but have incurred the displeasure of this or the other man.

R. BALASUBRAMANIAN.

Tanjore.

Schools for Writers

Mr. K. Rama Rao, Editor, "The Searchlight," in the course of his inaugural address at the recent U. P. Journalists' Conference, pleaded for the opening of schools of journalism.

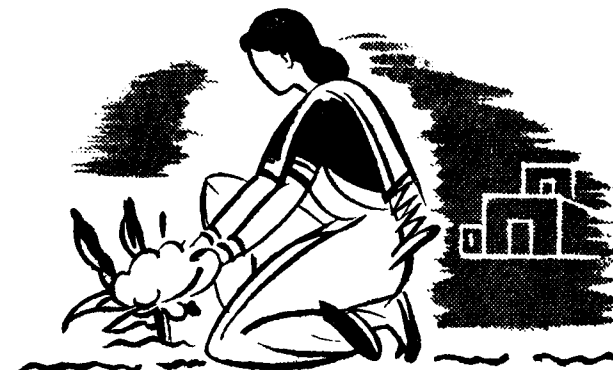
It is regrettable that such a leading state as Madras which possesses great newspaper organisations does not have such schools. In this direction Bombay has the Horniman College of Journalism.

Our university diploma course in Journalism is subject to certain restrictions. This fascinating art of writing should be treated like music and should not be bound by rigid restrictions. I request the authorities concerned to establish a school for journalists and also to institute a university certificate course in journalism for the benefit of those who are not degree holders.

A. SAMPATH KRISHNA.



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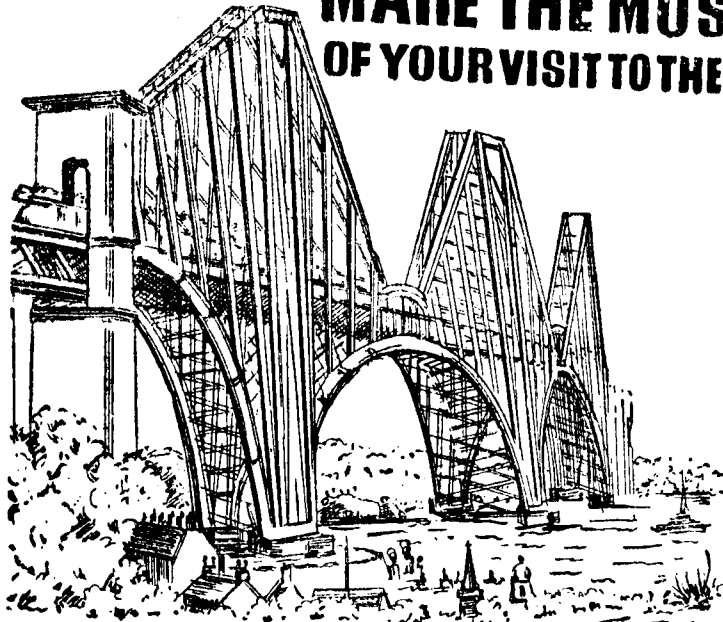
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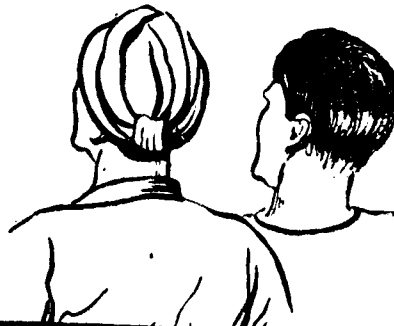
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