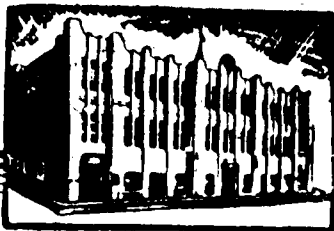


SWATANTRA

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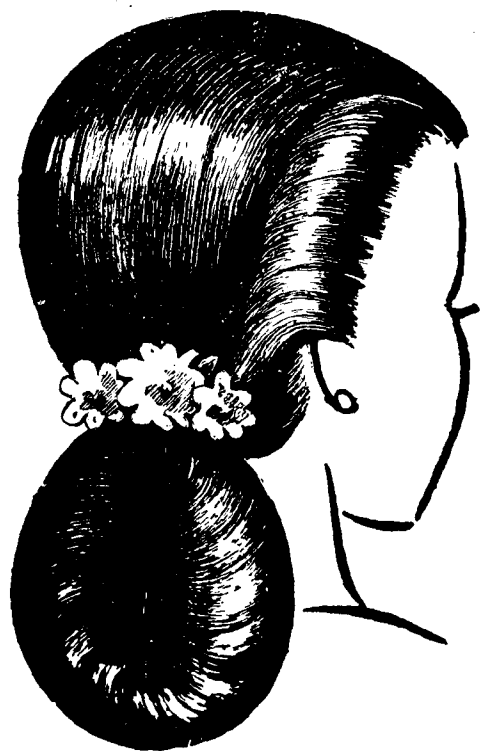
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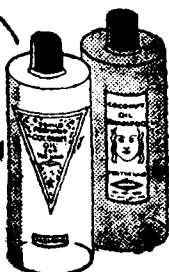
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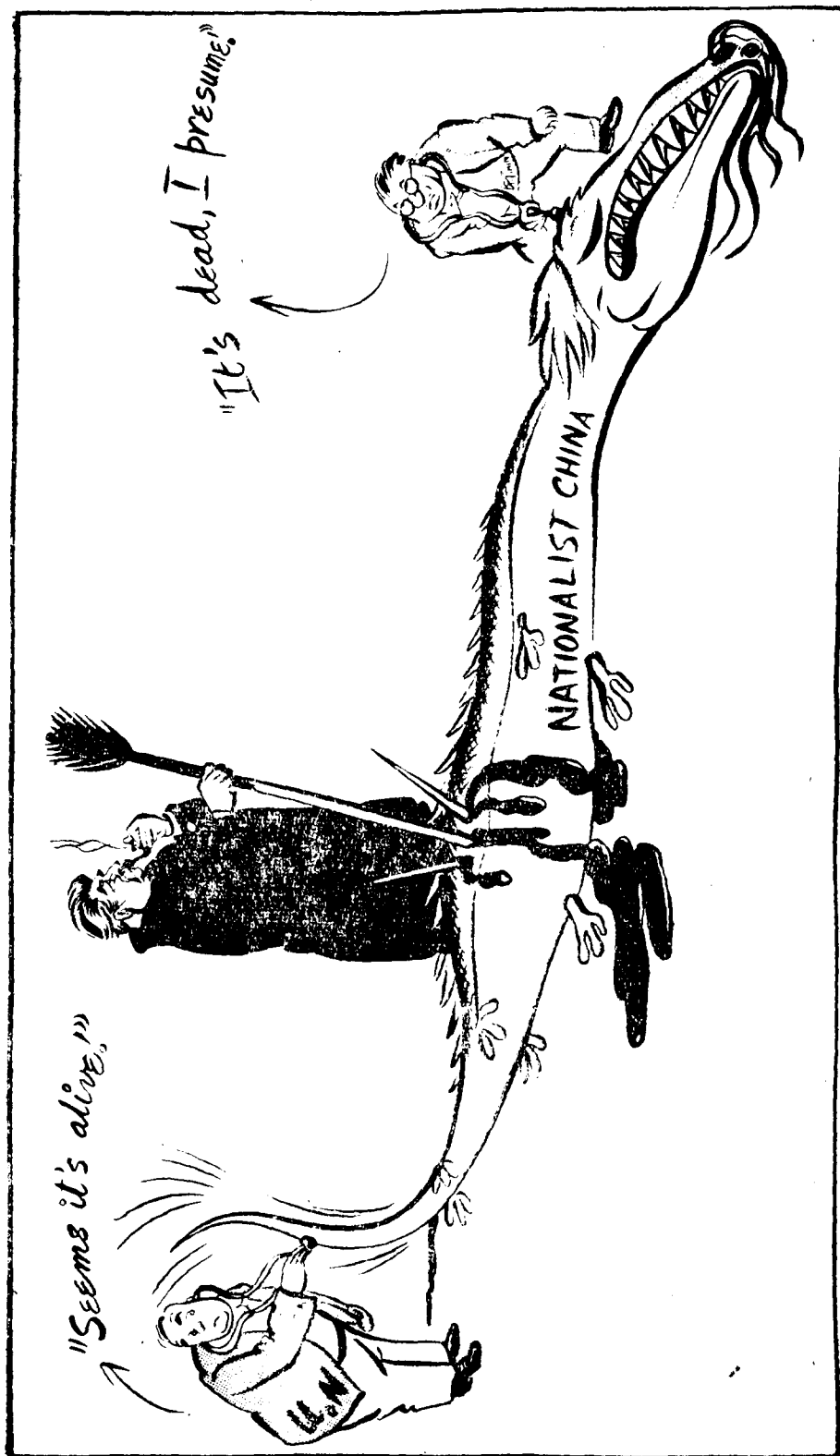
SWATANTRA

VOL. V, NO. 8.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1950

CONTENTS

	PAGE
On The Cover—Prof. Harold J. Laski, British Socialist And Political Thinker Who Passed Away On March 25th, 1950.	
Cartoon—By Thanu	4
Editorial Comment	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	6
Reverie (Poem)—By Vivian Cole	8
Harold Laski—By Polycritic	9
Publicity For Art—By Dr. J. H. Cousins	10
Come, Fill The Cup—With Tea! (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	13
Indians In Ceylon—By V. Subramaniam	17
The Planning Commission—By V. S. Ramakrishnan	19
Future Of Communism In South-East Asia.—By O. M. Green	20
The Challenge Of Moral Values —By E. W. Ashcroft	22
Conscience Troubles Their Pockets —By Brenda Dawson	25
The Extradition Of Laik Ali—By V. Venkata Rao	27
Future Of Indian Cricket—By N. S. Ramaswamy	30
Operation Rainfall—By P. G. Krishnayya	31
The Top Of The Hill (The Anatomy Of Faith; A Study)—By Santha Rungachary	33
Letter To the Editor	48



SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 8

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE COMMUNISTS AND THE CONSTITUTION

THE Communist Party in India now pursues a policy of bitter opposition to the Government; Communists do not hesitate at sabotage, murder and the wrecking of trains. What is the policy behind this unconstitutional attack on the democratic system of free India? The answer is to be found in the manifesto recently published by the Central Committee of the party on the new Constitution of India. The Communists regard the Constitution, framed after lengthy discussion by the people's representatives, as a charter of slavery. Why? Because India remains in the British Commonwealth, because foreign industries were not confiscated, because American capital may be invested in this country. Secondly, the Constitution does not embody the sovereignty of the Indian masses; it is framed by Capitalist vested interests who have bound themselves to the principle of "no nationalisation without compensation." The Press is unfree, the right to hold meetings is restricted, the power of detention is retained. Thirdly, there is no self-determination for separate nationalities. The strong Centre is, in the Communist view, a device for the unbridled domination of Marwari-Gujerati capitalists of the economic and political life of all the various nationalities and this is promoted by the use of Hindi as the national language. Fourthly, the Constitution only makes hypocritical promises for the abolition of untouchability and the improvement of the lot of the Adibasis and other backward groups. "In the name of fighting communalism the Constitution suppresses the rights of the minorities— especially the Muslim

minority" (The document even goes on to assert quite falsely that the Muslim League has been disbanded). Adult franchise is a fraud because the means of propaganda are in the hands of the capitalists. It follows that elections will be a farce. Finally, the manifesto asserts that "to escape the verdict of the people" the Government has banned the Communist Party, the party of the working class. (This again is false: the Central Government has imposed no ban; only certain State Governments.)

How far is the manifesto's criticism valid? The Communists find that India has joined the Anglo-American imperialist bloc whereas she should join the Soviet bloc. Actually India is steering clear of both blocs. If India joined the Soviet bloc we should have to follow the foreign policy of Moscow as the satellite countries of East Europe are doing. In the United Nations we have often voted against the British and the Americans. In the Soviet bloc that would be impossible. We did not confiscate foreign holdings in India. Burma tried to do it and is now retracing her steps. We invite foreign capital but not on any preferential terms. Have the Communists forgotten that Russia herself asked for a billion dollar loan from America at the end of the war, or that her satellite countries welcome such loans? If we were in the Soviet bloc we should have to buy and sell to Moscow on her own terms, at her own prices. It was because Kostov of Bulgaria refused to agree to such practices that he was denounced as a traitor. Agrarian reform is in operation in India and compensation is being paid

to the owners of land. That offends the Indian Communists. Why do not they protest against similar compensation being paid in Hungary and Poland? The freedom of the Press is disputed by the Communists, but the Indian Press is democratic compared to the Soviet Press which can never criticise the government. The Indian Press is restrained only from inflaming communal discord or inciting people to armed rebellion. The workers may strike in India. In Russia they can never do so. During the war when Harry Hopkins told Stalin that it was not possible to force the American workers to do extra work, Stalin replied, "Why don't you use your police?" In practice, the restriction retained in the Indian Constitution on civil freedom has been due largely to the necessity of checking the Communists who see no necessity to observe the ordinary laws of the land. It is surprising to notice that the Communists should champion minority rights, linguistic rights and attack the idea of a strong Centre. Not only are these rights non-existent in the Soviet Union but the directions of the strong Centre at Moscow are followed in the various capitals of Eastern Europe. In fact,

linguistic provinces are not opposed in the Constitution of India. The Congress merely holds that if they come into existence they must not create fresh dissensions and must be financially seaworthy. The Communists cannot show that the Muslim minority has been discriminated against in the Constitution. If they wish to find plenty of such discrimination they should look elsewhere. Untouchability is specifically mentioned in the Constitution as undesirable. In practice, even the Communists could not abolish it; they could merely incite the untouchables against the others, which would result in a different order of discrimination.

The Communists want a Peoples' Constitution which will secure land to the tiller, a living wage to the industrial worker; which will nationalise industries and ensure the right to work and place power in the hands of the toilers. That is the programme of the Chinese Communists—history will show which kind of regime will ultimately result in prosperity for the masses and the promotion of a popular democracy. India has, in any case, escaped a bloody civil war, despite the best efforts of the Communist Party of India.

Sotto Voce

The Predicant In Politics

ONE cannot think of the London School of Economics without thinking of Harold Laski. But they never seem to have considered him for the Directorship. No man did more for the British Labour Party as propagandist and provider of ideas. The nearest he came to achieving recognition was when they elected him chairman of the National Party for a year.



And then the Parliamentary Party openly snubbed him for trying to ginger it up. There was no more ardent champion of justice for the Jews and indeed for all oppressed peoples. But like most intellectuals of his time he had long ago lost his faith and made no attempt to recover it.

It is not easy to account for his

failure by reference to the ancient prejudice against his race. Disraeli is the classic example of the successful Hebrew. Starting with every conceivable handicap, including poverty, a rather vulgar parentage and a Corinthian flamboyance to which the English do not take kindly he still managed not only to become Premier of England in one of her most prosperous eras, but the darling of the aristocracy. The secret of his success is perhaps to be found in the imaginative *elan* with which he played up to the dominant humour of Englishmen, their love of the countryside. He delighted in the role of Lord of the Manor of Beaconsfield.

Laski was born in Manchester; and there is nothing in his prolific writings to suggest that his interests, tastes and pre-occupations were not exclusively urban. Contrast him for a moment with Cobbett and you will see that the essential salt is missing which makes political ideas keep. The English have a healthy distrust of theorising and a not so healthy suspicion of the foreigner. They do not resent being hit on the head for stupidity if the hitting is done by one of themselves, by a man, that is, who shares their general outlook on life and sympathises with their instinctive preferences and even prejudices. But the exotic who does not appeal to their snobbery has not an earthly chance.

There is no denying that Laski did appeal to large sections of the working class or, rather, to the intellectuals who enjoy an uneasy pillion ride on the Trade Union horse. The truth is that the Englishman himself is changing, even if he does not realise his. He is no longer rooted in the country, though the sentimental longing for the *sancta simplicitas* which he week-end habit denotes would seem to contradict this. With the shrinking of empire and the increasing difficulty of maintaining an artificially high standard of living, the class-war is becoming something more real than the bogey with which Victorian radicals frightened children.

In England they point with pride to the fact that two world wars have

failed to disrupt the unity of the nation. But that catastrophe was avoided by the state undertaking the role of fairy godmother; the citizen was led to behave like a hungry mouth which it was somebody else's business to feed. The proletarianisation—to use an ugly word—of Britain has been brought nearer completion in the past decade than in all the century and a half of the Industrial Revolution that preceded it. Communism of the Soviet variety may never gain general acceptance in Britain. But the atomisation of society is proceeding apace and it found in Laski, with his formula of revolution by consent, a powerful apologist.

We do not hear much of that abstraction, the Economic Man, nowadays. But the Political Man whom Laski did a great deal to set up on the vacant pedestal was too much like Aldous Huxley's Brave-New-Worlder, all head and no body. Laski was all his life wrestling with the problem, expounded in an early book, of liberty in the modern State. The democracies fighting for existence have in a measure succumbed to the totalitarian methods with which they defended themselves. Like the frog in the story they are making such a cult of bigness that they are likely to burst. You cannot have One World so long as you have two or three bloated agglomerations squaring their shoulders and thrusting out their chins at each other.

Laski was too intelligent not to see this. But like most thinkers caught up in the maelstrom of *real-politik*, he lulled himself into the belief that decentralisation would come when the Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World had been established. Curiously enough he was attracted by men like the great Justice Holmes and Walter Lippman who, however much they might differ among themselves in other respects, have this in common that they have their feet planted firmly on earth. There was a brittleness about Laski's thinking which appropriately clothed itself in a too fluent rhetoric. He seemed to practise soilless cultivation in politics.

VIGNESWARA

REVERIE

By VIVIAN COLE

Many a time I lie and think
While the firelight in my room
Dances merrily on the brink
Of a great abyss of gloom—
I launch into the ocean free
And sail out o'er the swelling sea,
On pulsing waves of thought I drift
With winged motion smooth and swift.
Russet clouds at play above,
Cruel men at war below,
The keynote hate instead of love
Though the heavens are smiling so—
A little maiden brave and gay
Who loved the russet clouds at play,
She loved to see the bluebells dance
Their fairy dance in shady glens,
She loved to see white horses prance
In dappled sunlight, and the wrens
And sparrows gray so small and free
Were in her serious loving eyes,
And through her eyes they were to me,
More native to the tawny earth
Than man the tyrant, lord of lies,
Whose conduct rouses gods to mirth.
The grand and mighty Himalaya,
The home of snow and icy air,
With glaciers gleaming green and gold
That groaning crawl through mist and cold;
The gloomy forest dark and grim
Whose thousand oak trees green and dim
Lit by a red sun, gaze towards him
Who gives them strength of sap and limb—
Rippling water's silver gleams;
The golden fleece of human dreams;
The fearful war of savages,
The bounteous earth it ravages—
This, all this and more I see
As in reverie sunk I lie;
Then someone calls me down for tea
And all the flickering visions die.



HAROLD LASKI

By POLYCRITIC

FEW political thinkers have made such a profound impact upon the intellectual climate of our epoch as Prof. Laski. He fearlessly expressed his opinions with a courage and a passion that were rare among academicians. A great scholar and a democrat, he had the training and outlook of the historian. He said things which outraged conventional notions. But, the intensity of his informed conviction compelled attention. Knowledge, assurance and vitality made him one of the few really influential teachers of our day.

After a brilliant scholastic career at Oxford, where he came into contact with Prof. Dicey, Herbert Fisher and Prof. Ernest Barker, Laski, spent much of his time in the Fabian Society doing propaganda for Socialism and Women's suffrage. Here, he came to know George Lansbury and H. W. Nevinston from whom he learnt the real meaning and importance of Equality and Liberty.

In the summer of 1914 he was appointed as a leader-writer of *The Daily Herald*, and this experience gave him an insight into the inner nature of the Socialist movement and he formulated a coherent philosophy of his own. From there, he went to Mr. Gill and then to Yale and Harvard in America. In the famous Boston Police Strike, the services of the University under President Lowell were offered to the city. The strike was the outcome of long-accumulated grievances and Laski lent his support to the policemen, which led to a storm of indignation in which he was described as almost anything from a villain who seduced youth, to a Bolshevik who preached revolution. He was questioned by the overseers of the University, and though it was decided that he was not to be dismissed, President Lowell told him that a teacher limited his utility when he spoke on matters of current controversy. But, Laski viewed his vocation from a different light. To him the teacher was not a dweller in an Ivory Tower, but one who was instrumental in shaping

public opinion on the living issues of the time.

At Harvard, Laski cultivated the friendship of Roscoe Pound, Justice Holmes, Justice Brandeis and Justice Frankfurter who greatly enriched his legal and juristic background. The correspondence of Justice Holmes bears ample testimony to his scholarship and erudition. He was then invited to the London School of Economics, where he succeeded Graham Wallas as Professor of Politics. Here, he carved a name for himself as an outstanding authority on the theory and practice of politics and an eminent exponent of Marxism. His seminal contributions to the problem of Sovereignty, the concept of Liberty, the meaning of Equality, Pluralism, Socialism and Democracy, have become a fruitful source of enquiry for scholars.

Those who have studied his masterly political treatises, *A Grammar of Politics*, *Authority in the Modern State*, *Problems of Sovereignty*, *The Foundations of Sovereignty*, *The State in Theory and Practice*, *Democracy in Crisis*, *Liberty in the Modern State*, *Studies in Law and Politics*, *The Rise of European Liberalism*, *Parliamentary Government in England* and other Fabian tracts and pamphlets will know his supreme qualities as a writer, who brought to his work a rare combination of learning with wit. Among my collection of Laskiana, I have a rare volume presented to me by the editor of this journal (*Vindicia Contra Tyrannos*—by Junius Brutus, A Defence of Liberty against Tyrants. —Edited by Laski), which aptly sums up the political outlook of Laski. His latest book, *The American Democracy* which is a discussion on the grand scale of every aspect of American life, combining a breadth of vision and an intimacy with the American scene, has already become a classic, like Bryce's and Tocqueville's of an earlier epoch. A warm admirer of Russia, he was also aware of the "disease of Soviet orthodoxy."

An ardent Socialist, Laski was profoundly distrustful of revolutionary

methods, but nevertheless uttered a warning that if the modern State which had become a Leviathan did not adapt itself to the compelling needs of the unprivileged and the underprivileged, it will perpetually function in a "penumbra of contingent anarchy". And he always hammered home the thesis, that we shall never get peace until we strip the Nation State of its Sovereignty, which is only the coercive power of those who owned the instruments of production. Today when we see the nations of the world aligned into two powerful blocs, the truth of the statement, that the abrogation of national sovereignty is essential for the rebuilding of a new world order, comes with greater significance.

With acute political insight, Prof. Laski urged in uncompromising tones the subordination of individual claims to social good and the deliberate and continuous reconstruction of political institutions for the satisfaction of social demand upon the largest possible scale. A defender of liberty, he ceaselessly fought against its abridgement. Whether it was the case of Sacco and Vanzetti or of Tom Mooney and Billings in America, or the Meerut prisoners in India, or the trial of

Dimitroff or Pastor Niemöller in Nazi Germany, or the arrest of Tom Mann or Wal Hannington in England, he registered his magistral protest by his voice and pen.

Prof. Laski was a staunch friend of India and was an effective exponent of her freedom abroad. His prophetic utterances on India mercilessly exposed the unwisdom of the old British policy of coercion. During the war he wrote: "For us India is the corner-stone and symbol of the Imperial problem. It is the acid test of Britain's democratic professions. It is the vital test. For ideas more certainly than arms will decide this war and for the judgment of civilised men. Britain's policy towards India may be decisive. On no other basis can we have a clue to the crucial question as to whether this is a war for the liberation of the oppressed people, or a mean struggle for *Lebensraum* between rival Empires." Endowed with a rich memory indexed for instantaneous use. Prof. Laski had a genius for making friends and never spared himself if he could serve a pupil, a friend or a cause in which he believed. He was, to use a phrase of Heine, "a crusader in the liberation war of Humanity."

PUBLICITY FOR ART

By Dr. J. H. COUSINS

THE impulse to expression is inherent in all life, from the lowest to the highest, from the microscopic to the astronomical. AE put the nearer aspect of the matter into the verse.

*In that frail blossom that your feet
In their next falling may destroy,
Minute and exquisite and sweet,
The Mighty Master has his joy.*

The vision of the ancient Hebrew poet phrased it, as translated,

The heavens declare the glory of God.

The firmament showeth his handiwork.

The heavens or the firmament are not content to be simply celestial and firmamental. That which merely is, is not. Nothing is complete unless it

has in one hand the banner of advertisement, and with the other directs attention to the perpetual, universal, free exhibition of the handicraft of what Kipling called 'the Master of all good workmen.' The Koran says: 'I was a hidden treasure, and I desired to be known. So I created creation in order that I might be known.'

The inherent impulse in nature and humanity to declare and show implies what is declared and shown and what it is presented to. There can be no publicity without populous, the people. But much of the transmission and reception depends on the sensitiveness at both ends of the transaction. If art has no relationship with life, if its chief concern is with how it does things—what it calls tech-

nique—and if it pays the minimum of heed to what it does, to what is sometimes called its message, it is not likely to feel the vitalising throb of response from the infinite reservoir of feeling and thought and dynamism in which both life and art move. On the other hand, if life is cut off from the qualities and principles that are inherent in the appreciation, and particularly in the practice of art, it is likely to remain the inartistic thing it has become; nay, it is fairly certain to fall into deeper depths of inhumanity than even the appalling abyss of organised violence, dishonesty and social anarchy in which it now finds itself.

This pessimistic anticipation may legitimately arouse the question of justification. To answer this fully would take us too far beyond our subject. We shall briefly say, by way of indication, that in all life the duty placed on art of primarily declaring 'the glory of God' (that is, the highest idealism) and of showing 'His handiwork' (that is, recognising the cosmic forces and qualities in the arts), has, as a test and discipline, the opposite pull towards declaring the cleverness of man and exhibiting his skill. This is not in itself a sin against art in the highest. One of the special delights of art-appreciation is the comparing of style with style, and noting the various ways in which skill and beauty co-operate in the declaration of 'the glory of God' and the showing of 'His handiwork.' The error is in making the secondary, primary; of putting what the Americans have recently begun to call the *how-do* over and above the *what-do*.

All forms of art have within them, in addition to their technical excellences, certain principles and qualities which, if given free course in general life, would transform it from its present increasing ugliness into some degree of likeness to the art out of which the world of interrelated objects has developed itself, and through which it is proceeding towards its grand finale. Each work of art, in whatever medium, is itself a universe; it has a special design within which it exists, and without which it would be a nonentity. But besides design a work of art needs life, and

life expresses itself in some kind of movement. Here the collaboration of design (we may also call it form) and life lead to a new entity in which the static nature of design is transformed into organised movement, as a simple semicircle may, by a few overs and unders, be turned into a charming saracenic arch, or a straight line become a reminder of the movement of the ocean. On the other hand, mere movement may, by the collaboration of design, be turned into fascinating and inspiring rhythms, as the expulsion of breath through the vocal cords can turn monotonous sound into the melodies of Thyagaraja and the alluring complexities of a South Indian *raga*. These (life and form) are the fundamentals of all expression, cosmic or individual. Within them certain plain but profoundly important laws operate, and if we grasp these we have the answer to the possible question, Why bother about publicity for art? What is the use of art at all?

Let me summarise the more important of these laws of art and nature. A work of art or of nature involves a unity of conception and purpose, and sticks to it. Art, according to John Stuart Mill, "proposes to itself an end, and looks out for means to effect it." If it changed its mind half way towards the end—if a piece of music got tired of being musical and tried to be a statue for a rest—it would fall into chaos. That is law number one, central unity. But unity implies interacting units: time and space impose conditions of order, quantity, balance, weight; and these collaborating, each according to its own character and quality, go to make up the artistic or natural unity in the mind of the artist. First unity, second community. After that, various shades of texture and appearance that we cannot here detail. But the two major laws of unity and community are sufficient for an answer to the possible question already suggested; What is the use of art at all? Fairly obviously the two laws mentioned as fundamental to art are equally fundamental to life. Without a central unity and a community between the parts, organised life would be impossible. It is at present rendered exceedingly difficult

For lack of just those two principles in the relationships between national and international groups within what should be a united and mutually helpful humanity. We can hope for little success in giving effectiveness to these principles through precept and preachment. Only the few are responsive to such. But it seems quite certain to those who have studied and practised under the artistic laws of unity and community that two or three generations reared under the influence of art-activity would permeate organised life with these laws and take it a long step towards what Nietzsche took it to be when it became an 'artistic phenomenon,' that is, a work of social art, in which it became a true civilisation.

If this be so, and a growing number of thinking people believe it to be so, publicity for art is a matter of crucial importance to the human race. Probably the chief means of art-publicity at present is art itself. We cannot have too many centres in which arts and crafts are intelligently exhibited. The matter of explanation needs wise handling. The expositors of exhibitions today do not appear happy unless they are mouthing the names of continental European artists, of whose original work they are probably ignorant. This obscures the artistic reality. A great city like Madras is pictorially starved for want of a choice and well-hung collection of paintings. Instead of this, occasional exhibitions of various groups are given here and there. These pay no respect to the personality of the pictures, which are crowded in a pictorial slum. A good painting needs space for the showing of its qualities; and a good painting is not a technical stunt, or a feeble imitation of foreign freakishness.

The standard of pictorial art should be set high. Collections of such should be in every town. Schools should have their walls adorned with good reproductions, not of foreign painters, however famous, but of paintings expressing the environment and culture of the students.

The ultimate way of attaining understanding of art and joy in its achievement is in actual participation; the time for the beginning of this is childhood; and the place is the school. In the straitened and unbeautiful circumstances of the majority of the people of India today we cannot give the home the pride of place in the appreciation and production of objects of art. Whatever status beauty and skill were given in the Indian home in times past, it has long been reduced to nothing or thereabouts. The objective of art-reformers is to bring beauty and order into life from the home to all phases of activity high and low. The available means of doing so is education. It has taken a generation and more to drive this home to the official mind. Fortunately the new political circumstances of India now give a chance to the minds and feelings of those in authority to mould educational curricula in such a way that the natural urge to creative activity and the natural love of beautiful things that are part of the heritage of the young as representatives of the creative spirit of the universe shall have every opportunity of finding themselves as artists, of rejoicing in the discovery, and of remoulding human life in terms of the unity, community, design and rhythm, beauty and truth that are the characteristics of the art of the universe.

—Courtesy All-India Radio.

EDITOR'S REGRETS

"One of the outstanding features of this mammoth liner is the fitting of numerous powerful wenches."

"His lordship adjourned the Court, on counsel intimating that there were still a few pints to clear up."

"She was a typical business girl, slim, alert, and very poorly dressed."

COME, FILL THE CUP—WITH TEA!

KHALIL Gibran tells the fable of the King to whom his Prime Minister submitted a proclamation enforcing Prohibition. The King duly and promptly signed it—while he was drunk! If he was the Ruler of an Indian State (like the one who enforced Monogamy in his state and soon after committed Bigamy himself by taking a second wife) he would have justified the glaring contrast between his precept and practice by declaring that the King was above the Law!

I am a teetotaler, while this story is against Prohibition, but I have told it here to offer some consolation to the large number of people in the State of Bombay, including many dear friends, to whom the enforcement of Prohibition is more than a grim April Fool joke. Indeed, on this occasion, condolences would be more in order than consolation, for to many of the prohibition-stricken the bereavement of the bottle has caused grief more poignant than the loss of a near relation!

Philosophy, I understand, is a great consoler of the grief-stricken, and I might offer them the poetic words of Old Omar—and others—without bothering to discuss whether the liquid glorified in these verses was the symbolic "wine of love" or the strictly non-symbolic John Haig.

Omar Khayyam's immortal verses, of course, must be already familiar to those who seek justification for their drinking habits in the poetic invocations to the eternal Saqi. Here are a few which sound strangely relevant in the present context:

*Why, be this Juice, the growth of
God, who dare*

*Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a
snare?*

*A blessing, we should use it, should
we not?*

*And if a Curse, — why, then, who
set it there?*

Khayyam, perhaps more than any other poet, is supposed to have glorified

wine-drinking—"the Cup that clears Today of past Regrets and Future fears", "The Grape that can with Logic absolute the Two-and-Seventy jarring sects confute"—but, on occasions, he seemed to be somewhat cynical about the wisdom of indulging this habit as, for instance, when he wrote:

*You know, my Friends, with what
a brave Carouse*

*I made a Second Marriage in my
house;*

*Divorced old barren Reason from
my Bed,*

*And took the Daughter of the Vine
to Spouse.*

The following quatrain, however, may well have been written by Khayyam just on the eve of Prohibition:

*Ah, make the most of what we yet
may spend,*

*Before we too in-
to dust de-
scend;*

*Dust unto Dust
and under
Dust to lie,*

*Sans Wine, sans
Song, sans
Singer,
and — sans
End!*

Jigar, the greatest living lyrical poet in Urdu, perhaps anticipated Prohibition when he cried out—presumably addressing a Prohibition Squad busy smashing bottles of liquor:

*Aye mohtasib, na phaink, meray
Mohtasib na phaink*

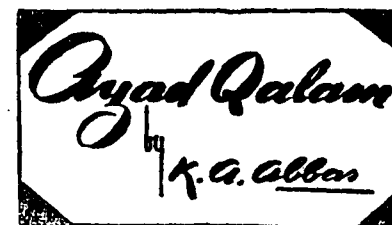
*Zalim sharab hai, aray zalim sharab
hai*

*(Inquisitor, do not spill it, dear
Inquisitor, throw it not*

*(Thou cruel one, it is wine! Oh
thou cruel one, it is wine!*

IF CHESTERTON WERE ALIVE!

The campaign against Prohibition which has been going on full blast in several papers needed the pen of the late G. K. Chesterton, the great essayist and master of paradox, who could think of such amusing and devastating arguments to confound the Prohibitionists. A debate between him and Mr. Morarji Desai (or Mr. L.



M. Patil) would have been as exhilarating as the several debates on Prohibition and Vegetarianism that the rotund Chesterton had with the lean and lanky Bernard Shaw.

In an essay on *Wine When It is Red* (which again I offer to my friends to cheer them up in their present gloomy mood) Chesterton has written a brilliant Apology for Intemperance in his inimitable style:

"Doubtless, it is unnatural to be drunk. But then in a real sense it is unnatural to be human. Doubtless, the intemperate workman wastes his tissues in drinking; but no one knows how much the sober workman wastes his tissues by working. No one knows how much the wealthy philanthropist wastes his tissues by talking; or, in much rarer conditions, by thinking . . . The real case against drunkenness is not that it calls up the beast, but that it calls up the Devil . . . (even) If it did, it would not matter much, as a rule the beast is a harmless and rather amiable creature, as anybody can see by watching cattle. There is nothing bestial about intoxication; and certainly there is nothing intoxicating or even particularly lively about beasts . . . no animal ever invented anything so bad as drunkenness—or so good as drink."

DOCTORS' DILEMMA

True to his tradition of being a master of paradox, in this essay Chesterton defends drinking but objects to the medicinal use of alcoholic drinks (which even the Bombay Prohibition Act is going to allow):—

" . . . it is the experience of most doctors that giving any alcohol for illness (though often necessary) is about the most morally dangerous way of giving it. Instead of giving it to a healthy person who has many other forms of life, you are giving it to a desperate person, to whom it is the only form of life. The invalid can hardly be blamed if by some accident of his erratic and overwrought condition he comes to remember the thing as the very water of vitality and use it as such. For in so far as drinking is really a sin it is not because drinking is wild, but because drinking is tame; not in so far as it is anarchy, but

in so far as it is slavery. Probably the worst way to drink is to drink medicinally . . . "

Chesterton's cure for the evils of 'drunkenness' was to turn the bar or the tavern into a public place like the post office or the railway station so that "all types of people passed through it for all types of refreshment" so that "in such a place the kind of lunatic who wants to drink an unlimited number of whiskies would be treated with the same severity with which the post office authorities would treat an amiable lunatic who had an appetite for licking an unlimited number of stamps."

PROHIBITION WITHOUT TEARS!

While I don't drink and don't like drinking, I think much of the fascination which attaches to drinking is a hedonist reaction against the taboos and restrictions imposed by puritans and moralists. Take away the taboos and the exotic tang of sin and you knock the bottom out of many a bottle. It is 'fashionable' to drink because it is alleged to be 'sinful'. Remove the moral taboo, make drinking of liquor as unexciting and uneventful as drinking coconut water or pepper water, and how many would still want to drink the expensive liquids that smell like antiseptic fluid and taste like quinine mixture—and then make you behave like a fool or a four-year-old?

I was once invited to a meeting of the Prohibition Propaganda Board (of which perhaps I am still a member though it was the first and last meeting I attended) and was asked for my suggestions for effective anti-drink propaganda. I took the liberty to enquire of the Ministers present if the basis of the Government's policy was religious, moral and spiritual or rational, secular and materialistic. I was told that the Government was anxious to eradicate the evil of drinking not because it was a sin but because it undermined health, sapped energy and drained away a colossal amount of national wealth. Agreeing with that point of view I suggested that the Health Department should briefly formulate the rational argument against drinking, print it on labels and placards and make it legally obligatory that all liquor-dealers, bars, toddy taverns and hotels would

have to prominently display these placards on their premises and to have these labels duly pasted on every bottle sold by them—or, may be, on every glass served by them! As for the workers (on whose account our Ministers are so concerned) I suggested that warnings not to waste their hard-earned wages on liquor should be printed on pay envelopes.

Having done that, I felt, the State had done its duty. If still some people insisted on drinking slow poison, let them! The Prohibition experiment in America has proved that legal ban does not put an end to drinking, it only encourages bootlegging. "Speakeasies" made their appearance in Bombay even before Prohibition Day dawned. The bootleggers will soon be operating in the underworld to satisfy the craze of those to whom drinking henceforward will acquire the additional thrill of law-breaking! And what was so far (according to me) a fashionable folly will now be infected with the virus of crime.

But, though it is not generally admitted, religious, quasi-religious and not strictly secular and rational considerations have prompted the Prohibitionist ardour of our Congress Ministers. Some of the arguments advanced in support of Prohibition are hardly convincing. It has been said, for instance, that drinking is un-Indian, against the Indian tradition. What, then, was *Soma* that our gods and heroes of mythology were drinking? If liquor is the pastime of a small "westernised" minority, how did the millions of aborigines acquire this habit? Nevertheless, it is certainly true that (in contrast with the West) drinking has always been frowned upon and regarded as an abnormality in the "genteel" middle classes of Indian society. The very poor and the very rich have been exempt from this general social taboo. The Maharajas and the 'untouchables' have been always drinking—champagne and toddy, respectively! The Middle Class, however, undoubtedly acquired it, along with other fashions, from the West. It is typical of our present leadership to interpret the characteristic of the Middle Class as the national "way of Life".

It is also apparent that the costly

Prohibition scheme has been launched at the expense of several other more urgent, more beneficial, nation-building activities. The same amount of money and energy could have been invested to improve educational and health standards. But for the puritanical zeal of pseudo-reformists, Prohibition could have come later. The moralist fads of Congress leaders are notorious. But at the same time one cannot appreciate the almost hysterical opposition that this action of the Congress Government has provoked in certain sections of the Press and public which seem to regard Prohibition as the greatest crime of the Congress regime. It is amusing to hear upper class folk mouthing radical anti-Congress slogans in fashionable clubs—and over pegs of whiskey! It appears that they could tolerate the Public Safety Act, the Preventive Detention Act, the gags and attacks on civil liberties, the rampant corruption and inefficiency—if only the Congress Ministries had let them drink their liquor in peace! Several champions of liberty, it appears, are interested *only* in one liberty—the freedom to drink! If they could help it they would have got it included as the Fifth Freedom guaranteed by the Atlantic Charter.

TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK!

Many of us who are teetotallers without being fanatical Prohibitionists will yet heave a sigh of relief on April 6, to be at last free from the self-conscious tedium of sipping glass after glass of "soda without whiskey" at cocktail parties. I have cheerfully suffered friends drinking, getting drunk and in that state, shouting drunkenly, laughing drunkenly, going round greeting every one as "my brother", embracing and kissing perfect strangers. I have become used to friends who start singing after the fourth peg, abusing after the fifth, and weeping on your shoulder after the sixth, not to mention the unmentionable items which follow after the umpteenth peg. All this is annoying—but it is bearable annoyance—like the antics of spoilt children or the delirium of feverish patients. What always gets my goat at a cocktail party, however, is the inexplicable habit of the "drinkers" to insist on

the "non-drinkers" also drinking. A hidden and self-conscious sense of guilt seems to be at the back of this almost fanatical obsession to make a teetotaler have "jasht a ship-hic-jasht a ship-my dear -jasht a ship".

While offering my friendly sympathy to my Prohibition-stricken friends, therefore, I cannot help the malicious thought that they lost their liberty to drink because they did not want to concede our liberty not to drink!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

PARIS: French dock-workers are

on strike, refusing to unload consignments of arms from the U.S.A."

ROME: Serious clashes have occurred between Communists and the supporters of a neo-Fascist "Italian Social Movement".

HONG KONG: Communist Peking radio alleged that American officers are personally directing Chinese Nationalists' forces based on Formosa."

SAIGON: Two American destroyers are on a visit designed to show American interest in South-East Asia and as a gesture of support for Bao Dai's Government."

GENIUS AND TALENT.

Genius looks to the cause and life; it proceeds from within outward, whilst talent goes from without inward. Talent finds its models and methods and ends in society, exists for exhibition, and goes to the soul only for power to work. Genius is its own end, and draws its means and the style of its architecture from within, going abroad only for audience and spectators, as we adapt our voice and phrase to the distance and character of the ear we speak to. All your learning of all literature would never enable you to anticipate one of its thoughts or expressions, and yet each is natural and familiar as household words.—Bacon.

Think of your own faults the first part of the night when you are awake, and of the faults of others the latter part of the night when you are asleep.—Chinese Proverb.



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INDIANS IN CEYLON (CONTD.)

By V. SUBRAMANIAM

IN the last two months, there has been a disgusting repetition of one news item, on alternate days, in the Ceylon and what is more sad, in the Indian Press as well. It is that there are signs that after this event or that man's visit, the solution of the Ceylon Indian problem is near and already on the way. All Indians here and the members of the Ceylon Indian Congress would be only too glad if an honourable solution for this vexed question were found early. But all these guesses and these news items are not based on any facts but are just repetitions of what somebody from behind the scenes said at some time, evidently to start the rumour going. None who has read carefully the Act which governs the acquisition of Ceylon citizenship by Indians resident here, and who has discussed threadbare the implications of it, and also these futile and often harmful news items with the President of the Ceylon Indian Congress, would attach any value to them. In Ceylon at least these news items are part of a press-conspiracy to weaken the Ceylon Indian Congress leaders. It is a pity that their Indian counterparts should sometimes give credence to these tendentious reports.

I have already given the brief history of the Ceylon Indian problem in a previous article. As I mentioned there, the present citizenship of Ceylon is governed by the Soulbury Constitution, where any British subject resident here for seven years is entitled to vote. But, hereafter, it will not be governed by such conditions any more, but by the recently passed, "The Indian and Pakistani Residents (Citizenship) Act", of February 28, 1949, read with the Ceylon citizenship Act of September 21, 1948.

According to both the Acts, Indians resident here can acquire citizenship of Ceylon in two ways, i.e. by registration, or by descent. The first type of citizenship by registration is governed by the notorious Act whose title has been mentioned above. According to the clauses of that Act,

an Indian must prove that he has been resident in Ceylon prior to January 1946 for an uninterrupted period of ten years, if he is a widower, unmarried person or a divorcee, and for seven years if he is married, and living with his family. In addition he must satisfy a means test, i.e. show that he will be able to maintain himself and his family by his own efforts, according to the laws of Ceylon. Citizenship by descent is governed by the Ceylon Citizenship Act according to which a man, if he was born in Ceylon before an appointed date, must prove that his father or his paternal grandfather and great-grandfather were born in Ceylon, or, if born outside Ceylon before an appointed date, he must prove that his father and paternal grandfather or his paternal grandfather and paternal great-grandfather were born in Ceylon. In the case of persons born after the appointed date, they can become Ceylon citizens only if their fathers are citizens of Ceylon.

For persons in India, without first-hand knowledge of the condition of Indians in Ceylon, the above provisions may not appear quite as stultifying as they appear to the leaders of the Ceylon Indian Congress here. It is difficult to put in a few words the number of seemingly innocuous ways in which these two Acts have almost denied citizenship to the majority of Indian residents here, and how as a result of all this, the Ceylon Indian Congress has decided to boycott the Acts completely.

But some of the most evident objections and grievances can be pointed out here, just as they were pointed out by the C. I. C. members of the Ceylon Parliament when the Acts were discussed. Regarding citizenship by descent, which is the type of citizenship which most Indians here could acquire easily under normal conditions, the proofs of birth required under the Act cannot be given by the illiterate or semi-literate poor Indian labourers here who form the majority of the Indian population. Proof of one's own birth in the form

of documents is difficult to produce by the labourers but proof of the birth of the father, great-grandfather etc. is almost impossible by these poor labourers, especially if they are so unfortunate as to have been outside Ceylon for some reason or other. Thus the majority of the Indian labourers are virtually denied citizenship by descent. The truth and poignancy of the above statement can be fully appreciated only when one understands the harrowing conditions (not so much physical as spiritual) under which the Indians in the plantations labour. Then again there are plenty of little pinpricks, apart from the stringent conditions imposed for proving birth, in Ceylon. The means test, or proof of the ability to maintain oneself in Ceylon without vagrancy, is quite innocent at first sight, but what with the ignorance of Indian labourers of legal niceties and the stanglehold of their employers on them, it can be abused to the greatest extent possible under the cloak of legal procedure. Lastly, the clause about the adherence to the laws of Ceylon imposes another bar at least on some Indian residents here. Ceylon law (secular) insists on monogamy but some of these labourers have two wives, as is permitted by the extant practice in India among these poorer classes and hence they may be denied their rightful citizenship under these conditions.

The conditions imposed for getting citizenship by registration are no less stringent. Apart from the extreme difficulty of proving ten or seven years residence by official documents, a difficulty so great that even many Sinhalese politicians admit the desirability of less stringent conditions, there is a needless and highly nerve-wracking humiliation imposed at the end of all these proofs of residence, namely, that the officer in charge of registering citizens will thereafter call for objections and hold an enquiry into the whole thing. Anybody can raise any type of objection and the applicant, after having sedulously collected all the proofs, will have to explain them all over again, as if in a court of law, if necessary with the help of a lawyer.

Apart from these difficulties, there are certain other principles on which

also the Ceylon Indian Congress leaders take objection to the Act. One is that the distinction between the two types of citizenship may be reduced to a mockery by restrictions. Again, as things stand at present, the conditions of a new resident in Ceylon for acquiring citizenship are far easier than for an Indian born and bred here, a ridiculous position indeed. Sri S. Thondaman, C. I. C. member of Parliament, told me that it was not the intention of the ministers to make this so at first, but the wording of the Act was such that so it became. When this incongruity cum iniquity was pointed out by the C. I. C. leaders, the ministers who then woke up to it refused to do anything about it, partly on considerations of false prestige, partly to make the conditions still more difficult for the Indian residents to acquire Ceylonese citizenship.

Not a clause or even a sub-clause of these Acts have been amended nor has any Ceylonese leader given even a suggestion of doing so. In fact, the recently discussed Constitution Amendment Bill makes the position of the Ceylon Indian members of Parliament quite terrible. Still some news hounds are never tired of just writing, whenever there is distressing dearth of news, that the solution of the Ceylon Indian problem is in sight. By what telescopic or spiritual vision they saw the arriving solution, is beyond my powers of guessing. But I referred these news items, time and again, to the President of the Ceylon Indian Congress, who was each time not only vehement in denying them, but in condemning them also, as mischievous and tendentious, and did subsequently issue a strongly worded denial as well as condemnation of such rumours. But the news spinners still gaily continue to spin their airy yarns. Most of them may be quite innocent of the harm done by such reports to the Indian cause here, but some of them at least are intentionally mischievous. It is part of an undeclared conspiracy of some Sinhalese politicians and the press to bring down the strength of the Ceylon Indian Congress and force it to give up its complete and stubborn boycott of these two iniquitous pieces of legislation.

THE PLANNING COMMISSION

By V. S. RAMAKRISHNAN

THE first official mention ever to be made about a Planning Commission was in 1946 when the Advisory Planning Board set up by the Interim Government of India in that year recommended its appointment to devote continuous attention to the field of development. That recommendation took final shape when Dr. John Mathai announced in Parliament on March 1 that a Planning Commission had been constituted with Pandit Nehru as Chairman and Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda, former Labour Minister of Bombay, as Deputy Chairman, and Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh and Mr. G. L. Mehta, President of the Indian Tariff Board, as members. One more is to be appointed. Mr. N. R. Pillai, Cabinet Secretary, has been appointed as Secretary to the Commission and Sardar Trilok Singh of the Finance Ministry as Deputy Secretary. The terms of reference of the Commission, the objectives it would attempt to promote and the way its recommendations would be implemented, have also been announced on March 15. It is a matter of great satisfaction that the chairmanship of the Commission has devolved on Pandit Nehru and eminent men like Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh and Mr. G. L. Mehta have been drawn in as members, all of which emphasize the important role this Commission is to play in the campaign for bettering the country's conditions.

While the Government could not have found a better person than Pandit Nehru to hold the chairmanship of the Commission, it is obvious that he will not be able to devote his full-time service to it, as is stipulated in the case of all others, in view of his preoccupation with his other official duties. He will, however, be assisting the Commission with his advice.

Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda, who is the Deputy Chairman of the Commission, was the Labour Minister of Bombay State till his appointment to this post. He is reputed to possess specialised knowledge in labour problems. But, apart from this, it is not known what

other special attainments have prompted the Government to give him the Deputy Chairmanship of the Commission while—with due regard to all his knowledge and steadfastness of purpose to principles—men like Mr. Deshmukh and Mr. Mehta have been made merely members. Or perhaps this is just the usual Congress way of doing things—to put its own men over better fitted persons.

One more member, it is announced, will be appointed to the Commission. Judging from those so far appointed and also from the terms of reference of the Commission, it is clear that the Government wish to make it as broad-based as possible, and it is, therefore, to be hoped that the additional member to be appointed will be an experienced social worker conversant with problems of labour, social welfare, arts, etc., as all other fields are already having their due representation in the Commission.

The terms of reference, by themselves, are very general in character, without indicating any particular line of approach or action. It is stated in the Government's resolution which sets out the terms of reference, that the Commission will work in close understanding with the Central and State Governments. This is as it should be. The Commission is expected to do everything aimed at country-wide adoption on a uniform basis, and not with anything to suit regional considerations, except where such a process seems to be absolutely inevitable. This becomes all the more necessary in view of the damage caused to the country's commerce, before the passing of the Constitution, as a result of opposing policies adopted by States by virtue of their unrestricted autonomy. Though the Constitution curbs to a large extent the tyrannical powers of the States till now exercised under the cloak of "autonomy", enough chances have still been provided for exercising some powers that may well turn out to be prejudicial to the common good.

If the Commission is to discharge its functions effectively, it should be

made as broad-based and representative of all interests as possible, and be armed with sufficient powers to carry out its duties without completely depending upon the States. Thus, the Commission should be allowed to set up its own regional centres for conducting surveys and researches, collecting information, etc. It is also necessary that the Commission should exercise overall control over the innumerable committees appointed by the Central as well as States Governments to probe into various affairs. Up to now committees appointed by Government have been taking their own sweet time to submit their reports, at the expense of a lot of money. To eradicate these delays and other unsatisfactory matters, the Commission should be the sole body to whom references should be made by the Central and States Governments and it will be the Commission's responsibility to advise, recommend or suggest them accordingly. In this process, again, the Commission can set up, irrespective of its such other regional agencies, an Advisory Board at the capital of each State, to advise them. The Commission must also be in a position to call on the services of eminent men, i.e. scientists, labour leaders, economists, politicians, etc., for

solving its problems and for any period it deems necessary. The proposed Finance Commission might also work in conjunction with and seek the counsel of this Commission in its work.

One may argue that the Planning Commission should not be given such sweeping powers, lest it should become corrupt and degenerate into a mere body of people. But, as it must be evident to everyone, it is absolutely necessary for the Commission to have enough powers to carry out its functions which are many and varied. A study of the terms of reference will convince anybody that this is so. The Government has, therefore, rightly and wisely acted in appointing to the Commission men of high integrity and character who have also a thorough knowledge of the nation's economic conditions. Congressmen who have so far been getting personal favours by way of obtaining licences, permits, high appointments for relatives and friends, etc. cannot hope for anything on those lines from its members. On the contrary, it is the duty of every right-minded citizen to co-operate with the Commission and help it to plan for a future of prosperity and happiness for all, the people of the country.

FUTURE OF COMMUNISM IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA

By O. M. GREEN

TWO points in Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's recent survey of the future of Communism in South-East Asia specially attract attention. One was that the gaining by many of the Asian peoples of self-government in various directions is helping them to preserve their democracy. The other point was the extreme impossibility that the Chinese Communists would attempt to push their interests in South-East Asia by aggressive, naked militarism, the outcome of which might even be a world war.

To take the first point, no sane man questions that the granting of self-government in India, Burma,

Indonesia and, within certain inevitable limitations, in Indo-China, was the right, the only step to be taken. The still unresolved chaos in Burma is a cruel disappointment. The Indonesian Republic is headed by earnest men but they are faced with formidable difficulties. On Indo-China it is too soon to pronounce judgment. As a result of Dr. Jessup's recent tour it appears certain that the U.S.A. will soon come to the aid of the French in Indo-China with badly needed new military equipment. But here, as elsewhere in Asia, the economic question is the crux.

It can be taken for granted that

the hundreds of millions of Asian peasants, labourers and shopkeepers are no more inclined to Communism than anybody else. They want to pursue their own affairs in peace. But when they are hungry, short of clothing and in constant peril from bandits and civil war—as vast numbers of them are today—they easily lend an ear to the Communists' seductive propaganda. This has happened all over China.

From this point of view one of the most heartening pieces of news from Indo-China is the increasing French control over the vast rice fields of Cochinchina, the granary of all Viet Nam, which means peace for the peasants, food in Emperor Bao Dai's territory, and probably some cutting off of supplies from Ho Chi Minh.

It is, of course, only too obvious that Indo-China is the supreme danger point. If the Communists win it, the way is open to them far beyond. There seems good reason to believe that Bao Dai's authority is increasing. From the outset he has struck out strongly against any appearance of being a puppet, and although French troops must remain and Bao Dai's foreign policy is partly limited, he has gained full juridical independence internally. This has brought over many waverers to his side and the French report that desertions to the Emperor are now far in excess of those to Ho Chi Minh.

This may be the reason why Russia and China have recognised Ho Chi Minh. The latter is a formidable adversary whether or not he has received fresh arms from China. The issue is still painfully open.

In Siam, the next danger point, there appears no reason why the strong hand of Marshal Luang Pibul Songkram should not keep in order the huge Chinese colony, although in fairness it must be said that most of the latter have given no outward sign of wishing to join the Communists. The Siamese are prosperous, with abundant food, money and the things they want to buy with it. They certainly have no inclination to Communism and much traditional loyalty to the throne which the young King, Phumibol Aduldet, is on his way to ascend next month.

Burma is now open to the Com-

munists from Yunnan via the famous Burma Road which leads directly to the Burmese Communists' headquarters. The best defence of Burma may be that the Communists cannot do everything at once and, still more, the intense dislike of the Burmans for the Chinese.

Of the Chinese Communists' plans one can only collate all possible information and then guess. Peking's propaganda continues daily to trumpet the wonderful benefits due to the Russo-Chinese Treaty—probably to obscure the fact that in that treaty Russia gave nothing but promises. Her dominance in Manchuria, as many Communists well realise, remains exactly what it was before Mao Tse-tung went to Moscow.

On the other hand, it has been made abundantly clear in a broadcast by Mao Tse-tung and at the recent Congress of the World Federation of Trade Unions that what Mao describes as "the liberation of the thousand million oppressed peoples of Asia" is China's fixed aim. But as Mr. MacDonald said, it seems most unlikely that they will pursue that aim by military invasion. Apart from the risks of that there is reason to think that the Communist armies are now not too well armed, having used up much of the Japanese armaments captured in Manchuria. Fifth Column methods should pay better.

Another circumstance must be mentioned. There are accumulating reports that the Communists' economic difficulties are mounting up. Harvests have been poor, food production is much below that of pre-war days, inflation rivals that under the Kuomintang, taxation is high, and the intensive Nationalist blockade of Shanghai is hitting the Communists as well as the unhappy foreign merchants.

One must guard against wishful thinking. But it would not be surprising, seeing how devastated China is after years of invasion and civil war, if the Communists have not too much to do at home to launch out on crusades abroad. Therefore, there may still be a breathing space in which the Western Democracies, if they act quickly, may give to South-East Asia the economic help which will best enable it to resist the Marxist agents.

THE CHALLENGE OF MORAL VALUES

By E. W. ASHCROFT

The book-symposium "The God that Failed" has caused world-wide interest, and Ignazio Silone's contribution to it has been regarded by many commentators as the most interesting of the six. In this article, E. W. Ashcroft who has known Silone for some time, writes of the growth of the Italian's realisation that the corrupt and unjust attitude of the Communist Party, and its contempt of moral values, could not in the final issue be reconciled with his basic religious convictions. Silone's case is that of a man who was drawn to Communism by the desire for some justice, and who now finds that it is this very impulse which drives him away from it.

"THE God that Failed," just published in London, contains an account of why five prominent European intellectuals and an American negro writer joined and then quit the Communist party. Andre Gide is among them. The other Europeans are Ignazio Silone, Arthur Koestler, Louis Fischer, and Stephen Spender. The American negro is Richard Wright, author of *Black Boy*.

Silone left the Communist party in 1928. He had been leader of the Communist clandestine movement against Fascism in Italy from 1922-1927. He is well known as the author of *Fontamara*, *Bread and Wine*, and *The Seed Beneath the Snow*. Of all the contributors, Silone gives most frankly his reasons for having joined the Communist party and for having left it. He suffered from no private complexes nor difficulties in his early life. As a Communist, he never renounced the basic values he had inherited from Christianity; and he perhaps remained for so long a time in the party only because he was engaged in active and dangerous work.

Ignazio Silone's contribution to *The God that Failed* is of outstanding interest for two reasons.

First, Silone alone of the contributors to this work had reached a high position in the Communist hierarchy. He joined the Italian Communist party at its foundation Congress in 1921 at Leghorn, bringing with him a large part of the Socialist Youth Movement he had helped to found. He became a leader of the clandestine Communist movement in Italy, and

accompanied Togliatti to Moscow to meetings of the Communist International. He knew the chiefs of the European as well as of the Russian Communist parties.

The other reason why Silone's contribution is important is that his reaction to social problems and his motives for taking an active part in politics are deeper than those of an intellectual. He had none of the rather tiresome complexes of the intellectual who becomes a Communist in order to stifle a sense of guilt towards society. He had no feelings of inferiority or superiority towards the "proletarian." He was not in revolt against his family nor overcome by any problems of private life: very much the contrary.

He became a social revolutionary because, in his own words: "I grew up in a mountainous district of Southern Italy. The phenomenon which most impressed me was the violent contrast, the incomprehensible, absurd, monstrous contrast, between family and private life—in the main, decent, honest, and well-conducted—and social relations, which were very often crude and full of hatred and deceit."

Silone was born in 1900 in a village in the Abruzzi, the region in which the action of his novels takes place. It is a backward and poverty-stricken region. Silone's father was a small landowner. His parents sympathised with Silone's views—in secret. After having left a Catholic seminary, Silone became secretary of a newly formed Land Workers' Union at the age of 17.

Of his education in the seminary Silone writes, "Most of the later years of my school-life I spent in private Catholic institutions. Latin and Greek were excellently taught there; the education in private or personal habits was simple and clear; civic instruction and training were deplorable."

It will be noticed that Silone reacts neither against family life as he knew it in his youth, nor against the religious values by which he was brought up. He criticises those who educated him because of their compliance towards an unjust State. He left the Catholic Church because it did not stand sufficiently strongly in his view for real Christian values.

Indeed, Silone's constant preoccupation with religious questions is a fact which no one who has read his two later novels can doubt. In *Bread and Wine* and in *The Seed Beneath the Snow* the hero, a Communist agitator who has just returned to Italy, passes his time disguised as a priest and finally leaves the party to found a new association of free men. Most of the important sympathetic characters in these novels are Catholics at odds with society.

Silone, as a boy, became a socialist. One day there was an earthquake near his village. The jobbery, corruption and inefficiency of the State engineers and administrators who came to reconstruct the village so revolted him that he wrote a series of articles for a socialist newspaper. This was in 1918. Evidently the first two articles were considered dangerous, and the third was suppressed at the orders of a socialist member of the Chamber. This—and the fact that many of the so-called Left Wing lawyers who abounded in his native province invariably supported the cause of the oppressors against the oppressed—disgusted Silone with social democracy. He became a Communist but again he did so without illusions.

The hard duties imposed on Communists by the Fascist conquest of the State for a time immunised Silone against any doubts about the moral values of Communism and against the first internal crises which shook the Communist International. Even

so, he writes: "These internal crises took place in a sphere far removed from my own, and so I was not involved. I do not say this boastfully; on the contrary, I am merely trying to explain the situation. The increasing degeneration of the Communist International into a tyranny and a bureaucracy filled me with repulsion and disgust, but there were some compelling reasons which made me hesitate to break with it: solidarity with comrades who were dead or in prison; the non-existence at that time of any other organised anti-Fascist force in Italy; the rapid political, and in some cases also moral, degeneration of many who had already left Communism; and finally the illusion that the International might be made healthy again by the proletariat of the West, in the event of some crisis occurring within the Soviet regime."

Clearly doubts about the real value of Communist agitation early affected him. He came to realise that something, in itself corrupt and unjust and contemptuous of moral values, is no better than the State it seeks to destroy.

He went to Moscow frequently between 1921 and 1927 to take part in meetings and congresses of the executive of the Communist International. What struck him most about Russian Communists, even with such exceptional personalities as Lenin and Trotsky, was their utter injustice and their inability to be fair in discussing opinions that conflicted with their own. "An adversary in good faith is inconceivable to Russian Communists" he writes.

One can imagine that Silone was regarded by the Communist leaders as not a particularly reliable collaborator. However, Togliatti, who was the representative of the Italian Communist party, shared, at that time, Silone's dislike of Russian leadership and contempt for straightforward thinking, and he often agreed with Silone.

The climax came in May 1927 at a meeting designed by the Russian leaders to begin the liquidation of Trotsky. The executive of the international was asked to approve a resolution condemning Trotsky, based on a document which none except Stalin and the Russians had read.

The resolution, as Stalin explained, had to be unanimous, or it would be withdrawn.

When Silone was asked to subscribe to a resolution that the man (Trotsky) who had written a certain document which Silone had never seen was a counter-revolutionary, and when he heard Thaelmann's admission that nobody except the Russians had ever seen the document, he could not at first believe his ears. He was, in fact, nearly as innocent about the Communists' attitude to political matters as were the English Communists who, when told that British Communists should promise to obey rules of the Trades Unions and then help to sabotage them, replied "But that would be a lie"—thus evoking loud, long-lasting laughter in the Kremlin.

The case of Silone is that of the man who, acutely realising social injustice and the inadequacy of parlia-

mentary parties to destroy that injustice, becomes a Communist. He then discovers that the leaders of the Communist International have no interest at all in the values which compelled his attitude.

Silone's experience has been that of many Catholics who at one time or another have been on the fringes of the Communist party and have even abandoned Catholicism for Communism. The very impulse which made them Communists—a desire for social justice—is what has prevented them from continuing to be Communists or Communist sympathisers. A certain number of Catholics of course continue to sympathise with the Communist party, but keep a sufficiently safe distance from any real Communist activity to avoid knowing how the party really works. They are perhaps wise; or are they merely timorous?

CONSCIENCE TROUBLES THEIR POCKETS

By **BRENDA DAWSON**

ACCORDING to the British financial accounts for the past year, troubled consciences caused £1,565 to be "remitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by Sundry Persons for Conscience Sake."

It was not a very good year for "conscience money." The Treasury's annual income from conscience-stricken tax-payers since the end of the First World War was averaged at about £3,900. Still, that average was boosted by exceptional amounts in 1928-29 and 1942-43, when over £14,000 was sent in, and by £10,475 in 1927-28. Even these figures are slight, however, when compared with the large sums which American taxpayers suddenly remember to pay. During 1945-46 the U. S. Treasury collected £40,000,000 in conscience money!

This money came mostly from profiteers and "black market" operators who felt a sense of guilt about their wartime tax-returns, and whose consciences were prompted by rumours of investigations into private bank accounts. One butcher, with only a small chain of shops, paid more in conscience money in one year than he had paid in taxes throughout the whole war.

But many of the sums of conscience money which trickle into public offices both in Britain and the U.S.A., however, are not on account of unpaid taxes. Some of them give no clue as to their purpose.

Twenty £5 notes deposited behind the door of the National Savings office in Preston (Lancs.) last year were accompanied by an unsigned letter which simply said; "Please accept £100 as a debt to the Government." It did not mention the nature of the debt. Similarly, the education officials in Leeds have no idea why someone recently sent them £21 in conscience money. Often, these mysterious sums are to pay for property that has been stolen or damaged. The Keeper of the Herbarium at Kew Gardens, London's great

botanic gardens, received a postal order for two shillings in payment for "two small bunches of lavender stolen from the Gardens some years ago." A few cases have occurred of ex-Servicemen sending conscience money to pay for clothing or equipment they "scrounged" from the Forces during the war years. The Federal Attorney-General of Australia had a letter from one ex-soldier which said: "Please find £10 enclosed. It is conscience money for goods inadvertently acquired from the Army while I served with the armed forces."

The oddest conscience money received by the British Army during the war was about £8 from a warrant officer who admitted that he had "made a profit" on his unit's imprest account. He told the Paymaster that he had been, juggling with currency exchange-rates!

While damage caused to public property might weigh heavily on more consciences than undeclared "profits" such as this warrant officer made, it often takes a long time for it to affect the culprits' pockets. Unlike the postal order sent by a Harrow boy to the London Transport recently with the request that they "please accept five shillings conscience money for smashing a light bulb while fighting another boy in the train," the offenders often grow to old age before their consciences really worry them. So many years passed before one citizen of Manhattan sent that borough seventeen dollars to pay for a street lamp he had smashed with stones as a boy, that he was quite hazy about the details. Writing to the Mayor, this troubled citizen admitted that he could not remember whether his score was only one lamp. "It could well be that I did break another," he confessed. "In any event, I am sending you the amount of three street lights."

Like that of this gentleman with a stone-throwing past, the consciences of some people take a surprisingly



Shanti and Ashok, Prime Minister Nehru's gift to the children of the United States, pose for a picture at Alexandra Dock, Bombay, just before sailing. Babajan (second from right) is the mahout who is accompanying them to the U.S.A.

long time to ripen. When a seaman "remembered" to send £1 to pay a fine for drunkenness recently, the clerks at the court offices in Willesden (London) had to search the files back to 1923 before confirming that he owed a fine of 9s. 6d. and a half-guinea doctor's fee.

Unpaid railway fares may not trouble the average person once he has safely passed the barrier, but they seem to nag some passengers' consciences for years. When he was reviving from a general anaesthetic, one middle-aged patient in a hospital in Northern Ireland was heard to be worrying about a ticket-collector and his own season-ticket. The nurse thought that he was troubled about his current ticket; but, chatting with him later about high railway fares, she prompted the patient to recall that as a 13-year-old boy he had travelled several weeks on an out-of-date ticket. He had felt guilty about it ever since.

Even without the guilty memory being jogged by an anaesthetic, most of the illicit journeys for which British Railways are sent "conscience money" were made years earlier. The women passengers whose conscience prompts them to swell the British Railways' £200 million fares by a few pounds every year for unpaid fares, usually hesitate to recall how many years have past since they incurred the debt.

A letter addressed to the station master at Kings' Cross, one of London's main-line termini, contained a ten-shilling note and two dozen penny stamps with an unsigned letter explaining that it was for a fare "owing to a railway company long ago." It came from an elderly woman who had thrust the envelope through the window of the Underground Rail-

way booking-office and hurried away.

Male passengers, however, are more explicit about the years that have passed since their youthful fare-evasions. One man wrote from Bristol to tell the station master at Nottingham's Victoria Station that he had never forgotten travelling without a ticket from that station to Basford & Bulwell forty-five years before. He could even recall that the fare for this four-mile journey was then 2½d. It cost him ten shillings to allay his conscience, for he generously added the interest due to the railways on the 2½d. and also took the advice of the Gospel of St. Luke on restoring debts incurred by fraud four-fold.

Another man with an uneasy conscience about unpaid fares in Nottinghamshire sent a postal order for 2s. 6. to the stationmaster at Mansfield in 1947. He explained in a letter that this was to pay for a journey he made without buying a ticket from Mansfield to Workshop in 1897!

Despite this long memory, the record delayed-action conscience belonged not to a railway passenger but to a teacher in Kansas. It took this woman fifty-three years to refund seventy-five dollars which she believed she had obtained from the public by fraud. She had become a primary school teacher in 1894, when she drew three months' salary. At the end of the three months she left the job for another—with a guilty secret. For years that secret troubled her conscience, and finally she wrote a letter confessing that she had cheated at the examination which secured her the job in 1894. With the confession she sent a cheque refunding to the county education authority the salary she had drawn. That was in 1947!

You just can't keep a good conscience down.....

"Our shareholder thought that, if some of the old directors were cleared out, there would be sewer complaints."

Education, however indispensable in a cultivated age, produces nothing on the side of genius. When education ends, genius often begins.—Issac Disraeli.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.
Learn to shrink yourself to the size of the company you are in.—Lord Chesterfield.

THE EXTRADITION OF LAIK ALI

By V. VENKATA RAO

(It has been suggested that the Government of India should demand the extradition of Laik Ali from Pakistan. This article examines the issue with reference to the theory and practice of the Law of Nations.)

THE escape of Laik Ali into Pakistan reminds us of the escape of Savarkar from the P and O boat *Morea* off the coast of Marseilles. Savarkar was prosecuted for high treason and abetment of murder and was being conveyed to India for trial. On October 25, 1910, while the vessel was in the harbour of Marseilles, Savarkar escaped to the shore. He was, however, seized by a French policeman who erroneously and without further formalities reconducted him to the boat with the assistance of individuals from the vessel. Since *prima facie*, Savarkar was a political prisoner, France demanded that Great Britain should give him up and should request his extradition in a formal way; but Great Britain refused to comply with this demand and it was upheld by the Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

Laik Ali's case is more complicated. Although Grotius holds the view that every state has the duty either to punish or surrender to the prosecuting state, persons who have committed a crime abroad and although it should be done in the interests of the nations themselves, this rule of Grotius has never been adopted as a rule of the Law of Nations. On the contrary, States have always upheld their right to grant asylum to foreigners excepting in those cases which have been enumerated in extradition treaties. And some of the States have enacted special laws enumerating the crimes for which extradition should be granted. Many States like Germany and France have adopted the principle of never extraditing one of their own subjects to a foreign state but themselves punishing their own subjects for grave crimes committed abroad. But Great Britain did not adopt this principle and in the absence of treaty provisions to the contrary, she made no distinction between her subjects and others who were alleged to have com-

mitted crimes abroad. Thus in 1879, Great Britain surrendered to Austria, one Tourville, a British subject who after having murdered his wife in Tyrol had fled home to England. Tourville was later hanged in Austria.

Though the state can grant extradition for any crime it thinks fit, political criminals are, as a rule, not extradited. And according to several extradition treaties, military deserters and persons who have committed offences against religion are likewise excluded from extradition.

Before the French Revolution, the term 'political crime' was unknown both in the theory and practice of the Law of Nations, and the principle of extradition of political criminals was likewise non-existent. On the contrary, treaties very often stipulated the extradition of individuals for political crimes and such individuals were frequently extradited even when no treaty stipulated it. Further, writers also excepting perhaps Francis Hutcheson in his *System of Moral Philosophy* published in 1755—did not object to this practice. It was after the French Revolution that matters underwent a change. The French Revolution gave birth to the term 'political crime'. Article 120 of the French Constitution of 1793, granted asylum to foreigners exiled from their home country 'for the cause of liberty'. In the United States, Secretary of State Jefferson made a similar declaration. But the principle of non-extradition of political criminals did not secure a firm footing until 1830. In 1815, circumstances favoured the establishment of this principle. In that year the Governor of Gibraltar surrendered several fugitives to Spain. This created a storm of indignation in Parliament where Sir James Mackintosh proclaimed the principle that no nation should refuse asylum to political fugitives. In 1816, Lord Castlereagh declared that there could be no

greater abuse of law than to allow it to be the instrument for inflicting punishments on foreigners who had committed only political crimes. In 1825, when Canning refused to surrender to Spain political offenders who had sought refuge on English soil, he was carrying on the tradition. Next to Britain, Switzerland granted asylum for many political criminals from neighbouring countries where the reactionary monarchs had begun to persecute political agitators after the final fall of Napoleon I. In 1833 Belgium enacted her celebrated extradition law, the first of its kind, which expressly prohibited the extradition of foreign political fugitives. And this principle was included in the treaty of extradition concluded between France and Belgium in 1834. So far as France was concerned, she had always stipulated this principle of non-extradition of political fugitives in her extradition treaties with the other powers concluded since 1831. The other powers followed the lead given by France. Even Russia had to give way and after 1867, this principle was included in nearly all her extradition treaties concluded with other powers. Article 12 of the Constitution of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic of May 11, 1925 grants the right of asylum to *tous les étrangers persecutes pour leur activite politique ou leurs convictions religieuses*. The establishment of this principle in the world on a firm foundation was owing to the firm attitude adopted by Great Britain, France, Switzerland and the United States of America.

A departure was, however, made since 1945 from this traditional attitude. The Resolution of the General Assembly of the U.N. of December 15, 1946, states that "the handing over for trial, of war criminals, quislings and traitors is... an urgent task and obligation." On June 25, 1948, Lord Henderson, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, referred to the above resolution as a "contractual obligation." The Resolution thus indicates the policy of states whose representatives voted for it. Further, the Treaty of Peace with Italy of February 10, 1947, demands the surrender of "Nationals of any Allied and Associated Powers accused of having

violated their national law by treason or collaboration with the enemy during the war." Identical provisions are contained in the treaties with Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and Finland. France and Belgium had agreed to extradite persons guilty of treason. And these agreements have been applied in several cases which have come before the *Cour de Paris*. And the court acceded to the request for the extradition of individuals accused of treason. Lastly, para 2 of Article 14 of the *Draft Declaration of Human Rights* excludes persons guilty of acts contrary to the purposes and principles of the U. N., from the right of asylum. Thus most of the states have recently placed themselves under an obligation to surrender political offenders. It should be added that Great Britain and the United States have been reluctant to undertake such obligations, and have interpreted them restrictively.

But in the administration of this principle several difficulties have been experienced. Firstly, there is no generally accepted definition of the words "political crime." A unique case was presented when at the end of the World War I, the German Emperor abdicated and took refuge in Holland. The Treaty of Versailles which charged the Emperor with "a supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties" provided that he should be tried before a special tribunal of five judges and directed the allied and associated powers to request his surrender by Holland. The Tribunal was to be guided in its decision "by the highest motives of international policy with a view to vindicating the solemn obligations of international undertakings and the validity of international morality." Since there was no law covering the case, since the alleged offence was of a political nature and since Holland was not a party to the Treaty of Versailles, the Dutch Government very properly refused the request for extradition.

Though there is no accepted definition of the words "political crime," the conception of political crime is of prime importance. For, the extradition of criminals depends upon it. The term 'political crime' is a contro-

versial phrase. Different opinions have been expressed by different persons at different times. Some say a political crime is one committed from a political motive; others call political any crime committed for a political purpose. For instance, in 1921, two persons after having murdered the Spanish Prime Minister, Dato, fled to Germany. They were extradited on the ground that the alleged murder was an act of revenge possibly arising out of a political motive but not committed with a view to achieving a political purpose. Still others recognise such a crime as political if it was committed both from a political motive and for a political purpose. Some confine the term political crime to certain offences against the state only, such as high treason and the like. Thus the term has defied and continues to defy all attempts to formulate a satisfactory definition. The main obstacle in the way is of those complex cases which comprise both political and ordinary crime such as murder, arson, theft and the like. This problem came twice before the British Courts. In the first case, of a Swiss who had taken part in a revolutionary movement in the Canton of Ticino and had incidentally shot a member of the Government, the Queens Bench refused extradition because the crime was considered to be political. On the other hand, in the second case, a French anarchist who was prosecuted for having caused two explosions in France one of which resulted in the death of two individuals, the extradition was granted on the ground that the crime was not considered to be political. From the above it is evident that each tribunal gives its own interpretation in regard to complex cases. In order to solve the problem various attempts have been made. The first attempt was made by Belgium in 1856. In 1854, two Frenchmen tried to cause an explosion on the Railway line between Lille and Calais with the intention of murdering the Emperor Napoleon III. France requested the extradition of the two criminals, which was refused as the Belgium extradition law prohibited the surrender of political criminals. To cover cases of this kind, Belgium amended her extradition law in 1856 stipu-

lating that the murder of the head of a foreign government or of a member of his family should not be considered a political crime. A second attempt at decision regarding political criminals was made by Russia in 1881, following the murder of Emperor Alexander II in that year. Russia invited the powers to hold a conference at Brussels to consider political crimes. But the proposed conference did not take place since Great Britain and France declined to take part in it. A third attempt was made in 1892 by Switzerland. She laid down that political criminals would be surrendered "in case the chief feature of the offence wears more the aspect of an ordinary than of a political crime." A fourth attempt was made after the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, in France on October 9, 1934. The Council of the League of Nations, at the instance of France, formulated a convention which was signed by 23 states and they agreed to treat "acts of terrorism" as extraditable crimes. A final attempt was made by the General Assembly of the U. N. in 1947 which excluded "quislings and traitors" from the list of political offenders. In other words, nationals "of any state accused of having violated their national law by treason or active collaboration with the enemy during war" are not political offenders.

In the light of what has been said above, Lalk Ali's case is a complex one. Although the grounds on which he was arrested and detained are not known to the public, he was certainly a political prisoner. The Pakistan Government would, therefore, be justified in refusing his extradition. Even if it is admitted that his crimes are more of an ordinary character than political, there exist several obstacles in the way of his extradition. They are so obvious that they need not be mentioned here. Further, extradition is an expensive affair. In one case it cost the French Government nearly 40,000 dollars to extradite a fugitive from the United States. Finally, as India and Pakistan have not concluded an extradition treaty, the discretion whether to grant extradition or not is vested in the Pakistan Government.

FUTURE OF INDIAN CRICKET

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

IT is symptomatic of the trials and pains of organised cricket that, though the character in *Love's Labour's Lost* was allowed to be "an honest man, look you, a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler", these qualities could not prevent his coming to a melancholy end. Cricket always appears to be looking over its shoulder with apprehension and doubt at the landscape. Australia is fearful that its supremacy would be wrested from it. England is plotting most determinedly to regain its old dominance. The West Indies approach the game with the demeanour of an uneasy upstart. Faint hopes stir in the breast of New Zealand, while South Africa is a prey to gloom. It is astonishing that the transaction of a game, admitted to be the "most innocent, kindly and manly of popular pleasures", should be attended by such feelings of distress and discomfort. But this is the penalty it pays for allowing itself to be transformed almost unrecognisably from the gentle game born at Windmill Down to the frantic and demented sport now to be met with at Melbourne or Kingston.

India is no more exempt from these morbidities than the other nations of the Commonwealth. With the recent conclusion of the sixteenth season of the Ranji Trophy Tournament it becomes necessary to consider its prospects. The victory in the "rubber" against the Commonwealth team will induce no exaggerated optimism in the perspicacious critic. The fifty minutes of bedlam on the last day of the final "Test" were no doubt justified as an ebullition of popular joy. But the very desperation of the success should be taken into account before roseate visions can be indulged in. The undoubted superiority of the West Indies in the previous season should also be considered in a just assessment.

The extreme rigour of the game, the highest pinnacle of skill, was not exhibited by the Commonwealth team. Its ability was practically confined to one eminent batsman and one in-

genious bowler. The other players were mere auxiliaries to Worrell and Tribe; though, perhaps, this description is not exact when applied to Oldfield, Livingston, or Holt. It cannot, however, be denied that the team was vastly inferior to the previous visitors. It is a matter for thought that even against such an attenuated opposition the flower of Indian cricket was hard put to it to gain a victory.

Hazare is of course a national possession. While there must be regret that the genius of Vijay Merchant should have sunk in pain and injury, it is a matter for satisfaction that the leadership of Indian cricket should have devolved on Hazare. The exclusion of Amarnath is a painful and sorry episode. But there is national satisfaction that, unlike Hammond, Hazare has not allowed the burden of captaincy to ruin his marmoreal skill at batting. He is indeed the grace and perfection of Indian ability. His batting should be embalmed for future generations. Its cultured rhythm, its tasteful richness, and its unobtrusive beauty are such as have seldom been seen on Indian fields. Amarnath was perhaps more glamorous, Merchant more exact, and Mushtaq Ali more adventurous. But an innings by Hazare is like a poem of Wordsworth in its calmness, seriousness, and surpassing felicity of phrasing. Of his achievements this season it will be impertinent to speak; they were only the outward transfiguration of the inward spirit.

Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere. The gulf between Hazare and his colleagues is painful to behold. Mushtaq Ali cannot perhaps be so condemned, but he is ageing. Phadkar is undoubtedly maturing in skill, but the felicity of Hazare can never be his. Umrigar is a player of great utility, Kishenchand a monument of obstinacy and determination, Adhikari the personification of resistance. But none of these can be said to walk in the footsteps of the Master.

There is, however, some reason to comfort oneself with the thought that the batting is adequate for immediate

purposes. To believe that this is also true of bowling is gross self-deception. Phadkar indeed has been uniformly successful and Mankad has always bowled better than the figures make out. But the continued attempt to foist C. S. Nayudu as the representative leg-break bowler of this country is an aberration on the part of the selectors, who have, on the other hand, been extremely doubtful of Gaekwad or Gulam Ahmed. The prospect is most depressing.

There were no indications that, despite bemoanings and exhortations, the fielding had improved. Joshi in his first essay in Test cricket acquitted himself very creditably as a wicket-keeper. Here at least there has been no cause for lamentation.

With the conclusion of yet another season then, the observer finds that the batting is perhaps adequate, the fielding vastly inadequate, and the bowling strongly in need of accession of skill. This is not a very encouraging position. But it is a matter for rejoicing that the authorities are, as the beloved journalist cliché runs, "fully alive to the situation". It is indeed difficult to over-estimate the services of Mr. A. S. de Mello to Indian cricket. He has arranged the visit of a second Commonwealth team next season, while the M. C. C. have agreed to visit this country in 1951. In addi-

tion, he has formulated a system of coaching, which is admirable in every way. A school is proposed to be inaugurated at Bombay with Col. C. K. Nayudu as the director. It is further intended to utilise the services of Mankad and Hazare in other directions.

The institution of the National Sports Club of India is another step in the right direction. The paucity of playing grounds in this country has been acute and to the extent that the Club intends to provide them its efforts are to be welcomed. There may be criticism about the expensiveness of its projects or its decision to locate stadia in cities which already possess them. But the scheme is in the main well conceived and cannot fail to promote sport, including cricket.

It has been frequently lamented that India is yet to win an official Test match. The last season gave no hope that this happy event will come to pass in the near future. But the land of Ranji cannot long be denied its triumph. Cricket has never been more popular than now; the players are worthy of their task; and the authorities have the best interests of the country at heart. Our future in cricket is before us, bright, encouraging and full of promise.

OPERATION RAINFALL

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

SCIENTISTS are now making the first attempts to end New York's drought. Whether they will succeed in ending the city's water shortage is the subject of intense controversy among meteorologists as well as laymen.

It started with a simple accident.

Vincent Schaefer, a machinist-turned-scientist, was experimenting with an ordinary home freezer, a \$240 super-cold ice box. His problem was to learn how cold the freezer had to become before ice crystals would form in the air. It was hot in Schenectady that day in July, 1946, and Schaefer was having a hard time keeping the cold box cold enough. To lower the

temperature he dropped three small blocks of dry ice (80 degrees below zero, Centigrade) into the base of the box. The mercury fell sharply, but something else rose, a swirl of tiny ice crystals, millions and millions of them. They climbed from the base till they were encompassed by the small moisture cloud formed by Schaefer's breath. They lingered a moment, sparkling, multiplying in size and number. Then they fell, swirling, like a miniature snowstorm. That was the world's first man-made snowstorm. Schaefer's Cold-Box Experiment was the basic step in the theory of artificial rainmaking. The box itself is now recognized as the

cradle of the process by which other scientists hope to set off actual cloud-bursts, by which Dr. Wallace E. Howell hopes to replenish the city's half-empty reservoirs before summer.

His problem is far from simple. Schaefer worked in an ideal laboratory setup; the watershed is a cauldron and an ice box on the same day; its moistures, its temperatures and its winds are as unpredictable as the weather itself.

Even Howell won't hazard a guess. "I think the chances are good enough to be worth the expense", he says, "but it is still just an experiment. We know we can produce some rainfall. We have done it. The question is, how much?" Howell has made arrangements with the North-east Weather Service, a private agency in Boston, to warn him of approaching storms, chiefly north-easters, and heavy rain clouds coming in from the Ohio Valley.

As soon as they warn me, he says, I will rush down from Boston to Floyd Bennet and pick up one of the Police Department planes for a seeding run in the Catskills. Of course, our problem will be to see the clouds at the right time and to make sure they loose their rain where we want it to fall right over the watersheds.

The experiment will be the first, he said, to divide such storms into basic types and to check them day by day, against weather records that go back 15 years. "The big difficulty will be to know whether we caused the rainfall or whether it would have come naturally" he explains. "If we know how much precipitation a particular north-easter usually causes in a given area on a given day, we will have a good basis for comparison".

There have been other big experiments in Canada, New Mexico, Australia, the Honduras, Hawaii. Still, among meteorologists, disputes are swirling like the first crystals in that cold-box.

Take the storm, for example, near Albuquerque, New Mexico, on July 21

of last year. It was observed by workers for "Project Cirrus" the joint Signal Corps and Navy cloud study which is using Air Force planes for seeding and General Electric personnel as consultants. Four different scientists offered four different explanations for the same storm.

Mr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel prize winner and one of the nation's top theoretical scientists told me, "On that day was produced 350 billion gallons of rainfall. None of it would have fallen if they had not seeded the clouds".

Dr. Michael Ference, steering committee chairman of "Project Cirrus" told me, "Frankly, I am still not sure in my own mind whether artificial precipitation was the predominant cause of the storm. We still have to study the actual state of the weather, whether or not rain was imminent at the time of seeding".

Dr. F. W. Raichlefer, Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, told me, "Our own tests on that storm showed that the seeding caused no more than a 5 to 10 per cent increase over the rainfall that was normally expected. You do not want the public to pay for rain that would come naturally, do you?"

Dr. Willard Pierson, New York University meteorologist who has made a specific study of the New Mexico weather situation before, during and after the claimed production of rainfall, reported; "Thunderstorms accompanied by considerable rainfall occurred at Roswell, New Mexico, Trinidad, Colorado and Omaha, before the seeding took place. This cold front moved past Albuquerque during the time when Dr. Langmuir claims to have produced this rainfall. The thunderstorms can be accounted for as a perfectly natural occurrence".

There you have it. One thunderstorm and four opinions. None of the scientists will offer predictions on the Catskill experiments. The question is whether they will still disagree when Operation Rainfall is completed.

"Cats, my dear," said the spinster, "I hate the very sight of them. I had a sweet little canary, and some cat got that. I had a perfect parrot and some cat got that. I had an adorable fiancee and—Oh, don't mention cats to me!"

THE TOP OF THE HILL

(The Anatomy Of Faith: A Study)

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

(In an ashram situated on the outskirts of a village two people sit talking. One is a young woman with a clear radiant face, dressed simply and the other is a man in his fifties with a broad forehead and a thin face, dressed in city clothes.)

Man: ...but you should tell them. They must know of your strange decision. You owe it to them, *Yogini*.

Woman: Why do you call me *Yogini*? You know I do not like it.

Man: Everybody here calls you that.

Woman: (wearily) I know. I tried to break them of that habit at first, now I do not even try. They will not listen.

Man: Why do you object to it? It is a harmless word.

Woman: Yes, it is a harmless word. But why do you call me that, you who do not believe in *Yoginis*? But that doesn't matter now really. Tell me, why did I send for you, sceptic?

Man: (gently) You told me as soon as I came in that you were going away. Going where? And why?

Woman: I do not know. But do you not want to know why I sent for you of all the people here to tell you of my decision? Are you not curious to know?

Man: Was it because you thought I would be the least shocked, least unhappy?

Woman: Yes. Your guess is right. These people here, they would not have understood. They are like children in some ways. (suddenly) I called you sceptic just now. You did not mind?

Man: No. Why should I? I have been called that before.

Woman: You do not believe. I wonder what made you come here to the ashram in the first place. Do you believe all that you have heard about me?

Man: Should I? Do you suppose I would be happier if I believed in all the miracles that you have achieved?

Woman: (sadly) Is that all they say of me? That I achieved miracles?

Man: Is there something else? You rose from death with the light of heaven in your eyes and you spoke of a God and of a timeless existence. Was there even more than that?

Woman: More. Much more. I have been talking about it for these last three years, telling people not to be afraid of their God, telling them there is no Heaven and no Hell and no Death. And they call me a miracle-maker. They have not understood me or believed me really. You want me to tell them now that I am going away. What do you suppose they will think or feel? I have failed in my purpose. That is the truth of it. Time was right.

Man: Time?

Woman: Yes, Time who holds the mirror between the breath that ceases and the breath that begins again.

Man: (amused) And what did Time tell you?

Woman: You are laughing, sceptic.

Man: Forgive me, I am not. But I am beginning to get a feeling of all the many and varied disciples who have collected in this ashram and the hundreds who visit you every day, I alone am going to be the one who will believe you. I might not accept your religion, but I will believe you. So perhaps it would be better if you did not tell me anything at all.

Woman: Are you afraid?

Man: Aren't you?

Woman: Of what? That my experience might not stand the test of your reason? That I would not mind at all. I am not troubled about all the people who have disagreed with me. I am troubled about those who listen to me and then call me a miracle-maker.

Man: So it was not a miracle? You did not die?

Woman: (slowly) I did. I did die.

Why do you doubt it? I went to the river and sat thinking for a long time and then got into the water and felt its cool ripples passing over my head. And then I thought what a wonderful thing it would be to die. It would have made life less unhappy and complicated for so many people.

Man: Less unhappy and complicated for you too?

Woman: I did not think of my dying as something that would happen to me but as an occurrence which would affect other people's lives. I was twenty-two and I had never known a moment's happiness in my relations with people, though I was always happy and at peace with myself. They called me odd because I did not play with other girls or passionately long for pretty clothes. I used to run away into the woods and lie beside that river and there would come to me a great many questions which I could not answer because I did not know. And so I began to *think* more and more and soon it was as if I was become two people, one who asked questions and the other which tried to give the answers. They said I had become mad because I talked to myself. Everybody hated me and were afraid of me. Even my father and mother. They said that it was some perversion of Nature or malignancy of Fate or envy of Man which must have foisted me in their pious household.

Man: Poor girl!

Woman: I was poor indeed because no one loved me. And I *wanted* people to love me. How lonely one can be in one's loneliness you do not know perhaps. I wanted to be among people, dry their tears, alleviate their pain, lessen their sorrow. But I did not know how. I was ignorant, inexperienced, helpless. And so I began to think they hated me because I could not help them, because I could not be useful to them, that all their wariness and terror and panic were because of this want in me, this imperfection.

Man: And so you decided to die?

Woman: (smiling, with a faraway look) I lay on that stone and Death came to me, sceptic, in a beautiful white wave which wrapped me up and bore me away. I was strong enough to die, I who had never been strong enough to do anything.

Man: Bore you away? Where?

Woman: Yes, bore me away to that glistening mountain-top where Time stood and put me down on that trail. And there were people there, going up, people like you and me, wearing clothes, talking.

Man: Other dead people?

Woman: Yes. There was a businessman of Paris who had committed suicide because he had failed in his business and there was nothing but destitution staring him in the face. And a philosopher, an Englishman, tall and spare with small eyes and a small beard and a calm look. He knew everything, he knew about things I had never even heard of. He had written books and he could answer any question put to him. And there was a school teacher from somewhere, a poor unhappy creature addicted to drugs.

Man: Who else?

Woman: A girl named Mary from London. And Jack. Jack Dawn, I think his name was. He used to help to make the atom bomb. And there was another, a Czech who did research. And a beautiful young girl named Swarna. She came from Delhi. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was talking to Mary and as I approached them, she looked at me with a careful smile on her lips, a guarded, wary smile

Swarna: Hello. You seem at home here. Where are you coming from? You were coming from the opposite direction.

I: I don't know. I have been wandering about here. I don't seem to know where to go.

Swarna: (brightly) I shall show you. I am good at finding places. I am. In Delhi they used to say they could leave me anywhere at anytime of the day or night and trust me to go home safe.

I: I would be grateful if you could help. Where do you come from?

Swarna: Delhi. I told you just now.

I: Delhi? I once knew somebody who came from there.

Swarna: Who? Anybody I know? Which part of Delhi did he come from? What was his name?

I: His name was Arun.

Swarna: What was the rest of his name?

I: I don't know. He didn't tell me.

Swarna: (bored) Ah, no wonder. They never tell us their real names, anyway.

Mary: Who was he?

I: I don't know. I was sitting out in the fields when he passed by. He was just taking a walk. And we talked.

Mary: What kind of a man?

I: A good man.

Swarna: (bitterly) You are talking of something which doesn't exist. There is only one kind of man, and he is not good.

Mary: You must not be bitter. I have known good men.

Swarna: Do you take me for a fool? If they were good they would not have come to you. No, Mary, you cannot tell me anything about men that I do not already know. Not that the knowledge did me any good. I was caught all the same. There are some things about which a girl can't do anything but trust to luck.

Mary: Did you ever trust a man?

Swarna: Are you mad? Where would I be if I had trusted all of them? I did trust one and look where it got me to. Into the back-room of an unlicensed midwife's dispensary with a dead baby and a lacerated stomach. And you ask me if I have trusted a man. It is funny. Did you trust men?

Mary: (distressed) Must we discuss it, please? Let us talk of something else. I only meant your approach to life must not be always tinged with suspicion and distrust.

Swarna: (suspiciously) How did you die? Tell me that? Did you die as I did?

Mary: (after a pause) No. It was cancer.

Swarna: (horrified) No! But how could you. . . . I mean, Mary, it

is impossible. Oh, men are beasts. You poor girl.

Mary: There is a man in your country. He suffers from cancer. But he suffers no pain.

Swarna: He must be a wizard.

Mary: He is more than that. A man I met, a South Indian who was studying in the London University, told me about him. It was unbelievable, wonderful.

Swarna: Cheerful subject, I must say. Have you seen him?

I: (humbly) No. I have seen nothing and nobody. I am twenty-two and I know nothing.

Swarna: You ought to have lived in Delhi. You would have learnt more about life in one year than you could have ever in your village with your saints and your magicians.

Mary: (with infinite compassion) Oh, my dear, what have you learnt about life?

Swarna: (brightly) That life is for living. Why not? I know men are cheats and women are fools, but for all that it is good to live and to laugh and have money and be able to stop thinking of tomorrow. That is the deadly thing. The tomorrow. I would have got crazy if I had lived to be fifty or sixty. So many tomorrows to go through. It would have made life intolerable. A short life and a merry one is what I say. Better be a crystal and be broken than to be safe and secure for a hundred years like the tile on a house-top. That is a Japanese proverb, you know.

I: You seem to have loved life. Did you never have any doubts?

Swarna: Of course. Who hasn't? My doubt was mainly about who was going to stand me my next meal. I had no other doubts. What is the fun in worrying oneself with doubts? Life is always stronger than you and you always lose if you pit yourself against it. Drift with the current and you at least have company. (pause) Why don't you say something?

Mary: I was wondering if you were happy.

Swarna: Are you being funny? I had friends. I had good times. I never thought of happiness. (shrugs nervously) Let us be a bit more

cheerful, can't we? This place is getting on my nerves.

Mary: Here is plenty of company coming up behind us. We shall wait for them to catch up with us, shall we?

Swarna: What are they arguing about, those two? What a woman. Drugs, or I don't know how to read a face.

(Enter the *Philosopher*; *Jack Dawn*, the atom-bomb maker; *Michelov*, the Czech researcher; the *Businessman* and the *Schoolteacher*).

Schoolteacher: I tell you the blood is on your hands. You are responsible to a small extent for the death of hundreds. Can you carry that on your conscience and face good and honest men?

Jack Dawn: You are not telling me anything new, you silly, fatuous woman. I have thought it all out before, I tell you. And I know the pros and cons of the whole thing better than you know your alphabet. My conscience! how dare you speak of my conscience as a dead thing? I have sounded it, I tell you, and I know what I am doing and I am tired of hypocritical old fools like you coming and striking attitudes of moral indignation before me.

Philosopher: My dear boy, that is hardly the way to speak to a lady.

Jack Dawn: Lady? Who? *This?* Does she look like a lady? Her eyes, heavy, half-open, half-sighted; her mouth, drooling; her cheeks, puffy with the drugs in her blood, white and colourless; her body, listless, shrunken. Does she look like a creature of God?

Swarna: (in a whisper to *Mary*) I told you. Drugs. Just look at her.

Philosopher: Pity her, Jack. Do not hate her. After all, she is a stranger to you.

Jack Dawn: I cannot pity her. I have seen her type before, women just like her, frustrated, narrow-minded, jealous, anxious to see the wrong in others, wallowing in a martyred glorious feeling of self-pity, and setting themselves up as moral fingerposts to society. They have killed themselves and now in revenge for that part of

themselves which is gone, they want to kill others. They masturbate in private and talk of sublimation in public. I make the atom bomb. What is wrong with that? In the ideal, warless Utopia which we all carry somewhere in our imaginations and take out and look at in sentimental moments, it may be wrong. But now we are all fighting each for himself. This is my fight and I am fighting with the weapons I know.

Businessman: I agree with you there. I lent out money at 30% sometimes and gambled on the Stock Exchange.

Schoolteacher: 30%! Why, it is swindling. Didn't it make you feel guilty?

Businessman: (surprised) why should it? It is my money against another's and the best man wins. That is all.

Schoolteacher: And what if you are the loser? How do you feel then?

Businessman: Feel? What do I care about feeling? I locked up my feeling long ago as Jack locked up his moral conscience. They have no place and no part. Feeling is the ruin of my trade. Once I begin to feel I might as well throw up the sponge and jump into the river.

Schoolteacher: (wryly) Which was exactly what you did, wasn't it?

Philosopher: Don't you think we are drifting into a rather, shall I say, futile conversation? These are matters entirely between our business friend and his pocket and Jack and his conscience. The moral implications of their actions need bother no one but them.

Jack Dawn: You are wrong there. This is not between me and my conscience. It is between me and my government. It is my living. There are no implications, moral or otherwise, attached to it. If my government thinks it necessary to go to war and uses the bomb I have helped to make, I am only as responsible for it as the man who signs the order for war is responsible, as the man who drops the bomb on command is responsible, as every soldier and sailor who takes up a gun with intent to kill for the country is respon-

sible, as every man and woman who benefits by an eventual victory will be responsible. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Michelov: I do not agree with you entirely. The decision rests a little in our hands, if only we have the courage to take it.

Dawn: To what extent? I live in an age with utilitarian values. I am a cog in a vast machine. If I refuse to turn the way all the others are turning but turn the other way, I succeed in nothing but in breaking myself. This civilisation is too deep and big, too far gone, I tell you, to be changed or turned or stopped by one man like me.

Michelov: It is puny men like you and me who must rally against a government which destroys its governed. If one nut turns in the opposite direction it will break. But if a hundred nuts turn in the opposite direction, the machine will break.

Philosopher: That sounds like logic.

Dawn: Logic! It is piffle, pure and simple. He is talking through his hat. Ask him how he died. And then you will know. (pause) Alright. I will tell you. He is a Czech. Doesn't that tell you all anything?

Businessman: (after thinking) No. I am sorry, but I did not always take care to be posted with all Continental news, you know. Politics and all that. I was a businessman. Textiles.

Michelov: I dealt with germs in test tubes.

Businessman: Ah, a doctor.

Michelov: No, I was a medical researcher. I was trying to find a cure for certain diseases, plague particularly. I conducted experiments on small white rats and small white rabbits. I had to kill so many, hundreds, in the course of my experiments and they all died in great agony.

Schoolteacher: Spare us these gruesome details, for goodness sake. I don't want to listen.

Michelov: (unperturbed) It was my job to watch them day and night, to note each and every convulsion, to see the twisting and turning of their small bodies and hear their

groans and their thin screams of pain and record them that at some future time humanity might benefit by it.

Businessman: Well, I do not see anything particularly gruesome in such experiments. They are being done all over the world.

Jack Dawn: Yes, but listen to him. He talks to me of turning against the machine. Listen to what happened to him because he did exactly that.

Michelov: You have missed the point, Jack.

Schoolteacher: What happened, Mr. Michelov? What happened to you? Tell us that.

Michelov: My Government used me as a tool. They said this was right, this was wrong; this should be done, this should not. They laid down my code of conduct. I didn't protest. I argued just like Jack. What would come of my protest? Nothing.

Schoolteacher: Would you have done anything they asked you to?

Michelov: Yes, within reason.

Schoolteacher: Didn't you feel you were morally wrong to put an end to a life on the chance of finding something which might save others. I would have chosen the one life against that slim chance.

Michelov: I am glad you agree with me. That is what I said to them.

Jack Dawn: Fool! he chose the one against the many.

Michelov: I could not help it. He was my brother.

Schoolteacher: God forbid!

Michelov: He did not, evidently.

Jack Dawn: (shocked) He was your brother? I did not know that.

Schoolteacher: They asked you to experiment on him? But that is inhuman. How could they ask such a thing?

Michelov: He was a prisoner in Siberia. He was a harmless person really, a passive political thinker. When I found what I thought would be a cure for plague they printed my name and picture on the front pages of newspapers. They said I deserved medals, pensions, everything the state could give me. It was very gratifying. Then they suggested

I should try my cure on a human being, first inject the disease into him and then try my cure on him. I agreed. The ethics of it never occurred to me. You cannot imagine how machine-like and impervious you can become under a government which thinks of you as a part of a machine. You cease to have a soul. The only difference between you and an animal then is that you walk on two feet. That is all.

Schoolteacher: Did they deliberately pick your brother for you to experiment on?

Michelov: I don't know. A brilliant State official suggested I should take a political prisoner from Siberia—nobody seemed to want them, poor fellows for my experiment. He turned over the registers of names and put his finger on Michelov and said: What an odd coincidence. Michelov experiments on Michelov. It was a brilliant inspiration. What he didn't know was that he was my brother. Or perhaps he did know and was just testing my loyalty to the state. I refused, of course. The next day the papers said I was a traitor to the state and that the cure I had discovered was really not mine but stolen from somebody else. The day after that they put me against a wall and shot me. (Pause) So you see, Jack, though I did break myself I am glad I did. It served at least as an example to other people who had courage.

Businessman: (with assumed brusqueness) Well, what has happened has happened. The Government broke Michelov, society broke this poor Delhi girl and I broke myself.

Swarna: (dourly) That is a nice cheerful way of looking at things, I must say. Where do we go next, anyway? Here we are at the top.

I: We have come to the end of the journey, it seems.

Swarna: (terrified) W-What do you mean, the e-end of the journey?

I: Where else is there to go? This trail is a dead-end.

Businessman: There is the path going down the mountain.

I: Where?

Businessman: Here. Right in front of us, going down the mountain.

I: You are joking. There is no path. There is only this huge wall.

Swarna: Wall? What wall? What are you talking about? There is no wall here. There is the trail going down the hill. It is broad and straight and long. Can't you see it?

I: (sobbing) I can't. I don't know what has happened to my sight. I can't see the road. I see only a huge blank wall. Nothing else.

Philosopher: (comforting her) You poor girl. You poor girl. It must be the excitement. Your mind must be out of tune with your surroundings. But never mind. We will stay with you and keep you company.

Swarna: What? Stay here and freeze to death? Not likely. I am walking on. Sorry, my dear, everyone must work out his own salvation, you know. (to Mary) Are you coming?

Mary: (quietly) No.

Swarna: Well, good luck to you then. (goes.)

Schoolteacher: Will you kindly wait? I shall join you in a moment. (turning to me) My poor child, what dreadful sin is it which has blinded you to the glory that is around us? Tell me, if it will relieve your conscience.

Mary: Talking will not relieve her. Please don't bother her. She is tired. Can't you see she is broken down? Please go. (The schoolteacher leaves.)

Philosopher: Ah, but it is only when the mind is unburdened that it feels at peace. If she talks now she will soon be out of this mood.

Mary: Are you a psychiatrist?

Philosopher: No, I am a philosopher. Why?

Mary: What is your line of philosophy? What do you think of this life after death?

Philosopher: (pompously) That is a very serious question and it is difficult to answer it in one sentence or two. There are varied theories, of course. The German philosophers, I must say, are in agreement with the Hindu con-

cept. They believe, for instance . . .

Mary: I did not ask you what the German philosophers believed. What do you believe?

Philosopher: How dare I pit myself against the great thinkers? Who am I to give an opinion?

Mary: (shortly) It proves you have none then. Now, please go. You cannot help this girl.

Philosopher: (outraged) If anybody had spoken to me like that at my university, I would have . . .

Mary: This is not your college, nor your university. This is Unknown Territory. It has no ethics, no moral codes, no laws, no courts. Now, will you go?

Philosopher: I certainly shall not. This place interests me and I propose to find out more about it.

Jack Dawn: Is there nothing we can do for this poor girl? Pity. Pity. So young too. Will you come, Michelov? (they leave).

Businessman: Gentlemen, gentlemen, just a moment. I shall join you if you don't mind. This is an eerie place to walk about alone (exit).

I: Everybody has gone. (To Mary) Are you not going too, Mary?

Mary: (hesitantly) You might not like me to stay and keep you company if you knew who I was.

I: (gently) I am not concerned with what you have been. I want to know why you have not gone with the others. I am like the drowning person. No good will come of staying with me.

Mary: (slowly) I am not going because I also do not see the path before me.

I: You do not? Oh, Mary, why did you not say so? I have been so miserable all this while because I thought of all the people here I was the sinner. They could see and I could not. Now I know I cannot be so lost if you are in the same condition. You are a good woman, Mary. I know it.

Mary: You do not know what I have been. You are like a child which thinks all things white are milk. I have been bad. Bad. Bad. Bad.

Look at me. Can you not see it in my face, in my eyes?

I: No. To me you seem beautiful. There is a stillness in your eyes, as if somewhere deep within them there is a life waiting. There is a gentleness in your voice and a tenderness in your smile towards all. You do not know how beautiful you are.

Philosopher: (to Mary) Your fears are groundless, my dear. Take assurance from me. I know.

I: What shall we do now, Philosopher? You must tell us. You are so wise and know so much.

Philosopher: I have been thinking about it. I suggest we try to walk along the way the others did, down the mountain.

Mary: How can we when there is this great mirror standing in the way?

I: Mirror? Oh no, Mary. It is a wall. It is not a mirror. It is a wall stretching up to the heavens.

Mary: I do not see a wall. I see a vast unending mirror standing against the sky. I see two radiant shapes in it, who they are I cannot imagine. Come closer and look.

I: No, I do not want to come closer. What do they look like, Mary? Tell me.

Mary: They look dazzling, as if lit from within by an unearthly light. I do not know who they are, but they are not of the earth, I know that.

Philosopher: Are you telling me you see God? But that is incredible. God does not dwell in mirrors set on mountain-tops.

Mary: Where does God dwell then, Philosopher? Mine was crucified in Jerusalem. Where does yours dwell?

Philosopher: My dear child, I am not denying your God. I am only suggesting these unearthly creatures that you see in your invisible mirror may be creations of your imagination. Our myths do not talk of such gods.

Mary: They are not in my imagination, Philosopher, they are here before my eyes. I see them. I feel their presence. I am even beginning to see something fami-

- liar about them. Or perhaps my eyes have got accustomed to their aspect. Who they might be I dare not think.
- A Voice:** Are you then become such strangers to yourselves that you do not recognize your own images?
- Mary:** Ourselves? These—ourselves? These glorious, ethereal presences—us? Oh no, it cannot be.
- I:** Kind spirit, who are you? And what dire punishment is this you are meting out to us? Or is this a joke being played on us by the gods? Our friends are gone. Let us go. Your mirror has confounded us into a rare confusion.
- The Voice:** Did you say friends?
- I:** They were at any rate flesh like us and blood and bones like us. And they are gone. This is a dreadful, lonely place to stand and listen to disembodied voices.
- The Voice:** Did you never feel lonely on earth? Did you never live in a house full of people you knew and loved and yet felt more alien than a stranger? Did you lie in those fields looking at nowhere for hours together because you had company? Did anybody ever share your thoughts with you?
- I:** No, I was alone on earth too, confused, uncertain of my way. I do not want to be confused anymore. My mind was a chaos. I want to let light into it.
- The Voice:** From chaos was born God. Why are you afraid of it?
- I:** Confusion, as I know it, means unhappiness. It cannot be allied to God.
- The Voice:** Confusion has implicit in it a core of unity, of integration. That core is God. Do you understand that better?
- Philosopher:** This is hallucination. There is some mischief going on here. What talk is this of God? Are you God, Sir?
- The Voice:** No.
- Philosopher:** What are you then? Are you Death?
- The Voice:** No, I am Time.
- I:** (sharply) What are you doing here then? Your place is down below there.
- Time:** What do you think is below there?
- I:** The earth, the world I came from.
- Time:** No. This is the world. *This* is the earth. There is nothing below.
- Philosopher:** That is fantastic. What part of the earth could this be? Whereabouts is it from England?
- Time:** Nowhere you know of. It is beyond the lands your maps show, the rivers and the continents your explorers have discovered. Have you never heard of a land beyond the seas?
- I:** Strange. I have never heard of such a land. But if this is earth, what are *we* doing here? We died, you know. Did we not, Mary?
- Time:** Yes, you ceased to breathe in one place. That is why you are here.
- I:** Oh, Time, what strange phantasy is this? Who am I? What am I doing here? Are these cold, bleak mountains the earth? What is beyond them?
- Time:** Another world such as yours and beyond them other worlds.
- I:** Are they as real as this one? With people and rain and sun and beasts and speech?
- Philosopher:** But wait. What do you mean by *real*? We must understand that first. Do you mean a world is real if it is a region of mere fact or event? That is only empirical reality. *Maya*, if you would rather call it. How do you know it is absolute reality? In fact there are some philosophies which theorise that the world is as immense dream projection. If it comes to that, I suppose Einstein can give an explanation of the universe in the form of a series of mathematical equations, which a dozen people in the world would understand.
- I:** Aren't we real, Philosopher? Isn't the whole world as we know it, real?
- Mary:** It depends on how you mean it. Do you mean is reality persistence in consciousness? If you do, it is real in the sense we see and hear and feel it. But that is not absolute reality. There is an Unknown factor behind this experimental reality which, if we could but find it, is the Absolute Reality. Kant calls it practical reason. Schopenhauer calls it the Will in the interest of which Knowledge is born.
- I:** I do not understand you.
- Philosopher:** (largely) My dear girl, how can you? It took me years to understand it myself. Time talks of other worlds. What kind of reality is theirs? We must ask him that.
- Mary:** Isn't it simpler than that? *In my father's house are many mansions.*
- I:** (sadly) I think Time has gone.
- Time:** No. I am here. Where can I go?
- I:** I thought perhaps you went down the mountain with the others. I wish now they were all here. They looked so lost and forlorn when they went down. Do you suppose I could call them back, Time?
- Time:** They cannot come back even if you call them. They have already forgotten you. They have begun the continuation of their existence.
- I:** As what?
- Time:** As babes in wombs.
- Philosopher:** Death as a continuance is the Muslim belief, isn't it? The Quoran says the state after death is an image of the spiritual state in this life. Then *you will see the faithful men and the faithful women, their light running before them and on their right hands.* Isn't that what you mean, Mr. Time?
- Time:** The light is inside them, Philosopher, the light is inside them, more real than your Absolute Reality.
- I:** But it is a pity, isn't it, that they should choose to continue as babes? So much of experience and living wasted. Why did they not choose to remain as they were?
- Time:** Because they know no better. Humanity, with rare exceptions, knows no better. They all want to start from the beginning all over again.
- I:** To give themselves more time to live again?
- Time:** You are talking of me. I am indivisible. Don't you realise it? I have sat here since before creation and I have seen the worlds moving on their infinite rounds. There is no such thing as giving oneself more time.
- Philosopher:** What do you mean by saying you are indivisible?
- Time:** That the hundreds of millions of clocks you use on earth have nothing to do with me. What you have put in your clocks is your calculations, your measurements, your ideas. It is not I.
- I:** There was yesterday and there will be tomorrow, Time. How do you explain that? You do move forward.
- Time:** I do not, I am still, fixed, constant. It is you who move.
- Philosopher:** You do not move! But you do. You move forward or backward or in a circle. Which?
- Time:** I told you. I do not move. I am the constant factor. Your children, your children's children will see me here when they pass down the mountain.
- Philosopher:** I believe I understand what he means. You know, funnily enough, H. G. Wells was the first man who thought of it. He said any period of time, say between birth and death, is the three-dimensional representation of a four-dimensional Being. This is interesting. Very interesting indeed.
- I:** You understand it?
- Philosopher:** (chuckling) Yes, indeed. Wells was right.
- I:** Far from understanding it I am not even able to imagine it. We grow and time passes. You cannot deny it.
- Time:** You grow and develop. It is not in any relation with me.
- I:** It is day and then it is night. Is that also unconnected with you?
- Time:** That is a simple phenomenon which your scientists can explain.
- I:** (distressed) You tell me there is no such thing as time. How could that possibly be? That is the yardstick for most human calculations.
- Time:** I did not say I am not. I am. But I am no measure of human development. I take part in nothing.

I: How else can you compute human progress or achievement or change? It must be in terms of something.

Time: Use your clocks and your signs and symbols if you wish. But can you not imagine one time always?

Philosopher: (startled) Just as one might say it is always six o'clock or seven or eight, something constant and changeless?

Time: No. Like space. Unending, infinite, but one.

Philosopher: But our consciousness of space is a consciousness of co-existent positions. So even space is only a relative reality.

I: He means, Time, there must be a name for the period between birth and death as we know it on earth, between one kind of being and the kind that replaces it.

Time: Call it Evolution. It is a name that covers every kind of change and growth and transformation that has taken place since creation.

Philosopher: Aren't cosmic periods terminable by fire or water? Is that Evolution too?

Time: Yes, the fire you produce and the flood you unleash.

Philosophy: (aside) This is blasphemy. Now he is denying even Christian doctrine.

I: You talked of creation. What was before creation, Time?

Time: Nothing, or chaos if you would understand that better. And I.

I: (astonished) You? You were there before God? And you saw Creation?

Philosopher: Incredible!

Time: The creation that you know of is in terms of pain and birth and shape. The creation I saw was like nothing you can conceive.

Mary: And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Philosopher: The Quoran also says I was a hidden treasure.

Time: It was an impregnation. The void or chaos became instinct with life. That was the creation I saw. Later came Man and Nature. A twin birth.

I: Nature is then Man's equal?

Time: Yes. A reflection of man and a being felt by the senses.

Philosopher: Ah! All knowledge then did begin with the senses? I knew Thomas Aquinas must be right.

Time: (turning to Mary) You ask me no questions. Have you no doubts?

Mary: (quietly) I have passed the stage of confusion. Time, and reached acceptance. What is, is. I do not need to reason why.

Philosopher: Isn't that rather impractical? What else can guide you except reason?

Mary: Reason and knowledge helped me merely to grope in the outer darkness, but when I went into the deeper darkness, their light could not guide me. I was a bad woman, Time, but you must know that already. I was broken by life, defeated by poverty, affliction, loneliness. I thought at first all of me was gone, that there was nothing else to be done. I blamed everybody except myself and waited for Death. But the mood of despair was short-lived. Soon there was no unhappiness. I found deep inside me there was a new life going on. It was a strange discovery. Frightening too, till I became accustomed to it. And soon my inner life became my only life. I lived, I breathed, I ate and laughed, but it was as if my body were apart from me, an inessential thing, intrinsically not even belonging to me. I had cancer. The doctor said I could not live for a month if I went on as I was doing. He laughed when I said I felt no pain. But I went on living all the same and men came to me. But soon many stopped coming. The one or two who continued to come did not ask anything more of me than to sit and talk to me and look at me. I asked them if I had grown ugly and they said no, but I was different, strange, a little mad.

I: Oh, Mary, they said it of me too.

Mary: But I was not, you know. I felt beautiful, as if something inside me had suddenly come to life. My heart was always doing lovely things, my mind contemplating lovely thoughts. In that dusky,

dirty, smutty tavern of my soul there was a small taper burning.

Philosopher: This sounds like nothing I have ever heard before. Do you tell me that you lived as you had always lived and that you felt no pain?

Mary: Yes. Yes. Yes.

Philosopher: Our gods and saints were above pain and affliction. I suppose you will soon call yourself a good woman!

Mary: I do not call myself anything. I acted according to my instincts and I felt right and beautiful inside.

Time: What is good in your language? If it is to be near God, then she is indeed, for instinct is God, the First Reason, the Law behind the First Cause that your philosophers speak of.

I: I tried to live according to my reason. I failed too, but it helped me to think. Is not power of thought God?

Time: No, it is the Child of God. It came after Instinct, like Knowledge and Will.

I: Chaos is the Mother of God. Instinct is God and Thought is the Child of God. Is that the Trinity they worship here?

Time: One can worship only what is outside one. These are all inside you. They are the seed from which you grew.

Philosopher: You say Instinct is God. Has God then no form, no tangible shape or palpable size?

Time: Can you not imagine anything without shape or form or figure, moulded to no frame, cut to no design? A power without lineament, outline or attitude? A presence? If you must give it a familiar shape, you may. But why worship it? Don't interfere with it. That is all.

Philosopher: There are no such things as bad instincts then?

Time: Ah, that is what I meant by asking you not to interfere with it. Let not man-made beliefs, superstitions and prejudices obscure the free and natural activity of your instinct. You grow shrubs round it, called Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, and the multitudinous words you use to

describe the system you have devised for the regulation of your conduct on earth. Instinct is what you are born with, it came before judgment. It is the spring-board of all spontaneous, involuntary action. It is indestructible, immutable. You saw yourselves in that mirror. They are your true selves. You saw your friends who went down the mountain. Those are the selves you acquire.

I: Is it possible then to be led only by our instincts?

Time: Children are led by their instincts. Even all your religions and faiths agree that children are nearest to being God.

Mary: The disciples came and asked Jesus, 'Who is the greatest in the Realm of Heaven?' So he called a child, set it among them and said, 'I tell you truly, unless you turn and become like children, you will never get into the Realm of Heaven at all.'

Philosopher: It is the children then who live ever in the imitation of Christ as the Christians believe?

Time: Christ was no God. Nor Mahmud. Nor Buddha. Nor Rama or the unnumbered gods of the Hindus. You are confusing the contained for the container. They lived in the exercise of the God in them.

I: Man does not need them then?

Time: They help to cut out that undergrowth which Man has grown round his instincts. That is all. If he is able to exercise his instinct without the example of his betters before him, they are superfluous to him.

Philosopher: You talk of the undergrowth as if it were entirely man-made.

Time: Entirely.

Philosopher: Will that explain Evil then? Selfishness, dishonesty, cruelty and greed?

Time: They were grown by man, indubitably. I deny Evil.

I: Oh, come, Time. Surely you do not mean it is a figment of our imagination?

Philosopher: Adam and Eve lost their first estate by a wilful act

of disobedience. Was that not Evil?

Time: Yes, man-made, as you see.

Philosopher: You deny the Devil too then as an inherited evil?

Time: Yes, indeed. Completely. It is the negation of creation, of existence. I cannot grant you Evil because Evil implies annihilation and Death.

I: Oh, now you deny death. You have confused us all over again. We died, Time, we ceased to have a being sometime ago.

Time: There is no such thing as sometime. I told you that. There is no such thing as Death. What you call Death is only a continuation.

I: Who decides where and how this continuation is to take place?

Time: You. You become what you are fit to become in the process of your evolution. And your fitness is controlled by you.

Philosopher: That sounds like the Karma theory with a new twist.

I: But how long, Time, how long? Is there no end to this change and continuance?

Time: Of course. When you become completely and wholly instinct. That is the end of evolution. That is the top of the hill.

I: It seems so far away. When will that blessed day of redemption come, Time? How long is man going to be blind to his inner radiance? There were some people who came up the hill with us. It tore my heart to hear them speak. They are not wicked, Time, only ignorant. I keep thinking of them all and wishing they were all here and could hear you.

Time: No, they are not wicked. Your world has turned them into what they are, your laws, your institutions, your moral codes, your unnatural habits. How can man grow in any but an unwholesome, perverted fashion in the world which you have created? You try to kill his instincts, you try to huddle men up together into a mass and say unless they behave all in a set fashion it would be difficult to control them. Why would it be difficult? Is not every man responsible for

himself and does not he realise it himself?

Philosopher: You talk of other worlds and other men. What would happen to society if every man and woman were left free to act and think and speak as he or she felt? I cannot imagine such a state. We call our kind of society a democracy in which man is given as much freedom as he can handle. If he is given more he would run amok.

Time: I shouldn't wonder. You cannot expect a diseased body to react in a healthy fashion to wind and rain and sun. I am speaking of Man's final redemption from all these shackles. You will see it happen, Philosopher, perhaps in some other country, in some other climate, in a society called by some other name.

I: Why do you think it is unnecessary to help man in this redemption? Why do you refute the need for saints and for religion and other external aids? I do not mean religion as an article of faith, as sacrifice and candles and flowers and incense but a living faith, as a vestment to feeling.

Time: I deny their need. They cannot help all. Only some at a certain stage of their evolution. But if mankind feels comforted by religious practices and saints, even if it is not helped in the exercise of its instincts by them, let mankind have them. If they want gods with hands and feet and eyes, alright let them have their gods.

Philosopher: Is there no Hell too then that the Hindu religion warns against, where those who have sinned go to be tortured, boiled in oil, broken under wheels, pierced with spears?

Time: (amused) What a frightening suggestion! But doesn't the picture seem familiar? It is not the hell of sinners, philosopher, but the earth of the living.

Philosopher: That cancels out Heaven too, I suppose. Pity. Pity. And our Heaven was such a lovely place. I don't know if everybody is going to like your ideas, Time. We have rather got used

to the idea of darkness and misery for the wicked and the Kingdom of Heaven for the righteous.

Mary: Christ said *The Kingdom of God is within you*, philosopher.

Philosopher: Yes, but all people have their private Heavens way above the clouds and their private Hells in the dungeons below. It is easier to picture Heaven as something outside of us than as something within us, something hidden and secret and unpredictable.

Time: And where did you think you were bound privately, philosopher?

Philosopher: (slowly and completely reasonably) To tell you the truth, to some middle place. I have all the knowledge, but no religion; all the facts but no creed. There has been something lacking. I realise that now. Until I find that out I am not complete. Mary here, with the life she has led and the pain she has suffered, is more whole than I. You have made me see it clearly, Mr. Time. Perhaps later on I will begin to see it so much more clearly that the hiatus inside me will fill up. And now I think it is time for me to go. I saw the path, you know. Mary. I could not see your mirror but curiosity kept me here. Well, this is one instance in which I benefitted by it.

I: You taught me a lot too, Philosopher, things I had never known or heard of before.

Philosopher: Be wise. Forget it. (goes slowly down the mountain).

I: Must we all go, Time?

Time: Go where you wish. If you wish. Do you want to go with the Philosopher?

I: No.

Time: Would you like to remain here with me?

I: Suppose I said yes to that? Would you let me remain?

Time: Yes.

I: I can then do just as I like?

Time: Yes.

I: Oh, Time, you give me a long rope to hang myself. You know what I want to do, don't you?

Mary: What is it? Don't you want to go on?

I: No, Mary, I do not want to go to the Unknown beyond. I want to go back. To the earth I came from.

Time: There is no going back. I told you.

I: I willed myself to die. I can will myself to return.

Mary: What do you want to do? Perhaps if you explain that to him he will let you go. Tell him.

I: He knows. He knows why I want to go back. I love the people I have left behind. I want to tell them this, share with them this new knowledge that I have gained. They are ignorant, humble, weak. They have no faith and no understanding, only fear. They have no religion and no knowledge. I want to tell them. You speak to me of the unheard of delights inside us but I remember only the warm, kind world I came from. To me that seems the greater delight, to live among the people I know and to love them again. You promise me the complete Instinct. That knowledge is useless to me unless I am able to share it with others. They do not know any better, Time. They do not see the God in themselves. They only see the God in their temples with fear and self-contempt and barren hope. I want to tell them there is no more need for fear, that there is no Hell to torment them, that their Heaven is inside them, a gentler thing than anything they have known so far.

Time: What if they do not understand you?

I: It would make me unhappy, but surely some will understand. And the telling will give me joy. I must help them. Don't you see? I cannot work out my salvation while they grope blindly in the dark, because mine is inextricably bound up with theirs. I am a daughter of the Earth, Time.

Time: You want to be a saint.

I: That is a mighty word for the likes of me. How can I be called a saint when I am spiritually so incomplete myself? I have a lot to learn but I will learn it with the children of the earth. And we will help each other.

Time: Do you think you can help Man? Remember because you could not bear a little unkindness you willed yourself to die. You will have to suffer all that over again. They might not believe you.

I: But some will understand me. That is all I want. I can bear unkindness.

Time: They might call you mad again or name you a witch and crown you with abuse or put you on the stake. Could you bear all that?

I: Yes, but I must go back the way I came. This memory, this talk, this revelation I must carry with me. That will give me courage. In my worst moments this memory will sustain me. I shall tell the children of the Earth that no books guided me, no reason showed the way, but that I know. I have seen and felt. If they kill me for that I can but come here again.

Mary: For verily the son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many.

I: I shall go, Mary. Don't be afraid. I do not know when we shall meet again. I shall come back to you, Time. You will be here.....

Woman:So you see, my return was of my own choice. I came back to help man help himself.

Man: You seem to be succeeding.

Woman: Did you talk to any of the ashramites?

Man: Yes.

Woman: You told me they say I achieved miracles. Do they talk about my experience? Have they learnt to shed their fear of God yet? To trust themselves?

Man: Don't you think you expect too much from them?

Woman: Are you afraid of God, sceptic? Of Retribution and Judgment?

Man: I am not even afraid of the chastisement promised to the unbelievers. In my own stupid, blundering way, I believe my salvation or whatever you call it, is in my own hands. I have no God. I do not claim to know what happens after the pier has been lit. I do not accept the authority of Scripture. I am morally and intellectually adrift on uncharted seas, but I am quite happy to let my boat take me where the waves please.

Woman: Can't these boats be guided?

Man: Yes. But don't expect them to co-operate with you. They do not know how.

Woman: I cannot say you have been of much help to me, sceptic.

Man: What do you want me to say to you? Run away from all this adulation and these people and look to your own soul? You can't do that now, *yogini*.

Woman: Why?

Man: But, tell me first, why do you want to go away?

Woman: Because I have not been able to help people. I wanted them to know what I had learnt. I told them not to oppress themselves with material codes and regulations. I told them their Heaven was born with them. (bitterly) And now, I find they want me to find their Heaven for them. They want me to give it to them on a plate in return for flowers and incense and offerings. I ask them not to be afraid, and they take shelter behind me.

Man: Did not Time warn you of this?

Woman: No, not of this. He said I might be treated ill, that I might be made to suffer. But I didn't think it would be like this. I was prepared to be beaten, stoned, driven about, persecuted. But they have put me on a pedestal and worship me. They write books about me. They sing my praises. They touch my feet. Where is it going to take them, sceptic? How can I tell them that is not the way they should go?

Man: You told me Time said "if mankind feels comforted by saints, even if it is not helped in

the exercise of its instincts by them, let mankind have them."

Woman: Am I to be crucified then because people feel comforted to have me among them—because they are afraid still? Am I to let myself be worshipped because it gives other people ease of mind? How can I deceive myself and deceive them?

Man: You are not deceiving yourself. It is the cross you have to bear. You are not deceiving them. It is

they who are deceiving themselves.

Woman: There is nothing I can tell them or teach them then. I can no longer speak of the top of the hill. Well, so be it. It was my choice. I shall keep silent. Good bye, sceptic. If you should pass again this *ashram*, come and see me. It seems to me I can only talk to unbelievers hereafter.

GOD AND FAITH

God, in a word, is the egotism of the atom and the egotism of myself.—De Casseres.

God is not a cosmic bell-boy for whom we can press a button to get things.—H. E. Fosdick.

I fear God, and next to God I chiefly fear him who fears Him not.—Saadi.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—New Testament: Hebrews.

The errors of faith are better than the best thoughts of unbelief.—Thomas Russell.

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Letters To The Editor

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

Attacks On Government Servants

Please permit me to voice a protest, through your columns, against the undeserved and sweeping attack made on the Government servants of this province by Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia, during the course of a speech in the Tamil Nad Kisan Conference at Tiruchirapally on 26-3-'50. I happened to be present at the conference pandal then. While criticising the working of controls in the Madras State, Dr. Lohia said, "As a class government servants are known to accept bribes."

In a country like England, where the civilian government servants enjoy trade union rights and privileges, such violent and objectionable statements against the workers in Government services as a class would not have gone unchallenged. But here in Madras the Government Servant's Conduct Rules, do not allow them the privilege of defending themselves

against such irresponsible attacks by public men.

People like Dr. Lohia, who claim to strive for the rights of workers in all spheres of life, cannot but be aware of this inability of the Government servant to defend himself against such attacks. It may perhaps be pointed out here that some months back another Socialist leader from Bombay, made an attack on the members of the Madras Secretariat Association at a public meeting in the city, and got away with it.

In the circumstances may I request the Government of Madras to see that their servants are protected from the irresponsible attacks of public men by relaxing the existing provisions of the Government Servant's Conduct Rules suitably enabling them to reply to such sweeping criticisms?

A. SOLOMON APPADURAI.

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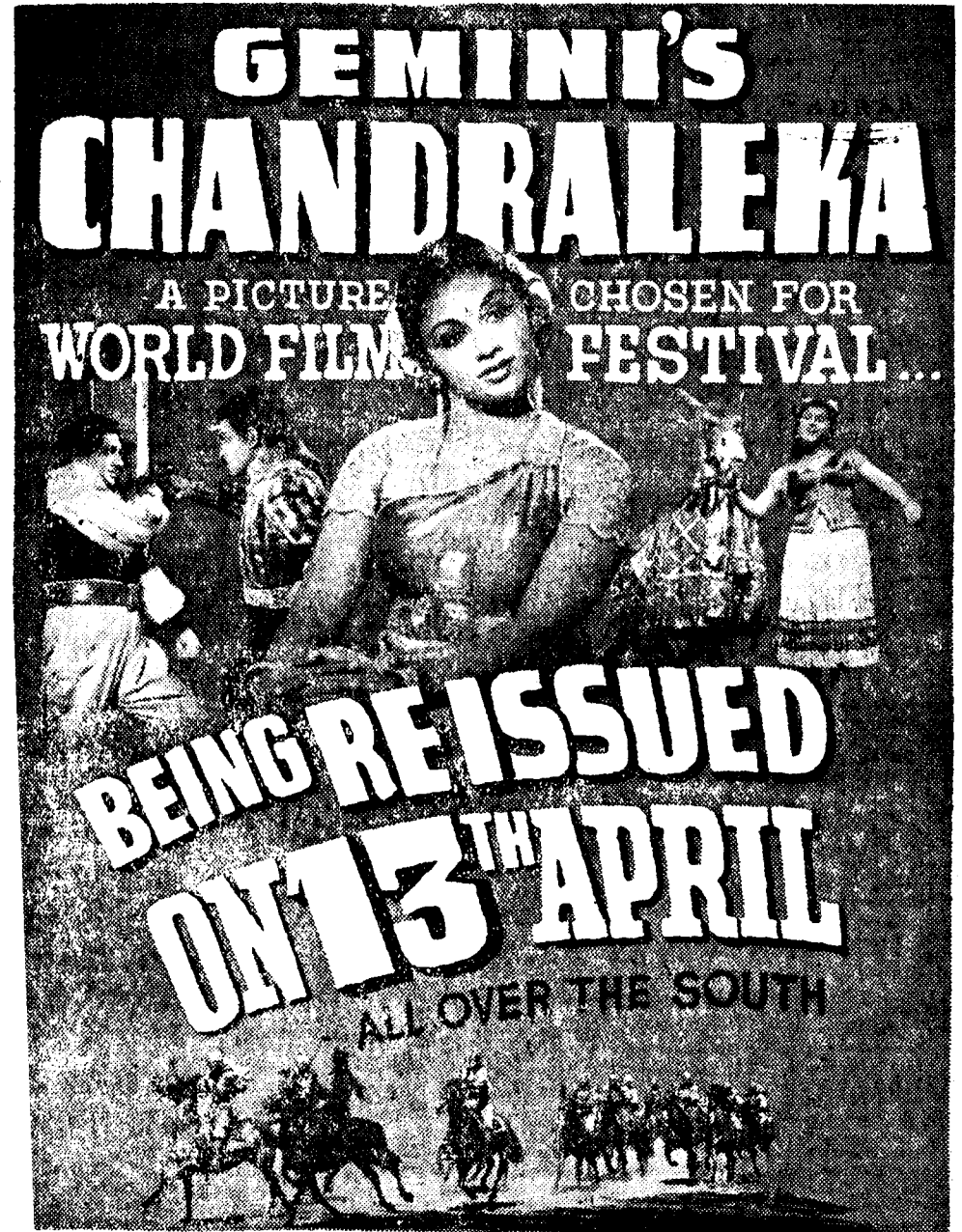
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE—By The Well— Sculptor: D. P. Roy Chowdhury	4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	6
CARTOON—By Thanu	8
THE PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY—By Philip Spratt	9
POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN HYDERABAD—By K. S. S.	12
RAMANA BHAGAWAN'S HEALTH—By S. Parthasarathy	14
INQUISITION INTO THE INDIAN PRESS—By Baroo	15
CRICKET HAS COME TO STAY—By V. P. Raman	17
THEY KNOW WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE WORLD!—By Marcelle Hirschmann	20
EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGES—By S. V. Ramanujam	23
RUSSIAN TACTICS IN THE UKRAINE —By David Laidlaw	25
THE HYDERABAD DEBATE IN PARLIA- MENT—By V. P. K. Nambiar	27
DUFFY—THE NEW BLOOD GROUP —By Dr. Trevor I. Williams	29
THE INDIANS OF AMERICA—By Emil Zubryn	31
REFLECTIONS ON THE CEYLON INDIAN PROBLEM—By V. Subramaniam	33
EMPHASIS ON CITIZENSHIP—By K. S. Viswanathan	35
A PLEA FOR HOMOEOPATHY—By V. C. Sekhar	37
CASTLES IN THE AIR (Short Story) —By S. Krishnaswamy Rao	39
NEW DELHI DIARY	41
THE GOVERNMENT AND NATIONAL CULTURE (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	42
CARTOON—By Madhav	45
FILM FARE	46



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ISSUED
WEEKLY

WHO SHOULD MAKE OUR LAWS?

THE debate in Parliament on Mr. K. T. Shah's motion for the laying down of qualifications for membership of Parliament and State legislatures revealed an interesting diversity of views on a question of vital importance to the future of our infant democracy. The Constitution itself, apart from fixing age-limits for candidates, has left the determination of other qualifications to Parliament. Speakers in Tuesday's discussion ranged from those who would like to have fairly high qualifications fixed for the responsible role of law-makers to those who argued, with appropriate references to past history, that no qualifications need be fixed at all and that the choice might be left to the unfettered discretion of the voters. On the main question whether any minimum educational qualifications—one member suggesting that at least the bare ability to read and write should be insisted on—should be laid down, there were nearly as many against the proposal as there were in its favour. The problem is obviously no new one. It is older than Plato, who felt that "until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of his world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their evils,—no, nor the human race." Parliament, said Burke, should be a mirror of the nation, by which he meant that it should not only be a reflection of the desires and aspirations of the people but also the embodiment of its col-

lective wisdom. Gandhiji, who was no believer in undiluted democracy, was of the view that some minimum educational qualification should be fixed for candidates to legislatures.

The difficulty arises from the fact that the modern democratic Parliament is both a sounding board and a more or less sovereign legislature at the same time and men who are qualified to act as spokesmen of the constituencies they represent by virtue of the confidence they command are not by that test alone qualified to assist in the making of laws, which in our increasingly complex society is becoming a more and more complicated task. The remedy might be, as suggested by Bernard Shaw, to have two different bodies, one to act as the forum for the ventilation of popular grievances and to call to account the Government—even dismiss it—and another composed of men specially qualified, to attend to the law-making. Elections to the latter should be, according to Shaw, from a panel of legislators whose qualifications have been ascertained and tested more or less in the same way as we test doctors or teachers or lawyers. There seems no early prospect, either in Britain or in this country, of Mr. Shaw's suggestion being accepted and we are thrown back to the problem of devising means by which men and women of reasonable competence and integrity are elected to our omniscient Parliament. There is, on the one side, as Srimati Durgabai shrewdly pointed out, a compelling need to associate more closely through committees and other means the rank and file of members of Parliament with the

problems of administration and the process of law-making so that formal business in Parliament does not remain, as it largely does at present, a mere registration of decisions arrived at elsewhere. Only thus can we have an informed body of legislators who will bring to their task knowledge of the problems of administration. There is, on the other side, a great responsibility on the part of party chiefs to see that the right type of candidates are chosen for election to Parliament. So long as elections are fought by parties, and there is no escape from the party system despite its known evils, the sort of legislators we will get in Parliament will depend on the degree of responsibility and judgment exercised by party executives in the preliminary selection of candidates.

Much of the political malaise in India today arises from the fact that the legislatures in the country are overwhelmingly dominated by the Congress, and other political groups in the country suffer from the frustration of inability to influence the conduct of Government by criticisms in the legislature. Naturally opposition to the Congress takes unconstitutional forms. The only remedy for this situ-

ation is the early holding of elections. The Congress leadership has a responsibility not only to take the speediest measures for the holding of general elections but to create conditions in which the people will freely exercise their choice. The Congress has lived too long on its past. It is high time it secured a fresh vote of confidence from the people. Above all, it must see that the men and women it selects for the legislatures of the country are persons of ability and integrity, who can be relied upon to place the public good above private interest. It cannot be said that the Congress has always acted on this principle. The result is, of course, the widespread deterioration in standards of administration that we witness today. There is no simple remedy for this situation. Fixing of academic or other paper qualifications for legislators will not automatically ensure a competent and honest legislature. There is need for a thorough heart-searching by the nation's leaders and for ruthless measures to weed out the venal and the scheming self-seeking politicians from the Congress. The future of the Congress will depend on its ability to carry out this fundamental reform today.

Sotto Voce

Bird's-eye View



WHILE the Editor of this journal has been spanning two continents like winged Mercury this humble paragraphist takes leave to mention with modest pride that he too has done an aerial voyage *in limine*. He started late and, to make up for it, returned early. But

he feels that it is no small thing to have trod the air with nonchalant ease, even if it was but for a brief hour. Those friends who have long pitied me for a troglodyte because I had not climbed up a ladder and into the maw of a Dakota must now think out other ways of sustaining their superiority.

I for my part mourn the loss of yet another illusion. I had expected to feel a fearful excitement, partly because of the travellers' tales that are so plentiful, partly because of recollections from the dim past of the travail of an aunt who could never do a three-mile ride in a bullock cart without throwing up more food than her normal intake for a month. And she had always insisted that I was atrabilious. On the eve of my late adventure I was the recipient of an abundance of helpful counsel. But, alas, like all good advice it was wasted—and I found myself flying before I knew what I was doing.

Creeping rather—as regard for truth compels me to confess. The captain's log, courteously circulated every twenty minutes, assured us that we were flying at an altitude of 6,500 feet and our cruising speed was 165 m.p.h. But, except for the momentary tremor in the pit of the stomach when the plane dipped a little or the rather chirpy feeling produced when with scarcely perceptible effort it rose again, one was hardly conscious of movement. Down below the landscape did move and change, but its fluctuations seemed to bear no relation to anything connected with us. There was nothing here to remind you of the frantic eagerness with which the telegraph poles along the railway track flew towards you and then danced away with a heartless abandon.

The earth had the formal elegance of an eighteenth century garden—the paddy flats laid out in orderly parterres with a geometer's eye for symmetry and glowing with a whole sub-spectrum of colour, from pale yellow to dark green; the slim palm trees in their rows tracing with their clustered fronds a wavy line of shadow like the scroll work on the walls of ancient mosques; the homely red of the tiled roofs squat amid the gleaming spires and the gulls dropping like jasmine petals over fields ready for the sowing. The large granite patches which, with their sutured and cicarized furrows, broke up that gay emerald quilt merely serv-

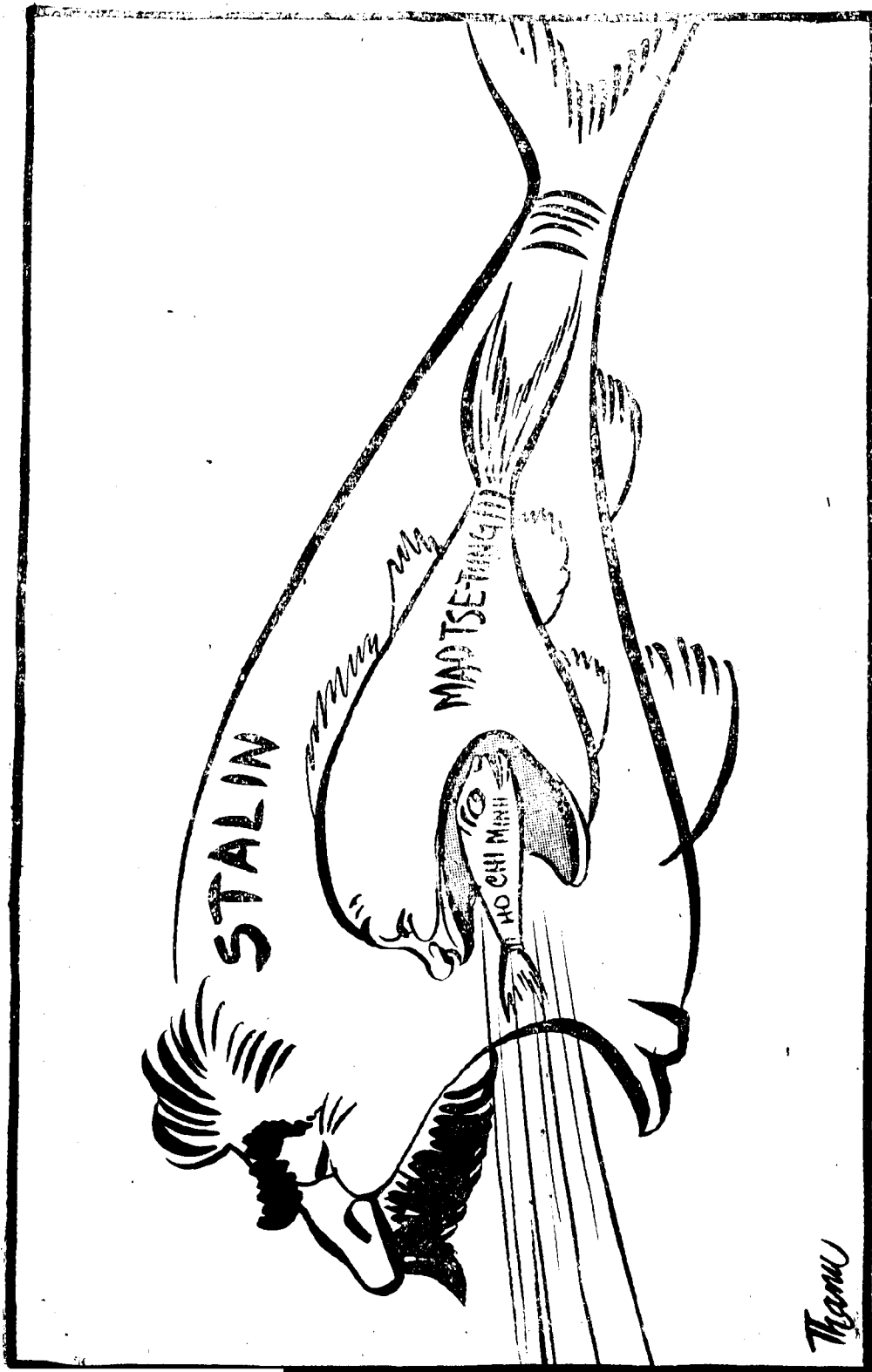
ed to heighten the impression of artifice. Did not Sir William Temple grow ecstatic over rock gardens?

You notice what appear to be two straggling slag heaps piled alongside of each other and then realise with a shock that you are actually looking at a distant spur of hill over the shoulder of another. But, sniff as you may at the hills, the clouds do not fail of their witchery. We passed over miles of what looked like gigantic clover in bloom, each cloud as tangible and shapely as a full grown tree and crushing into its neighbour's side with uxorious urgency. But then came a whisper of wind and tore off a rag of cloud. And all that substance and panoply dissolved into nothingness. I found myself gazing through a blue hole at the smirking earth.

The harshness of Nature is muted at this distance. Arid wastes look like drawings in sepia. The dried up water courses are hardly less regular than the trim channels in their beds dug by men's hands. A solitary tree (or is it a whole copse?) stands plumb in the middle of a field and holds its umbrella of green proudly over it. Even the scrub jungle of Chingleput is mysterious with odd tricks of light and colour. If one were pagan enough to think of God as a Being indescribably remote one might conceive Him as tolerating the unlovely brood He has planted on this planet because the alchemy of distance toned down its ugliness for Him!

Air travel is a great convenience. And in India today it is hardly more risky than train journeys! It is hygienic and, in small doses at any rate, bracing. But it may be frightfully boring. Abstracted into a few bright patterns the earth soon becomes a pallid monochrome. And as for the glory of motion, the sparrow mounting lightly on its wings may get rather more of it. After all it belongs to the race of Sampathi and Jatayu who view with each other chasing the sun. But man remains a prisoner of the work of his hands for all that he can catapult himself into the stratosphere.

VIGNESWARA



Ho Chi Minh, Leader of the Viet Minh, has been reported to be entering into negotiations with Mao Tse-Tung.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

By PHILIP SPRATT

WHILE the Congress retained the position it held up to two years ago there was scarcely room for an alternative party. It has now lost public support to such an extent that purely from the electoral point of view it could be challenged with some chance of success.

The Congress presented to rival parties not only the obstacle of its popularity, but also the state power. It regarded itself as more than a party: it was the nation, and it impliedly claimed the right to decide which among other parties should and which should not be allowed to exist. It seemed at one time unlikely to tolerate any serious rival. That no longer appears to be so. It does not tolerate the Communist Party, because that party is loyal to an outside agency; but it seems to be prepared to play the parliamentary game with some other parties at least. Among these the Socialist Party, whose patriotism is above suspicion, can be included.

The Socialist Party has however yet to obtain the necessary support. To do this it has to win two different groups of people: the educated and the uneducated. Without implying that the difference is absolute we can say that the educated middle class can be won by a programme or an ideology—if its interests as a class are not too seriously affected; while the uneducated must be won by an appeal to interest or emotion.

The appeal to the uneducated will have to be strong enough to overcome the pull of local and community ties. The Congress in its best days overcame these so successfully that their very existence was overlooked. With the decline of the Congress the strength of these alternative pulls is already showing itself, in provincial patriotism, and the formation of little mushroom parties—which win elections—appealing to caste and local solidarities of various kinds.

The Congress was able to overcome

these so successfully because it had monopolised the simple, magnetic cry of national self-respect, and still more because of Mahatma Gandhi. The Mahatma combined the unifying force of a father with the trustworthiness of an ascetic and something of the love of a mother. He penetrated into the family and won the women—the magnitude of this achievement has not been properly recognised. He united the fissiparous Hindu society as it had not been united since the Buddha's time.

No other party can hope to rival that performance. Next in effectiveness to the symbol of the father-ascetic probably comes the young hero, also with his special appeal to the women. Jawaharlal was able to play this part for a long time, until Subhas beat him at it. Jaya Prakash once enjoyed a reputation of this kind, but seems to have neglected to keep it up. However worthy this lapse into elder-statesmanly responsibility, it may be a mistake from the electoral point of view.

Subhas was always careful to protest his loyalty to Mahatma Gandhi, and thus to maintain the highly effective combination of the two symbols, the elderly ascetic and the young hero. In any case he preserved the reputation of a *brahmachari* and a pious Hindu. The Socialist Party has not been so successful in surrounding itself with this sort of atmosphere, though it does not lack it entirely. Its leaders wear khadi, are devoted to the national language, and generally refrain from foreign and scandalous modes of behaviour.

One suspects that they deliberately try to make up for the weakness of their appeal to the uneducated public by stressing their nationalism. They favour a stronger policy against Pakistan than the Congress does, and demand secession from the Commonwealth; although on both points a socialist party would have been expected to take the opposite attitude. But militant nationalism is probably

a very imperfect substitute for traditionalism. The uneducated public is, I believe, not deeply nationalistic—nor indeed is the educated, to the honour of both be it said. It is attached to the traditional symbols, which are mainly of a character which the Socialist Party regards as obscurantist. There is only one of these symbols to which the Socialists are sincerely attached—inviolable Mother India. Unfortunately, exploiting this is a dangerous game, and in any case the opposition on the right can do it far more effectively.

At this level the chances of the Socialist Party do not appear bright. It must depend mainly on its appeal to economic interests and the rational force of its programme. An economic appeal to the majority is comparatively easy in the industrial towns, and here the Socialist Party, through its work in organising trade unions, has made some headway. We need not discuss how far such an appeal can be honest. The most patriotic Socialist Party is tempted to indulge in demagoguery among the industrial workers. But such a party has some scruples, and therefore is very liable to be beaten by the communists, who have none. For some time to come however the Communist Party will be prohibited. The Socialist Party then has a good chance in the industrial constituencies.

A rational economic appeal to the rural poor is more difficult. Class divisions are complex, and production is so low that a decent living for the majority is impossible. When conditions become catastrophic the communist appeal to sheer aggression wins. The Communist Party cannot be effectively suppressed in the districts, and therefore the Socialist Party cannot take its place. It must fall back on a relatively rational programme, which has no great chance of getting mass support. Its two chief proposals are cancellation of the compensation to dispossessed landlords, and a land army.

Denial of compensation is a class-war cry. It antagonises a rather broad group of the most powerful people in the rural areas. It could be made to pay in terms of votes, therefore, only by drastic communist methods. Pursued by the constitutional methods

of the Socialists, it may be an electoral liability.

The land army proposes to make use of two of our unexploited assets—labour and land. It would mobilise unemployed labour under expert direction to reclaim eroded and unused land, and build roads, irrigation works, and so on. The workers would of course be paid, but the main reliance would be on patriotic enthusiasm and the solidarity of labour. There are impressive precedents for this; it is a good scheme, and we shall have to resort to it some day. The present regime could do it, and should. But until it is actually launched it is not likely to arouse much enthusiasm; merely as a project it cannot win many votes.

We come then to the general policy of the Socialist Party. How far does it meet requirements as a realistic plan of political and economic salvation for the country, and how is it likely to impress the educated class, in contrast to the policy of the Congress?

The educated class is well acquainted with the currents of thought of the world, and seems to be influenced by them. It is unfortunate for the Socialist Party that the policy on which it has chosen to take its main stand has steadily lost ground in recent years. Thirty years ago socialism was a magic word with the intelligentsia. Even ten years ago it retained much of the old aura. Today it has fallen to the humdrum level of practical politics. Its purposes in detail—full employment, social security, levelling up—have been accepted by opposing parties, such as the Congress, while its special methods, in particular direct state management, have been increasingly questioned. The Socialist Party can no longer count on winning the middle class with the appeal of the socialist utopia.

The Socialist Party policy has one, perhaps two, advantages over that of the Congress. The one is the land army. The other is that its leaders have hitherto taken a more realistic view of the population problem; but this, though essential, is a long-term policy, which in any case promises less any tangible benefit than the avoidance of catastrophe. Apart from these

the Socialist Party has nothing to offer. Nationalisation might yield some marginal gains, or it might not. It is no reflection on the Socialist Party leaders that their prospects of fighting corruption more successfully than the Congress are not regarded as bright. The refusal of compensation to landlords would lighten somewhat the burden on the exchequer, but it promises no new era in agriculture. The Socialist Party has no panacea for the ills of the rural community.

On the fundamental question of capital formation and investment the Socialist Party is even more unrealistic than the Congress. To put it bluntly, we cannot avoid continued economic decline and eventual disaster—not to speak of attaining prosperity—on our own resources, unless we resort to the Russian method of extracting surplus labour from a large part of the population by coercion over a period of generations. If we are unwilling to do that, as of course both the Congress and the Socialist Party are, then we must get capital from abroad. There is no third way. The Congress welcomes foreign capital in principle, but is not prepared to grant the political conditions without which it is not forthcoming. The Socialist Party is unwilling to admit foreign capital even in principle.

This is an error of fundamental importance, and a party which hopes to replace the Congress must avoid it. Far from rejecting foreign capital, the Socialist Party ought to welcome it, and make it clear that it is willing to concede the political conditions necessary to get it. There is good reason to believe that if an Indian Government did this American capital on the scale of Marshall Aid would be offered; and the economic salvation of India would be in sight at last.

The objection to such aid, also voiced by many in the Congress, is that it would entail submission to American "imperialism." This is a bogey without any reality, as is fully proved by the facts in regard to all the countries in which American capital has been invested in recent years. It should be dismissed once and for all: American imperialism is a myth.

Even if it were not so, and foreign aid involved indebtedness and worse, it might still be worth while, in view of the issues at stake. It is not too much to say that national survival depends on getting American capital to the tune of thousands of crores, within the next few years. We should be prepared to risk much for that.

Fortunately other considerations of foreign policy tell in the same direction. For all countries nowadays foreign policy over-shadows everything else, and that is true of India. The Socialist Party has accepted the Congress policy of neutrality as between the two big power blocs; indeed it is more insistent on that policy than the Government, and demands withdrawal from the Commonwealth.

Neutrality seemed reasonable while it could be argued that the international struggle was between two powers which were merely provoked to hostility by each other, or were equally determined to fight for world mastery, and that it was a matter of indifference to the rest of the nations which side won; or while it could be hoped that the more aggressive Russia would be restrained indefinitely by America's lead in the armaments race; or while it could be hoped that consistent neutrality on our part would be respected by Russia, so that even in the event of a Communist conquest of Europe and Asia, India would be left alone.

None of these grounds for neutrality now holds. It is quite clear that the struggle has been provoked purely by Russian expansionism; that she will not respect our neutrality but will communise us as soon as the balance of power permits; and that being communised is equivalent to national and cultural extinction. It is also clear, since the advent of atomic bombs and more especially of the prospective hydrogen bomb, that we cannot count on the automatic and gratuitous immunity we have hitherto enjoyed. Some lucky brainwave in a laboratory might put Russia years ahead in the arms race and cancel the slender margin of American preponderance which is now our only defence.

There is no certain provision against such a contingency, but clearly we should be safer if we were

explicitly within the American global defence system, so that aggression against India would involve Russia immediately in all-out, hot war with America. Even if she were a jump or two ahead in the bomb race, Russia would probably hesitate at that. What we have to fear immediately is not a Russo-American war, but a paralysis of America by fear of war, while Russia operates her pressure-cum-infiltration technique to conquer piecemeal the rest of Asia. At present we have no defence against that; we should have some security if America were pledged by treaty to defend us.

An opposition party which hopes to replace the Congress on the strength of a rational platform must take up these two policies, of inviting American economic aid on the largest scale, and entering the American defence system. They fit together; they promise the best chance we can now see of escaping Russian imperialism, and at the same time offer us the only possibility in sight of overcoming our economic difficulties. Unfortunately the Socialist Party is strongly opposed to both of them. This is enough to enable us to predict its failure.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN HYDERABAD

By K. S. S.

THE Nizamabad session of the State Congress made a profound and tremendous impression both inside and outside Hyderabad, and resurrected the prestige it lost during the period of quarrels and internal dissensions which ended with the unanimous election of Mr. D. G. Bindu as the President of the State Congress. The demands it put forth in the form of so many resolutions were very dignified. The underlying note of all resolutions was that the Congress did not want anything as a gift from anybody. The Congress asked for the democratisation of local bodies which had been conceded by the Government. It demanded the convention "without delay" of a Constituent Assembly, of a People's Legislature with power to decide the future of the State and the future set-up of the State and a Popular Government responsible to the Legislature. It also demanded the deposition of the Nizam whom it described as one who by a series of acts of his own had promoted discord and communal hatred culminating in murders and thus forfeited his moral right to be the constitutional head of the State.

The demand for a Popular Government responsible to a Legislature, instead of a Popular Government—there is a world of difference between them—was a stroke of dignified statesman-

ship. What does "Popular Government" mean? A government can be called "popular" when those who are charged with the responsibility of administration enjoy as a team the confidence of the public and command a decent following among the people. Viewed from this context, even a nominated Government can be said to be popular while an elected Government may be unpopular. There is an essential difference between the two in this respect. A nominated Government is seldom popular at the time of its birth; it may become popular in course of time by virtue of its actions. In the case of an elected Government popularity and public support greet its birth. Its popularity is heightened if it pursues policies promoting the welfare of the people; it loses its popularity if, like the Madras Government, it does something contrary to its election promises or fails to do something desired by the people. But as has already been said, it will enjoy popularity at the time of its birth. This is very rarely the case with a nominated Government. The Vellodi Government cannot be said to be popular though it may not be unpopular. A Government composed of nominated political leaders may have some claim to popularity when compared to a Government composed of nominated

bureaucratic officials, but its claim to the title "popular" is not unquestionable. A Government would have unquestionable claim to the title "popular" only when it is composed of leaders returned by the people at the polls. The popularity of such a Government would be well earned and undeniable. Elections, therefore, are the real test of popularity. There is thus grace and dignity in the demand by the Hyderabad State Congress for a popular Government responsible to the Legislature.

But the State Congress leaders' popularity is being threatened by rumours of a readiness on their part to accept a few seats on the Cabinet said to have been offered by the States Ministry (or H. E. H. the Nizam?). If this is true, their feverish anxiety to be pitchforked into power even before the ink on their resolutions was hardly dry, shows an unfortunate incompatibility between promise and performance. It would cause not a little damage to their newly established reputation. The idea of State Congress leaders accepting seats on a Cabinet the chief of which is a bureaucratic official who has no political stature, and appointed by the Nizam whose deposition the people of the State in one voice are demanding and whom they themselves profess to dislike and whose deposition they too demanded in unequivocal terms, seems utterly distasteful to the people of Hyderabad.

The acceptance of the ministerships would deal a death-blow to the resolutions so ceremoniously adopted at

the Nizamabad session of the State Congress because it would mean, if anything, the recognition of the sovereignty of the Nizam which is a great and monstrous betrayal of the people of the State. Are the State Congress leaders aware of all this? Were they serious about the resolutions they passed at Nizamabad? If so, they cannot now accept the sovereignty of the Nizam by joining the Cabinet. They cannot if they have the courage of their convictions conscientiously join the Cabinet unless the Nizam is deposed. The stony silence they have all along maintained over the escape of Mir Laik Ali which is due to the negligence of the bureaucratic administration arbitrarily set up by the States Ministry as also over the postponement of elections to the Constituent Assembly or a peoples' legislature in complete disregard of the demands previously put forth by them have shaken the confidence of the people already. As a matter of fact, the State Congress could have well exploited the situation arising out of the escape of Mir Laik Ali from lawful custody. With solid public opinion backing their demands, they could have argued that since the present regime had with the escape of Mir Laik Ali proved unequal to deal with a local situation it should be immediately replaced by a popular government responsible to a people's legislature. Instead, are they with eager hands now going to accept some crumbs of power in the government which they themselves have condemned?

The superior man holds three things in awe:
He holds the will of Heaven in awe;
He holds the great man in awe;
He holds the precepts of the sages in awe.—Confucius.

Health lies in labour and there is no royal road to it but through toil.—Wendell Phillips.

Without civic morality communities perish, without personal morality their survival has no value.—Bertrand Russel.

True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable.—Addison.

Some are interested when a man is born, others when he gets married, but the whole street will turn around to see his funeral pass by.

RAMANA BHAGAWAN'S HEALTH

By S. PARTHASARATHY

THOUGH it was still morning, it was already warm as we made the ascent to the Asram. Swami Anuamanda conducted us to the shade of a big tree and there after quenching our thirst with long draughts of water, we sat down to converse. A cool breeze from the south was blowing and we felt refreshed and comfortable.

"I see in the newspapers very often some reference to Ramana Bhagawan's health. How is he?" asked the Swami.

"It is a difficult question to answer," I said. "From the allopathic doctors' point of view, he is in poor health. In fact, allopathic doctors have confessed their failure and withdrawn. Homeopathy has also failed. Ayurvedic doctors are now treating him. What will be the outcome of their treatment, it is perhaps early to say. But the Asram is bristling with doctors of all descriptions. Each newcomer thinks he has a chance of curing him and is eager to try his drugs. But, again, one and all, when pressed, confess that their chances of curing him depends upon their efforts being blessed by Ramana Bhagawan himself. In addition to the doctors, there are the astrologers and other well-meaning persons who have each some idea or suggestion to offer. There is no doubt that everyone is animated by a great desire to be of some service to Bhagawan. And there is also no doubt that their love for Bhagawan is at its zenith at the present moment. But, surprisingly, there is not that self-possession and co-ordination of thought and action that one is entitled to expect from the chief devotees. One might even say there is an undercurrent of disagreement among them."

"How is Bhagawan himself?" persisted the Swami.

"His condition is again baffling. He has become more radiant after this illness. Formerly, he used to sit in the hall at *darsan* time with a look of unconcerned serenity. Nowadays, it is not so much a radiation of peace and calm as of active joy. Almost

every devotee is a recipient of either that rare and inexpressible smile or the radiant look. His face now and then looks a trifle weak and tired but when it lights up no one can say it is the face of a sick man. This apparent contradiction between the radiant face and the diseased body is a puzzle to the visitors. For, were we in his present physical condition, we would either be howling with pain or lying comatose or we might have already bidden good-bye to this world.

"The casual visitor to the Asram puts the question to himself, 'Surely, Bhagawan will cure himself'. The devotee puts the uneasy question to himself, 'Has Bhagawan decided to separate from the body?' To neither of the questions does Bhagawan give a clue. He has said that not all the doctors can keep him back if there must be separation. Again, he submits himself to all kinds of ministrations when we would have rebelled and insisted on some rational treatment. He remains passive and allows everyone freedom to experiment with his drugs and diets."

"You have given a good account," said the Swami. "I, for my part, believe that Bhagawan can cure himself if he so desires. If others believe as I do, why this experimentation and over-medication?"

"I cannot answer that question," I said, and added: "Perhaps either overwhelming anxiety or irrepressible ego on the part of the devotees is responsible for the blind groping after a cure."

"But you must remember," said the Swami, "that though you may not cure, you can still hinder him from curing himself."

"I realise that danger also," I said. "All that I can do is to pray that a single light will guide the diverse minds of the devotees."

"I am glad you mentioned the word 'pray,'" said the Swami. "The devotees in the Asram should sit quiet and pray for his recovery instead of engaging in controversies about the merits of this or that treatment.

Bhagawan may be moved by the great anxiety of the devotees expressed through silent prayer, but he will not be moved by their competitive spirit to display their skill and wisdom. Everyone should remain constant in the faith that Bhagawan will continue to be with them, unshaken by any apparently contrary indications. If Bhagawan has willed to cure himself, there is at present none with his mind open to receive any suggestion from

him about the nature of help they could render. Let them surrender their opinions to Bhagawan and pray for guidance. Bhagawan is greater than the Asram; he belongs to no one person; he does not belong to the few devotees around him; but he belongs to all humanity. Let not the devotees of Bhagawan behave in the same fashion as the self-styled followers of Mahatma Gandhi are doing today."

INQUISITION INTO THE INDIAN PRESS

By BAROO

THE Prime Minister's recent admonition to the Press has received less notice than it deserves. This is only natural. Newspapers which are tendentious enough to merit a rebuke on that score can hardly be expected to make a parade of it. But it is sad to think that even those periodicals—and their number, alas, is only too small—which have nothing on their consciences have failed to expose the tragic one-sidedness of the Press in general. Perhaps even they have been taken in by the convenient thesis that it must always be the admittedly theocratic State that is to blame in such matters. Perhaps a misguided sense of patriotism and the anxiety not to weaken the national front at a time of emergency has motivated their silence.

Whatever it may be, it is time for a little introspection. Self-righteousness can sometimes be carried too far, external danger or no external danger. A particularly vital issue is at stake today, and we owe it to ourselves and all our moralizations to seriously consider whether our professed ideal of a Secular State is anything more than a big practical joke when it is conditioned by a Press that is predominantly communal in nature. To put it another way, are we, or are we not suffering from that most dangerous of hypocrisies—the hypocrisy that takes the form of a smug and complacent moral superiority over the other fellow?

No, our Press is not anything like objective in its treatment of communal matters. In the great holocaust of the Partition it behaved for all purposes like a purely Hindu Press, like the counterpart of the Muslim League Press across the border. It played up stories of atrocities on Hindus and Sikhs and had not a word to say about the happenings in this country although anybody who was in the Punjab in those days will admit that the killings here were on a much larger scale than killings in Pakistan. And now, even after the passage of two years in which to regain its balance if it wanted to, our Press sat tight on the news of happenings in West Bengal till the truth could no longer be concealed. I do not blame it for playing up—even if a little unduly—stories from East Bengal. But what was it except communal prejudice of the worst type that prevented our newspapers from speaking in equally strong terms of the disturbances in India when they began to break out? Does the life and property of our Muslim fellow-citizens mean less to our newspapers than the life and property of Hindus in Pakistan? If so, where is the difference between our Press and the much-maligned Pakistan Press? If so, what justification is there for us to take a superior attitude towards our neighbours who have the courage to avow their theocratic practice?

The brutal fact is that our Press is controlled by Hindus who have no use for the ideal of the Secular State,

in the same way as the Press in Pakistan is controlled by men who openly believe in the Two Nation theory. The troubles and the travails of Indian Muslims find as little place in our newspaper columns as do those of Hindus in the Pakistan Press. Yet, our Muslim fellow-citizens are having a hard time of it and it is not as if they have no grievances to ventilate.

But why don't our Press Lords approve of the secular approach to things? Is it because they are fanatical Hindus? But if they are staunch Hindus, what is there to prevent them from openly working for a Hindu State, from avowing their convictions in public? There is certainly nothing to prevent them from doing so; yet they do not do so. Are they then rousing communal passions for motives that are ulterior? Are they merely exploiting and trading on the sentiments of the masses for ends of their own?

And, coming to think of it, is it as part of their religious and Islamic duty that Pakistani editors and newspaper proprietors keep the fires of communal hatreds stoked? Or is it that they too subserve interests that will not bear too close a scrutiny? After all, the distraction of public interest from internal troubles to external menaces is no new political trick. Can it be that the worsening economic conditions in East Bengal after devaluation by India and our own chronic troubles in Calcutta were the indirect causes of this sudden flare-up that almost landed us in a war? And is it not a fact that however mutually destructive a war would be in the present circumstances, it would be welcomed by certain interests in both dominions?

Poor fools, they do not realise that they are only hastening their own end by these desperate tactics. A resurgence of communal feelings in either country might no doubt momentarily swamp the forces of progress that are a constant headache for the vested interests, but it has a boomerang effect that will make the final situation worse than the original—from the point of view of these interests, of course. In their pitiable short-sightedness the men of reaction do not understand that every additional homeless refugee is a potential recruit to the army of have-nots that they so greatly dread. Nor do they in their stupid jingoism take a lesson from happenings in neighbouring countries where the aftermath of war has been bloody revolution.

The tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that there is no easy way by which the Press can be made to change its reactionary policy. No amount of castigation, even by a Nehru, will have any effect on the men that control the Fourth Estate. Power, as somebody has put it, is not a plug of tobacco that can be passed from one hand to another. It is never surrendered except under compulsion and never received as a gift. It has to be fought for. The Power of the Press, the most potent of all Powers, is no exception to this truth.

Who is there to fight against the stranglehold that a reactionary Press has imposed on the country today? Who else but the lovers of progress and peace who, hopelessly outnumbered as they are, have dedicated themselves to the fight against injustice and tyranny on all fronts.

Life is a flame that is always burning itself out, but it catches fire again everytime a child is born.—George Bernard Shaw.

Men are of two classes: those who do their best work today and forget about it; and those who promise to do their best work tomorrow—and forget about it.

Epicureanism is human nature drunk, cynicism is human nature mad, and stoicism is human nature in despair.—S. J. Wilson.

A sure test of a person's sense of human is whether he will be angry when accused of lack of human.—Chinese saying.

CRICKET HAS COME TO STAY

By V. P. RAMAN

WE owe Indian cricket's nucleus to the initiative of Parsi scions, who towards the early years of the present century gratefully accepted from the British what has been called "England's greatest gift to India." Bombay was thus the earliest to take to cricket and its present supremacy can be attributed to three factors: first, its longer association with the game, second, the satisfied stomachs of businessmen that permitted constant practice, bereft of all bother about the morrow's meal; and third, an enthusiastic public that readily helped to rear a stable foundation by its unstinting aid to cricketers. In other parts of India where cricket appeared much later, penury stood in the way of the aspiring, and superstition barred the gifted from participating in the new fangled sport. In Madras especially, as late as 1930, ablutionary baths and penitent words were demanded by irate gran-pies from teenagers fresh from the cricket field. There were also days when vegetarian and religious habits greatly incommoded Madrasis who crossed the seas to play cricket. In recent years, however, potatoes and prayers have been thrown overboard and the cricketer feels quite at home with beef and bacon! Nevertheless, the indigence of sportsmen is still a problem; and cricket being essentially a contented nobleman's leisurely game, the humble plebian sweating for some poor paymaster is in no mood to waste his hours on a tiresome and unremunerative pastime. One cannot now count the number of great cricketers we have lost that way.

It appeared as if the princes solved our problem by absorbing into their personal staff or their armies cricketers who were otherwise engaged. By providing them with sinecures, royalty did certainly help budding batsmen and bowlers to improve by practice unhampered by domestic worries. Patiala's keen maharajah was the first to take out an Indian team, unofficial though it was, in 1911; the cricketers returned happier

and wiser men. In reply, Gilligan came here with an M.C.C. team in 1925-26, and found Indian cricket groping desultorily in the dark; a control board was yet to be, and serious cricket unknown to the then representatives of India. Taking upon himself the tremendous task of unifying the many State Associations, and thus organising a controlling authority, Mr. A. S. De Mello went after his quest with the zeal of *Pagiartha* of yore.

In 1928, thanks to him, an All-India Board of Control was born, and four years later the first official team went to England. It did not return victorious, but it revealed to the world that India had in Nayudu, Nissar and Amarsingh, cricketers as good as any other. But the skipper'ship was, officially, in the hands of the patrons; Porbandar and Limbdi retaining the first and second places in the team. As Sarbadhikary recounts so nicely, a third Maharajah in the person of Vizzy, was tentatively given the post of deputy-vice-captain! The princes soon, however, began to prefer the pavilion and C. K. became the *de facto* leader. In 1936,—after Tennyson's visit—Vizzy, by now re-established in authority, took out a team to England on an ill-fated tour, and returned, a hated and defeated man. Gay Amarnath was dismissed on grounds of indiscipline, and around Merchant were circulated rumours of alleged rebellion, but the gentleman made the *amende honorable* each time. C. K. proved not as much of a favourite with his team mates as with the stands; 1936 certainly was an epoch-making year.

It was soon clear to all that princely patronage had its shortcomings. Money flowed not so much to help the game as to help the donors to office, and even captaincy. Those who were so willing to take the coins, expressed no readiness however to play with, much less under, masters whose only claim to don flannels was their bounteousness. The solution to our big problem was elsewhere—in *professionalism*. One cannot allow the



game to be run by the princes for all time. If on one fine morning the cricketers are asked by capricious kingship to pack up and leave, is Indian cricket to die a natural death? The answer is no. The only and safe method of safeguarding the game's interests and ensuring our sportsmen of an independent and honourable existence, is the introduction of the professional into Indian cricket. All Mr. De Mello's faults, not excluding his temporary harassment of the Lala, pale into insignificance when we consider his concerted efforts to place our cricket on a sound footing. But this, his latest—the genesis of the “pro”—is undoubtedly his *magnum opus*. The first batch of pros is to be under the immediate guidance of C. K., and ere long we may expect many more such batches to enter upon their coaching duties in the various parts of India. Which takes us on to the problem of coaching.

“Was Bradman ever coached? Then, why should these fellows (referring to our youngsters) be trained?”, I was asked by one who shall remain unnamed; suffice it to say, he is typical of the many who feel the same way about coaching. His premise was right, but conclusion wrong. Was it *because* he was not coached that Bradman rose to prominence? And is he not in a minority when compared to the vast number of young Australians trained *by him*, and fast rising to fame? Does not Mankad to this day remember Bert Wensley's useful hints? Certainly the coach, so long unknown in these latitudes, is as essential a part of the game as the ball or the bat: till he is recognised as such, we will ever be in need of resuscitating or rejuvenating the dead and old, to keep our flag flying. We are yet to replace a Merchant, a Nissar, an Amarsingh. Had the coaching system been seriously considered two decades ago, this could have been avoided, as new cricketers would be produced *pari passu* with the fading ones. Far from decrying President De Mello's programme of professional coaching, we should pray that it is not too late already; for the present set will have to carry on till youth, led by Vijay Manjrekar, gains sufficient experience and is sufficiently trained to replace age, skippered by Vijay Hazare,

now “greying pleasantly at the temples”.

“KING OF A GREAT GAME”

Much has been written about the Jam Saheb of Nawanganar—not our Rajpramukh but his forbear—Ranji. I can do no better than dispel a few wrong notions about that “King of a great game”. I was shocked to hear a high placed official tell me: “Ranji was unpatriotic; he should have stayed in India and helped to build up the game here, instead of playing in England!” How could so inspired a cricketer have possibly stayed here and tried to improve the Parsi mill-owners, (with their locomobile feet), who were probably the only persons in India playing the game, when Ranji was playing Test matches! We might as well expect Pandit Nehru to come and develop a single *firka* instead of being Prime Minister. Another misconception widely prevalent is that Ranji owed his greatness in batting to the *leg* glance the late-cut and to these alone. Really, he could “play almost any stroke with equal precision, and equal effect.” He might have glanced oftener, and cut more delicately than his compeers but his cover drive could reach the boundary as well as any of Hammond. Like Uncle, Like nephew! Avuncular Kumar Shri Duleepsinghji delighted an England that had realised an Indian's way of playing cricket to be as profitable and certainly more eye-worthy than John Bull's own. Had not infirmity laid its hands on him, he would be leading India today. And so we come down to the men we have ourselves seen, and of whom I can say nothing new. *

When Hazare led his team to victory twice this year, we enquired anxiously of each other if at last India had found a match-winning team and a fine skipper. Our victory over this Commonwealth team is only heartening, and no complete indication at all, that we will fare as well against representative English or Australian teams. None of our top bowlers were able to do anything with a class batsman like Worrell; and our batsmen got out inexplicably to mediocre bowling. We have therefore no reason to feel that we are good enough; there is certainly scope for improvement.

The outlook for the coming years is bright, and if Mr. De Mello's attempts to make the NSCI a success, bear fruit, there should be no lack of accommodation. When accommodation increases, the coffers swell still more, and further improvement is made possible. The professionals are bound

to take to their coaching duties with avidity, and if their ability to impart their experience to younger folk comes up to expectations, we need entertain no fears of a slump in Indian cricket. We will find the "future all the brighter, as the past was dull."

THEY KNOW WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE WORLD!

By MARCELLE HITSCHMANN

MORE than 2,000 students and many interested grown-ups packed the Waldorf-Astoria grand ballroom to hear young and old debate "The World We Want" and other topics. The major radio and television networks were on the spot, and cameramen kept their machines clicking throughout the session. Right under the stage, a long table was crowded with reporters.

The annual Forum of The New York *Herald-Tribune* is always big news, but this year Washington's pre-occupation with Asia was clearly echoed by the newspaper's choice of the participants: 25 students from the East. Sixteen countries were represented: Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, India, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Israel, Lebanon, Malaya, Nepal, Pakistan, the Philippines, Syria, Thailand, Viet Nam. But China, Asia's biggest country, was significantly absent, and this absence greatly weakened whatever stirring words about brotherhood and international understanding were uttered by the grown-ups on the platform.

Nevertheless, it was a lively session anyway, during which the young Orientals delighted and astonished their audience—their sharp tongues and perfect English so contrasting with their costumes.

Chittaranjan Felix Amerasinghe of Ceylon said he found American adults played too much. At a beach, he saw a quadrangle marked for adults: "And what was in it? Swings, seesaws, and rocking-horses—doesn't that sound like a nursery?" Then, family life: "The machine-age seems to have reduced the home life of

America, that was once rich and pure, to mad scurrying. The family always needs more money, so the wife takes a job. She has to be out by eight o'clock in the morning...her first consideration should be for her family."

Yadana Nat May of Burma, an extremely pretty and intelligent girl, agreed and thought it was funny that the worst punishment an American child could undergo was to be confined to the home. "We like to stay home," she added, "and do not go out at nights at all, except on very special occasions." But Soesilo Sardadi of Indonesia said he liked "the naturalness of American family relationships." He liked the frankness between parents and children, which helped the latter solve their problems: "In Asia today there is a struggle between parents and children in many homes because the parents are still living in the Eastern world while we students are going to modern schools and are beginning to live in the Western world. We seem to live with one foot in the East and one foot in the West. It is hard to balance yourself in this difficult position."

And what about co-education? Although it is supposed to bring better understanding between boy and girl, and therefore man and woman, the divorce rate is very high in America. This puzzled Malaival Mojdara of Thailand. Americans start dating when they are fifteen, and claim that they thus become better acquainted before getting married, he observed. If this is so, "why do you get divorced after a year or two of married life?"

...I can't see why the young people go out on dates, since they really don't seem to profit by them. When they see someone new or better looking than the one they were going with, they just say 'Goodbye, honey. It was fun while it lasted,' and off they go with their current 'love.' That's all there is to it." These remarks had the audience in an uproar.

Then the kids grew serious and explained how polygamy in Moslem countries had been conditioned by economics. "You don't need polygamy here where a divorced woman can work and support herself" said Berlanta Morsy Ali of Egypt. "And you don't need children when you have old-age pensions" added Yadana. Then they explained how difficult cooking and house work in general were in the Orient, where there were no gadgets to save time. However, Soesilo Sardadi observed, American life was complex: "When I first looked on a floor I saw a carpet, which makes you need a vacuum cleaner, and for this you need electricity, and for this you need a hydro, and for this you need the TVA, project, and for this you need capital, and part of this capital comes from taxes, but you don't like to pay taxes."

The speakers liked the discussions of current affairs in schools and the reading of newspapers and magazines, and the fine equipment for laboratories and sports. But when it came to secondary schools, the standards in the Old World were higher with emphasis on scholarship rather than on how to make money. But Berlanta, the Egyptian girl, deplored the lack of vocational schools in the East, which compelled hundreds of graduates to crowd government offices. These people should learn other trades and help develop their countries technically.

Next, the kids felt that Americans didn't respect their teachers, and thought it was bad. They also complained about the lack of knowledge about the East in schools. "We know far more about America and Europe than you know about our countries. Yet, if we are going to get a more peaceful and better world, Americans must know more about the East—at

least more than that 'the Chinese are opium-eaters' and that 'rickshaws are a common means of transport' " warned Amerasinghe.

The kids were widely applauded, and grown-ups took over for a while. Gordon Clapp, of TVA fame, talked of his recent mission to the Middle East and explained how he found it advisable to recommend to the Arab governments a series of pilot projects which would develop the land and give work to thousands of idle and frustrated refugees. These projects, irrigation works, re-forestation, terracing barren hillsides, building roads and dams, would require \$54,000,000 for an 18-month period. The UN called on its members to provide funds, and the U.S. hoped, with Congress approval, to pay half of the total. Then later the new United Nations Works Relief Agency would help plan for long-range projects, and all these projects in many countries could even be linked across boundaries, in one system, like the Tennessee River system works to help people instead of to divide people."

The best address by a grown-up was that of Lillian Smith, author of the famous novel about the South, *Strange Fruit*. It was a sort of intimate monologue about freedom, and segregation in the South, and American democracy, and growing up in a segregated town and slowly learning what it meant. It is hard to excerpt a few words from the context, but here is a sample: "...being young, and having my own freedom, I forgot that there were other children—half the children in my town—who did not have this freedom at all. You see, I was learning to stay on my side of the invisible walls. I had walked through the door marked White so many thousands of times that I could not feel the shame of children who walked through the door marked Coloured. I was too comfortable, too complacent, too blind to realize the wounding effect on the human spirit of this daily ritual of rejection. Yet, I know something was wrong."

Words such as these brought our 25 visiting students nearer to understanding America than those of pompous apologists for the "land of the free." For ten weeks the group had

EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGES

By S. V. RAMANUJAM

travelled North and South, lived with American families and asked nasty questions of Secretary of State Acheson in Washington. They had seen thrilling things like TVA but shocking things too, and said so, as the last panel of participants assembled around the microphones. There was Balakrishnan Nair of India, Nadira Aziz of Pakistan, Syed Adam Edward Hogan-Shaidar of Malaya, Avigdor Zvi of Israel, Meliton Salazar of the Philippines and Harriet Hirsch of the U.S.

Meliton Salazar said: "...The other day Sil (an Indonesian student) told me he couldn't understand some of the laws America has. American propaganda says that the United States is the most democratic country in the world and that Russia is just the opposite. But then he wondered why an American citizen cannot work in the government if he is a communist. And he didn't understand your Taft-Hartley Law. He asked: 'Is that about freedom from want? It forbids labour to strike. But working people strike because they want something and are unsatisfied'. He said he wasn't trying to be a psychologist but since he'd just been fighting against the Dutch for equality he wondered why there wasn't equality for all people here."

Nair of India said he preferred a parliamentary form of government, that is, with many parties, to the American two-party system. Shaidar of Malaya said the reason why the East won't adopt American democracy is that it is so hopelessly theoretical and paradoxical. For example, if the East copied American democracy, there should be a colour bar against Whites. They would have to sit in the rear of buses, etc. "Put yourself in the position of your southern negroes. Imagine your whole life being like that. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? What good is your fine system of free public education if it has failed in this essential? If you

are serious in wanting to teach us democracy, please remember that the greater majority of the human race is coloured and only a small percent is white, so if we adopted your practice you would become a permanent downtrodden minority."

Then fiery Nadira Aziz of Pakistan gave the audience something to think about: "There is one thing that has happened to me here that worries me very much. I want to talk about it. Whenever I say I think that we in Pakistan and others in Asia don't want to copy your American capitalism, I usually hear some adult behind me say: 'That little piece has certainly been crammed full of Russian propaganda.' Now, that just isn't true. That shows the American tendency of condemning everything that isn't capitalism by calling it communism. There are more political ideologies than just capitalism and communism, and it is very important for us in the East that you understand this. Asia doesn't want to be part either of the American or the Russian bloc. We can't be. It's true that we have connections with both. You Westerners have lived among us for a long time and in spite of much exploitation have helped us some. We also are linked to the Russian people geographically and by the fact that their revolution fostered on the same problems that face us today. But it is too ridiculous that we should adopt one or the other when we have a chance now to develop something better—perhaps a happy medium of our own."

When General Carlos Romulo of the Philippines followed Nadira to the microphone for the concluding address, he had to mobilize all of his vast resources in showmanship to bring the audience again to a climax, for the little girl from Pakistan had stolen the show. Romulo paid homage to her "King's English" and to all the students, saying they gave him an idea of what the United Nations General Assembly of tomorrow would be like.

When I was a boy of 14 my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years.

—Mark Twain.

EVERY year thousands of young men and women complete their school or college career and pass into an uncertain period of waiting for employment. The lucky ones amongst them obtain some kind of employment within a short time, but for many it is a long, dreary wait.

Until recently they were all left mostly to shift for themselves in the matter of employment-finding. They had to depend upon newspaper advertisements, radio announcements and second or thirdhand information to get to know of possible opportunities. Many of them did not get the employment suited to their abilities or agreeable to their tastes. This proved a double loss: not only were the candidates denied the jobs in which they would have proved their mettle, but the country did not get the services of suitable men for the type of work in which they could be of the greatest use to the community.

This problem of employment-finding brought into existence middle-men and agents who thrive on the misfortunes of the unemployed. In these circumstances, the need for a public employment service came to be keenly felt. To-day, every modern nation has such an Employment Service run by its Government.

In our country, the National Employment Service, which was set up under the Ministry of Labour about four years ago primarily with the object of facilitating the resettlement of demobilised services personnel and discharged war-workers, has since extended its scope to displaced persons, and, eventually, to all classes of employment-seekers. It is still an infant organisation but having proved its utility, it has been receiving increased co-operation from employers and employment-seekers. Up to the end of July, 1949, it had placed in employment more than 7,00,000 persons.

The Organisation consists of 54 Employment Exchanges and 55 District Employment Offices (the latter have been set up so far only in Madras, Bihar, East Punjab and the

United Provinces), and the services of these offices are entirely free to the public. The Employment Offices are manned by a staff specially trained for the purpose. They assess the abilities of the persons who seek their assistance in securing employment and fit them into the jobs where their qualifications and skills will have the fullest scope for free play and will be of advantage to the community.

The Employment Exchange follows a scientific system of work. It sorts out the vacancies notified to it by employers and classifies the employment-seekers registered with it, according to their exact qualifications, degree of skill and previous experience. All particulars are noted on cards, and the cards are arranged in such a manner that they could be picked out quickly whenever a candidate has to be matched against a vacancy.

When a vacancy is notified, the Exchange examines the cards of persons of the appropriate category on its register and matches the vacancies with the men most suitable for filling them. Thus it is able to submit to the employer for his final selection the right man for any job.

The Employment Exchanges offer voluntary service. They are guided only by the merits and qualifications of the persons registered with them. They do not interfere with the right of the employers to select the men they like. They only submit against each vacancy a panel of applicants most suitable for the vacancy. They leave the final selection to the employers and the settlement of terms and working conditions to the employment-seekers.

The Services of the Employment Service Organisation are available to women as well as men. For the benefit particularly of persons who have high academic qualifications, possess experience of technical work or have the ability for administrative and supervisory jobs, there has been set up at every Exchange an Appointments Branch which deals with appli-

cants possessing these special qualifications. When a vacancy requiring a candidate with these special qualifications or experience is notified, all the particulars regarding the vacancy are carefully noted and indexed. Similarly, when persons possessing high-grade qualifications seek the assistance of the Employment Exchange, all particulars about them are recorded in the Appointments Branch which keeps a close watch on vacancies which can be filled with men of the Appointments Branch standard.

As the Employment Service is a country-wide organisation, its machinery is designed to secure employment for people in any part of the country and to promote migration of labour from one place to another. If an Exchange with which, say, a highly qualified man has registered himself, covers an area where there are no employment opportunities for men like him he is considered for a suitable job outside his Exchange area.

The Employment Service is now being utilised increasingly for recruitment to government offices. According to orders issued by the Central and Provincial Governments, most vacancies in Class IV services in Government offices are filled through the Employment Exchange Organisation. Most of the clerical staff in Central government departments, both temporary and permanent, are also recruited through the Exchanges. Temporary vacancies of clerks in some of the provincial governments are filled through the Exchanges, though permanent vacancies of certain categories are filled only through the Public Service Commission. In the latter case, however, vacancies are notified also to the Exchanges so that candidates registered with the Exchanges may receive equal consideration with others.

As regards vacancies to be filled through the Union Public Service Commission, the Exchanges are pro-

vided with full information regarding these vacancies and can, therefore, give information to candidates and also supply them with application forms. For vacancies in Railway administration, the Exchanges submit suitable persons and also distribute to applicants Joint Service Commission application forms. A large number of private employers (firms and industrial concerns) are co-operating with the Exchanges and are recruiting their personnel through them. Therefore, those who seek employment in private concerns can ascertain from the Exchange the opportunities available to them and offer themselves through the Exchange for consideration by the employers.

The scientific system of work followed by the Exchanges and the relief they ensure for employment-seekers from the ordeal of going from place to place and from employer to employer in search of employment have made the organisation an invaluable feature of staff recruitment in advanced countries. India's Employment Service is thus the modern agency for staff recruitment. It is the service that ensures the employment of the right man in the job.

Students passing out of schools and colleges will find in the Exchange Organisation a friend, philosopher and guide. They may register themselves with the nearest Exchange for employment-assistance and information about openings likely to be available. The Employment Service in India is still in an infant stage, and is not yet fully equipped to undertake all those duties which its counterparts in other countries perform. But the National Employment Service in India is now in a position to offer a career advice service as well and our young men may be well advised to approach it for guidance and assistance. Even with its present limitations, the Employment Service in India is in the best position to give such help and advice as our students, on the threshold of their careers, may stand in need of.

FAITH

Faith may be defined briefly as an illogical belief in the occurrence of the improbable.—H. L. Mencken.

.. ..
The way to see by faith is to shut the eye of reason.—Benjamin Franklin.

RUSSIAN TACTICS IN THE UKRAINE

By DAVID LAIDLAW

AMONG the many pressing problems which Soviet Russia is trying to solve is that of reconciling the inhabitants of the Ukraine to the economic planning of the Kremlin. A vital part of this is agricultural collectivisation; but efforts to enforce it meet a stubborn resistance which has lasted for 30 years.

The Ukraine contains the famous blacksoil belt, and is therefore the bread-basket of Russia. It has reached a comparative state of industrialisation: in its centre is the great hydro-electric dam undertaking of Dnieprostroy, functioning again after its destruction during the German advance in World War II. Owing largely to their long-standing intellectual contacts with the West, the level of intelligence of the Ukrainians, who have four universities—at Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa and Lvov—compares favourably with that of any other people in the Soviet Union. Kiev, the earliest city in Russia, was the capital from 865 to 1240. The density of population in the Ukraine is the greatest of any of the constituent republics.

This area of Russia, from the southern coast of which projects the Crimea, is superimposed to the north of the Black Sea much as a saddle is placed on a horse. On the West, it adjoins what is left of Poland. Proclaimed a Soviet Republic in 1917, the Ukraine then embraced provinces like Kiev, Odessa and Kharkov. Since then the Ukraine has expanded. The former Polish districts of Lvov, Stanislaw and Tarnopol, aggregating 77,000 square miles in area, were retained after the Red Army invasion of 1939; Ismail Province (20,000 square miles) was shorn from Rumania by the Russian ultimatum of 1940; and the Trans-carpathian Province of Ruthenia (5,000 square miles), was taken from Czechoslovakia after the war; lastly comes the Crimea (3,680 square miles), whence the Tartar inhabitants have been systematically

dispersed. The area taken from Poland forms the major portion of Western Ukraine.

The chief products are grain, beet sugar, coal and valuable minerals. The total area of the Ukraine is 223,000 square miles, and the population almost 40,000,000, eighty per cent of whom are Ukrainians. The rest are Russians, Poles, Greeks, Bulgarians, Rumanians, Tartars and Jews. Large numbers of Ukrainians have become displaced persons; there are at least 80,000 of them in other parts of the Soviet Union, far from their homes.

The history of the Ukraine has been stormy and the lot of her peasants unhappy. The attitude of the Kremlin towards the independent farmers was made plain in 1930, when the *Red Star* contained the words:

"What will become of the Kulak (the well-to-do farmer) after his liquidation as a class? To us it is all one: let him fall under the first passing automobile or spend the rest of his life in exile; anything provided he disappears from our midst."

And now, 20 years later, the story is being repeated in the new provinces. Only recently a similar note was sounded by the *Lvov Pravda*, which declared that the rural Communist Party must wage "a pitiless fight against the kulaks and the remnants of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists."

Let us look back. The great collective drive of 1930 smote the Ukraine like a cyclone. New collective farms were set up everywhere, and the peasants were driven into them like cattle. Everything was pooled in the common stock, and the general confusion was intensified by widespread resistance to Moscow's programme. Eventually, however, Stalin realised that he had gone too far and suspended the drive after the peasants had adopted every form of passive resistance and sabotage, killing cat-

tle, hiding their stocks of grain, and refusing to cultivate the land. The scarcity that followed was intensified into famine when, in face of the danger of war with Japan, the whole of rural Russia was drained of supplies for the Red Army. When the Japanese war scare was over 50,000 Communists, 100,000 tons of grain, and the necessary equipment were mobilised for the benefit of the starving and desperate survivors of the Caucasus, the Ukraine, and the Lower Volga; but the peasants never forgot their sufferings.

After the war the process began of reducing the new territories to the same collectivized condition as the old Ukraine. Instances multiply of the resistance of the peasants to Moscow's decrees. The Western Ukraine newspaper *Vilna Ukraina* has attacked the Communist Party in the Lvov area—still a centre of nationalism—for "blunders" and for its failure to "bring more peasants into socialist collective life." The year 1950 started badly. In the new provinces affairs reached a crisis, and it became the responsibility of Melnikov, the new First Secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Control Committee, to resolve it. Having taken over in December 1949, he promptly launched a Party purge. He dismissed the Communist Secretaries of the provinces of Lvov, Stanislavov and Ismail. His efforts were supported on a tour of the western towns by the sexagenarian Dmitry Zakharovich Manuilskiy, who had distinguished himself as a leading figure in the old Comintern, and more recently as Russia's representative in the General Assembly of the United Nations. Manuilskiy made the visit as Ukrainian Vice-Premier and member of its Politbureau, most of whose other members were on a similar errand. Local party officials were reprimanded for inefficiency, and in many cases deprived of their posts. The activities of the investigators were doubtless further stimulated by a long despatch, published on January 13, 1950, from the Kiev correspondent of the Moscow newspaper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, demanding the restoration of order in the central committee

of the Ukrainian Communist Youth League.

Obstinate survival of Ukrainian nationalism was what prevented the achievement of full collectivisation in the newly-annexed districts. Though the Soviet authorities claimed the collectivisation of 61 per cent. of all peasant households in the west, less than 50 per cent had, in fact, joined collective farms by December 1949. Even those peasants already collectivised are opponents of the system almost to a man. To break down their opposition, Communist leaders are intensifying class warfare in the villages. It is expected that these operations will be supported by police persecution and further deportations.

The campaign in the villages, however, is only a branch of the main struggle, of which Lvov will probably be the arena. This city, a well-spring of Ukrainian nationalism, has always carried the banner of cultural advance. Many of its Communist citizens are officially alleged to have been guilty of nationalist deviationism or to have tolerated nationalist propaganda.

Such was the situation that, having convened a large meeting of intellectuals in the Lvov theatre, Melnikov, supported by Manuilskiy, criticised conditions in the western high schools as being the cause of the infiltration into the university "dangerous nationalistic elements." Next in order will be a purge of the undergraduates and a check of the 130 professors and lecturers of Lvov University.

One concession has been made by the Soviet Government. In place of the Red Banner of the Soviet Union, the Ukraine was granted, late in 1949, a national flag of red and blue, the blue being adopted from the blue and yellow nationalist standard. This concession was modified by a decree that a Russian motto must be added to that in Ukrainian borne on the country's armorial bearings.

It is doubtful whether the latest "softening" campaign launched by the Communist authorities will be more effective than any of its predecessors.

THE HYDERABAD DEBATE IN PARLIAMENT

By V. P. K. NAMBIAR

THE recent escape from detention of Mir Laik Ali, former Prime Minister of Hyderabad, was sought to be made the subject of an adjournment motion in the Parliament at New Delhi recently. Ultimately, however, the motion was disallowed by the Speaker. The sponsor of the resolution, Mr. Kamath, charged the Union Government with dereliction of duty and failure to ensure the safe custody of Laik Ali in Hyderabad, which was a responsibility under Article 371 of the Constitution. Mr. K. M. Munshi, a member of the Drafting Committee who followed him, supported the mover that in the absence of a legislature at present in Hyderabad and the voting of the executive power in the Nizam, gave the Union Government ample power under Article 371 to intervene, and consequently the subject matter could be debated in Parliament. The Article provided that during the period of 10 years from the commencement of the Constitution—or more or less as decided by Parliament—every State specified in Part B of the First Schedule "shall be under the general control of and comply with such particular directions, if any, as may from time to time be given by the President." The Home Minister in a somewhat sarcastic vein rejected the claim of Mr. Munshi and took the side of other members of the Drafting Committee who were against Mr. Munshi's view. The defence of the Home Minister was that the matter was one of internal administration in Hyderabad, pure and simple, that Hyderabad was an acceded state like any other in India, that the Nizam corresponded exactly to a Governor or Rajpramukh who was himself legally the legislature of the state, if none existed in it, and that the Union Government should not be held responsible for the internal administration of a State under Part B.

The Minister for Law, Dr. Ambedkar, in his illuminating analysis of

the constitutional position, referred at length to the relevant articles, and concluded that as Chairman of the Drafting Committee he was not free to disclose the history of Article 371. But he was quite sure that in the interest of good Government in Part (B) States, the Article superimposed on the authority of the States, the authority of the direction to be given by the Centre. "Whenever there is power to give direction that power implies responsibility and when there is responsibility there may be a discussion." But it could only be of a very restricted nature in as much as the power conceded to the Centre to give direction to States in Part (B) was only a residuary one. In this, the article corresponded to Sec. 126 of the Government of India Act, 1935 under which the executive authority of the Centre extended to giving directions to provinces on terms mentioned in the section. According to the Minister for Law, the article did not cast a duty on the Union Government to give a direction but only permitted it to be given in the interests of better administration, and not merely in the case of an emergency. If the Government in its discretion declined to give a direction, the Government could not be censured for failure to give one. Consequently the scope of a discussion under Article 371 fell within a narrow compass.

The Speaker, Mr. Mavlinkar, in his final ruling on March 21 disallowed the motion as in his opinion it related to the internal administration of Hyderabad. But he agreed with Dr. Ambedkar that under Article 371 it was open to raise a debate in Parliament on Part (B) States if there had been a failure on the part of the Union Government to exercise general control or give a particular direction for the State's benefit, but such occasions would be rare. Differing from Dr. Ambedkar, the Speaker held that Article 371 imposed a duty on the Union Government to exercise control in appropriate cases, and

consequently it included failure to exercise it which could be subject-matter of a discussion in Parliament in appropriate cases relating to Indian States (Part B).

Although the Union Government won a technical victory those who followed the debate would have been struck by the legalism of the Home Minister's defence in contrast to the constitutionalism of the brilliant exposition of the Law Minister.

The whole matter, however, has to be examined against the political background of Hyderabad. It is well known that in August, 1947 the Nizam of Hyderabad did not want to accede to India or Pakistan. The protracted negotiations between India and Hyderabad in 1947-48 culminating in the police-action of September 1948, the collapse of the Nizam's Government, the dismissal of the Laik Ali Cabinet and the military occupation of the State are matters of history. It was only recently that the Military Governor was replaced by a Civil Government. The Chief Minister and other members of the new Cabinet have all been appointed on the advice of the Government of India although the formal appointment was made by the Nizam. Laik Ali and his Cabinet colleagues were arrested and kept in detention for grave offences against the State pending investigation. It is very doubtful whether such a step would have been taken except with the concurrence of the Central Government. The trial of Kasim Razvi would also appear to have been initiated under the direction of the Centre. The President of the Tribunal to try Razvi and the Public Prosecutor were both lent by the Madras State. Recently when the Inspector-General of Police had to be replaced for his failure to combat the communist menace it was to the Central Government, according to the Home Minister, that the Hyderabad State made the request. The recent White Paper on Indian States issued by the Home Ministry stated that the Government of India have guaranteed to the Nizam the succession of his House to the Hyderabad *gadi*, and fixed for him a personal privy purse of Rs. 50 lakhs a year for life.

As against this background there can be no "penumbra of uncertainty"

regarding Article 371. The directive powers given to the Centre have to be collected from Articles 352, 356, 360 and 371 of the Constitution. Article 352 gives the President powers to proclaim an emergency when the security of the country is threatened by external aggression or internal disturbances. Article 356 provides for the constitutional machinery in the event of its breakdown in the states. Its parallel is to be found in Sec. 93 of the Government of India Act, 1935. The President could himself assume or direct the head of a State to assume the legislative and executive authority of the State under this Article. Article 360 relates to the President's powers to meet financial paralysis in India. The powers under all these Articles are of an exceptional nature, and could be invoked only under "very special circumstances." Article 371 is a general article not hedged in by any special conditions as the others and usable in normal times. It gives the Union Government 'general control' of the State's Government and the States have to comply with the particular directions given by the President from time to time. The 'general control' certainly includes control over the internal administration of the State in the interest of good government or the welfare of its subjects, notwithstanding the state being an autonomous entity by itself. Lord Reading's famous dictum in 1926 that "...where imperial interests are concerned or the general welfare of the subjects of a State is seriously and grievously affected by the action of its Government, it is with the paramount power that the ultimate responsibility of taking remedial action must lie," must have been ringing in the ears of the members of the Drafting Committee when they framed Article 371. The intervention of the Government of India in 1948 in the affairs of Alwar, the expulsion of the Ruler from the State and the dismissal of Premier Khare can only be justified under the general powers of control and supervision which the Centre could exercise over the internal administration of a State for the benefit of the State or its subjects (Part B). No doubt the scope of such interference is limited especially when the states enjoy

internal autonomy. In 1937 soon after the Congress Ministry was formed in Madras with "C. R." as Premier, there was an agitation for the removal of the Neill statue from its place on Mount Road. The Madras Government had it removed to the Museum for safe custody. The action of the Government formed the subject-matter of an interpellation in the Parliament at London. The Secretary of State for India answered that it was surely a matter of internal administration of Madras which was having provincial autonomy under the Government of India Act 1935, and therefore could not come under the control of the Home Government in Britain. Hence no discussion was possible in Parliament. The nearest approach to Article 371 is to be found in Section 126 of the Government of India Act under which the executive authority of the Dominion was coeval with that of the provinces and extended (a) to giving directions to them on terms mentioned in the section; (b) to giving directions to carry out an Act of the Federal Legislature; (c) to giving directions for the con-

struction and maintenance of means of communication of military importance; and (d) to preventing any grave menace to the peace or tranquillity of India or part thereof. Article 371 mentions only a "general control" but it vests certain powers in the Centre to interfere in Part B States, and failure to exercise them amounts to a misuse of such powers. Such a failure could be the subject-matter of a debate in Parliament within the narrow compass of the Article.

Apart from these technicalities, the debate turned the searchlight on the sorry state of affairs in Hyderabad and the helplessness of the Civil Government without the people's support or the association of popular elements in the administration. The right of the people of Hyderabad to decide on the future set-up of the State, the form of government and the future of the Nizam, had been conceded by the Government of India in 1947. Only a people's government backed by the elected representatives of the State can satisfactorily settle the thorny questions that confront Hyderabad.

DUFFY—THE NEW BLOOD GROUP

By Dr. TREVOR I. WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH the earliest experiments in transfusion of blood were made more than two centuries ago, it is only comparatively recently that it has become an established procedure in medicine. This was because the operation is one of considerable danger to the patient unless carried out according to strict rules. Although the blood of all normal individuals is identical in most respects—for example, in its power of carrying oxygen around the body—certain incompatibilities exist. If two incompatible bloods are mixed, as may well happen if transfusion is carried out haphazardly, a severe reaction may occur.

The existence of blood groups was discovered in the first year of the present century by Landsteiner, who later received the Nobel Prize for this most valuable contribution to medicine.

The blood group to which an individual belongs is determined by heredity and remains unchanged throughout life. Blood is composed of a solid and a liquid fraction. The solid fraction consists mainly of red blood cells. The liquid is known as serum. Generally each red cell in the blood carries a specific substance known as an antigen. The serum contains specific substances known as anti-bodies. If the antigen of the red cells encounters an incompatible anti-body, the cells clump together instead of leading their normal free existence.

Today, four main blood groups are recognised, known as A, B, AB and O. Group O is of particular interest because members of it are unique in having no antigen in their red cells—hence for blood transfusion purposes they are universal donors. In addition to these four main groups, however, specialists have classified bloods

according to more subtle differences in their mutual inter-action and have, indeed, exhausted all the letters of the alphabet in labelling them.

The rapid growth in the knowledge of conditions essential from uncomplicated transfusion has taken almost all the risk out of the method and established it firmly in medicine. In two World Wars, especially the second, blood transfusion saved thousands of lives; in time of peace it has been a most valuable adjunct to surgery, in obstetrics, in the treatment of anaemia and haemophilia, and in other ways.

There is still much to be learnt, however. As recently as 1940 an entirely new antigen, the so-called Rh factor, was found. This is present in the blood of 85 per cent. of the white races. It had escaped detection for so long because the corresponding anti-body comes into existence only, so far as is known, as a result of sensitisation.

For the Rh negative person it can be lethal for, if he should at any time be transfused with Rh positive blood he may begin to develop the corresponding anti-body which would result in the clumping of the red cells and possible death. Similar dangers may occur in pregnancy. An Rh negative mother may have an Rh positive child, and before birth there may be calamitous results due to conflict between the blood systems of mother and child. Modern methods of blood grouping make it possible to detect this risk in advance and to make preparation to treat the child as soon as it is born—sometimes by completely replacing its blood with that from a donor.

In recent years British research workers have discovered other important new blood antigens. In 1945 the discovery was announced of the so-called Lutheran antigen, present in about one person in 12 of the English population. In the following year the Kell antigen was discovered. This, like the Rh antigen, can be the cause of serious blood disease in newborn children.

Now the Blood Transfusion Research Unit, sponsored by the British Medical Research Council, has announced the discovery of yet another blood group. This has been called, after the patient in whom it was first detected, the Duffy group.

The discovery was made when the patient was admitted for blood transfusion for haemophilia, a disease in which the blood fails to clot normally. Blood of the appropriate group was chosen with the usual care, but in spite of this the patient reacted unfavourably. Experiments showed conclusively that the cause of the trouble was an antigen-anti-body reaction of a type never previously detected. The patient had most probably built up the anti-body as a result of previous transfusions which he had had in the treatment of his disease. Careful surveys since then have shown that the antigen is widely distributed, roughly half the population possessing it.

It is an indication of the rapid rate of progress being made within this field that within a few months of the original discovery of the Duffy antigen, a second example of this came to light in London. In this case, too, the patient had had a series of previous transfusions for internal haemorrhage. These previous transfusions had evidently sensitised him to the Duffy antigen.

The discovery of these new blood groups is of considerable importance, apart from its practical significance in making blood transfusions even safer than they are now. As already mentioned, blood groups are immutable and hereditary. Consequently they are of great value in studying human genetics, for they serve as "markers" which can be correlated with other hereditary characteristics. They have, for example, proved extraordinarily helpful to anthropologists in mapping our former movements of population, for racial groups tend on the average to maintain the blood group patterns of their original stock.

THE INDIANS OF AMERICA

By EMIL ZUBRYN

THE American Indian, after three centuries of competition with the conquering whites, still keeps a precarious foothold in the eastern United States.

Nearly every State has some Indians, although they may not be listed officially as such. In some cases—such as the Iroquois groups of New York, the Cherokee of North Carolina, and the Seminoles of Florida—tribal organization and some degree of racial purity have been maintained. For the most part, however, Indian blood is now considerably mixed with white and Negro. Most of the aboriginal groups, however, retain a certain identity and consider themselves as peoples set apart from their neighbours. They have resisted social amalgamation with other groups.

The Indian population of New England is almost at the vanishing point and is much mixed with white and Negro blood—but at present appears to be holding its own and even preserving tribal identities. Vermont and New Hampshire have no Indians, except for visitors and occasional mixed-bloods. Maine leads the New England States with an aboriginal population of 1,012, of which nearly half are full-bloods. For the most part they are members of two tribes, the Penobscot, and the Passamaquoddy, both of which have retained tribal organizations recognized by the State government. The Indian population of Massachusetts has fallen to 874, of which almost 98 per cent are of mixed blood. They are mostly Mashpees, found around Cape Cod and Nipmucs who are scattered through the State but have their largest concentration in Worcester County. The Mashpee are an organized tribe with an elected chief, but the Nipmucs retain no tribal organization and are mostly mill workers and government clerks. Rhode Island ranks third among New England States in Indian population with 318. They are generally scattered around the State. About a fifth are full-bloods. Connecticut still has 162 Indians, nearly all of the Mohegan and Pequot tribes. Less than

10 per cent are of full Indian blood. New York still has 6,973 red men—mostly Iroquois tribesmen on reservations. They have retained to a remarkable degree native speech, religion, government, and ways of life despite an increasing admixture of white blood. Many are skilled workmen. In Eastern Long Island there are five remnants of Algonquian Indian groups—the Shinnecock, Poosapatuck, Montauk, Setauket, and Matinecock. The first two have retained remnants of a tribal organization and have tax-free lands. There are a few pure-bloods among them.

Scattered through New York are several groups with a considerable degree of Indian blood, such as the "Bushwackers" and "Pondshiners" along the banks of the Hudson, and the Jackson Whites along the New Jersey border. The latter constitute one of the most interesting mixed-blood groups in the country. There are more than 5,000 of them, in both New York and New Jersey. Indian ways of life have practically disappeared. New York City has its own Indian settlement in an area called "The Gawanus District" of Brooklyn. Here there are more than 500 Indians of 17 tribes. New Jersey has only about 200 Indians left. Most of them with any claim to pure blood are settled around Newark. There are several groups of mixed-bloods who are distinct from both white and Negro inhabitants, such as the Pineys in Burlington County and the Moors in southern New Jersey. Pennsylvania still has 523 Indians, including a small group of Iroquois living on the Cornplanter Reservation near the New York State line. Forty per cent of these are pure-bloods.

An interesting group which falls just outside classification as Indians are the "Pools," a highly inbred group of about 500 who live near Towanda. Traditionally they are descendants of Sir William Johnson who left more than 100 half-breed children. A small group of Cherokees still are found in the Blue Mountains near Harrisburg.

Delaware has no inhabitants officially listed as Indians. There are, however, several groups of mixed-bloods with a distinctive Indian ancestry. These include the "Moors," who straddle the New Jersey line, and the more distinctly Indian Nanticokes, who live in scattered settlements over the State. The chief Indian strain in Maryland is found in a large group of mixed-bloods known as Wesorts, scattered along the Potomac. The last census shows only 771 Indians left in Virginia. They are found mostly in the Tidewater area. There has been considerable dispute about their degree of Negro blood. They are required to attend coloured schools and are listed as coloured on marriage and death certificates. One school of thought holds, however, that there has been very little intermarriage with the coloured population and that the Tidewater groups are either of almost pure Indian blood or have some white intermixture. The question never has been studied by a competent anthropologist. There are four major groups, the Chickahominy, the Pamunkey, the Mattaponi, and the Rappahannock. Through the Blue Ridge and Piedmont areas there are several groups of mixed-bloods. An interesting group is the Melungeons of the extreme western corner of the State and adjacent Kentucky. They claim to be mixed Indians and Portuguese. In appearance they are decidedly Indian. They are mostly small farmers.

North Carolina has the largest number of pure-blood Indians along the Atlantic Coast from New York to Florida. The total runs to 16,579, of whom nearly 40 per cent are full-bloods. Most of these are on the Cherokee Reservation in Western North Carolina. More than half are believed to have some white blood. There has been almost no Negro intermixture.

Not generally classified as Indians are the Croatans along the Lumbee River. They are mixed Indian, Negro, and white but tend more and more to constitute a distinct group which is increasing faster than any other in the State. They now number more than 16,000. They are recognized as a distinctive people, and separate schools are provided for them. Many

of them are successful farmers. They are perhaps the most successful and progressive partially Indian group in the East.

South Carolina has about 1,000 listed as of Indian blood, including many Croatans who have come over the State border. There are seven other groups with large Negro intermixtures. Georgia is not officially credited with any Indians. Some mixed-blood Cherokees, however, are scattered along the northern border of the State. Florida is credited with 587 Indians, about half of whom are pure bloods. They are chiefly Seminoles of the Everglades country. They speak their own language, retain many of their aboriginal customs, and are largely self-governing. Alabama has 465 persons with some Indian blood. Less than 2 per cent, however, are full-bloods. Of the approximately 1,500 Indians in Mississippi, about 12 per cent are believed to be entirely of aboriginal ancestry. Louisiana still has more than 1,500 listed as of Indian blood. Especially interesting are the Houma, who number about 1,000 and are rapidly increasing. They are of very mixed blood. The Indian population of Texas is surprisingly low—about 1,000—with somewhat less than a third recorded as pure-bloods. Significant is a group of 300 Alabamas and Coushattas who are concentrated in an area of about 14,000 acres, some 30 miles north of Houston. Arkansas has a scattering of Indians—less than 500 altogether—along the Oklahoma border.

Missouri has only 578 Indians, of whom 7 per cent are pure-bloods while Tennessee and Kentucky have almost no pure bloods. There are still 435 red men in Ohio with 6 per cent full-bloods. Indiana has 285 Indians, but the number of descendants of the Miami tribe are estimated as high as 1,000. And finally, Illinois is credited with 469 Indians, mostly mixed-bloods.

This then, is the sorry picture, showing the decline of the once proud red race in America. The white flood has dominated, exploited, tricked, killed and almost obliterated the Indian and in the years ahead the last remnants of the North American aborigines will entirely disappear.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CEYLON INDIAN PROBLEM

By V. SUBRAMANIAM

I made reference in my last article to some pressmen who have been airing vague predictions and guesses that the Ceylon Indian problem was nearing solution and that the Ceylon Indian and Pakistani Citizenship Act was to be amended. Now another correspondent has obtained categorical and surprising confirmation of what I said in the article, namely, that the Ceylon Government was not prepared to move an inch from their old position. Mr. Senanayake said to the abovementioned correspondent that the Act was already in operation, and he had no intention of amending it, though he later contradicted himself by giving a vague promise that he would liberalize those clauses relating to Indians born here. As I have pointed out in my last article, those anomalous clauses were first introduced unintentionally, but were later kept on for various reasons.

It will be necessary to explain what led to the various optimistic guesses, to understand Senanayake's categorical statement made recently. Ever since the Ceylon Indian Pakistani Citizenship Act was passed in the teeth of opposition from the Ceylon Indian Congress, the leftist parties of Ceylon (Communists, L.S.S.P. and B.S.P.) and various independent opposition groups nearly six months ago, the Ceylon Indian Congress have boycotted the Act, i.e. they have advised all Indians here not to register themselves citizens of Ceylon under its humiliating conditions. So far only a few hundreds out of the 8½ lakhs of Indians here have applied for registration, a fact which shows how the Indian community here is solidly behind the C.I.C. So far, all government tactics have been unable to break up this solid opposition of the C.I.C. and hence the Government, along with the newspapers belonging to what is called the Lake House group, launched a sort of whispering campaign. It was first of all directed to split the opposition's unity by saying that the C.I.C. were Communist,

when Nehru came to Colombo. Later the editorials of the Lake House group went on to say at certain intervals that whatever the anomalies in the Citizenship Act, if the C.I.C. came forward to work the Act, and point out the anomalies, the Prime Minister would be the first man to remedy them. I asked the opinion of C.I.C. leaders on these editorials, and they were unanimous in saying that they were just feelers from the U.N.P. Government circles, to see whether the C.I.C. were weakening, and to draw them into the Government's net, by getting them to work the Act, without promising anything definite on the side of the government. But many Indian correspondents here fell victims to this subtle U.N.P. press campaign.

Mr. Senanayake said also that the position of the Ceylon Indian Congress members was a puzzle to him. They refused to co-operate with the government, he said. A similar statement was made by a section of the Ceylon Press when Nehru came to Colombo to the effect that the C.I.C. here was near Communist so as to discredit them in the eyes of Nehru. Both the C.I.C. as well as the Communist party here vigorously repudiate any relation between them. In fact they have been on bad terms for the last one year, since both of them are competitors for the votes of the eight lakhs of Indian labourers in the plantations. The Communists have not been at all successful in getting the Ceylon Indian labour vote except in some municipal elections. They also call the C.I.C. leaders as bourgeois deceivers of Indian labour. While the C.I.C. welcomed Nehru, the Communists and other leftists here were against Nehru's policies and the Commonwealth Conference. Again, when all the leftist parties censured the Ceylon Government sometime ago for their participation in the Commonwealth Conference, the C.I.C. leaders had to keep away from making such criticism

EMPHASIS ON CITIZENSHIP

By K. S. VISWANATHAN

JANUARY 26, 1950 marks a new era in the history of India. She has attained the status of a Sovereign Democratic Republic. A new Constitution has come into being. Our government is democratic because "it is in the hands of the many" and it aims at justice, liberty and tolerance. The Preamble states in unequivocal terms the objectives of the Constitution. Justice, liberty, equality and fraternity which are the very life-blood of democracy have been declared to be the watchwords of the Constitution. Sovereign authority is vested in the hands of the people. Nor is this all. The Constitution is based upon the cardinal principles of a Republic as the executive head of India will not be a hereditary monarch. It is therefore no exaggeration to say that the emergence of our country as a sovereign democratic republic marks an epoch in the history of our country. But this is only a mile-stone in our journey onwards. It does not mark the end of the road. To think our work done when we have devised a social scheme or system or envisaged a diagram in which men and forces are placed in right relationships to one another is to be hasty and short-sighted. Such an attitude which is by no means uncommon in our country today is entirely due to what might be called "space thinking". The crying need of the hour, however, is what may be called "time thinking". With "space thinking" alone to guide us we are apt to fall into a mood of self-complacency the moment we have devised a mere scheme or system of social relationships. "Time thinking" immediately asks how long will these men and forces stay where you have placed them, and how long will the relationship last and what will they do next? A few years ago a "space thinker" put forward the opinion that the social system devised by Karl Marx was eminently practicable. "I agree", answered a "time thinker", "but it would only last one day". We want to have a good social order meaning by that an order where everybody stands in his proper place

and in right relationship to everybody else. This is confined to the space side of the question. But seldom do we realise that a good social order is something which we must "win for ourselves afresh every day". The attainment of our goal depends on what we do next. This is the 'time' aspect of the question.

"Time thinking" will show us that no institution will survive the accidents of time unless we develop our character. A constitution does not mean merely the preamble or the number of articles it contains or schedules. It means much more than that. Its successful working depends on our moral qualities. The more perfect a system is as a thing worked out in quantity, space and arrangement, the more unimpeachable must be our character. It is only then that it will have an enduring quality. Otherwise it will not last. Time will destroy it. It will merely become a scrap of paper. The question now arises whether we are responding to the call of the constitution. One of the clauses in the Constitution states that the government propose to put an end to drinking. But how can it achieve its object unless the citizens actively co-operate in this endeavour? If people still continue secretly to be the votaries of Bacchus how can the evil be remedied? Do we not see the elite of cities returning home in cars at reckless speeds violating all the rules of traffic in their intoxicated state?

Again, unless we cultivate a new outlook on life we cannot contribute to the greatest good of the greatest number. The admirable manner in which the English nation responded during the last phase of the Second World War and the solid co-operation it has given its government since the end of the war is a lesson to one and all. In times of peace in the world no less than in times of war there is a great need for social co-operation. Elaborate plans are being launched for combating diseases. Hospitals are being constructed at huge expenditure. Quite early the government of India in

because Nehru was a participant in that Conference. Again while the C.I.C. here welcomed the Madras Law Minister Madhava Menon, the Communists gave him the cold shoulder. But since most of the Ceylon Indians are labourers, naturally their political sympathies are leftist. The leftist parties of Ceylon do not believe in keeping up racial and sectional differences to keep them going like the Rightist parties everywhere. So they are able to view the Ceylon Indian problem from a humanist view point. Lastly, in politics, all people who are opposed to a certain policy tend to combine to make opposition really effective. For all these reasons, the Ceylon Indian Congress members and all the members of Parliament from leftist parties, find that they have a community of interests in opposing the policies of the U.N.P. Government. But that is a parliamentary right of any member or group of members for exercise of which Mr. Senanayake cannot condemn anybody. That he is chagrined at it only shows that he holds the C.I.C. members in contempt and expects them to behave as camp followers of the government, if they want their bare rights.

It is time however that I recount the brighter side of the Ceylon Indian problem. That the Indian minority here is able to find plenty of Sinhalese to advocate their rights is one of the brightest spots in the dark picture. Not only the leftist parties and the Jaffna Federalists but many independent right-thinking Sinhalese are against the U.N.P. Government's cashing in on racial prejudices to cover their defects. These leftists and Sinhalese independents cannot be accused of any extra-territorial patriotism, especially because most of the leftists of Ceylon belong to the lonely Trotskyite parties, the L.S.S.P. and B.S.P.; nor even can the Jaffna Federalists be rightly accused of it. Hence the Government's playing on the harp of racial differences does not evoke much sympathetic response. True the ignorant Sinhalese in south Ceylon have been taught to treat the Indians with contempt as coolies, or more specifically as a race of Ramasamies and Meenatchies. But even they are beginning to learn that such an attitude only helps the U. N. P.

Government to sink deeper in their muddles. Most of them also appreciate the fact that the Indians, most of whom have been born here and have not even seen the sea coast of Ceylon to say nothing of India, cannot have any extraterritorial affinities against them. The poor of all lands soon learn to unite as a result of common suffering and understanding.

To many who see only the gloomy side of this situation, the above remarks may sound a bit over optimistic. But they are made on a comparative basis. When India has a neighbour, Pakistan, which does not tolerate the existence of Hindus on its territory and about which the masochist, nationalists of India, refuse to say a single wounding word, one may be glad that racialism does not have as much influence here. In the case of Pakistan, Indians can and do retaliate in kind, but in the case of Ceylon, no such thing is possible. Racial fanaticism, if any, is confined to the ruling clique and the upper middle class here who out of an imagined fear of India passionately cling to the British connection and talks of a union with Pakistan in the last resort.

What then do the Ceylon Indian Congress propose to do about it? They will be having their annual session in Matale, near the end of April, and will have to face the problem squarely. When I had been to the Parliament of Ceylon in January, I met all the C.I.C. members of Parliament in a group in the lounge, and posed this question to them. What will they do, what can they do, when the present Government refuses to do anything to mitigate the rigours of the Citizenship Act? They had to confess that the day of decision was as yet far off, (18 months more) but as a last resort, they were prepared to use the tried and tested weapon which Mahatma had given to all the world, namely, satyagraha or peaceful strike. They were not willing to enter into any details at that stage. But I think they are bound to be successful with or without it, in solving this problem. When all is said and done, the Sinhalese Government has not the same fanatic fervour as, for instance, the Malan Government of South Africa, or the Liaquat Government of Pakistan.

a famous communique announced that the Directors of Public Instruction under provincial governments had included the teaching of hygiene in the school syllabuses. But all these plans will bear fruit only if we develop our civic sense. It is often complained, for instance, that the margins of roads have become the worst breeding centres of disease. If they are insanitary it is not our fate but our fault. Even persons who may be expected to give a lead to others are totally wanting in civic sense. How many of us frankly take the necessary trouble to prevent our servants from throwing rubbish outside the compound? The insanitary condition of some of our theatres is too well known to need any elaboration.

Another equally important thing is that the citizen should take a living interest in civic affairs. He should no longer subscribe to the motto *Let sleeping dogs lie*. The New Constitution is a trumpet call to action. It is the duty of every citizen to gird up his loins and meet the challenge of the constitution. What is required at the present moment is a sense of alertness in the individual. It is impossible to exaggerate the need for such a quality. Many are the useful avenues which provide an outlet for civic enthusiasm. There is the wide field of politics, local, national and international with a larger connotation than that given to it by mere party factions. Perhaps the most accessible method of keeping in touch with civic affairs is that afforded by the press which includes newspapers, journals and books. But a word of caution is necessary. There are at present only a few impartial newspapers and therefore the opinions expressed in most newspapers must be read in the light of a knowledge of newspaper policies.

There are many other avenues for the individual to exercise his alertness. One of the best opportunities for exercising this quality lies in the choice of leaders. Democracy is doomed if voters allow themselves to be hypnotised by spell-binders and demagogues. As Shaw rightly observes "Votes for anybody by anybody are the very devil." Adult franchise will become an illusion and a mirage if we are incapable of

choosing men of ability and character to govern the country. It is a tragedy that in our country today, many people have come into the political limelight by the use of the kaddar cap and by uttering the name of Mahatma Gandhi. There has been a fast moral deterioration among many of the so-called disciples of Mahatma Gandhi. Inefficiency, corruption, opportunism and self-aggrandisement have become the order of the day. The ignorance and illiteracy of our masses have afforded an excellent opportunity for inefficient and dishonest people to rise to power. The urgent need of the hour is that the masses should make it a point to vote for the individual rather than the party.

Enough has been said in the foregoing paragraphs to show how heavy a responsibility has to be shouldered by every one of us in the task of building a new India. The New Constitution cries out 'Act'. Let us hearken to the summons without wasting any precious time. Let us realise that democracy is not only a form of government but also a way of life. Let us realise that if democracy is to survive social co-operation is indispensable.

"It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget that we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships and incur enmities. To have both strong, but both selected; in the one, to be placable; in the other immovable. To model our principles to our duties and our situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and use. Public life is a situation of power and energy. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps on his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy."—*Edmund Burke*.

A PLEA FOR HOMOEOPATHY

By V. C. SEKHAR

THE tenth of April is an important date for Homoeopaths, being the birthday of Doctor Samuel Hahnemann, the genius to whom was revealed a great law—the law of drug-action—and who established a completely new and harmless method of treatment.

He was born in a poor German family in the year 1755. Financial circumstances prevented him from going to the medical college. Young Hahnemann worked to earn his school fees and graduated himself in the then existing western system of medicine in 1729. Dr. Hahnemann practised as a doctor for about twelve years and in those years he grew more and more disappointed and worried. The reason for his worry was that he found the treatment given by him to the patients was actually doing harm to the patients. He realised that even though the patient seemed to be well so far as his complaint was concerned, the individual was generally weaker than before the treatment. The good and conscientious doctor who wanted to do only good to suffering humanity was in a dilemma. He was so dejected that he threw away his flourishing practice, and accepted the job of a translator to earn his bread. During his work on an ancient medical text, he came across a long, detailed description of the effects of the drug Cinchona in malarial cases. Hahnemann wanted to test the effect of the drug, Cinchona, on a healthy body. And so he tried it on himself. He got the expected result—yes, the Cinchona doses he took produced chillness and fever in him. The genius had discovered a great thing. The Cinchona which was supposed to cure ague, produced the same ague in a healthy constitution. He then set to work to discover the prophylactic and curative properties of other drugs.

For fifty years he experimented, recorded his findings and formulated an utterly new method of treatment. His strenuous and deter-

mined work confirmed that, "it is only by their power to make sick, that drugs can cure sickness and that a medicine can only cure such morbid conditions as it can produce when tested on healthy persons." To propagate what he found, believed and got convinced of, Dr. Hahnemann had to work against poverty, bitter enmity, scorn and threat of banishment.

Just as Newton discovered the Law of Gravitation, Hahnemann discovered the Law of Similars. He enunciated his Law in the remarkable words. *Similia Similibus Curentur* (Let likes be treated by likes), and this is the golden law for all homoeopaths. But Hahnemann did not rest content with a new law of cure. He gathered round him an enthusiastic band of disciples who were medical men themselves. They tested drug after drug.

The tendency of medical men had always been to experiment on the sick. Hahnemann experimented on healthy individuals in order to have a correct *Materia Medica* ready and proved, for use in the case of sick people. The record—a careful and faithful record—of these provings formed the nucleus of the Homoeopathic *Materia Medica*. Homoeopathy is thus no invention. Nor is it a theory. It has been hammered out of hard facts.

Homoeopathy differs from allopathy in its method of approach to a sick body. An allopath has a Law of Contrasts to proceed with and a Homoeopath, a Law of Similars! Allopaths spend most of their time in diagnosing the diseased state of the body and administer medicine in large doses. Homoeopaths use more or less the same drug in an infinitesimal dose in a potentised form. Thereby, drugging of the body is avoided and hence the claim that Homoeopathy does little or no harm. Homoeopathy is also cheaper. It is a recognised system in some of the western countries and Sir John Weir, Personal Physician to His Majesty

the King of England has studied Homoeopathy.

In India, Homoeopathy was till recently widely practised in Sind, Bombay and Bengal—Calcutta being the centre of Homoeopathic learning, possessing some first-rate Homoeopathy colleges. There is perhaps reason to believe that Homoeopathy was wantonly checked from growing popular by the British rulers of India. If such a cheap and effective system was allowed to be known to the people, they might have argued, British drugs would not find a market in India. They misjudged the potentiality of this harmless system and did not encourage its propagation.

The knowledge of Homoeopathy is now spreading throughout India. The middle-class men learn it either by private study of the books concerned or by postal tuition from some popular institutes. However inadequate or incomplete may be the knowledge acquired by such second-hand studies, homoeopaths are growing in number. Decrying Homoeopaths as quacks and as people without any qualifications is unjust. For it has been seen that private homoeopaths are able to treat even some chronic cases left behind as hopeless by the allopaths. With the advent of freedom in India, came the opportunity for the people to take up openly the question of Homoeopathy. Pressed by the Dominion Parliament, the Health Ministry appointed the Homoeopathic Enquiry Committee to make a survey of the position of Homoeopathic practice in India. The report of the Committee was published in October, 1949 and, as is the case with any other Government-appointed Commission's report, this one also had a mixed reception.

Without going into the details or a critique of the Enquiry Committee's report, it might be said that it is high time Homoeopathy was recognised as a good and suitable system of treat-

ment in India. The training facilities, it is true, are inadequate and improper. More and proper facilities should be provided by the Government for the study of Homoeopathy, and also for research in the methods of this system of medicine. The existing colleges and institutes should be inspected, checked and graded as to their usefulness and sincerity. Homoeopathic institutes giving postal tuition may be of some use to spread the knowledge far and wide in good time. But a look at their prospectus or booklet, will convince any one that they are now more of competitive business concerns than educational institutions. One institute for instance calls all the other institutes as 'bogus' ones. There is, it is true, the harmful habit prevalent of selling Homoeopathic degrees and diplomas to all and sundry. Therefore, Homoeopaths should be tested, if necessary; and individuals who have no claims to Homoeopathic knowledge should be prevented from practising. The others should be allowed and encouraged to continue their practice.

Medical attention in India is at a surprisingly low level. Villagers are the persons who bear the brunt of this inadequacy. Medical graduates do not want to go to villages because they cannot hope to earn large sums of money from village folk. For this purpose, Homoeopathy suits excellently well. India is a land of villages and as few of the allopaths care go there, Homoeopathy with its low cost is within the reach of the poor tillers.

Gandhiji himself had more than once spoken highly of Homoeopathy. He placed it next to Naturopathy. He knew this system was going to spread in India and serve this land of villages. As we call Gandhiji the Father of the Nation, Dr. Hahnemann is the Father of Homoeopathy and may his followers bear the torch of freedom from sickness right into the heart of Free India.

It's pretty hard to get ahead of the youngsters. A teacher called for brief essays on "The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw." One boy got through several minutes before the others, and the teacher asked to see his effort. On his paper was written:

"The funniest thing I ever saw was too funny for word."

Short Story

"CASTLES IN THE AIR"

By S. KRISHNASWAMI RAO

THROUGH the crowded hotel lobby Gopu strolled, his roving gaze taking in everything, scanning every face. Among the comparatively affluent who resorted to the hotel at midday he hoped to meet some friend or acquaintance who would not turn a deaf ear to a touch or would, at least, welcome an enlivening companion at lunch. Gopu's glib exaggerations, his cheerful irresponsibility, were always worth the price of a meal.

Things had not been going well with Gopu. For one reason or another gullible victims were scarce. There appeared to be little money lying about loose for bright lads like Gopu to pick up easily.

In his patrol of the lobby he had noticed an elderly man who sat against a marble column, a man whose hair was whitening, whose eyes were cold and keen below his jutting eyebrows. Gopu had a feeling that he had seen the man before, but where he could not remember. Each time he passed he was uncomfortably aware of the man's intent regard. Approaching one of the servers, to whom he was a familiar figure, Gopu asked, "Do you happen to know that gentleman over there by the post, the one sitting down, with his hands on his stick?"

The server finished what he was doing and looked around as if casually. "Yes," he said "he stays here regular, when he's in town. That's Mr. Vishwam. Worth all of a million, they say." Then he added, dryly, "And I guess he'll have it all when he dies."

Gopu was, therefore, considerably startled when, as he retraced his steps, the man stood up and accosted him. "Excuse me," said Mr. Vishwam, "but I wonder if you're the man I think you are? I've been looking at

you trying to make sure. Of course you wouldn't remember me."

"Well," Gopu smiled weakly, his wits alert, "to tell you the truth, I did think I'd seen your face before, but I couldn't remember where."

"Let us see if I can jog your memory then. Do you remember a very hot day—yes, twelve years ago next month, when a man asked you the way to R—?"

Gopu stared incredulously, and somewhat fearfully. Like a flash came remembrance of that day, one of those enervating days in August. "You are that man?"

Mr. Vishwam nodded. "Yes, the man who wanted to know the way to R—. You directed him to the railway station, but he said he was walking. You gave him the general direction and turned away. But you came back and said, 'you are not walking to R—! And...'"

"And," Gopu supplied, "he said he was really headed for a place near D—."

"So you handed the man a ten-rupee note and said, 'Here. For God's sake, ride!' You see, I haven't forgotten."

"I had." Gopu's gaze searched the man's eyes. It all came back to him now. That ten-rupee note! "You had a bag, too, I recall," he added.

"Yes, my tools—precision tools. I'd pawned everything but those. You see, I needed the tools for the job I was on my way to take. I insisted that the ten rupees be a loan—you didn't want it that way, but I insisted—and you gave me your name and address, a post-office address."

"Very likely," Gopu shrugged. "I wasn't long in one place in those days."

"Anyway, I lost the paper, and that's worried me a lot."

"Nothing to worry about." Gopu breathed freely again; this was going to be alright.

"Not to you, of course. You're a young man still and, well, you are the one man in the world I've wanted to find. My luck turned from that day. You see, I changed that ten-rupee note in a little shop for a meal, then a man in a car gave me a lift, so I had most of the money when I got to R—".

Quite reassured now, Gopu laughed heartily. "You did! Good for you!"

"Look here," smiled Mr. Vishwam, "let's go up to that writing-room where we will have quiet. I want to fix this thing up."

On the way to the lift Gopu's mind ran riot. He recalled every instance of rewarded benefactions he had ever heard of; the waiter who was left a fortune because of his unfailing courtesy to a patron, the woman who fell heir to the millions of a tramp to whom she had given a meal years before—all the legacies to obscure people in reward for forgotten kindnesses. What luck! "How are you making out these days?" asked Mr. Vishwam in the lift.

"W-e-ell" Gopu did not wish to appear prosperous and thus discourage generosity on Mr. Vishwam's part; at the same time he feared a confession of his low financial state might sound grasping and have the same effect. He chose a middle course. "So so" he said. "Ups and downs like everybody else and looking for better times."

"Yes, yes," nodded Mr. Vishwam, "I guess we're all looking for better times."

In the writing-room they found a secluded corner and Mr. Vishwam laid his hat and stick on a desk. Then he drew from a pocket a small black memorandum book, thumbed the back pages. "Let's see now," he muttered. "call it twelve years. Ah! Here we are." After peering at a table for a moment, he put away the book and drew forth a fat wallet from which he extracted a note.

"At six per cent compound interest", he said, "the ten rupees you loaned me have about doubled. We won't quarrel over a few coppers, eh?" He handed Gopu two ten-rupee notes.

Speechless, Gopu took the money.

"If for nothing else," said Mr. Vishwam rising briskly, "this trip of mine has been worth while; now I haven't a debt in the world. I've had my lunch, or I'd ask you to join me. And I'm leaving on the one o'clock train."

"Much obliged!" Gopu blurted. "But this will just about pay for my lunch."

Mr. Vishwam held out his hand. "Glad I ran into you. Good luck!"

Gopu, fingering the notes, watched him start down the stairs. And he had expected... the old tightwad! He laughed silently, derisively. Rewarded benefactions! Still—he grinned as he thrust the money in his pocket—not so bad after all. Two tenners for one and a dud ten rupee one at that.

NEW DELHI DIARY : : :

"YOU'VE come to wreck the talks?" I heard the question put to Mr. Tushar Kanti Ghosh, in private conversation, by one of the most distinguished among India's elder journalists. It was the day of Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan's arrival here for talks with Pandit Nehru. The editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* replied—quite seriously—that he had, on the contrary, helped to bring about the visit of Pakistan's Prime Minister to Delhi.

It was to the *Patrika* that Pandit Nehru was referring in his momentous statement in Parliament on May 17 when he said: "May I also suggest to you that it is rather a fantastic proposition for a newspaper to have a Gallup poll on war." (The *Patrika* ran a sensational public opinion poll to gauge 'scientifically' the feeling among Indians in favour of war against Pakistan). This was a specific instance of irresponsibility which Pandit Nehru adduced in support of his remark that he was "unable to congratulate the Indian Press" on its treatment of news relating to the Bengal incidents.

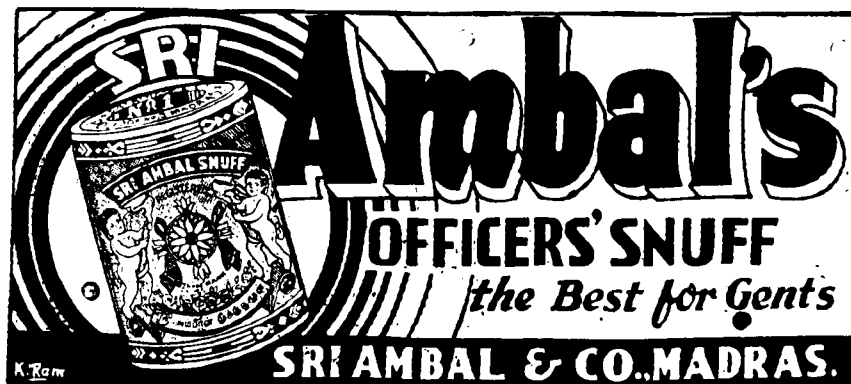
What is it really that has induced Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan to come to Delhi? The fear of India declaring war, as Mr. Ghosh believes? It can hardly be that. Mr. Ghosh should know, as Mr. Liaqat Ali and indeed every intelligent student of Indian affairs knows, that as long as Pandit Nehru remains Prime Minister there is not the slightest chance of India declaring war except in case of an attack on her territory. In his statement of March 17 Pandit Nehru declared frankly, "Ultimately, after all, protection (to the non-Muslim minorities) in Pakistan can only be given by Pakistan. The other alternative is taking possession of the other country to give protection, which involves war and so many other factors." And Pandit Nehru has no use whatever for religious crusades.

Is it, then, that Mr. Liaqat Ali's heart has been moved by the sincere concern of India's Prime Minister for the safety and welfare of Indian Muslims? It is tempting to believe that this is so. Did not Mr. Lakshmi

Kanta Maitra complain in Parliament that as he listened to Pandit Nehru's speech he had to ask himself whether he was listening to a speech of the Prime Minister of India or of Pakistan? This kind of reaction has not been confined to those, like Mr. Maitra, coming from the scene of suffering. How many non-Bengalis did I not hear in Delhi, on March 18 and later, exclaiming in anger: "Who asked him (Pandit Nehru) to state how many Muslims had left West Bengal? He must lean back and invite the enemy's blow, to show he is a gentleman!"—and things to that effect.

The degree of Pandit Nehru's unpopularity among India's Hindus should be, logically, an index of Pakistan's regard for him. Yet the experience of recent years indicates extreme caution. Pakistan's leaders have not been conspicuously responsive to generous gestures from the Indian side. They have done little to restrain the inflammatory speeches and writings in Pakistan, or in other ways to help the Indian Prime Minister in his efforts to re-establish communal peace.

The best way to treat the visit of Mr. Liaqat Ali seems, therefore, to regard it as a welcome first step and nothing more. The visit is in itself a great diplomatic triumph for Pandit Nehru. It is necessarily also a snub to the petty detractors of the Prime Minister who have been able to see only 'weakness' in his all-embracing humanitarianism and 'confusion' in his courageous acknowledgment of blots as well as good points in the record of Indian behaviour. But everything depends on the outcome of the present talks. If they should yield some concrete plan of united action by the two Governments, nothing could be better. If, however, they should end with a mere expression of pious intentions with no specific plan of checks and guarantees for the protection of the minorities, the cycle of mutual accusations and brutal incidents may start all over again. That would truly be a tragedy.—S. R.



THE GOVERNMENT AND NATIONAL CULTURE

TO keep up the illusion—or, rather, the self-delusion—of being culture-conscious the Government is obliged, now and then, to make a nod to cultural activities.

A Minister declares an Art Exhibition open—without knowing whether Jaimani Roy is a genius or a sign-board painter! Another presumes to preside over a *Mushaira* and to hold forth on current trends in Urdu literature—but when the name of Krishen Chandar is mentioned in his presence, he confesses he has never heard of him or read any of his books! A third naively issues a certificate of merit to a third-rate film. A fourth pronounces fatuously on the divine qualities of Indian music—without being able to recognize even a single *raga*! Yet another lays down the law that the length of a film shall be no longer than 11,000 feet—on the basis of an incorrect notion that all American and British films are under 11,000 feet and that this length should suffice for an Indian film, too!

One of the axioms of public life (especially in India) seems to be that a

“leader” or Minister is all-knowing and, therefore, is qualified to speak on all matters, not only political and economic but also cultural, literary or artistic. It often happens, however, that on such occasions they get their information (or misinformation) mixed-up, confusing Jaimani Roy with Jaimani Dewan and Gemini Studios of Madras, and generally making a public display of their meagre knowledge, or even the total lack of it!

The latest manifestation of Governmental interest in culture is the announcement about the constitution of the “Indian Council for Cultural Relations”. The Government of India has nominated Maulana Abul Kalam Azad as President of the Council and, in his turn, the Maulana has nominated 25 members of the aforesaid Council. This Council, one presumes,

will be charged with the task of presenting the essence of Indian culture to the world. In a way it would be the highest cultural authority in the country. Let's see, then, who constitutes this Council.

The list begins with the Congress President, of course, for he is always regarded as the most “all-knowing” of them all and the General Secretary of the Congress to keep him company. The President of the Jamiatul Ulema is there, one presumes, to ensure minority representation. Then there is one Deputy Minister and three high officials of the Central Government. Half a dozen Principals and Professors lend the musty air of class-rooms to the Council. There is one Scientist and one Scholar and one Educationist and the rest are non-descript nonentities.

This is the “Indian Council For Cultural Relations”. In this galaxy of twenty-five politicians, professors, there is not a single artist, not a single painter, not a single poet, not a single musician, not a single art critic—not to mention any one

who should have a knowledge of the cultures of the outside world with which we are supposed to be cultivating these “cultural relations”. In the whole list of 25 there are not more than three or four who could hope to be elected to a cultural body. But the magic wand of the Government has constituted them into the highest authorities on culture.

The utter hypocrisy and hollowness of Governmental interest in culture are fully exposed by the humiliating regulations and restrictions to which cultural activity is still legally subject.

To bring out a literary magazine, for instance, an editor must present himself before a Magistrate, file a “declaration” (in which, among other things, he must “declare” his religion and his caste), which is then passed on to the Criminal Investigation

Department for enquiry and report. It is only after a “no objection” report is received from them that the “declaration” is accepted and the magazine may be brought out. And every time the Press has to be changed (and one has to do that often these days) this long, tiresome and nerve-racking procedure has to be repeated.

Police officials who may not know anything about the art of dramatics have the authority to censor plays, while the vagaries and stupidities of film censorship are, of course, already notorious. Even musical programmes, *Kavi Sammelans* and *Mushairas* come under the jurisdiction of the Police and the C.I.D.

The Government had better stop talking about culture so long as it does not become “cultured” enough to realize that it is absurd and uncivilized to subordinate culture to the Police and the C.I.D. Or at least let the Government confine its attention and interest to forms of culture which are more amenable to bureaucratic discipline—e.g. physical culture, sericulture, agriculture and fish culture!

END OF WHITE-COLLAR SOCIALISM IN EUROPE

The death, within a week, of the British political scientist Harold Laski and the French ex-Premier Leon Blum marks the end of an era in European politics—the era of White-Collar Socialism. Laski gave a professorial touch to radical politics in Britain and, as the principal theoretician of the Labour Party, he tempered socialist zeal with *petite bourgeoisie* caution. Though more than once he advocated a friendly understanding with Soviet Russia, Laski was no revolutionary in any sense of the word. He was a believer not only in “constitutional” and “gradual” change in the economic structure of society but also in the British form of “democracy”. Though many of his ideas and opinions (e.g. his admiration for Gandhiji and his support for Indian freedom) were ahead of the official Labour Party line, Laski was yet the symbol of the essentially conservative and middle-class traits of British socialism.

Laski at least lived to see his theories vindicated by the victory of the Labour Party and substantial (though

by no means revolutionary) social changes brought about in Britain. The life of Leon Blum, however, provides the pattern of a more tragic failure.

Leon Blum who led the French Socialist Party for so many years had no working-class affiliations. He never cared even to *declasser* himself and always lived the staid and comfortable life of the French *petite bourgeoisie* that he was. Born of well-to-do parents, a brilliant lawyer who also indulged in literary activities as a critic and author, his conversion to Socialism was an emotional reaction to the obvious injustice of the Dreyfus affair, not an ideological conversion to class-conscious Marxism dictated by pressure of economic forces. As a deputy in the French parliament his speeches were marked by wit and an intellectual turn of phrase rather than by revolutionary ardour.

With the formation of the Popular Front in 1936 he became the first Socialist Prime Minister of France and carried out a series of reforms, including the introduction of the 40-hour week, nationalisation of war industries, devaluation of the franc and State control over the Banque de France. But, faced by the grim challenge of international Fascism implicit in the Spanish Civil War, he displayed a lack of nerve—and lack of vision—that was characteristic but historically disastrous. His refusal to comply with the Spanish Popular Front's request for the supply of arms, and the fatal policy of non-intervention sealed the fate of the Spanish Republic—and gave the Nazi-Fascist hordes of Hitler and Mussolini their first taste of victory. Though well-meaning and sincere in his own way, Leon Blum, by his blundering and week-kneed foreign policy, his hesitancy and distrust of revolutionary forces, contributed more than any other single person to the outbreak of the Second World War. If only Blum had had the nerve and the foresight and the understanding of historical forces, and had supplied arms to the Spanish Republic, Fascism would have been decisively stopped at the gates of Madrid instead of, three years later, being allowed to over-run the whole of Europe!

In his *Between The Thunder And*



The Sun, Vincent Sheean gives an appraisal of Blum which is much nearer the truth about the man than the fulsome obituary editorials we have recently read in the Indian press:

"He was a moderately wealthy man who had never had to struggle much for anything; the leadership of the French Socialist party, the largest in the state, fell to him as much because of his command of language as for any other reason; he had seen relatively little of the seamy side of life. He and his wife (who apparently had great influence over him—he was desolate at her death in 1938) were fond of literature, music and beautiful objects, and their attitude towards war was naturally one of detestation. This civilized dislike for the ugly and ruinous extreme statement of political conflict showed itself in M. Blum by a sort of shrinking from fact. Thus his decision to impose an embargo on shipments of arms to Spain (1936) to which so much of the subsequent fatal development was due was apparently taken through sheer fidelity to the principles of pacifism. It was indeed lucky for Hitler, Mussolini and Franco that such an elegant and high-minded literary man should have been Prime Minister of France during that crucial year. A more resolute, realistic mind than Blum's would have seen immediately that France's life depended upon checking the Fascist advance, and that to present Spain to the enemy as the embargo policy did, was equivalent to turning over part of France. Blum never saw this until it was too late, and when he recanted, with tears and much contrition, at the Socialist Congress of 1939, the Spanish Republic had already fallen—preceding the French Republic by little more than a year, as we had always thought it would. . . . As it was, the resistance of the Spanish Republic had given the blind French and British time—time which they had mostly wasted, but otherwise would not have had at all. In all this ebb and flow of forces fully conscious on one side (the Fascist) and only about half-cons-

cious on the other, one fact stood out with glaring certainty: if M. Blum, the so-called man of the Left, had not decided to place an embargo on arms for Spain in 1936, our enemies would have found the going much more difficult."

The tragic failure of Blum is a remainder of the limitations and futility of having Socialist convictions without Socialist dynamism in action. It is a historical hint—and warning—to White-Collar academic socialists in other lands, including India.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

WASHINGTON: President Truman is reported to have approved the idea of sending American military weapons to bolster Indonesia and Thailand against the threat of Communism."

THE HAGUE: Defence Ministers of the Atlantic Pact countries have "unanimously" approved a master plan for collective self-defence . . . the Ministers are expected to discuss possible future role of Spain . . . Spain's first contribution, it was believed, would be the use of her territory as bases for American long-range bombers for strategic bombing of any European aggressor.

WASHINGTON. "The Russians are too logical and too sensible to start a war at this time", said General Dwight D. Eisenhower, "I cannot see in the near future anything that can lead them to war".

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

SIMLA: In the East Punjab Assembly Mr. Bhimsen Sachar, former Premier, accused Dr Gopichand Bhargava, Chief Minister, of consulting an astrologer regarding the business of Government. Dr. Bhargava countercharged Mr. Sachar with seeking the advice of the astrologer on political matters.

TIKAMGRAH: At the bidding of a landlord three of his lackeys are reported to have chopped off the hand of a servant who had earlier left the landlord's services. The landlord was annoyed at his domestic servant leaving his employ and going back to his village.

BOMBAY: A police constable who had turned his room in the Nalgaum Police Lines into a brewery to distil illicit liquor has been arrested.



UNCOOPERATIVE

FILM fare

SHAVUKAR (Vijaya Productions)

GLORIFICATION of ruralia combined with a nostalgic looking back on the old simple village life inspired by ideals of justice and co-operation and integrity as a Paradise we have forfeited, have become the fashion of the day. In novels, in magazines, in songs, in cinemas this theme recurs again and again and invariably village life is set up as a fond Utopia which we, in our deviation to the vulgar city, have lost. The village maiden, according to these, is the embodiment of all feminine charms and virtues which have been handed down to us from the time of Seetha and Savithri. Our Bright Young Things, one must admit, in their efforts towards modelling themselves on the pattern of the village belle who has so suddenly come into style, have succeeded up to a point. They have copied her *choli*, her hairdress, her jewels. But the emulation stops there. Her air of innocence they have not been able to copy; her modesty they find a little demeaning; her inviolate simplicity of outlook clashes with their sophisticated contract with life. And so they end up as a curious, in fact rather repelling mixture of the old with the new.

In our cinemas about village life, this is the kind of hybrid creature we see, a lisping, unnaturally coy and coquettish female dressed with careful simplicity whom no village in India would care to claim. Her eyebrows are a perfect bow, her lips a rosebud full of promise, her eyes deep with the allure which bound Mark Antony to his Egyptian Circe, her body an abandon of voluptuous curves, her movements practised and exquisite.

Her songs and dances are patterned exclusively on westernised forms which are currently the mood with everyone who can swing a foot or sing a note.

To people accustomed to see such sophisticated and glamourized representations of village life on the screen, *Shavukar* will come as a bit of a shock. For *Shavukar* is about village life—the stark, naked, almost dull in point of drama, realism of the genuine Indian village. There are no pretensions at livening up the dullness with a few trala lalas and fripperies of a foreign culture. The sets are uninspiringly ordinary, almost common, the characters are not prettified—almost plain, in fact—the conversation is brief, sententious, the story features one of those rootless, ravaging feuds which start between families which have lived for years together in utmost amity and friendliness. But over all this shines, warmly radiant, the unquestionable quality of authenticity. *Shavukar's* village life is the genuine thing, unpadded, entirely without frills. It is starkly real, and to that extent undramatic. And the restraint of setting, acting and speech and song will come as a refreshing change from the over-exuberance and extravagance of our usual run of cinema fare these days. The picture neither glorifies the village nor dramatises experiences and habits typical of our rural life. It merely depicts them with an undeniable realism and honesty.

The story deals with two neighbouring families in a village which after having lived for years in closest understanding and affection are suddenly driven apart by a small



Siyarao and N. D. Rama Rao in the roles of Narayana and Satyam in "Shavukaru".



Seetha as Manickam in a scene from "Shavukaru."



Janaki as Subbulu in "Shavukaru."

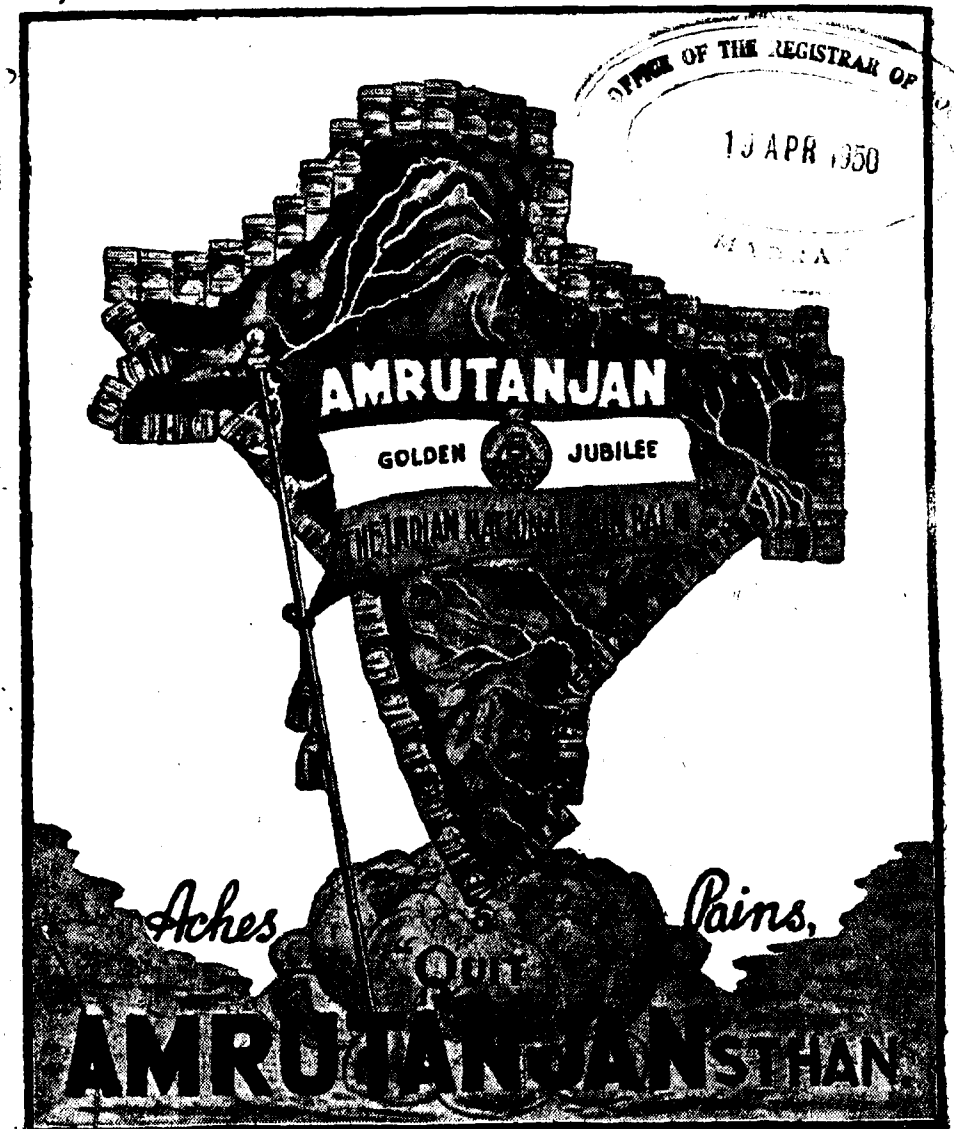
quarrel which grows into magnificent proportions as time passes on almost creating a permanent gulf between them.

Chengayya and Ramayya had lived as neighbours for years and had grown so attached to each other that there had grown up, unspoken on either side, a secret understanding that Chengayya's college-educated son Satyam was to marry Ramayya's daughter, Subbulu. But the friends suddenly fall apart over a dispute about Chengayya's exact claim over the village chowdri when Ramayya gives honest evidence against him. Ranganna, a calculating, thoroughly rascally peasant who hopes to collect some dividends from this rift between the friends, takes care to keep Chengayya's wrath blazing with made-up tales of malicious plans which Ramayya was laying to get even with him. Matters come to such a head that Chengayya, wholly against reason and, to a great extent, his conscience, but provoked by pride, gets Ramayya's son Narayana arrested on a false charge of manhandling and sentenced to nine months in jail, breaking his poor old father's heart and almost ruining the family. But

Nemesis soon strikes in the frame-up of his own son Satyam by an erstwhile friend of his and his mistress. Satyam is tried, and sentenced to nine months. The two boys serve their sentences together fairly cheerfully while realisation comes slowly and ravagingly to Chengayya that his pride and spite and malice against his good neighbour had borne fruit in the punishment of his own son. The crisis is reached when thieves, headed by the frustrated and furious Ranganna enter his residence and his life and property are saved in the nick of time and at the risk of the lives of young Subbulu and neighbour Ramayya.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the film, next to its settings, is the style of its dialogue. Brevity is of its essence. It is crisp, direct and chiselled.

Acting honours go to Dr. G. V. Subba Rao who as the money-lender Chengayya turns in a performance admirable for its restraint. It is difficult to single out others for praise because one and all do extremely well. But Sri Kanakam perhaps deserves special mention for her role as Rami, the washerwoman. For Santhakumari, this role is a needed change from the usually heavy roles she has been handling so far. N. V. Ranga Rao's depiction of the sly Ranganna is praiseworthy. The picture is not without faults, however. Though the dialogue is excellent, the story is poor and the *denouement* shabbily executed. In these days when vagaries of fortune are more inexplicable than ever, it is hard to convince one of there being such a thing as poetic justice. In *Shavukaru* the justice is indeed far too poetic or rather, it must be said far too mathematical. The moment Manikyam, the city trollop, entered the scene, saw the complete ruin of the atmosphere so carefully built up during the first half of the picture. Why she or her boy-friend should have been introduced at all is beyond my understanding. I can only guess that having produced half the picture with no melodrama, no flourishes, no burlesque and no comic, the producers suddenly sat up and thought of the box-office.



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SWATANTRA

VOL. V, NO. 10

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1950.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER—"The Builders".	
CARTOON—By Thanu ..	4
EDITORIAL COMMENT ..	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara ..	6
HARIJAN UPLIFT—By R. S. Chella ..	9
PUBLIC MEETINGS AND PEOPLE'S CONDUCT—By V. P. Menon ..	10
CHILDREN PLAY TRUANT TO SMUGGLE —By Brenda Dawson ..	12
FREEDOM—FOR EXPORT ONLY—By Arnold York ..	14
THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT AND HIS JOB ..	16
LITERARY TREASURE HUNTER ROSENBAACH—By Emile C. Schurmacher ..	21
ARE THE PEOPLE TO BLAME—By D. V. Raja Rao ..	23
KAMBAR FESTIVAL AT KARAIKUDI —By T. S. R. ..	25
THE SUGAR MUDDLE—A LESSON—By V S. Ramakrishnan ..	27
AT THE CROSS-ROADS—By Maurice De Mille ..	39
TETE-A-TETE IN NEW YORK—From P. G. Krishnayya ..	34
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka ..	41
CHOICE BEFORE NEHRU—By Baroo ..	42
ARTHUR KOESTLER—By Easwar Sagar ..	44
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..	48

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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1950

ISSUED
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CONQUEST OF HATRED

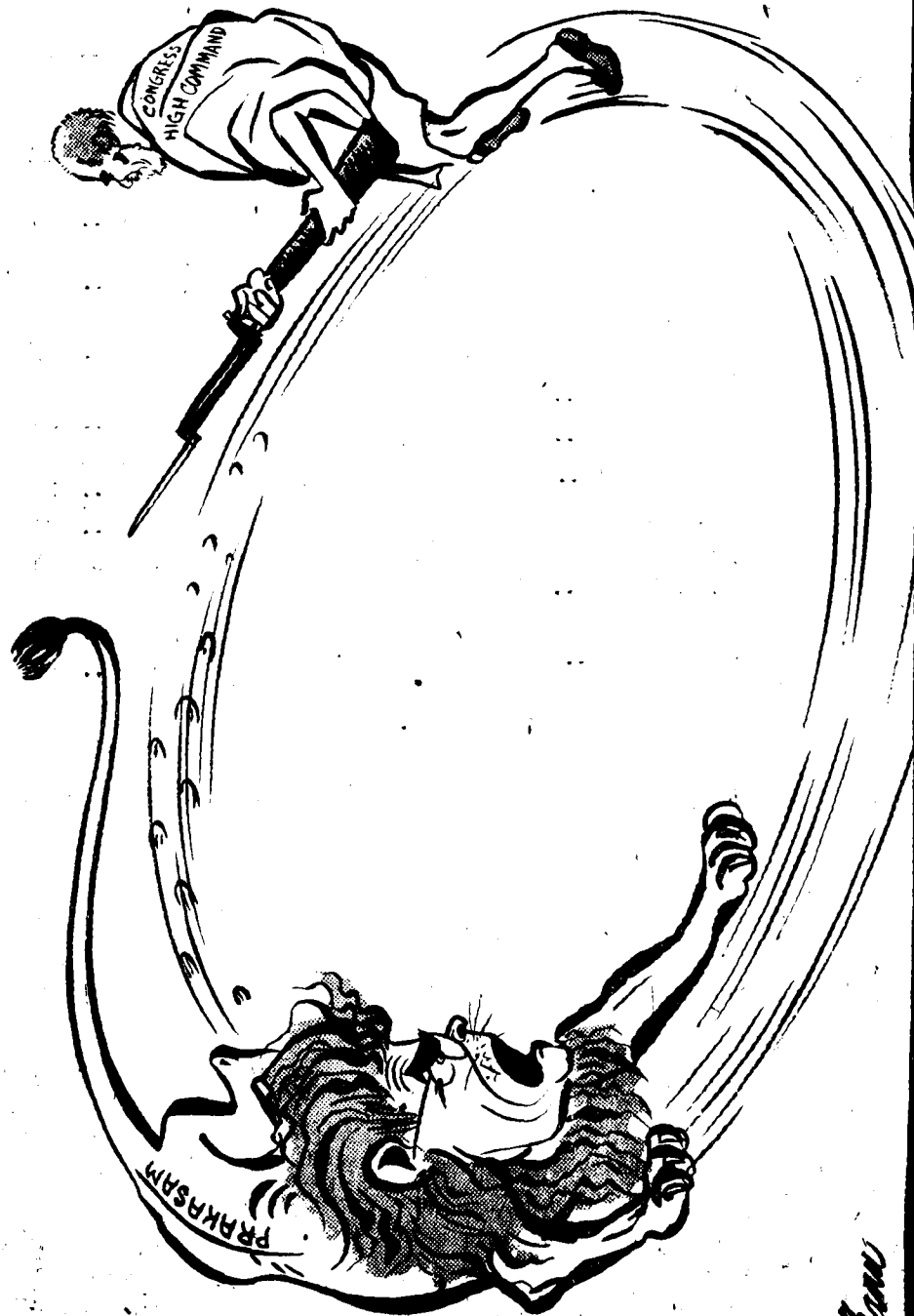
IN knowledgeable quarters there is a story going round of a meeting between Mr. Churchill and Pandit Nehru at a party in London last year. It is reported that Mr. Churchill said, "You, Mr. Nehru, have a great feat to your credit. You have overcome hatred, fear and suspicion." Pandit Nehru was overcome with emotion and said "Thank you." At the end of the party he went to Mr. Churchill and thanked him a second time, saying that no praise he had ever received had moved him so much as Mr. Churchill's that day, especially coming as it did from such a source. Mr. Churchill replied, "Do you think I spoke on the spur of the moment? What I said was the result of deep thought and it is the truth. I stand by it."

Mr. Churchill's judgment of Pandit Nehru's greatness as a leader has been proved true to the world by the events of the past week in India. Hundreds of thousands of people had been uprooted from their homes in Bengal and suffered intolerable agony. Stories of the atrocities they brought with them had poisoned the whole atmosphere of communal relations in the country. Hatred, fear and suspicion were in the air everywhere. Delhi became a hotbed of seething excitement, with trainloads of Muslims leaving daily in panic, and angry politicians clamouring for a realistic handling of the situation in a language that Pakistan would understand. Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan had turned down an offer of Pandit Nehru to visit in his company the areas affected by the plague of communal hatred with a view to restoring equi-

librium and bringing some measure of sanity and balance to the disturbed tempers of the unhinged population. It was the opinion of the seniormost officials of the Delhi administration that never in all the time that the Nehru Government was functioning, not even in the days of the great holocaust immediately after the Partition, had it been faced with a crisis so grave and fearful. With vengeful patriots clamouring for Government action to protect the daily increasing hosts of the dispossessed fleeing in terror from East Bengal, it became almost an impossibility for peace to be maintained much longer. Morales had cracked, and the pressure on the Prime Minister of India for retaliatory plunging into hostilities against Pakistan reached an intolerable pitch. It came even from the Cabinet, and seemed to have influenced very many members of the Prime Minister's own party against their habitual cooler judgments. Prophets of doom spoke darkly of a breach that could not be bridged, having developed between the Prime Minister and the Sardar, and predicted disintegration before the week was out.

On every important issue of national and international politics, gloomy prognostications of disaster with emphasis on irreconcilable differences between the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister, have by now become a familiar feature of the technique of newsmongers, and it is not surprising if it turned out to be so on the present occasion as well. Actually, the differences between the Pandit and the Sardar are temperamental differences, but they

GOING ROUND IN CIRCLES



Pranab

do not suffice for a break-down between the two, as each is far too conscientious in the guardianship of national welfare to dream of getting on without the other. The much advertised differences serve only to illustrate the perpetual miracle of identical decisions from dissimilar approaches as the persons concerned happen to be actuated by unselfish devotion to common national objectives. So, now also, as so often previously, initial reports of Nehru-Patel discord gave place before long to a public exhibition of amazing concord between the two leaders. After that, the combined strength of all the groups upholding the need of hostilities failed to be effective for determining Government policy. Behind the scenes, Pandit Nehru seems to have fought the most valiant fight of his eventful life, staking everything on his sacred gospel of Secular State, refusing any tampering with its integrity through any compromise whatsoever, but he emerged swiftly as victor, with a magnificent response to his faith from all quarters, not the least from those who had most vigorously dissented from him a little while earlier.

The way was thus paved for the success of the Nehru-Liaquat Ali talks. It is not to be expected that the agreement reached between the two

Prime Ministers will magically restore happiness overnight to all concerned in place of the prevailing miseries. Maladies of long standing are not got rid of so swiftly. The pact now announced will not finally dispose of all the issues in dispute between the two countries, or any of them. Its virtue lies in the direction it has given to the settlement of all Indo-Pakistan differences in future. The substance of the pact lies in the elimination for ever of war as a solution for any difficulty of the future between the two neighbourly countries. War is out of the question if only because, even if successfully waged, it brings no solutions for problems rooted in other causes, that led up to it. War spreads desolation over all combatants leaving them much worse at its end than at its beginning. If peace is to be maintained no condemned action from any section of a neighbouring State or even its Government, should be allowed to set the pattern for one's own. Unilateral persistence in a cultured and civilized way of life, unmindful of occasional, disheartening provocations, is the only way of overcoming the turbulences that bring misery to mankind. It is in essence a Gandhian way. As an architect of this pact, Pandit Nehru is revealed to be, in the soul of his government, a true disciple of the Mahatma.

Sotto Voce.

Fiery Imp



ACCIDENTS will happen in the best regulated households and the triumphant atheist has no difficulty in showing that Providence is a bad manager. So one is prepared in a way for the indefinite extension of the

range of mischances. But each new experience as it comes is none the less disconcerting. Thus we have all heard of men being born with their heart in the right place but on the wrong side. But only the other day

we learnt that an esteemed citizen had had his heart quietly jolted from the left to the right in a railway smash. And now a Birmingham court has awarded compensation to a man for permanent damage to his temper caused by a road accident.

He must be applauded for his exceptional courage. I am yet to come across a man who will confess to the possession of present ill-temper. They will all look back with indulgent amusement or with engaging humility on the unregenerate creatures they were in the prehistoric past before they chained down the beast by a resolute effort of will. Their assurance of achieved self-mastery is only equalled by their readiness to take umbrage should you, by so much as the batting of an eyelid, betray your scepticism.

Good temper, like the good looks of a woman, forms part of one's valuable if intangible assets and the law of torts has apparently evolved methods of assessing damages in the one case as in the other. But, in the language of Lloyds, loss of temper is an immeasurable risk. It is a flimsy bark that is for ever tossed on perilous waters. You may in a measure be prepared against known enemies. You may even evolve a technique of your own like the man who got on with a nagging wife by suggesting the exact contrary of what he wished done in any given situation. But the unpredictability of Eve upsets the plans of mice and men and the husband caught in his own trap ruefully reflects, as he treks Kashi-ward, that a miss is as good as a mile.

Human tempers are as variable as the boiling points of liquids and gases. Socrates, though he could calmly prophesy rain after thunder was, I bet, taking his delayed revenge on Xanthippe by draining hemlock. At the other end of the scale was a Jack in office I knew. He would bear down genially upon you, calling out, "Well, brother, what is the tiffin today?" He would sentimentally reminisce of old college days and make kindly enquiries about your infant with the liver trouble. And then,

without the least warning, he would blaze away recalling for the hundredth time a forgotten minor lapse of yours and invariably ending with the refrain, "No, no, no, I must tell the Chief Secretary that I can't put up with such malingering and impertinence." It was a perfect illustration of spontaneous combustion.

But he was genuinely mortified when his wife told him that the wives of his subordinates took it out of her. Wherever they met, at the temple, out shopping, or on the Maripa, his brutality and genius for persecution were the topic of conversation. And she had found that they did it with more gusto when with the tail-end of their eye they noticed she was within earshot. One day, to my vast surprise, he took his woes to me, a callow junior—possibly because unattached nineteen knows no fear and his thunders never touched me. "Look at their ingratitude," he wailed; "I do it all for their good—you know I never mean anything."

It is one of the fixed illusions of the fiery-tongued that they do no harm. But a barking dog may make you a nervous wreck, whereas a bite means at the worst a few painful injections. And I don't suppose even the most depraved of us enjoys being angry. That is the privilege of the gods which goes with self-possession; Valmiki speaks of Rama the avenger as summoning anger to his aid. But we lesser folk are apt to be swept along helplessly, and perhaps inflict more misery on ourselves than on our victims. If perchance we are secretly ashamed it is a sign of grace.

But we repent only to sin again. A natural serenity of temper is the most enviable of human possessions. Viswamitra in his long struggle for self-control found that anger was the last and most difficult of the hurdles—far more formidable than even the lust of the flesh. For the devil has endless plausibility. The commonplace revolutionary indulging his suicidal urge imagines he is Rudra shattering *samsara*. Excalibur is not for weak hands.

VIGHNESWARA.



Summer

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

bleached and on the roads dust whirls up towards a leaden sky.

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HARIJAN UPLIFT

By R. S. CHELLA

THERE are two names that are too freely used on public platforms and thus have lost much dignity. One is 'The Father of the Nation' and the other is the 'Common Man'. The worst irregularities are being committed under the cloak of these two names. Everybody talks of the upliftment of the common man, more particularly of the Harijan, without realising exactly who the Common Man or the Harijan is. How many of our self-styled social workers who swear by the Harijan at the least provocation have actually gone round the *cheris*, the filthy colonies and the sub-human refugee camps? Our leaders who talk so idealistically of the Common Man in the Assemblies and on public platforms seem to be more concerned about getting their names prominently displayed in the newspapers with an eye on the next elections. Lakhs of rupees are spent on 'Harijan Uplift' without any marked improvement in the living conditions of the Harijan masses, even if it is admitted that no Government can work wonders without active public co-operation.

The questions raised on this behalf by some of our legislators evoke more laughter than admiration. We see Cabinet Ministers being heckled to know how many Andhra Harijans have been recruited for the Police or Revenue Departments. The condition of the Community is not going to be bettered by a few being boosted up into high positions in our public services. Crumbs are thrown at a negligible minority of the community in the shape of a few prize jobs. Even here the policy adopted in hooking a small number of them to coveted jobs, jobs, is more dangerous than advantageous to the community. A mediocre Harijan is always preferred to a brilliant youngster from any other community. This naturally results in a non-sympathetic attitude towards this downtrodden community. It only helps in segregating them from the caste Hindus. The right policy to be adopted is to give the Harijans a feeling that they are

being given equal opportunities without trying to suppress the interests of the other communities.

I was very much amused and much surprised by the argument of a well known Social worker that since a particular institution was called the Depressed Classes School, not only should all the students be Harijans but even the staff and office-bearers of the institution should be Harijans. Could anybody do more harm for the cause?

There was a time when a Caste Hindu thought it unholy to eat his food when a Harijan was watching. The tables have now been turned. The Harijan no longer thinks in terms of equality. He feels now that he has more rights and is far superior to any other Hindu. Gandhiji fought all his life to bring Harijans on a par with Caste Hindus. Now we hear the slogans "Annihilation to Brahmins", "Annihilation to Caste Hindus". As long as the present concessions are continued the Harijan will not be in a position to assess his true merits. He will only have an inflated idea about himself which will do him no good in the long run. Once the concessions are withdrawn and they are forced to face competition the Harijans will find the bottom of their hopes falling off suddenly and will be left in the wilderness. It must, however, be borne in mind that the majority of the people in either community are not to be blamed for the present ills. It is the small groups in the two communities with their short-sighted policies who are digging up the very foundations of the Hindu Society. But what is more surprising and shocking is that the Governments, both Central and Provincial, instead of trying to bring the two communities closer on the basis of equality, are following a policy of segregation. Such a policy in the case of Muslims followed by the British Government resulted in the birth of 'Pakistan'. Let the Harijans be given all possible facilities to educate themselves. All other qualifications being equal, there is every justification in

preferring a Harijan for anybody else. But it would be the height of stupidity to bypass a brilliant non-Harijan for a mediocre or less than mediocre Harijan merely because of his accidental birth in a backward community. This will create a false sense of security in the minds of the Harijan and a sense of frustration in the minds of the others, thus accentuating the rift between the two communities.

Now a few words about the Scheduled Caste Christians. Where do they stand? There could be no justification for classifying these Christians with Harijans. Time was when many of these Harijan converts thought it below their dignity to own up their original caste. But now that Harijans are being offered special privileges they take a pride in calling themselves Scheduled Caste Christians.

There is much loose talk now of the Congress and Congressmen having fallen from their high ideals and evincing too much greed for power. I shall illustrate the unsoundness of this accusation by a comparison. A friend of mine had built a huge

bungalow at an enormous cost and was boasting that it was fire-proof, water-proof and what not. But he was thoroughly disillusioned during the rainy season. The roof of the house was leaking. It is a fallacy to think that the Congress has fallen down from its high ideals. It is such a huge organisation that the presence of a good number of black sheep is naturally to be anticipated. The Congress and its name have been built on the sacrifices of a few stalwarts. If the black sheep had not come out in their true colours all these days it was entirely due to the lack of opportunities. The testing time is now. And we see roof of the Congress leaking. Many a Congressmen is grabbing power with a vengeance. Just as my friend took some time to set right the leakages in his house it will be some time before the undesirables in the Congress are weeded out. I am confident that the Congress will emerge from the petty bickerings in which it is now involved, with flying colours and give the country a correct and balanced lead in the matter of encouragement of backward classes among Indians.

PUBLIC MEETINGS AND PEOPLE'S CONDUCT

By V. P. MENON

IT was reported a few months ago that at some public meeting held at Hyderabad in his honour a few days before he laid down his office of Governor-General, Rajaji said that on his retirement from public life, he would write a book on the "Architecture of Public meetings" to show how public meetings should be organised. Whether he meant this seriously or not we do not know. But we can believe for a fact that he was goaded into saying this by the unsatisfactory manner the function was organised that day. If Rajaji is really going to write a book of this description, I wish he would devote a chapter to the way the public should conduct themselves at public meetings.

A Public Meeting is a 'meeting where the public have the right to meet and exchange their views on any matter on the face of the earth or in the air or anywhere else while the meeting is going on'; where they exercise all their rights of free speech and talk. I know I may be criticised for the definition, but I may say beforehand that my definition is based not on what I know but on what I have seen.

I remember somebody saying from personal experience that in America (and probably in England also) the Lecturer and the Chairman are the last persons to enter the hall. But here very often they are among the earliest. Even though people would

have come, they prefer to remain outside and enter the hall only after the chairman and lecturer have taken their seats. Yet a good number arrive only after the proceedings have commenced. With some, the idea seems to be that coming before time or even in time is not consistent with their importance. Every man who comes late makes sure of his conspicuousness. Once at a meeting a person came to the front row audibly apologising for his late arrival, but found no vacant chair. He kept moving about hiding the speaker from the audience perhaps expecting someone to vacate a seat for him, till finally he was shouted back to the last row. What a contrast with the conduct of Englishman in such cases! It is a delight to see him coming to such meetings. In the first instance, he seldom comes late. And if by accident he does come late, he makes sure he is not noticed. He would walk on his toes and not on the hard heels. This remark applies not to an Englishman, but to any European.

Now the bustle and noise! Once at a meeting I was sitting in the second row. It so happened that I was seated behind two gentlemen—who were talking so loudly that I could scarcely hear a syllable of what the speaker was saying. I was half inclined to ask them not to disturb others, but cowardice prevented my doing so. One of the two was, I am told, a lecturer in a first grade college and the other a leading lawyer. Their loquacity is understandable though not excusable.

In this connection I shall refer to a funny incident. A condolence meeting was held to express sorrow at the death of a prominent figure. A grand old man of Madras was in the chair. Another gentleman seated near the chair was the permanent President of a big body and he used to conduct meetings in a constitutional way. When a speaker was speaking the chairman and the other gentleman commenced a brisk conversation, and it seemed that for a moment, they forgot where they were. The speaker looked at them once or twice, but to

no avail. He actually had to tell the chairman that if he would stop a bit, the speech could go on!

Coughing and sneezing by someone from the audience impairs the concentration of the speaker, and our people should understand this. Recently when I was speaking to a friend about a lecture, he told me how he had come there, but as he was coughing very badly, left the place lest he should be a nuisance to the others. I told him there was no such etiquette in these latitudes, and one could cough as loud as he pleased without anybody taking him amiss for that. He replied that however others behaved he would not dream of disturbing the speaker by constant coughing. Granting that such people do not want to miss the function despite a cough or cold, can they not at least cover their mouths and muffle the noise?

There is another type of meeting-goer. He brings something with him to read, and keeps himself engaged in reading throughout the duration of the speech. Curiously enough, persons of this category are the very persons who insist on sitting in the front row!

Yet another funny thing. Having in mind the confusion and inconvenience in the matter of seats, the organisers of a meeting on one occasion had the names of distinguished persons expected to come, written on paper slips and pasted on the chairs, and a member had been posted to show each gentleman to his chair. But these ideas are not for our folk. There were a few who took the chairs allotted to them, but a good number refused, or did not care, to abide by the direction which was meant only to avoid confusion. They had their own way and occupied the seats as they liked! I did not find any such arrangement later; perhaps the organisers felt it to be a vain attempt and gave it up.

These are only a few points. My idea is not to prepare an exhaustive list. I wish Rajaji will make a note of these points and incorporate them in his book.

"CHILDREN PLAY TRUANT TO SMUGGLE"

By BRENDA DAWSON

"**N**OTHING to declare?" the Customs officer asked two girls on the Belgian frontier recently. "No gifts for teacher?"

They shook their heads. But their satchels were suspiciously bulky for two girls going to a day-school in France. So the officer checked them. He found both satchels bulging with thousand-franc notes. As he reached for a report form, he asked the young smugglers for their ages. "Nine," monsieur," answered the taller girl, "and my friend is eight." Yet they were smuggling money into France—seven hundred thousand francs in all!

At one time the only juvenile smugglers were youngsters returning from holidays who evaded duty on a bottle of brandy for father or a present of scent for mother. But nowadays smuggling by children is so common on the Continent that the story of these two girls aroused no interest in news editors.

It is some five or six years since large-scale smuggling by children started in Europe, not on the war-torn Continent, but in peaceful Ireland. This development was due mainly to the increased wartime vigilance of the Customs officers on the Eire-Ulster border. For years young women had been making steady incomes by smuggling goods from Eire into Northern Ireland, because they were virtually immune from search at the frontier on account of their sex. Some of them were earning a "commission" of £5 a week from smuggling syndicates.

Then, in 1943, the Customs introduced women searchers to examine the clothing and persons of female travellers. The smuggling rings had to seek new agents. They found the answer in the schoolchildren who crossed the frontier either every day or twice a week. These children are rarely stopped or questioned by the Customs officers, and it was formerly

unknown for children to be searched.

By early 1944, however, it was obvious to the authorities in both Britain and Eire, that a considerable volume of rationed foodstuffs and clothing was being smuggled into Northern Ireland by these schoolchildren. Educational authorities were asked to help stop the growing smuggling. Even clergymen were drawn in to assist by denouncing the practice in their sermons and during visits to schools. Children's gossip overheard by teachers enabled some offenders to be detected, and they were solemnly warned to stop it. Some children were actually caught on the frontier.

Two 'teen-agers who crossed the border in cheap school frocks and bought coupon-free dresses in Louth had their purchases confiscated by the Customs. They had to wait in their underwear until their parents brought them clothes.

News of the drastic measures being adopted by the Customs officials deterred many of the children who had been smuggling goods regularly, but the trade still goes on.

It is on the Continent, however, that juvenile smuggling has grown to alarming proportions. Since the end of the war, smuggling by children has become rife along the whole length of the German zonal frontiers, and at many spots on the borders of France, the Netherlands, Belgium and Italy. Between forty and fifty thousand children are believed to be smuggling cigarettes and coffee into the western zones of Germany alone. Many of them are school children who play truant to make these smuggling trips.

Some of the children are working for themselves, buying the smuggled commodities in Belgium and the Netherlands with money begged or stolen. Many of them, on the other hand, are employed by professional criminals who know that children make the best smugglers. Too small

to be conspicuous in the frontier woods and meadows, children were formerly less suspect than adults. But now the guards watch with well-founded suspicion and child "playing" too close to the frontier. In peak summer months on the German frontier the guards have arrested over fifteen hundred child smugglers.

During January, 1949, all the six suspected smugglers shot and killed on the Belgian-Dutch frontier by German guards were under seventeen years of age. One boy, shot while alleged to be smuggling coffee into the British Zones, was only seven years old! Few of these children show as much ingenuity as grown-up smugglers. Instead of false suitcases and petticoats with pockets, they rely on their speed and nimbleness. A boy will carry a parcel of coffee quite openly in his arms, worming his way through the undergrowth and barbed wire that guards the frontier. Or his sister will stuff her knickers and blouse with packets of American cigarettes, and make a dash across a border meadow. Catching them is difficult enough, but even when arrested these children represent a major problem for the authorities. Because of the extent of juvenile smuggling special courts had to be set up in Germany in 1946-47 to

try youngsters under 16 years of age accused of smuggling.

The punishment of these young smugglers is a constant worry to the German and Control Commission departments concerned. As their parents often share in the proceeds of the smuggling, it is useless handling the culprits by recourse to domestic discipline.

First-offenders are generally given a good schooling in court, and those over 13 who are again caught are sentenced to a fortnight or month under "youth arrest." This sentence is served in a special youth gaol, where the boy or girl leads a rigorous life under a strict discipline; and where some effort is made to stimulate enthusiasm for a non-criminal way of life. Habitual delinquents are sent for three years to the already overcrowded reformatories.

But the Control Commission officials agree with their German colleagues that these penalties, however imposed, will not stop smuggling by children. It is not the desire for excitement that makes German children play truant to smuggle, but the need for the marks that will buy precious luxuries. Only an all-round improvement in living conditions in Europe will send these smugglers back to their toys and classrooms.

THE LEAST CORRUPT

A newly enfranchised citizen was being questioned by a friend.

"Whom did you vote for, James, the Republicans or the Democrats?"

"In the morning, the Republicans gave me three dollars; in the afternoon the Democrats gave me two dollars. I voted for the Democrats; you see they were the least corrupt!"

Two final year medicos were contemplating marriage. The following conversation was overheard.

She: And will you be my genetic and eugenic mate, sweet chromosome?

He: (Darwinianly) Yes, my daring little natural selection.

She: Then you may take me as your co-operative worker in the process of evolution."

And putting on their rubber gloves, they went out hand in hand in search of a disinfected minister.

The little boy sat disconsolately on the curb and sobbed as though his heart was breaking. The kind old lady stopped and asked sweetly, "Is a itta boy cryin'? Tum, tella nice wady wassa matter."

"If you are inquiring as to the cause of my lachrymose condition," he answered, looking up at her pityingly, "it is because I have been unable to find any suitable intelligent playmates whose eugenic constitutions are in harmony with my pathological tendencies and whose hereditary afflictions meet with the approval of my parental relations since moving to this hick town from Boston."

FREEDOM—FOR EXPORT ONLY

By ARNOLD YORK

IT is announced by Tass, the official Soviet propaganda news agency, that April 11 will be "Liberation Day," when the release of prisoners from Fascist gaols and concentration camps will be celebrated. A call for demonstration has been issued from Warsaw to all associated organisations by the General Secretary of the National Federation of Former Political Prisoners. The occasion will be signalled by the slogan, "Strengthening unity in the struggle for freedom and for satisfaction of the essential demands of the working classes." This slogan cannot fail to have a somewhat ironical ring about it to the Soviet Union's vast army of forced labourers, if they should by some chance come to hear of it.

No official statistics of the number of occupants of the Soviet slave camps has been published by the Soviet Government; but Mr. Christopher Mayhew, speaking in the House of Commons as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs on May 3, 1949, cited responsible estimates as ranging up to 12,000,000. Some students of the situation have placed the figure as high as 25,000,000. No responsible non-Communist disagrees that many millions are involved, whatever the exact figures. Nor, indeed, does the U.S.S.R. attempt to deny that it employs slave labour on a large scale. M. Molotov, when Prime Minister of the U.S.S.R. so long ago as 1931, told the Sixth Congress of the Soviets that people deprived of liberty were employed in mass projects devoted to various large-scale enterprises.

Provision for this is made in the Corrective Labour Codexes of the Soviet Union. Thus Clause 101 of the Codex for the Russian Republic states the uses to which these forced labourers may be put:

"Persons condemned to exile with corrective labour perform this work:

(a) For hire in State, co-operative, social enterprises and institutions on the basis of contracts between the enterprises and institutions on the one hand, and the corrective

labour institutions on the other; (b) In enterprises specially organised for this purpose by the corrective labour institutions; (c) On mass-work organised by contract between the corrective labour institutions and State and co-operative authorities; (d) In colonies for mass-work."

That this is normal, and not an exceptional practice, is made clear in Clause 3 which says that "the basic type of places of deprivation of freedom is the labour colony."

Who are the people the Soviet Government thinks it necessary to incarcerate in such large numbers? Are they criminals? Bank-robbers? House-breakers? Murderers? Counterfeiters? Not at all.

"The task of the penal policy of the proletariat," says Article (1) of the Corrective Labour Codex, "is the defence by the dictatorship of the proletariat of the socialist construction being carried out by it against encroachment by class-hostile elements not only on the part of declassé elements, but also of unstable elements among the workers."

Could the language of political tyranny express itself in plainer terms than this? And what of the phrase "unstable elements among the workers"? This can only mean those who try to strike—for strikes are not allowed in the Soviet Union.

On October 15, 1948, the United Nations took cognisance of the conditions of existence in the prison camps, after Mr. Mayhew, in the course of the debate on Human Rights, had delivered a speech on the subject. Various Governments and Free Trade Union organisations tried to study this difficult subject, on which evidence is hard to obtain. On February 15, 1949, Mr. Mayhew returned to the attack at the meeting of the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations. He asked why the Soviet Government hid its labour camps, and wanted it to invite special representatives of the United Nations or a group

of newspaper men to visit and inspect specified areas.

The Soviet delegate, M. Zarapkin, replied that his Government would certainly not allow such areas to be inspected by "American gauleiters." Later he tabled a motion favouring the establishment of a committee of a hundred workers' representatives to study conditions all over the world, but admitted that it would not be allowed to visit Russia. His excuse was that if Russia was visited, it would take 10 years to reach any conclusion. In other words, Russia made it clear that she would not participate in any international plan to inspect forced labour conditions.

After a further interval, Mr. Mayhew dealt with the subject in the House of Commons, on May 3, 1949. Three months elapsed. Then, at the meeting of the Economic and Social Council at Geneva in August 1949, Mr. G. T. Corley Smith, the British delegate, put the question "as bluntly as he knew how." Dealing with the economic aspect of the slave camps, Mr. Corley Smith said: "These camps or colonies provide an immense supply of cheap and mobile labour at the beck and call of the various State and other enterprises... No doubt this system... has made it possible to complete some of the immense and remarkable economic projects which the Soviet Union has carried out—but let us not forget at what a terrible social cost."

It was at this August meeting that, in order to supply much needed documentation, Mr. Corley Smith produced photostat copies of the Soviet Corrective Labour Codex, with translations in English and French. He said that the Soviet Union had never denied the Codex's authenticity. "I trust delegates will give the Codex serious study," he said, "because it is an astonishing revelation of the conditions in the Soviet Union." The Soviet delegate spent two hours in replying, but gave no specific answer to Mr. Corley Smith's allegations. Nor did he deny the genuineness of the Codex. The Council postponed further discussion until February 1950.

The question was again raised at the opening meeting in London on December 7, 1949, of the International

Confederation of Free Trade Unions, with a membership of 48,000,000. It was then recommended that the executive should investigate forced labour in Russia and other Communist countries and recommend what action could be taken. Meanwhile, in books, newspapers and speeches everywhere progressive opinion began to express its alarm even more seriously. On February 28, 1950, Mr. Corley Smith, speaking at a meeting at Lake Success of the Economic and Social Council, declared that the main purpose of Soviet forced labour was to deal with political heretics—people who disagreed with the ruling class. He demanded a straight answer from the Soviet representative, M. Arutyunyan, as to whether a United Nations Commission would be allowed to inspect labour camps in Siberia and Central Asia. This was not forthcoming. At this meeting, one after another of the representatives of the free world rose to denounce forced labour. The economic aspect of the slave camps, and Russia's continued refusal to permit their inspection, were the subjects of an address by Miss Toni Sender, forced labour expert of the American Federation of Labour, who on behalf of her Trade Union made a further suggestion for the investigation of this system, so hostile to working class interests.

Miss Sender pointed out that though the exposure of the labour camps had been originally denounced by Russian spokesmen as a lie and a slander, these tactics had been changed after Mr. Corley Smith had produced the photostats of the Codex. Those previously non-existent were now called "criminals"; and they were found guilty because they held different opinions and philosophies from those of their rulers. But these same persons, who were criminals in a Soviet-controlled country, became law-abiding and loyal citizens in the various countries of refuge to which they escaped.

"Does the superiority of the Communist regime," asked Miss Sender, "consist in the existence under its rule of many millions of traitors, counter-revolutionaries, and so-called 'cosmopolitans'?" Miss Sender directed attention to the extent to which

the Soviet economy was based on cheap manpower in the form of millions employed in slave labour. She said that information supplied by informants in the Gosplan administration, whose names could not be disclosed, indicated that the M.V.D. (the secret police) had slave labour projects of major importance as part of Soviet economic planning. In some economic sections, M. V. D. dominated, if it did not actually monopolise, the field.

In plans operating just before the German invasion of Russia, Miss Sender continued, the M.V.D. was a main construction agency of the U.S.S.R., and to it was assigned 14 per cent of all capital construction—more than was allotted to any other Ministry. It was charged with the building and maintenance of all paved roads, and with the construction of railway lines in isolated districts. Since the war, it had been made responsible for the operation of atomic developments; had been charged with the extraction of gold, chrome, ore and oil, and even with the production of some consumer goods. Its share in planned production under one economic plan amounted, in some industries, from one-tenth to half the total Russian output. Liable for the payment of only small sums in wages, and without responsibility for social services to the enslaved millions, the Ministry for Internal Affairs was the biggest and possibly the least expensive single economic agency in the Soviet Union.

The M.V.D.'s forced labour projects accounted for one-eighth of the total

production of timber, one-tenth of furniture and kitchen equipment, and two-fifths of the chrome production. Since 1938, three quarters of Russia's gold had been obtained by forced labour. Whatever convict labour lacked in quality was partly offset by unlimited quantity. The M.V.D. constantly replenished its labour reserves from the ranks of the displaced and deported. A return to slavery, promoted by the Government, was spreading over large parts of the world, including China, whence half a million people were promised for work in Russia.

Declaring that the Council was bound to follow up the matter, Miss Sender suggested an investigation by a fact-finding committee established by the International Labour Office with the Council's co-operation. "We cannot be satisfied," she concluded, "with declaring our inability to find facts on the spot. We have to appeal to the conscience of the world in raising our voice against the forms of modern barbarism." To sum up, the problem of the labour camps, the existence of which has never been seriously denied by the Soviet Government, has been the subject of international discussion for more than 16 months. Their character has been fully exposed; yet, owing solely to the persistent refusal of Soviet Russia to allow any investigation on the spot, even by representatives of the world's workers, whose cause the Kremlin professes to have at heart, it has been impossible to put an end to them or even to ascertain the full extent of this modern form of slavery. What a farce "Liberation Day" is in these circumstances!

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain; "Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain."—JOHNSON.

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection; no more.—TENNYSON.

Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things, extraordinarily well.—ANGELIQUE ARNAULD.

Little sorrows speak, but deeper ones are dumb.—SENACA.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT AND HIS JOB

A GLANCE AT HARRY S. TRUMAN AS HE BEGINS HIS SIXTH YEAR IN OFFICE

HARRY S. Truman begins his sixth year as President of the United States on April 12. On May , he will be 66 years old.

Few presidents in American history have had a more strenuous five years in office. Few have been called upon for more complex and far-reaching decisions. Yet persons who see Truman daily agree that he appears as serene, as fit, and as alert today as he was when he served with distinction in the far less exacting role of United States senator.

His complexion is ruddy and clear. He weighs 175 pounds, which is within the weight range prescribed by his physician. He continues to arise between 5-30 and 6-30 a.m. On his early morning walks through the streets of Washington he strides along at the infantry pace of 120 steps a minute. Aides who follow him puff and perspire, and shake their heads in admiration. Ten hours later at the end of a hard day's work, the President appears fresher and more vigorous than many persons half his age.

How does he do it?

His attitude toward himself and his work offers a partial explanation.

"The job of President can break your back if you let it," he told a friend recently. "I do not let it. I do my best and refuse to worry."

He has a rare capacity for applying his mind and his energies to problems that are rightfully his and eliminating from his mind any problem over which he has no control. The result is that nothing makes him nervous or upset.

Recently he was addressing a gathering in Washington when a resounding crash echoed through an adjacent hall. The audience turned to see what had happened. Truman continued his talk without hesitation. His immediate job was making a speech. There was nothing he could do about the noise in the hall (a glass lamp had fallen on the floor),

and so he did not let it disturb him.

On one of the most momentous days in his life—November 2, 1948, when 48,000,000 Americans cast their ballots for President—Truman displayed this personal discipline. Practically all the public opinion experts in the country had forecast victory for the candidate of the Republican Party, Governor Thomas E. Dewey of the state of New York, rather than victory for Harry S. Truman.

Lights burned throughout the night in many an American home as families sat by the radio, listening to the early election returns. Early that evening Truman had slipped away to a quiet resort in his native state of Missouri. There he took a hot, mineral bath, ate a sandwich, drank a glass of milk, and went to bed where he was sleeping peacefully by 7 p.m.

The long campaign, in which he travelled back and forth across the country, making hundreds of speeches and averaging only five hours' sleep a night, had finally ended. For the moment there was nothing more that Truman could do, and so he refused to stay awake and worry. At 10 o'clock the next morning, when he received a telegram from Governor Dewey congratulating him on his victory, the President was rested and ready for another day's work.

This capacity for refusing to worry over someone else's responsibilities is illustrated in an experience Truman had while attending the Inter-American Defence Conference in Brazil in September 1947. The automobile in which he was riding near Rio de Janeiro skidded and almost plunged over a steep cliff. The President was the calmest passenger in the car. Driving was the chauffeur's responsibility. Truman refused to worry.

A number of hobbies and wide interests outside his work help the President maintain a fresh outlook and find relief from the heavy strain of office. His most famous hobby is play-

ing the piano. Compositions by Chopin and Paderewski are in his repertoire. At informal parties he sometimes accompanies his daughter Margaret while she sings. Miss Truman's career as a concert singer has provided the President with a new interest in music.

Fishing is one of the sports traditionally associated with American presidents. Truman has had some experience as an angler, but walking remains his favourite activity. Swimming is a close second. When on vacation, he occasionally pitches horseshoes—a game in which the contestants throw horseshoes at a spike stuck in the ground. During warm weather Truman frequently spends weeks ends on the presidential yacht, the *Williamsburg*. However, his interest in the sea does not match that of his predecessor, the late Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The hobbies that exert the deepest influence on the President's life are people and books.

Truman likes people. On the day of his inauguration as President in January 1949, after he had won the national election in 1948, Truman rose before dawn so that he could have a 7 o'clock breakfast with the comrades with whom he had fought in the front lines in France during World War I. Later the same day he attended church, took the oath of office as President, and delivered the inaugural speech, in which he outlined his domestic and international policy, including the famous Point-Four program for technical assistance to underdeveloped areas. Then he stood for two hours in the cold January air reviewing a parade, and later welcomed 7,500 guests at a huge reception.

After such a strenuous day, it was expected that he would make only a brief appearance at the inaugural ball in the evening. However, Truman had such a good time seeing friends from all parts of the country that he did not go home until 2 o'clock the next morning.

The President delights in visiting his friends unexpectedly. When George C. Marshall, the distinguished soldier and former Secretary of State, was recuperating from an operation at a mountain resort in the state of North Carolina last year, Truman paid a sur-

prise visit to the man he considers the "greatest living American". On his vacation trips to Key West, a tiny island off the southern tip of Florida, Truman frequently drops into the quarters used by newspapermen to chat and see that they are well cared for. If one of the reporters becomes sick away from home, he can expect a personal visit from the President.

Instead of receiving ambassadors and ministers formally, flanked by his military and diplomatic aides, Truman invites them into his office where they sit down and chat in the manner of old friends.

These diplomats are often surprised to find how much the President knows about their countries. His other important hobby, reading, accounts for this wide knowledge. Truman has always been an ardent reader. As a boy in the midwestern town of Independence, in the state of Missouri, Harry Truman found that eyeglasses handicapped him in playing football and other sports. So he began reading. By the time he was graduated from high school, he had read several thousand books, including an entire encyclopedia. Following graduation he had a variety of jobs. He worked in a drug store, as a timekeeper for a railroad, in a newspaper office, as a bank clerk, and for years as a farmer. During that period he continued to be an avid reader.

History and biography are the President's favourite subjects. Plutarch's "Parallel Lives" is one of his favourite books.

In making important decisions Truman may draw upon expert advice from many sources. When all the advice has been weighed, however, the President must make his decision on the basis of what he believes to be best for the nation. Ultimately, Congress, and through Congress the 150,000,000 people of the United States, may approve or refute these decisions. But the responsibility of leadership is his.

The people expect the President to work for peace, to formulate an international policy that will preserve the peace, to develop the country's natural resources, to administer the federal government efficiently and economically, and to press for any needed reforms. He is commander-in-chief of

the armed forces of the United States, head of his political party, and the nation's representative at all important ceremonial functions.

The duties and responsibilities of American presidents have increased steadily since the founding of the Republic. The heads of more than 70 government agencies now report directly to the President.

During a typical three-month period in the election year of 1948, President Truman received 321 visitors exclusive of his personal staff. He approved 193 executive orders, signed 175 messages and letters to Congress, issued 52 press releases, held nine press conferences, presided at 10 Cabinet meetings, attended four church services, made 12 public speeches, presented five military medals, and appointed 71 persons to key Government positions.

Almost all these duties required special preparation. Even a press release must be worded so exactly that it cannot possibly be misunderstood

by the 1,700 American daily newspapers and the hundreds of news editors in other countries that will subject it to the closest scrutiny. An important appointment, such as that of chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, may require months of steady and investigation. Speeches are often rewritten from ten to 15 times.

In discussing his work the President always emphasizes the fact that he has the best brains in the country assisting him. Returning the compliment, his staff points out that Truman is an ideal man to work for. He plans his work and then follows the plan. He has been described as a "tidy administrator."

This tidiness is reflected in the seven-foot desk in his White House office. The desk faces an impressive portrait of George Washington, the first American President, and a large globe that General of the Armies Dwight D. Eisenhower used when he commanded the Allied forces in



President Truman with his wife and daughter, Margaret. Margaret Truman is a concert singer.

Europe during World War II. One telephone, three pens, several clocks, and two large leather notebooks are always in exactly the same place on the desk. The notebook on the right side of the desk is marked "The Staff." It contains a special section for instructions which the President gives his secretaries, aides, and principal assistants at the daily staff conference. The notebook on the left is marked "The Cabinet." The President enters under each Cabinet member's name the problems he wants to take up at the weekly Cabinet meetings at 10 a.m. on Friday or at the occasional luncheon meetings with the Cabinet on Mondays.

A government official who calls regularly at the White House remarked recently that he had learned to arrive for appointments with the President at least ten minutes ahead of time. Though he never rushes a caller or gives any hint of hurry, the President frequently gets ahead of his schedule. Truman usually has his first appointment of the day at 10 o'clock in the morning; others follow at 15 or 30 minute intervals. They may range from a conference with Secretary of State Dean Acheson on a vital decision in international affairs to posing for pictures with the winner of an apple-growing contest. On a typical day, recently, the President received congressional leaders at 10 a.m.; Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, the famous symphony conductor, at 11-30; railroad union officials at 11-45; Oscar Ewing, who directs the federal government's vast social welfare programme, at noon; Angus Ward, former Consul General at Mukden, Manchuria, at 12-15 p.m.; Secretary of State Dean Acheson at 12-30; John J. McCloy, United States High Commissioner for Germany at 3-000; and Department of Defence officials at 3-30.

The President usually lunches at Blair House, a temporary home near his office for him and his family while

the White House is undergoing repairs. When the President returns to his desk, Chief Clerk William J. Hopkins, who has an office near Truman's, watches the door to the President's office. Whenever Truman has a free moment Hopkins comes in with a batch of papers for the Chief Executive's signature. Truman signs his name an average of 600 times a day.

At the end of the day Truman often goes for a swim. Although the President is free to spend his evenings as he pleases, he attends dinners or receptions about three nights a week and thoroughly enjoys them. Even at large receptions where he sometimes shakes hands at the rate of 800 times an hour, the President appears genuinely interested in the person behind each handshake. He grips each hand, smiles squarely at the person, and acknowledges the introduction by repeating the name.

Whether the early part of his evenings is given to social occasions or spent quietly with his family, Truman usually has some work to do before he goes to bed. When he leaves the office each day, a large brief case of papers accompanies him. He often spends an hour or two going over them in preparation for conferences or staff assignments the next day.

Occasionally, Truman relaxes with a detective or mystery story before retiring, but he has no trouble in going to sleep.

Arthur Krock, veteran correspondent of the *New York Times*, after a recent exclusive interview with the President, described him as a "serene President, with undiminished confidence in the triumph of humanity's better nature and the progress of his own efforts to achieve abiding peace."

"Those who have the privilege," Krock wrote, "of searching the mind and purpose of Harry S. Truman usually come away with faith in his honesty and courage."—U.S.I.S.

A youth went to work in a country store. He was ambitious, and the proprietor told him one of the ways to make himself more valuable was to learn every article in the store.

When a woman came in a few days later and asked for powder the youth had an opportunity to demonstrate his new knowledge.

"Face, tooth, gun or bug?" he asked.

LITERARY TREASURE-HUNTER ROSENBACH

HE PAID RS. 5 LAKHS FOR A BOOK '93761

By EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

(Considered to be the greatest literary treasure-hunter alive, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach has made a profession of book-hunting. It has been estimated that his collection of books and manuscripts—kept well preserved in vaults—is worth more than 3.5 crores. He once bought a book because Johnson's Preface to the Dictionary that Garrick recited was pinned inside it, for less than about Rs. 12, and later he was offered more than Rs. 16,000 for it.)

JUST about twice a year an affable and portly book collector named Dr. A. W. Rosenbach creates a stir in the news by paying what is a fabulous price for a musty old tome, a scarce manuscript, or a rare autograph.

But to the world's most enthusiastic literary treasure-hunter who recently paid a neat 50,000 dollars for the original manuscript of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" these are but milestones along a lifetime road of collecting.

Today Dr. Rosenbach, who is 75 and looks 15 years younger, has more than 10,000,000 dollars worth of books stored in the air-conditioned vaults of his office in a private house on East 51st Street, New York City. Ask Dr. Rosenbach why he collects rare books, and he will tell you, amid a cloud of cigar smoke, that he does so because it is his business. This, in some degree, is true. But while he has acquired some of his literary hoard for wealthy collectors, anonymous millionaires, institutes of learning and libraries his bibliomania has reached the stage where he has become his own most avid client.

It was while studying at the University of Pennsylvania that Dr. Rosenbach stumbled upon his first literary treasure-hunting adventure. He had become so interested in collecting that he haunted book auctions. One day in a small store he noticed a pamphlet lying on a table. It was a copy of Gray's "Odes." He opened it and the veins in his forehead began to pulse with excitement. Attached to the inner cover was a copy of Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous pro-

logue which David Garrick had recited on an opening night at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1747.

"I was ready to mortgage my future for that pamphlet," says Dr. Rosenbach. "There were several experienced collectors in the room and I was afraid they would discover my treasure. They didn't and I got it for 3.60 dollars. Later I was offered 5,000 dollars for it, but I determined to hold it."

Despite the intense activity of Dr. Rosenbach and other veteran book collectors, there are still millions, perhaps billions, of dollars worth of literary treasures lying around, undiscovered. This is one reason why the world's foremost literary treasure-hunter eagerly reads and invariably answers the 30,000 letters he receives each year.

"One out of every 2,000 letters I receive holds interesting possibilities," he admits. "By following up one letter I bought a first edition of 'Adonais,' Shelley's lament on the death of Keats. It is worth at least 5,000 dollars."

"On the other hand, some letters often start me off on a wild goose chase. One such letter from a correspondent in Salem (Massachusetts, U.S.) described a copy of Hubbard's 'Indian Wars.' On inspection the book proved to be only a poor 19th century reprint, instead of a 1677 first edition."

Contrary to popular opinion, Dr. Rosenbach's greatest literary treasure-hunting adventure was not the recent acquisition of the "Bay Psalm Book" at the record-shattering price

of \$151,000 dollars. As a matter of fact, he did not even attend the auction at the Parke Bernet galleries. He sent his sandy-haired young assistant, John Fleming, to bid for him.

To Dr. Rosenbach his greatest collecting thrill and what he believes is the greatest literary adventure in history was shared only by himself and known only to a few intimates. It revolves about a letter written by Amerigo Vespucci, the explorer, who gave his name to two continents.

"There was only one known record of Vespucci's own writing, a receipt bearing his signature," Dr. Rosenbach says. "Then I heard that a letter written by him had been discovered and was to be sold at auction in London. I cabled my agent to bid as high as 12,500 dollars for it. For some reason or other, as sometimes happens, it was an 'off auction.' At any rate, my agent acquired the letter for a little less than 2,000 dollars. It was one of the greatest bargains in history."

"When it finally came, I took it into my library to decipher the handwriting. Amerigo Vespucci had written, in Latin, on October 11th, 1476, a 'somewhat grave and formal epistle to his father, in which he commented upon a commonplace book belonging to his uncle, Giorgio Antonio Vespucci.'

"Now common books, such as he referred to, were frequently kept in the 15th century. They were used to note down Greek and Latin quotations of the period. I had already finished reading this when my mind clicked. I walked to my bookcases and picked out an old manuscript in a 15th century binding.

"There on the title-page was written the name of Amerigo's uncle, Giorgio Antonio Vespucci! Side by side on my desk were Amerigo's only letter and Giorgio's commonplace book. Separated for nearly five centuries they had come together at last in my library!"

Almost as exciting and far more costly was the acquisition that started with the receipt of a cable from Dr. Rosenbach's Berlin agent. In the vaults of an ancient castle on the Rhine was a certified copy of the

American Declaration of Independence.

In 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was signed, a copy was made and, with the signature of Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane added as commissioners plenipotentiary, the document was sent to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, in order that he might officially recognize the independence of the American Colonies. Frederick entrusted the document to Baron von Scolenberg, his Minister, who placed it in the vault of his castle. Now, advised the Berlin agent, a descendant of the baron was willing to sell. But competition among collectors was keen.

"We were finally successful," Dr. Rosenbach said. "The price was 260,000 dollars and, though it was high, we felt we couldn't allow a manuscript of such tremendous importance to escape us.

"The ultimate value of a book depends, of course, upon the intrinsic merit of the writer's work. A first edition of Shakespeare will always command an ever-increasing price. The same is true of the first editions of Dante, Cervantes or Goethe. A first edition of A. A. Milne's 'When We Were Very Young,' is already more precious than some old tomes such as a sermon of the 1490's by the famous teacher, Johannes Gerson.

"Time and perspective, however, do greatly increase the value. A first folio of Shakespeare's 'Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies,' was sold in 1864 to the Baroness Burdett Coutts at what was then considered an enormous price, 3,880 dollars. Yet 58 years later my brother Philip bought the same folio for me at Sotheby's in London for 43,000 dollars."

Even such familiar school-day tales as the "Waverley Novels," by Sir Walter Scott or Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" today are worth considerable money if they are first editions. Dr. Rosenbach has a copy of the "Waverley Novels" worth 8,850 dollars and a "Robinson Crusoe" for which he paid 2,500 dollars. There is no telling where the next great "find" will be made, perhaps in a musty bookstore, perhaps in the family book-case. (Copyright)

ARE THE PEOPLE TO BLAME?

By D. V. RAJA RAO

IN reply to a question in Parliament by Mr. Ranga, as to whether the Government of India have any plan to supplement and support the State Governments in putting down Communist violence. Sardar Patel said that Andhra is an exception in India in this matter, because there is no co-operation there from the people.

That is a serious reflection on the patriotism and civic consciousness of the Andhras. The record of Andhras in Indian politics does not justify it. And yet the fact cannot be denied. But why and how did this lapse in Andhras come about? Normally a people are not indifferent to their own danger nor do they non-co-operate with a Government trying to help them. This indifference and want of co-operation is the sign of a sense of frustration, despair and want of confidence in the Government.

The recent attempt to separate the Andhra Province has brought out into prominence some of the handicaps under which Andhras have been suffering for so long. It was found that the new Province would not be economically stable, that there are not enough Andhras in the services with the necessary training and experience to take over the administration. Considering the extent and resources of the Andhra area, that it cannot be economically self-sufficient is an eloquent commentary on the neglect of its development. And even more eloquent than that is the scarcity of Andhras in the services to take over the administration. Andhras have been fighting this economic neglect and denial of opportunities to its young men ever since the starting of the Andhra movement. Now, after raising great hopes, instead of finding ways and means of bringing us into our own, we were denied the promised Andhra Province on the stale plea of want of agreement between the contending parties. How reminiscent is it of the British condition of agreement between the Congress and the Muslim League before they would transfer power into Indian hands?

If the Andhras feel frustrated today it is because they have a genuine grievance.

In day to day life we are being driven to despair. We do not find the least correlation between official statements and the realities of life. The other day Mr. Neogy said in Parliament that production of sugar upto February 15th this year was over 7,27,000 tons as compared to 6,59,000 tons last year. Yet in February last year sugar was freely available in the market at 12 annas a viss while this year we are getting a miserable dole of 4 viss per family per month at Rs. 1-5-0 a viss. It is a curious feature of our administration that all schemes, measures and controls devised to benefit the people work in exactly the opposite way. The permit holders, licence holders, black marketers, all get benefit but not the people. But then most of these beneficiaries are either relatives or friends of some one or other of the members of the Government, Ministers, legislators or influential politicians. It is a common and every day occurrence that officers are challenged in their work by monied and influential offenders with impunity and they can always find politicians with pull enough with the Government to bring the officers to their sense of practical realities. A few months back some bad characters belonging to a certain community considered to be politically strong in these parts, were harrasing and intimidating some villages near here to such an extent that the police, in deference to public agitation, took some active steps and rounded up the bad characters with great difficulty. But they failed to get them punished or bound over in spite of their best effort, due, it is believed, to the effective interference of certain politicians here claiming to belong to the ministerial party. Recently there has been a strong rumour that the Surgeon General of this State had to retire before his time as he had failed to oblige some powerful and influential political leader or

leaders in the South in the matter of the transfer of a lady doctor.

In these circumstances the services are becoming irresponsible, indifferent and corrupt. Nothing can be got done in any office unless one goes personally and interviews the concerned officer or clerk. A neighbour, a retired M.E.S. officer, has been corresponding for over a month for a permit to get his paddy from a neighbouring village. He refused to take the advice of some of his friends to go and interview the concerned officer or clerk. Again the other day a gentleman returned home from a journey to find his house broken open and robbed. He immediately phoned to the police and told them that he would keep the things as they were without disturbance for their investigation. But the police phoned back to say that they would not come then for investigation and advised him to send in a report with a detailed list of the articles lost. This sort of callous indifference to the needs and security of people occurs not in isolated cases but is the order of the day. Officers as well as subordinate services have lost all sense of responsibility to the public and they feel secure in their political friends, communal claims and general and universal corruption.

Over this chaos of an administration presides a Ministry that has lost the moral confidence of the people. The recent pronouncement of the three-man committee over the charges against some Ministers in this State, while exonerating them on purely legal and technical grounds, seriously questioned their moral position. In any decent democratic Government such a moral indictment would immediately bring about the resignation of the concerned Ministers. But it looks as though our Ministers are not up to that standard of democracy or moral decency. The Congress which is responsible for their position is so badly broken up into innumerable power groups that it is not strong enough to oblige them to fulfil their moral obligation.

The atmosphere created by such a

Government is ideal for the thriving of anti-social elements. What is happening in the border between Andhra and Hyderabad and elsewhere in the name of Communism is something similar to Thuggism and Pindarism. Thugs and Pindaries thrive at a time when the political atmosphere in India was most confusing after the fall of the Moghul Empire and before the assertion of British authority and there was no strong and efficient Government. With the firm establishment of the British Government the Thugs and Pindaries disappeared. Similarly the anti-social elements now who are exploiting the name of Communism and giving themselves a political status flourish more from lack of strong and efficient Government than want of co-operation from the people. I am reminded of a question often asked by the British officers in the army in 1942-43. They could never understand why Gandhiji, the Congress and the people of India were not co-operating with the British Government in their desperate effort to save India from the Japanese invasion. They thought the people and leaders of India were stupid not to realise the Japanese danger and appreciate the British effort to save us. That Sardar Patel who took the foremost lead in organising popular opposition to the British war effort and who understands the working of the popular mind so well, should now accuse the people of Andhra of not co-operating with the Government in their effort, against the Communists is the greatest irony of the power complex. He knows that this want of co-operation from the people is only a sign and the causes are deep rooted. People are never blind to what is good to them and they will always co-operate with the Government that deserves their co-operation. Instead of accusing us of wantonly and foolishly not co-operating with the Government, Sardar Patel will be doing us and the country a great service if he throws in his weight and energy to give us good Government that would enthrone us to co-operate with it.

KAMBAR FESTIVAL AT KARAIKUDI

By "T. S. R."

*When the high heart we magnify
And the clear vision celebrate
And worship greatness passing by
Ourselves are great.*

A feeling of rare exaltation held in thrall a vast concourse of thousands of men and women, from all over Tamilnad, gathered to do homage to Kambar, the foremost of Tamilnad's classical bards. In the spacious lawns of the Meenakshi Girl's School at Karaikudi, beneath an elevated terraced canopy, tastefully decorated, could be seen squatting row upon row of eager men and women, looking forward to the arrival of Rajaji who was to preside over the first day's proceedings and of Rasikamani T. K. C. who was to inaugurate the four-day festival.

Conspicuous on the rostrum were two portraits, one of Goddess Saraswathi, holding a *Yazh* and the other of poet Kambar, dictating to his amanuensis, his magnum opus. The uprights supporting the pandal were proudly bearing placards, each proclaiming a gem of a thought in the poet's own inimitable words.

After prayer and welcome, T.K.C. said, opening the proceedings:

"Kambar was born in Terazhandur in Cholanad, a thousand years back. He was greatly encouraged in his life work by that prince among benefactors, Sadayappa Vallal. His fame as a poet spread far and wide, and finally he shuffled off his mortal coil at Nattarasankottai in Chettinad. All that is history.

"But where is Kambar now, one is inclined to ask. I, for my part, am convinced, he is right here under this very roof in the shape of all the men and women assembled.

"For a moment let us think of the poet's lot a couple of decades back. Four of us, in Tirunelveli, drew together with intent 'to drink deep of the well of Kambar undeffiled.' The matter got wind and

we came in for a lot of derisive comment. What else could one expect at a time when men blindly swore by all things Western? Undaunted, we organised a celebration. The attendance numbered a paltry 150. Similar celebrations came to be organised in Karaikudi. The coming of Sa. Ganesan marked a new epoch. The celebrations, year by year, recorded an upward trend and to-day we find Kambar's stock has soared high indeed.

"Let us now try to get a glimpse of the poet. The cultural tradition of the Tamils, or of Tamilnad, is indistinguishable from what the poet presents in his work. Losing himself in a rare creative afflatus, he pictures, in exquisite verse of perfect form, the wrestlings of the human spirit with the mysteries of life and the profoundest intuitions of the mind which none can reflect but those to whom they are revealed. The Voice of Kambar is the Voice of the Tamil Poetic Muse, sounding with an assurance much deeper than the poet. And we Tamils hold his Ramayana as a rare treasure, a priceless heritage, a gift of grace from the poet."

The whole audience could then be seen sitting back, tossing their heads in a self-forgetful appreciation as T. K. C. went on to present the glory of Sita, citing three verses of unalloyed simplicity, strength and grandeur.

Then C. R. who was lustily cheered on rising, delivered his presidential address:

"A plant gets its substance not so much from the soil as from sunlight and the carbon-di-oxide in the air. So also for the good life of a people Culture and Religion contribute more than material resources. The Ramayana and the Mahabharatha are therefore the greatest assets for us and our lives. If we as a nation are to be enabled to live a life of high pur-

pose, we should ever keep before our mind's eye the eternal truths enshrined in those epics. Bereft of culture, man ceases to be a man; he sinks to the level of a Rakshasa or crumbles into dust.

"I did not read Kambar while young. That was why perhaps I found it hard later to enjoy reading him by myself. When at last, rather late in life, my introduction to the poet did come about, all honour to T. K. C., I had the ample compensation of the joy of a fresh discovery. And the little I have learnt under T. K. C., I cherish as far more precious than what as a youth I could have acquired through Pandits.

"Kamba Ramayana is much more than literature. To limit oneself to the appreciation of its literary excellences will only feed one's vanity. Valmiki in his epic has delineated Rama as a Hero, but Kambar and Tulasidas have sung Rama as God Himself. Their Ramayanas are works of devotion as well as of beauty.

"There are some who find in the Ramayana imperfections. They may recast the whole story, in the light of their own criticism. If we want new stories, we have enough and more these days, and some of them well-written too, but still, they are relatively of little enduring value. The iridescence of a natural diamond can never be equalled by the lustre of synthetic gems. Any attempt at rearing a plant by substituting electricity in place of sunlight is doomed to failure. Likewise, the subtle suprasensory sustenance which the social order needs for its well-being, the Ramayana can bestow. For us in Tamilnad, Kamba Ramayana is the basis of culture. It behoves us to preserve its influence.

"But then let us not rush to prescribe it for compulsory study in schools. Compulsion provokes distaste and will only increase difficulties and confusion."

Striking a humorous note which comes naturally to him, Kalki stressed on the vital link between Kamba Ramayana and the life of the Tamils. He said:

"Rama's name has penetrated into all homes in Tamilnad, irrespective of class or sub-sect. Do we not hear of

Ramaswami Iyers and Ramaswami Iyengars, Ramaswami Pillais and Ramaswami Mudaliars, Ramaswami Reddiars and Ramaswami Nadars, Ramaswami Thevars and Ramaswami Padayachis, and then of Kalyanaramans, Kodandaramans and Uddandaramans and so on ad infinitum? Is it too much to say that Kamba Ramayana has gone into the very texture of the life of the Tamils?"

An interesting feature of the festival was the homage in verse paid to the immortal poet by a few of the participants. The performance partook of the nature of a devotional pastime. As the various composers laid their respective garlands of verse at the feet of their master, the audience too joined in mute adoration. Some of them showed an individuality of expression, born out of an intense comprehension of Kambar's poetic genius.

The bringing out of an authentic edition of Kamba Ramayana is on the programme of work of the Kazhagam. It is a pretty ticklish business. Though all are agreed that interpolations have crept in, no two think alike on the volume to be excised. This is a question on which compromise or decision by majority, if they mean anything at all, may lead us nowhere near our cherished end. While it is laudable to bring out an edition, fairly acceptable to the greatest number of 'experts' as we know them today even here a fair measure of agreement is not easy of achievement—it is wisdom not to claim total authenticity for the work.

A music concert by Gana Saraswathi D. K. Pattammal and party, wherein the poet's verse set to music was sung, a dance recital by the girl pupils of Tamil Isai Palli, Devakottai, and a Katha Kalakshepam on the 'Vision of Kambar' by Sri. K. C. Thyagarajan, All India Radio, Tiruchi, comprised the entertainment section of the celebration. They were all well attended and much appreciated.

As for speeches, there were plenty and most of them were rendered with effect and to good purpose. The service of worship in Kambar Temple at Nattarasankottai came as fitting finale to the entire celebration.

And finally, a word about Sa. Ganesan. This spare man in Khadi has been keeping the poet's banner aloft for a number of years now at Karai-kudi. During the 1942 movement when he was behind prison bars he had arranged with some friends for the conduct of the festival. He is not prone to talking much and whenever he has to be on his feet, he talks in a very slow and deliberate manner, getting straight to the point and with an air of forbidding austerity even as

he is making the most humdrum of announcements. To him the poet is Kambar, not Kambar. You can never catch him using 'Kambar' either in speech or in writing. The honorific end-syllable is, apparently, more than he can endure; so dear is the poet to his soul. If ever you need one to organise a show on an epic scale, you can think of few in Tamilnad to equal Sa. Ganesan. He is a living lesson of unparalleled loyalty and devotion to 'Kambar.'

THE SUGAR MUDDLE—A LESSON

By V. S. RAMAKRISHNAN

AFTER several months' enquiry at various places in the country into the sugar crisis of last year, the Tariff Board has submitted its report to the Government. The report has not yet been published except for a Gazette Extraordinary issued on March 6, listing three recommendations of the Tariff Board relating to (1) the Indian Sugar Syndicate, (2) last year's sugar crisis, and (3) Protection, and their acceptance by the Government. Confusion was caused following the crisis which was responsible for considerable hardship to the people all over the country who are still unable to understand, "Why this crisis?"

The Indian Sugar Syndicate was formed in 1937 by Seth Ramakrishna Dalmia and a few other sugar magnates to avoid internal competition and to sell the product at reasonable prices. The Syndicate used to release quotas of sugar stocks of its members for country-wide distribution, advise the Uttar Pradesh and Bihar Governments as also the Central Government on matters relating to sugar production besides recommending prices of sugar and cane. The Uttar Pradesh and Bihar Governments accorded statutory recognition to the Syndicate in 1938 and enforced that all sugar factories in Uttar Pradesh and Bihar should become the Syndicate's members as a condition precedent to getting their annual crushing licences. But the Syndicate became corrupt with the result that statutory recognition was withdrawn from it for about

2 months in 1940. Sugar was decontrolled in December 1947, and when the Government took over distribution, the Syndicate had nothing much to do. The Tariff Board has now levelled no less than a dozen charges against the Syndicate and has recommended discontinuance of the statutory recognition accorded to it twelve years back. The Governments of Uttar Pradesh and Bihar have, it is reported, already rescinded their order that all sugar mills in those two States should be members of the Syndicate for getting their annual crushing licences. Thus ended the 13-year history of the Syndicate as an established organisation of the sugar industry. But it is to be hoped, in view of the certainty of conditions returning to normalcy in the near future, that the Syndicate will be replaced by a body representing the industry as a whole. This is absolutely essential and the Government would do well not to discourage the formation of such a body.

The crisis of last year was very hard-felt and the Tariff Board's investigations, as can be made out from the material published so far, put the blame on all concerned. Thus, it appears that when sugar was not available for the public in India, it was moved to Pakistan and the reported excessive supply of wagons at that time lends credence to the belief that the industry is not the only culprit.

The Government have withdrawn

protection to the industry from April 1, and the protective duty of Rs. 12-9-7 per cwt. has been converted into a revenue duty. This may not mean much to anybody as it is just a device to silence a crying child. But, all things considered, it cannot be denied that the withdrawal of protection to the industry is quite unfortunate. One of the few big industries in the country, the sugar industry suffers from many hardships. It is said that Australia, with 39 sugar mills and 10,000 growers, is able to produce 9 lakhs of tons, half of which is exported, while she was producing nothing twenty years ago. The Indian sugar industry is accused of not taking advantage of eighteen years' protection, with its production standing at only 10 lakhs tons. While this argument is quite tenable, there is no gainsaying the fact that the progress of the Australian sugar industry has been greatly facilitated by modern methods of production from time to time as also increased irrigational facilities, better manure, and continuous researches as to how best improvements could be effected. It is also said that the sucrose content of Australian sugarcane is 14.33%, and of Java sugarcane 11.49%, while in India it is said to be below 10% going down even to 8% in some varieties. Yet India too does possess some of the richest canes in the world and these are grown in Mysore, Madras and Bombay. But it is not known how the greatest concentration of sugar mills came to be established in Uttar Pradesh and Bihar, where cane crops' yield is considered low compared to Madras and Bombay. Added to this, the necessity of proper manure and antidotes for pests, etc., has never been taken cognisance of. Further, fixation of cane price—which is computed to account for more than 60% of the production price of sugar—has never been done on any rational basis and the present price of cane at Rs. 1-10 per maund is too high which, in the opinion of the Tariff Board, can be brought down by 3 annas every year over the next two years leading to a reduction to Re. 1 per maund in the next five years. It is estimated that the price of sugar can be reduced on this account alone by Rs. 3-12 per maund.

The cultivation of sugarcane has not been receiving sufficient attention from the State Governments. The yield of cane was reported to be 15 tons per acre attained in the first two years after protection, but since then there has been a steady deterioration. The growers are blamed for the declining output and are exploited by the State Governments on the one hand and sugar factory owners on the other. The average yield in Australia is said to be 20 to 30 tons per acre and this has been made possible only by the consistent efforts of the many experts, advisers, technologists and others, while in India it is not known how far these men of knowledge have interested themselves in the crop cultivation aspect.

Further, the conditions under which the cane crop is brought to the factory are not at all conducive to a proper crushing of the cane sticks and much of its sucrose content is lost either as a result of exposure to the hot temperatures or by being put in closed wagons or dark airtight cells.

The Governments of Uttar Pradesh and Bihar have to bear a large part of the criticism in the whole affair. Since the imposition of cess on cane, the Uttar Pradesh and Bihar Governments have collected Rs. 8.42 crores and Rs. 1.72 crores respectively. This cess is collected on the definite understanding that it will be utilised for development of the cane crop, but the Uttar Pradesh and Bihar Governments have spent only Rs. 2.97 crores and Rs. 1.45 crores on cane development. The balance has been (mis) appropriated to their general revenues. The State Governments have signally failed to act above board in this respect; and it is surprising that these Governments should now come forward to blame the industry.

The utilisation of bye-products is a very important aspect of sugar production, and molasses, an important bye-product in the course of sugar manufacture, is used for fuel generally and it is only after the crisis of last year that more and more molasses have been proposed to be diverted for manufacture of power alcohol. And now, we are told, the manufacture of newsprint from bagasse (the extracted cane sticks) is in an advanced

stage of experiment. If these and many other proper utilisation methods of the bye-products are resorted to, there is no doubt that the Indian sugar industry will be able to reduce its cost of production to Rs. 24-12 per cwt. which is the fair ex-factory price in the opinion of the Tariff Board, and ultimately bring it down to Rs. 18 or Rs. 19 within the next few years.

The ill-advised withdrawal of protection to the industry appears to be only catching the lesser evil. The Tariff Board states that 18 years' protection has brought about a complacent attitude in the industry which has not at all endeavoured to increase its efficiency. The sugar magnates have certainly misused the very lenient and sympathetic attitude of the Government for all these 18 years, and the industry's failure to set its house in order is not understandable. But the fact that imported sugar is available in India at competitive prices even after payment of a heavy duty should bring home the necessity of placing this big industry on a sound footing. More research work is needed and the Government should increase their grant to the Indian Central Sugarcane Committee which is reported to have done quite useful work in the past. Most important of all, location of factories at places

where cane yield is more, is necessary. In Bombay a new factory has been started with the keen interest of the Bombay Government, and there is enough scope for further expansion in South India. Already a second factory is going to be started in Mysore and more should follow. Location of industries far away from centres of raw materials and on other considerations favourable to the managing agents has been the woeful tale of Indian industries and the sugar industry is not an exception.

The consumer is not in any way benefitted by any of the Tariff Board's recommendations and unless there is a substantial reduction in the price of Indian sugar, he will continue to be exploited. The present gap between production and demand is estimated to be 1½ lakh tons and it has already been made known that the Government are negotiating with Java for import of this quantity to fill the gap and it is hoped that by then the industry will have increased its production. There is enough reason to be optimistic when we note that production in 1949 is estimated at 10.42 lakhs tons, as against 10.00 lakhs tons in 1948, 9.25 tons in 1947 and 9.01 lakhs tons in 1946. This should serve as an eye-opener to the industry not to take things easily but to make consistent endeavours to increase its production and reduce its manufacturing cost.

Willard Price in *Japan's Island of Mystery* quotes a Kanaka Chief in Micronesia as having given a thoroughly wholesome critique of civilisation. The chief said, "Before the foreigners came we lived in peace. The forest fed us—simply but sufficiently. We did not work. Is work a virtue when there is nothing to be gained by it? Neighbours were friendly, children were obedient. Life was a trade wind without gusts or squalls.

"But now comes struggle—the struggle to make money. Money for what? We do not need clothing—the sunshine clothes us. We do not need an iron roof to carry rain water into a cement tank. The water that streams down the trunk of a tree can be turned into a jar. We do not need farming tools of iron and steel. We can make our own from the shell of a giant elm. We do not need alarm clocks and phonographs and electric lights. They spoil the sounds of the forest and the light of the moon. We do not need the telephone—we can talk to those on faraway plantations through the shell trumpet. We do not need schools. The father can teach his children all that is necessary for our simple manner of life.

"But our young men are upset by the idea that they must do something, even if it is something useless. On the athletic field war the school a track has been made where boys may run around in a circle. That is what civilisation is—running around in a circle!

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

By MAURICE DE MILLE

"IT is a sad blow to our hopes, Prakash," said my aged father as he wiped the tears from his benign, wrinkled face. "I hadn't the slightest idea of the Charity Fund ever failing to give you the scholarship. . . . It is a severe setback to your career, my son. . . ."

"It matters little to me, Pa," I tried to console him. "A college education, after all, is not everything in life."

"It has all been my fault, son," he continued, with his eyes fixed at the rows of shabby books on the shelf before him. "I must have made some provision for your studies. It was my duty. But I failed. This poverty—this misery they call middle-class life—stood in my way."

He rose and unhooked the battered umbrella from the nail where it had hung for years past. He put on his patched, unpolished shoes and my heart ached to think of the brilliance that was theirs some years ago.

At the door, he beckoned me to his side and patted my shoulder, saying: "When you begin to earn and think of marriage, my son, see to it that you are saving enough to ensure a bright future for your children. Remember poverty poisons parentage."

And with heavy steps, lightened by hope, he went out to the Post Office to draw the scanty pension of fifty rupees the Government was pleased to pay him for the life-time he had devoted to his 'subordinate post.'

I watched him go and my breast heaved a cold sigh as I recalled to my mind the incessant struggle he had faced to educate me at the college and to maintain my invalid mother at the sanatorium. How deeply he had loved her! And how cruelly had her death crushed him!

I was gazing abstractly at the street that was busy with house-wives on their way to the bazaar and the sorry subordinates on their way to the offices. All at once my heart bright-

ended up, as I saw a fair figure—with sun-glasses heightening the beauty of the face and a parasol adding to the grace of the walk—coming towards me. It was Padmini, on whom my fond hopes of the future rested with joy.

I smiled at her in welcome and ran in to arrange the room in order for her reception. It was rare that her fond desire for my company prodded the aristocrat that she was to walk in to my poor residence.

She came in and began as I expected: "So I am nothing after all that you should disappoint me so often? Why didn't you turn up last evening at the Plaza as you promised me? . . . Don't tell me you had no time. I know you don't care for me. . . ."

"Please, darling," I interrupted her. "Let me explain. Now, will you be seated? I'll make a cup of tea for you."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself; I just had one before coming here," she replied, accepting the chair I moved towards her.

I sat down in dad's easy-chair, rubbing my hands and determining how best to break the shocking news to her. Some minutes passed and I succeeded in saying, with a lump in my throat: "You know, Padmini, I've been studying all these years with the aid of scholarships. But this year they have suddenly stopped this payment to me, saying I hadn't shown sufficient progress at the last exam. . . ."

"How could they?" put in Padmini. "You passed it third in the Presidency. Surely that is no small progress."

"The excuse carries no significance, my dear," I assured her. "You must read between its lines. The present manager has chosen, in my place, a prospective son-in-law of a sister of his. Your Prakash has no relatives on the Board."

And Padmini resorted to a vituperative treatment of the Board in a phraseology I dare not report.

When she had at length finished, I said with all the earnestness I could command: "It is now inevitable, darling, that I discontinue my studies and seek some job. I may not become an engineer any more. But I can at least enter an independent life."

Padmini sat up: "What are you saying? Do you mean you are joining the 'thirty-fifth brigade'?" (her nickname for the clerical cadre which at one time was paid just Rs. 35 per mensem.)

"There is no other course open to me, dear."

With knitted eye-brows she implored me: "Prakash! Please don't lose sight of your reason, dear. You have a great destiny. Why choose an unambitious employment? . . . Have you forgotten my hopes of you? Just look back, my dear, look back on that night when we gazed at the full-moon and you said: 'Some day, Padmini, we will sit like this on the top-floor of a five-storeyed mansion I'll build for you and look at this cool and comforting companion of love. I'd be a great architect then. And I'll erect buildings this city has not even dreamt of!'"

"Don't remind me of those days," I beseeched her in return. "I want to forget the pleasure that is past. I must prepare for the struggle that lies ahead."

"Struggle?" she repeated. "There is no such thing as struggle. If people have their brains in their proper places, where shall be the need for struggle? See for yourself. My Pa works just two hours a day, and they pay him eight hundred a month. He uses his brain. His clerks have no brains, no ambition. They work from ten to six every day and even longer writing and copying all the time. No wonder they pay them no more than thirty-five."

"Seventy-two to be more exact," I corrected her.

"Seventy-two! The cost of a fountain-pen of mine. Serves them well."

"Please, Padmini, don't insult those poor men," I entreated her with a futile attempt at oratory. "Their

misery is not of their own making. They have inherited ignorance for generations past. But they have had their ambitions too. Ask them, ask the dying embers in their hearts, for the fire that once leapt up therein. Ask their weak hearts and you will know how mutely and pitifully they have resigned themselves to overpowering circumstances. They deserve your sympathy, darling, not your contempt."

"My sympathy is only for those who dare defy circumstance. I hate worms who submit so weakly. They have no courage. But you have; and still you want to give up your aim in life to take up a low-paid job, calling it 'struggle'! I say, Prakash, you are a practical man, aren't you? And you are going to be my life-partner. . . . Listen, I'll give you a suggestion. You'll gain everything if you accept it."

It was my turn to sit up. "What is it?" I tried to find out.

"What will you pay me for it?" she said with a mischievous smile, and, seeing my hesitation, continued: "Promise me a limousine, my dear. We rich give rich promises whether we keep them or not."

"Well,"—That was all I could say.

"Well," she repeated. "I give it free. Now, listen. I am not prepared to see your talent sink into the dark abyss of a clerk's life. I want you to be great. For this your studies must continue. I'll persuade Pa to pay for your career at the Engineering College. . . ."

"Enough of it," I stopped her. "I am sorry, Padmini, your suggestion demands of me a greater sacrifice than I can make. I have all these years maintained my self-respect. Don't ask me to desert it too. Besides there is my father. He has suffered in silence to see me happy. He is old and weak. I can't bear to see him suffer more and more for my sake. He has done his duty to me. I must now do my duty to him. Thirty-five or seventy-two, I must seek an earning to lighten up the burden that is bowing him down."

As I finished this downpour of my feelings, I saw her lovely cheeks redden with anger, her shapely forehead alter into a frown.

"So that is your final word?" she cast a questioning glance at me.

I sat still.

"Hm!" she muttered to herself. "Arjun was right after all. He told me not to rely on the middle-class. 'They'll prefer their own gals to you, Pad; be careful!' Those were his words—so true, so wide! What an idiot I was to reject his advances!"

This tribute to my erstwhile opponent made me flare up. She must have noted the frown on my countenance, for she rose to go.

At the door, she paused and glanced back at me. Controlling my temper I went up to her and asked, "You're going back to Arjun?"

She nodded.

"Wish you good-luck," I said, and we shook hands for the last time.

I watched her go. As she drifted away from me, further and further with every step, I realized the full significance of the choice I had made.... Maybe I was wrong. Who could lose such a bride? Which fool would reject a fortune like hers?... I felt desperate. And at this moment, she stopped at the bend of the street and looked at me as if in expectation of my coming up to her to apologize and accept her offer. Some wild feeling within me urged me to go. And I was on the point of stepping forward when I saw my aged father turning the bend and coming towards me. I stood still, sadly observing the feeble steps with which he compelled himself to move forward.

Padmini was waiting all the while. As I had made no move to please her, she turned, casting a sneering glance at my beloved parent and disappeared into the bend.

Father cast an affectionate glance at me as I relieved him of his umbrella and brought up his easy-chair for him.

"You could have gone by 'bus, Pa," I said. "At your age you must not treat yourself with this severity."

"'Bus," he gasped, as he sat down and stretched his weary limbs. "It would have cost four annas, with which you can buy two envelopes to send in your applications for appointment." And he searched out of his pockets the two envelopes he had brought for me.

I took them from him with deep gratitude and, squatting on the floor beside him, gently pressed his legs up and down to relieve them of pain. Pa looked at me with pride and joy in his eyes and then closed them as if to enjoy the soothing effect of the touch to the maximum. And he gradually fell into a nap.

I watched him closely, a warm affection surging up in my breast. A halo of peace and mature joy seemed to encircle his head. And his wrinkles reminded me of the struggles he had overcome to bring me up, to ensure me a happy future.

Pride and gratitude leapt up anew within me. I bent low and kissed his feet.

HISSES AND MRS.

When his wife said: "You're just a nasty snake," he said: "Well, it doesn't say much for you as a charmer."—**The Star.**

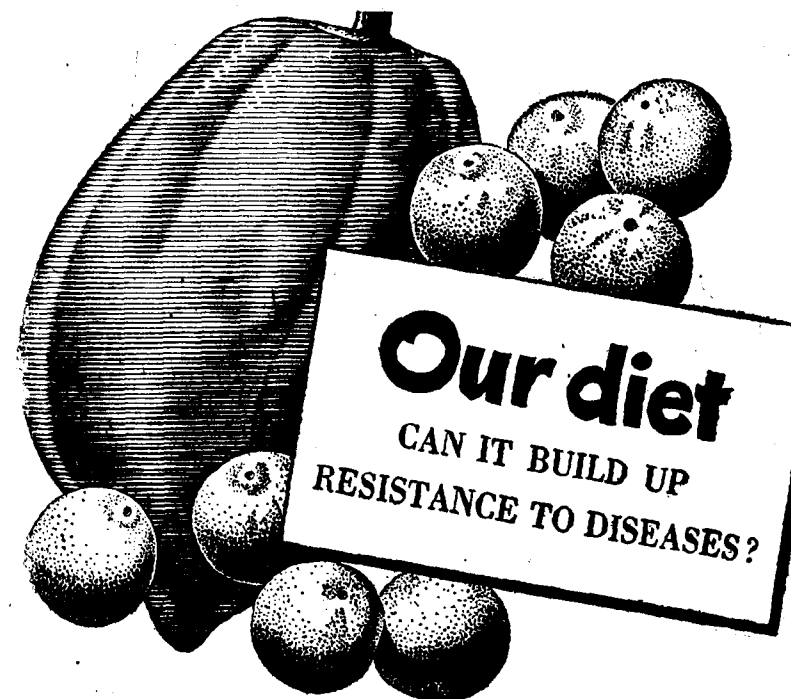
All do not leave the same kind of footprints on the sands of time: in some cases what is left is just the impression of a heel.—**E. Murray Milne.**

To be a good husband and father is a larger achievement than becoming the greatest artist or scientist on earth.—**W. H. Auden.**

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased.—**William Hazlitt.**

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the important thing in life is to know when to forgo an advantage.—**Disraeli.**

From a recent autobiography: "My father was born in poor circumstances, but he died a rich man."



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TETE-A-TETE IN NEW YORK

From P. G. KRISHNAYYA

TWO of the world's eminent women, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, who is India's Ambassador to the United States sat down together one afternoon recently in a suite of the Hotel Plaza in New York City and had an unofficial, informal and thoroughly delightful conversation. The meeting was arranged by the editors of *McCall's* a leading women's Journal of U.S.A. and the ensuing conversation was preserved by tape recording. *McCall's* editors Otis L. Wiese and Ellen Duck were present, but the things Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Pandit talked about were of their own choosing. Taking up a topic on which they are both exceptionally well qualified to speak, Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Pandit began talking about the relative advantages and disadvantages of being a woman in the field of politics and international affairs.

Mrs. Roosevelt: There have been times when I felt it was a great advantage to be a woman. And I rather think it is partly because I am my husband's wife and partly because I am a woman that I have been re-elected as Chairman of the Human Rights Commission. In the early days a woman delegate was so unusual that at first you were not really talked to seriously. Now with you, Mrs. Pandit, I should think your experience would be different because you started at the top.

Mrs. Pandit: Well, I did not really, Mrs. Roosevelt. I worked my way up, because both Gandhi and my brother were quite determined that people should rise only if they were able to rise and so one has had to start at the bottom and fight little local elections and do all the menial jobs of the party. But I do agree with you that so far as these bigger international things are concerned there is a definite advantage in being a woman. That is, so far as the United Nations is concerned. But so far as this job of being an ambassador is concerned, that is a little more difficult, because it is a continuing thing and it depends entirely on the

group of people you are with. Now, for instance, in Moscow I was accepted immediately, I mean, they knew me from the United Nations, and there was never any difficulty in convincing them that I wanted to do a job of work to the best of my ability. In Washington it is not the same so far. There are still quite a few who think it is a great lark that there is a woman Ambassador in Washington. Quite a few. And when I go to see them on a serious subject it takes very great firmness on my part which I hate using, but I have to, because otherwise we would be off talking about anything that a man and woman would talk about rather than what I have come to say as Ambassador. Of course, Washington is a much bigger place. There are seventy ambassadors. There were forty in Moscow. And gradually I am sure, it will change. Even now I feel the difference. You know, in the beginning the first time I went to the Trumans for dinner, it got long columns in the papers. Now they don't mention it, and gradually it will go

Mrs. Roosevelt: Naturally, it is a new thing.

Mrs. Pandit: Yes, it is a new thing. But it is annoying.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Also there is an added difficulty for a woman I think, and that is that you not only have to do all things that a man would do as Ambassador but you also have to do what you would do as an Ambassador's wife.

Mrs. Pandit: That is it. And that is why I am inclined to think that many women are not going to be seriously attracted to this work. Today diplomacy has a sort of glamour attached to it, but the fact is it takes a big toll out of you emotionally as well as physically. I know. Although I am not as popular as I might be, I go on refusing invitations. I cannot go to three cocktail parties and a dinner party after a long day at the office. It just cannot be done. I was talking to Madam Bonnet only the day before yesterday and she said, "My dear, we divide up the

work. I go to the cocktail parties, my husband goes to the dinners." Well, you see.

Mrs. Roosevelt: I can well understand. I think it is also very difficult when a woman takes her husband on a diplomatic assignment. Now that is one of the things I am interested in. I was thinking of Mrs. Anderson, our new Ambassador to Denmark. Her husband and her family went with her. It just happens that Mr. Anderson is an artist. Now as an artist he can go ahead with his work over there exactly as well as here and perhaps get a great deal out of it.

Mrs. Pandit: It depends on the kind of artist he is too. He is an abstractionist, I believe. He can work just as readily in Denmark. Mrs. Anderson came to see me, Mrs. Roosevelt, and I liked her very, very much. We had a long talk and I said to her, "I understand your husband is going with you." She said, "Oh yes. I would not dream of breaking up the family." But then I said, "What exactly will he do?" I was interested because when I was Minister of Health my husband was still alive and I was in one town and he was in the other. It was just a question of an hour by air or three hours by car, so I spent every week-end with him. He was not going to leave his job to come and stay with me. It worked out all right because when I went to visit him I was just his wife. But supposing my husband was alive today? I would never have accepted this position. It would have been putting him into a terrifically awkward situation. I do not know what Mr. Anderson is going to do. He may be an artist but when Mrs. Anderson has a dinner party, what exactly is his position?

Mrs. Roosevelt: She is important and he is not. Yes, I think there are great difficulties but I understand the Danes are quite diplomatic.

Mrs. Pandit: If Mr. De Kauffmann is any indication, they are fine. I think he is perfectly charming as the Danish Ambassador here.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Very charming. I liked him so much. I presided at a luncheon of the Americans for Democratic Action and I sat by Mr. De Kauffmann and Mrs. Anderson. I

said to him: "Well now, as a person who has had long experience, perhaps you will tell our new Ambassador some of the things you think she would find useful." I laughed when he said to her, "There is a disease the diplomats get. It is almost an occupational disease. I do not think you will get certain phases of it. For instance, you won't wear spats and striped pants, but you can be a stuffed shirt in a petticoat and I beg you not to become a stuffed shirt. I hope you will stay your natural self, and you will be liked by the Danish people. Do go out and meet the people. Don't always meet only with your colleagues."

Mrs. Pandit: Yes. When I go to Moscow nearly everybody, all my colleagues, said to me "Do you have ulcers?" I said, "Certainly not, and I do not intend to have ulcers." It seems to be an occupational disease. Bedell Smith said to me the other day, "Have you got ulcers yet?" And I said "No, God forbid."

Mrs. Roosevelt: Oh dear, I think that would be one of the diseases that diplomats get only when they go to Russia because there they are in constant anxiety.

Mrs. Pandit: Yes.

Mr. Wiese: On that topic both of you have encountered communist pressure domestically and you have encountered it at United Nations headquarters. Do you have any observations to exchange concerning the effect of communism on our respective countries.

Mrs. Pandit: Well, my knowledge of communism in America is very superficial. But I think communism in India would be the death knell of everything we have fought for. While I am strongly attracted by much of the ideology of Karl Marx what I have seen of that ideology in practice has not given me any faith in it as a system. In fact, I think communism is really alien to Eastern nature. I think the only way communism could really make headway is in a case like China where there are antiquated systems in existence, corruption at the top and things like that and promises of a better life.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Promises fulfilled.

Mrs. Pandit: And fulfilled. Or, as in our case, an economic situation which

is lengthened beyond a normal period. The desperate are willing to try desperate methods.

Mr. Wiese: Do you think social changes in the meantime could ameliorate the situation?

Mrs. Pandit: I think they will help. I think they will definitely help, but they will not be far-reaching enough.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Yes, the Soviet is really very close. I thought that was a most honest answer that your brother gave when he said that India would not be on any side, that it would decide each question as it came up. To say as he said, "We will take each thing and examine it objectively and try to see how it works," that is really the only possible position for India and also the only honest thing to say.

Mrs. Pandit: I think so too. We are very individualistic people, you see. It is difficult to have regimentation in India. You just cannot.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Coming back to your brother, Madam Pandit, I wanted to ask you about the trip you made with him through this country.

Mrs. Pandit: Yes, Yes. I am glad you ask, Mrs. Roosevelt, because we have just received in our Embassy the fortnightly letter which the Prime Minister sends to all Embassies. And in this one he dealt with his reactions to America. He said: "I went to America with very little knowledge of the people of America except what I had read in books. Americans abroad are so busy trying to convince everybody of their sophistication and of their being hard-boiled that you are surprised when you find them as warm-hearted and sincere people." And he said: "I have quite lost my heart to them, and I wish it had been possible to have met more people in a friendly casual way rather than in the official atmosphere."

Mrs. Roosevelt: Well, there was a certain quality about your brother that impressed me and I wonder whether what I have been thinking about him has any relation to reality. I had a feeling of great gentleness in him but at the same time a feeling of very great strength. And I wondered if the struggle for independence, the years in prison in which you had to turn inward and depend upon yourself, had created that curious

combination which you don't very often find, great apparent strength and courage, but still great gentleness and understanding of the weakness of others.

Mrs. Pandit: I think you are right in your estimate of the gentleness and the strength. It is a rare combination and he has it very, very fully. Gentle he always has been. He has also always had two qualities which set him apart from average people. One was his quality of never condemning. I have never heard him say, "That is wrong or that person is not right" and so on. He has always been trying to find justifications for things, trying to put himself in the other person's place. But his contact with Gandhi revealed to him that the Mahatma was too gentle in his approach to life, that that sort of approach in the fight for freedom was not going very far. It did not constitute a quality of leadership. And I remember a period in the early days of the struggle when he was consciously developing the other quality, being almost ruthless with himself to the extent of ignoring home ties, ties of friendship and things like that just because he was trying to build the other things up. And you were right, the prison periods have undoubtedly been responsible for the tempering too, because you look inward; you have opportunities for reflection, time to read, time to think of your objectives and put them in relationship to your own thoughts.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Of course to us in this country the mere thought of being restrained, not being able to go out when you want, not being able to do this and that, is such a rare thing. It seems a terrible experience to go through and I wondered how both he and you had met that in the first instance.

Mrs. Pandit: You are quite right, except for this; that going to prison in India was something for which you were prepared. When Gandhi started his movement he had a sort of mental preparation for the final breaking of the law or the joining of the movement which would ultimately lead to prison. And it has been interesting to see the different reaction on the different temperaments. For instance those who were well prepared adjust-

ed themselves to prison life almost immediately. There was a complete ability to find in one's self all that was needed, to accept without bitterness the trials and the difficulties that were imposed. We had other people, just as good as myself or the next person who never adjusted themselves at all. Of course I suppose ultimately it also depends on how the follower accepts the master too, on the degree to which you are prepared to take what he says. But there was something about the way Gandhi approached his followers that made you just shed all fear of anything.

Mrs. Roosevelt: I think that is a very remarkable thing, because I remember very well a speech that your brother made in which he said that no one had any fear of what might happen as the result of military action or anything of that kind. Now that, of course, is very difficult for many of us to understand, because it is obvious that India might be in danger of attack.

Mrs. Pandit: Yes.

Mrs. Roosevelt: And that sense of security and being able to overcome the threat by peaceful methods is something I would love to understand, but I do not understand it at present.

Mrs. Pandit: Mrs. Roosevelt, would one reason be that there is no fear of death in the average Hindu mind?

Mrs. Roosevelt: That may be.

Mrs. Pandit: From the time you are a little child the whole attitude that is sought to be developed is that life is a cycle. You are born, you grow up, —you do your various duties, you die. You must die and be born again. I remember one of my early recollections, going to my grandmother's funeral. I think I must have been about eight or nine years old. And I saw that there was no crying anywhere except of my mother and possibly my uncles. And then, you know, we have the custom of cremation which I think sounds rather terrible to Western minds. I do not mean that people do not mourn in India or that they do not cry. Of course there is plenty of that.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Well, you mourn your own loss, but you do not mourn for the person.

Mrs. Pandit: That is it. When a

girl loses her husband that is the ultimate tragedy in India. The sorrow in an Indian home when a young woman is widowed is something out of this world. It is almost unmoral.

Mrs. Roosevelt: A man, though, is expected and urged to marry again?

Mrs. Pandit: Oh yes, he is. In recent years we have tried to get Hindu law changed because it gives the Hindu woman no privileges whatsoever. She inherits neither from her father nor from her husband. And my own case is a very typical one. I was married to a rich man who was the son of a rich man. So there was plenty of property, immovable as well as money. Of course my husband gave up a great deal of his property because of the movement. But because my husband died intestate I was deprived overnight of any sum of money that normally would have come to me.

Mr. Wiese: But, he would have been in a position to will you?

Mrs. Pandit: He could have willed me. He could not will me his property, because I have no son. I have only three girls. As it turned out, my husband's brothers and I came to a settlement. I did not get any of the landed property but I got what was strictly money earned by my husband, which was very small compared to the total estate. You see, in India a woman has no economic independence at all. She is just one appendage in the joint family. That is what the Women's Conference is trying to break down. The government appointed a committee about four years ago which toured India to get opinions and to draft a codified system of Hindu law, which is now before Parliament.

Mrs. Roosevelt: It would change the women's status for ever?

Mrs. Pandit: Absolutely. And yet, Mrs. Roosevelt, in social life we are completely free. There has been equality of opportunity for Hindu women.

Mrs. Roosevelt: For education?

Mrs. Pandit: For Education.

Mrs. Roosevelt: For Work?

Mrs. Pandit: For Work in a limited manner, because all fields are not open to women. And yet we have no right to inherit except through the son or a gift through the father or husband.

That is why the woman's dowry was so important in India, because the dowry no one may touch. What my father gives me in front of the sacred fire at the time of the marriage vows is mine and no one can touch it, not even my husband. That can be money and jewels and in the old days most of it was in the form of expensive jewelry.

Mrs. Roosevelt: And that really is what you live on in case your husband dies?

Mrs. Pandit: That is it. Of course all those things are gone now, because where is the money to buy a large dowry for your daughter or expensive jewels? I mean the economic situation has changed. And besides we do not want that form of security.

Mrs. Roosevelt: But you do want the change in Hindu laws?

Mrs. Pandit: Immediately, yes.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Now I would like for one minute to leave the question of people and ask you a little bit about the newspaper situation. I realize that in India you cannot disseminate news via newspapers because the education of the people and their economic circumstances are not at a level where they buy magazines and newspapers as a regular thing. Now does not that mean that one of your primary objectives must be education for these next years?

Mrs. Pandit: Yes, that is one of our primary objectives. Education in two senses: adult literacy as well as education of the children, because we have as you know a very large illiterate adult problem. During the period of provincial autonomy, just before the British left, the provinces had a literary drive and we gave an ultimatum to every adult man or woman who was serving the government and who could not read and write that they had this period in which to learn or be dismissed from government service. We found that it had wonderful results. During two and a half years that we remained in power in the provinces we had something like eighty per cent of success. But during the two years that followed we went to prison and every one of those people who had become literate went back, like that, because there was no effort to keep it up. Of course that won't happen again,

because we are the people who are carrying out the programme and it is being tackled on a mass scale.

Mrs. Roosevelt: In India do you have limitations on the voting franchise or just age?

Mrs. Pandit: Just age.

Mrs. Roosevelt: What is the age?

Mrs. Pandit: Twenty-one. We felt that giving the vote to all was part of our pledge and also that you cannot wait for three hundred and fifty million people to be educated. And while there is lack of education in the conventional sense in India, there is great deal of experience and culture there. Even the common man and woman who cannot read and write his name has a background of culture which you will not find in any country in the world, except perhaps in China. Just now we have had village elections in one of our provinces. You know for some years we have been agitating for a local self-government act for the villages. It is a source of great happiness to me that during my period as Minister for Local Government I piloted this new act through parliament on the basis of which we have just had elections in, I think, seventeen thousand villages.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Well now, that will mean you will be developing handicrafts again, won't you?

Mrs. Pandit: Yes. We must do that, because no matter how highly industrialized India is the agricultural situation is such that for four months during the year, the rainy season, the farmer has nothing to do. So he supplements his livelihood through these cottage industries, which are at a very high level even after the neglect of many years.

Mrs. Roosevelt: But your biggest problem is still one of feeding the people immediately?

Mrs. Pandit: Yes that is our first priority today. There is not enough food in India. Our food is still rationed. Twelve ounces of grain is all the people are being given. It is not enough. But we have no more. You see there is a strange situation in India today. For the first time in centuries the villager has more than he knows what to do with, and he is hoarding. He is creating a black market. There is no procurement

scheme of the government which is entirely successful.

Mrs. Wiese: Of course the food problem brings up the land problem, and when a land is over-exploited and depleted as India's is, it can be brought back only through extensive commercial fertilization. That of course is a large-scale industrial operation but it is what you are going to have to use to feed the people of India, is it not?

Mrs. Pandit: Yes, that is true.

Mrs. Wiese: Now is not putting that into effect necessarily going to involve conflicts with the individual farmer in India, the so-called rugged individualist on the land?

Mrs. Pandit: No, not too much. To him some little thing like a change of method won't represent the difficulty that it might perhaps in a country like this. And if we are to liquidate our big estates rapidly we will get the peasantry on our side and that, I think, is the single most important thing that we ought to do if we are to face the communist challenge. Landlordism was abolished by law last year. But we found that the payment of compensations was so high that our budget could not stand it that year. So instead of bringing it into force we decided to postpone it over a period of two years and go on gradually. Now the Communists do not like it and the Socialists do not like it. They say this is no way to do it. The peasant will go on suffering for two more years.

Mr. Wiese: In effect you find yourselves in predicament where you have to offer more than the Communist promise?

Mrs. Pandit: That is it, yes. You are right.

Mrs. Roosevelt: They offer it, but you have to actually put it through?

Mrs. Pandit: Put it through, yes.

Mrs. Roosevelt: That is a little bit the situation in every democracy, because communist lands are closed and people cannot see, so the promises can be better than the fulfillment, whereas in an open country the fulfillment has to be as good as the promises. But will the coming of machinery affect the people badly at first or what will happen?

Mrs. Pandit: Well, there is bound to be some opposition obviously just as with the coming of trams and buses in India. The same thing will happen in a much larger degree when the individual agriculturist or worker is thrown out of work when one man using a machine can do the work of several hundreds.

Mrs. Roosevelt: That is a great problem whenever you use machinery instead of people. It is even a problem with us.

Mrs. Pandit: And now we also have the growing competition of women. That is another difficulty.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Is that more than it used to be?

Mrs. Pandit: Much more. Suddenly in the last five years much more. Of course the poor women have always earned their living, as they do in any country, but now the middle classes are going out to work as teachers and doctors and nurses and typists and in every profession as they do anywhere else. Even in the foreign service we have girls. I think this is a very healthy development, the encouragement being given to young people. In the past in India the emphasis has been on age.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Is that veneration for age a religious thing or a custom?

Mrs. Pandit: I think it is just a custom. No, it is not a matter of religion. It is part of the respect that is given to one's elders and ancestors.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Of course it is good manners in this country to get up if an older person comes into the room. But I do not think there is that same reverence for the opinions of age and the same obedience that apparently exists in India.

Mrs. Pandit: But let me tell you, Mrs. Roosevelt, it is not nearly as strong as it used to be. It is going, because there has been rather too much emphasis on age regardless of anything else in the past.

Mrs. Roosevelt: But here, I think because of the fact that medical science has prolonged age we are facing a curious situation. We want to stop older people and retire them at a certain age and yet that means they will have perhaps years in which they must be dependent on their own

earnings to which the nation contributes. I think there really will have to be a study at some point of how to use older people in this nation. And I should think the same thing might come about in India in time. Of course you have not, in the past at least, had this same span of life.

Mrs. Pandit: No we do not. Our span of life is very limited. But the Indian joint-family though it had some terrible defects did serve as a sort of social insurance. No old person was left unprovided for. You had a home. Even today although the joint family has been broken up, I do not know a single Indian who is not supporting five or six relatives.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Of course, strange as it may seem, that was the pattern that existed in this country three or four generations ago. I can remember my mother-in-law telling me how her grandfather always had living with him all his maiden aunts and his unmarried sisters and any children whose parents had died.

Mrs. Pandit: That is the Hindu joint family, except that the maiden aunt, should be substituted by widowed aunt. The scores of hundreds of young widows that were all over India had to be looked after. They were not able to work. They were not permitted to work. Today that does not apply because they all go out and get jobs.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Now, did having that type of family mean there was less service needed in the house because they all did something in the home?

Mrs. Pandit: That is it. Every daughter-in-law of the family or woman member contributed towards the domestic life of the house. I was not brought up in a joint family in the strict sense of the word but my father had two brothers who died young and their families were brought up by my father. And all these cousins, boy cousins and girl cousins and their mothers, for many, many years lived with us, sort of

under one roof with my mother as the oldest lady there and my father as the head of the family, the *pater-familias*. It was a very full life, to which everybody contributed and nobody was a parasite in that family. It also ensured, Mrs. Roosevelt, that every Hindu girl got married but that does not apply any more. Alas, when my daughter told me she was engaged she also told me she was going to be married two days hence. So those things have gone. And I myself gave my parents very short shrift. But anyhow, in the old days the custom was that marriages were arranged. It was part of the system that every man had to be married, part of the four ages of man, you know. The first age you grow up in your parents' house. Then you go out as a celibate and live with your teacher. You come back and fulfil your responsibilities to the state. You marry and raise a family. And after that your contribution is through your thought.

Mrs. Roosevelt: At last you retire.

Mrs. Pandit: You were supposed to retire at fifty. Of course you know our classic mythological story. It is the story of the *rajah*, who was supposed to be an ideal king, who lived for his people but was not of them. The story is that one day he was combing his hair and he suddenly saw one white hair. So he immediately called his council of ministers and said, "I must abdicate, because the time has come."

Mrs. Roosevelt: That is really wonderful. Well, I think the time has come, though in a quite different sense, for us here. I love being with you, Madam Pandit. This has been a very delightful chance to ask you a great many things I might never have had a chance to ask you. And please remember me to your brother and tell him that if I can accept his and the government's invitation to visit India this year I would love to do it.

Mrs. Pandit: Thank you, Mrs. Roosevelt. I enjoyed every minute of it. I have not had such a relaxed and lovely time in a long while.

ARTHUR KOESTLER

By EASWAR SAGAR

THE period after the first world war upto the present can be divided into three generations, not so much in time as in the varying shades of social outlook and the capacity of men to accept, modify or reject old beliefs and methods, new truths and modes of thought. At the outbreak of the first war the first generation found itself hit squarely in the face, the second, in the stomach, physically. With the end of the war and the Revolution in Russia they emerged with differing senses of relief, frustration and hope. The crisis—and there is always a crisis when there are alternatives, and the choosing of one of them is urgent, imperative—was more evident, after the holocaust, than during it. Into this age was born the third generation. For its inheritance, it had a choice. That was to either hug the old order for which it had not much warmth or to defend the new militant philosophy which had for its spearhead the newly created Soviet Union. The latter seemed an experiment worth watching, even active participation. From the progressive ranks of all the three generations eyes turned to the examination of the theory and practice of a social experiment which promised to usher in the much desired utopia. So, side by side with vilification and violent criticism of the new experiment there was defence from even the ranks of the liberals. Every new move and development in the country of the Revolution was watched, criticised or defended.

The interwar period in Europe more than elsewhere, witnessed the revolutionary party in country after country, reaching for power. In country after country the efforts met with defeat; close on the defeat followed reactionary regimes, the classical examples beginning in Italy, running through Germany and finally culminating in an international miniature war in Spain, with reaction emerging victorious. It seemed quite on the cards that Revolution had a hard job 'catching the bus'; it seemed quite apparent that the 'bus' was not quite

particular who it carried for passengers. How else could be explained the fact that nearly sixty per cent. of the German Communist Party went over to the ranks of the National Socialists. Except by the fact, and here was the danger that was becoming slowly apparent, of the similarity in the Jesuitic methods that the two philosophies presented. It slowly became evident that Fascism far from being a mere economic phenomenon, far from being merely a philosophy, was also a mentality. It was evident that regimentation logically led to the accommodation of this mentality. The opportunity for regimentation being present in both the conflicting philosophies it was possible for the bulk of the German proletariat to perform the mental somersault without any great effort. But the intellectually honest and sensitive could not stick the pace. For them, the ability to stay on in the camp of recognised revolution, as soon as it showed monolithic tendencies, was an effort. The effort proved too much. They left. Meanwhile the Government of the party of the proletariat in the Soviet Union itself, far from showing signs of a 'necessary dictatorship' liquidating itself, went from regimentation to centralisation of power. The Moscow trials and the debacle in Spain, the shabby treatment of non-communist left wing forces by the communists in Spain which he witnessed, provided the moral crisis for Arthur Koestler.

Communist Koestler, the not-too-well-known journalist, rose to full stature as Koestler the novelist. His becoming a novelist had no connection with his quitting the Communist International. But his novels, predominantly concerned with the moral crisis to which he himself was subject, are connected with his politics.

Koestler, *incommunicado*, pacing up and down a Spanish prison cell was not so much a prisoner condemned to death by the Spanish Fascists, as one who was bitter against the failure of a faith. Bitterness couched in brilliant

Guest: (to host's son) Why don't you walk as far as the bus-stand with me, Jim?

Jim: No I won't; mother said we could have icecream as soon as you went!

argument does not explain away the bitterness itself. The result is neurosis. Peter Spevak an ex-communist character in *Arrival and Departure*, obsessed and pathetic, is also a neurotic. Spevak, with all the tradition of experienced horror and torture in his central European homeland, is finally made to take the leap down, down, down. Where? Author Koestler does not explain; but the answer is evident. Down into the abyss of *nowhere* not even hoping.

Koestler's acceptance of Communism was not dogmatic, it was critical. In the party of the proletariat, even as early as then, the critical intellectual was not always accepted with relish. But Koestler, as soon as his conscience disagreed with his conviction, found himself immensely perturbed, and he underwent the tremendous torture every intellectual, even though he would only admit to himself privately, experiences, when driven to cynicism. Now and again it seems to us Koestler is trying hard to go beyond the problem and the pure statement of it. But he stops short. The failure of Spartacus, having accomplished the sun city, is superbly portrayed. The failure is even explained in terms of tactics. But having shown *where* it went wrong—*how* the wrong step may possibly have been averted is left unrevealed. Must revolution always eat its children? Rubashov asks the question in *Darkness at Noon*, but like the proverbial Pilate, does not wait for an answer; Koestler does not give one.

For a novelist and artist Koestler has had a wealth of experience to draw from. Events seem to have a habit of placing him in their storm centre. Born in the centre of Europe, in Budapest in 1905, he studied engineering, and psychology, then took up journalism. Then he ended up in Palestine indulging in professions ranging from jerking lemonades in the streets of Haifa to acting as assistant to an Arab architect. Thence to Cairo, where he was editor of a weekly paper for some time till he became foreign correspondent to the German Ulstein chain of newspapers. After joining the Communist Party in the thirties he went to Moscow to cover the Five Year Plan, intending to write a book about it. (Had disillusion

already set in? For it is during this period that he wrote his short play, *Twilight Bar*. Inspiration for the 'escapade' he says was the Hotel Europe's terrace, three vodkas, sentimental German music and a feeling of the 'blues'. His next assignment was in Spain where he was sent by the *London News Chronicle* during the Civil War. Imprisoned by Quipo de Llano (and having already witnessed the treatment of the POUM and the anarchists by the communists) he spent three months in a Seville prison, under sentence of death. He was subsequently rescued by the intervention of the British Government. We next find him, ironically enough, in a French concentration camp at the beginning of this war. After very nearly being handed over to the Nazis, he managed to get away *via* the French Foreign Legion. At the end of the war he was in the British army. Indeed his was a life of experience overwhelming even that of a Jack London, in its abundance.

In his novels, what his personal experience does not contribute, his trained and imaginative mind does. No one character is propped up. Every one of them who matters is treated from every angle—with the bright lights focussed on the face. The arguments are incisive without being excessive, or banal. The correct theatrical effects are provided without, however, any melodrama. Even if Koestler indulged in technical jargon, he knew when to switch off. All the modern contrivances of symbolism are used to advantage. For instance, in *Darkness at Noon* there is Gletkin's disapproval of Rubashov's ragged socks. Gletkin's contempt is the symbol of the neo-Jesuit's intolerance. For the neo-Jesuit, the margin between the vexation of the unaesthetic and the pure contempt of the intolerant is but a split hair. In their highly polished belts and crackling immaculate uniforms everything must be organised. Every one is to be but an agent of an abstract will. Everything must be organised, from sentiment to art. If the peasant with his age-long inhibitions and laziness is late for work, punish him. The logical extension of all these atti-

tudes is the mathematical justification of methods, any methods.

If Koestler's Rubashov is the synthesis of all the accused in the Moscow Trials, then Gletkin and his crowd are the symbolisation of Koestler's Michiavellians—his principal accused. But between Rubashov and Gletkin one cannot help noting a similarity. Is it that Rubashov cannot throw overboard his past legacy? Or is it that Koestler won't let him?

The Spanish Testament, (except for the part *Dialogue with Death* which is a capable psychological study of himself under the spell of death) and the *Scum of the Earth* are but reports—merely good journalism. Between his two novels *The Gladiators* and *Darkness at Noon*, the latter may well be the 'intellectual thriller of the age,' but it is the *Gladiators* that approximates to a near classic. Spartacus is sometimes fumbling, undecided, is unable to bear the cry of his prisoners, is more human. On the other hand Rubashov knows all the answers, being politically trained and subtle, can explain anything away, justify everything. In his attitude there is just a touch of self-pity; after all, he vaguely feels, he is the accused and it is best to let the proposition stand as it is, and let logic weave around that proposition even though it enmesh him. If he is true to his conscience he ought to 'die in silence.' But no. He recants, publicly. To do otherwise, he feels, would be a betrayal.

Finally, in his latest novel *Thieves in the Night*, one somehow feels that Koestler is trying to square it up with himself. As a novel it has not added to his stature. A reviewer says: "Koestler starts with loaded dice. The very qualities that make *Thieves in the Night* first rate, special Jewish pleading make it also unsatisfying as fiction. Every character is part of a carefully arranged witness box cast, and the arrangement is too deliberately designed to give both sides of the story. It is almost as if the author did not quite trust his Zionist approach to stand on its own feet."

"His hero Joseph, is half Jewish, half English, and he is ambivalent enough to see the worst in his adopted people, yet understand and sympathise with their supposed illness but

Jewery is a sick race; its disease is homelessness and can only be cured by abolishing its homelessness. He can thrill mentally to their achievement in Palestine and at the same time deplore the human product of their experience". The criticism here is more of the form than the content of the novel. But V. S. Pritchett, commenting on the content: "With his lost book, Koestler returns to something nearer the mood of the *Gladiators*, and his ambivalent attitude to violence—and to ends and means—is almost decided. He has come the full circle, i. e. he is *very* nearly prepared to justify violence, or rather he has quite decided to throw out justification. He is among people whom he really envies and admires, the violent people, the people with grenades in their lorries. This is an old legacy from communism; one can see it Malraux also.... We have the suspicion that the Neanderthals of *Darkness at Noon* are being reproduced in the Promised Land. Can it be that the inhabitants of Utopia are always dull and muttonish." It about sums up Koestler's last novel, though not his latest position.

Today more than ever, after the second world war, the moral crisis is glaringly apparent, not only in Europe, but all over the world. The first generation of our reckoning is practically no more with us. The second generation with its Koestlers and Malraux seem to be buffeted around. The third generation has grown to manhood. The solution of the crisis, the placing of man in the centre of the scheme and the foundation of freedom on methods which will not make slaves of men in quest of freedom—that is the urgent problem, requiring immediate solution. The purpose to integrate morality with science; the goal—scientific humanism. Democracy if it is to be real, must have the virtue of being able to defend itself.

Koestler is with us most of the time, while stating part of the problem. It would therefore be interesting to see what he has to offer by way of solution; it would be interesting to study the trend of his analysis of the motives of man in creating what he does, and destroying what he has created.

SIDELIGHTS : :

To see the world is to judge the judges—JOUBERT.

FOR eight weeks now there has been a suspension of the regular feature "Sidelights" which with two exceptions had been appearing week by week in SWATANTRA since it made its first bow to the public on February 16, 1946. My apologies to readers for this lapse. It was due to a hectic tour of England—and Scotland—over air, road and rail and in boats, along with three other brothers of the craft, at the invitation of the Commonwealth Relations Ministry of the British Government.

Sir Archibald Nye was the originator of the idea of the tour. A man of judgment, ability and vision, Sir Archibald is a great believer in the value of Indo-British friendship and understanding for the promotion of world welfare and peace. He is a devoted admirer of Churchill. In the war years he had occasion to work very close to Churchill and study at first hand the outstanding characteristics of the Churchillian leadership. It would appear that Britain's great war leader had no use for brilliant analytical exponents of the pros and cons of actual complicated situations. He placed his reliance on men of action that could take a decision, right or wrong, and not on those that avoided it with *ifs* and *buts* in nervous apprehension of possible error or failure. Nye himself had known poverty and joined the army to make a living while in difficult circumstances. He rose from the ranks to a position of commanding influence with Britain's war leader and was even privileged on occasions to attend Cabinet meetings while Churchill was Prime Minister. But it was not Mr. Churchill, but Mr. Attlee that invited Sir Archibald Nye to the Governorship of Madras.

It is a mark of signal honour for the lieutenant of a Tory leader to be chosen for a political appointment by the head of a Labour Government. This sort of appreciation of non-party

competence is the glory of party government in Britain. It invests it with a certain national character which is never lost even on the stormiest of controversial occasions calling forth outbursts of party temper at its most aggressive levels. As a Conservative Governor appointed by a Labour Prime Minister, Sir Archibald Nye came to us a master in the art of winning the goodwill of habitual political opponents. He cut across all suspicions and antagonisms with a disarming human approach, discarding all pedestals of rank and racialism with a thoroughness that bore no trace of artifice. No wonder, when the British quit, the honour of being asked to continue in office, fell to him alone, of all the British Governors of Indian Provinces. Today, as Britain's High Commissioner in Delhi he enjoys a measure of the confidence of India's leaders not equalled by any other foreign diplomat at the capital.

As Governor of Madras, Sir Archibald held intimate periodical confabulations with journalists of all sorts. He sensed the disability imposed on a considerable section of the press of the country by the insularity of working journalists, a far from affluent class not able to embark on the expense of foreign travel on their own. When he became High Commissioner, he got his Government in London to invite a delegation of four journalists from India, excluding from the scope of the invitation rich papers well able to send out their representatives abroad at their own expense. The reference to means touched to the quick certain sensitive souls tied to the gentility of wealth and they resented as an affront what was planned as a help. But most of the important bodies of working journalists in the country, including the Southern India Journalists Federation, responded to the invitation in a spirit of cordiality. The most authentic representative of this Federation is, undoubtedly, its remarkable President who has held that office for five years now and can

hold it for as long as he cares to. Fixed loyalties in the disposal of electoral honours are unknown to the profession of journalism, and in South India particularly the spirit of critical challenge is a pervasive attribute of the very atmosphere of things. But Sri Raghunatha Iyer's undisputed and indisputable leadership of the Southern Indian Journalists Federation, with no rival visible at all on the horizon, is a sign of his unique hold on a tough profession difficult to command, achieved mainly through the vast respect evoked by his mastery of its craftsmanship. He would

have taken the elect of London by storm with his wit, erudition and scholarship, the sweep and range of his culture, the beauty and subtlety of his felicitous phrasing and turns of thought in speech and writing. Rooted as he is in invincible simplicity, would he ever consent to be imprisoned in the complicated styles of apparel pertaining to travel in the West. Result: the Southern India Journalists Federation, when it has to send out a representative abroad, seems fated to be content with someone other than its best.—SAKA.

THE CHOICE BEFORE NEHRU

By BAROO

IT is a great good thing that the Nehru-Liaquat Ali talks have ended the way they have... on a note of amity and goodwill. In many ways they represent a personal triumph for Nehru, for it was he who stood rock-like for peace and sanity when any lesser man might have given way to popular passion. Yet it would be wrong to overlook the factors that came to his help. There is now little doubt that Anglo-American anxiety to preserve the pivot of their Asian hopes from Communist-breeding-chaos played an important part in inducing Pakistan to see reason. The murder of Cameron... much more than the murder of hundreds of ordinary folk... gave pause to many Indians that mattered because of the effect it would have on foreign investments in the country. But above all it was the sudden confrontation with the possibility of a long-drawn war that sobered people up.

However, it was Nehru who gave the lead throughout the crisis, and what is more, gave it firmly, even to the extent of parting with two colleagues for the sake of a principle. He has averted the immediate danger, but it would be folly to forget that the root of the problem remains unsolved. The achievement of the talks amounts to this, that both dominions have recognised realities instead of denying them, and both have publicly proclaimed their intention of looking after their minorities in every possible way.

The success or failure of Pakistan to mend her ways should not bother us in the least. This is not to advocate a policy of turning the other cheek, but to realise that vital fact that our ability to deal with any Pakistani misdemeanours in the future will depend upon the degree to which we can succeed in keeping the peace within our own frontiers. Not only would we have a greater moral justification for going to an extremity with Pakistan if our own record *vis a vis* our minorities was perfectly clean (as unhappily today it is not) but even from a purely military point of view, the unstinted loyalty of forty million citizens would be worth having in a national emergency. The good effect that our successful handling of the Indian Muslims might have on Pakistan by way of example is an altogether different matter.

The problem before us, therefore, is how to make Indian Muslims feel thoroughly at home in our midst, and drive out all ideas of retaliation from the minds of Hindus and Sikhs, retaliation not only for what has gone before, but also for what might come in the future. This is no easy task, for it requires re-orientating the minds of millions of our countrymen. But it is no impossible task either. It is not only worthy, but capable of achievement.

Will Nehru be able to achieve it? He will find himself pitted against the apathy of a lukewarm administration, against the mental reserva-

tions of several of even his present colleagues, against the bitter opposition of communal fanatics, and above all against a Press that is in the hands of men who will not relax their grasp easily. On the other hand, if he takes a determined stand on this issue, he will find ranged on his side forces no less powerful than these. He will have on his side the entire intelligentsia of the nation, the unswerving support of all kinds of minorities, of organised labour, and of millions of men and women among whom his name is still one to be conjured with.

Yes, if Nehru takes a determined stand on the matter, the issue will not be long in doubt. But it is a big "if" that we have there. It is an "if" on which will depend his entire role in history. The alternatives before him are quite clear. His stand today is satisfactory, but unfortunately it seems to be based on his undoubted humanism rather than on a firm grasp of all the issues at stake. The chances are that he will allow the ground he has gained during recent weeks to be lost. For a time the present feeling of relief that the catastrophe of war has been averted will continue and the Press will soft-pedal its fire-eating chauvinism. But the Press will remain in the hands of Big Business that also controls the Congress Party machine, and which knows of no other way of distracting the people's attention from the Leftist ideas that are increasingly capturing their imagination than that of playing upon their religious sentiments. As long as this link-up exists, there will be no guarantee that the spirit of retaliation will not be conjured up whenever the real power behind the State and the Press feels that things are getting too hot for it. So it will not do for a humanistic Nehru to deal with each succeeding crisis as it arises, without removing the root of the trouble once and for all. He will, then have served the purpose of people who are even now using him as a stalking horse for their own hard-headed designs. History knows of persons who have played similar roles.

The other alternative is for him to firmly realise that this communal

trouble is connected with a lot of other undesirable features of Indian life today and that he will not be able to eradicate it without simultaneously eradicating the evils that sustain it. He should realise that to wean a misguided people from their preoccupation with communalism, he shall have to place before them a vision and a blue-print of a better life, and that this better life shall not be possible so long as the black-marketeers and profiteers who control the machinery of the State and also own the Press are not driven out from their present places of privilege and vantage. He should realise that no amount of mere humanistic tinkering with the problem of communalism will yield any results and that the only lasting solution of all our troubles lies in Socialism.

Will Nehru choose this latter alternative and set out to free the infant nation from the clutches of reaction? He can do it at little expense today, Tomorrow might see insurgent Fascism sitting firmly in the saddle. Fascism sitting firmly in the saddle. Not that Nemesis will be averted, but it will in that case be put off. The danger is very real and very immediate. Bold action by Nehru can save us from a lot of chaos, a lot of blood. If he decides to have no truck with people whose hands are, as it were, dyed in the blood of innocent men and whose pockets are full of ill-gotten money—people who are nevertheless today the power behind the Government—he shall find that there will be millions to respond to his call to usher in a better order of society. He has only to make up his mind and give the word. The masses in their millions will yet rally round him.

Is it too much to hope for such a miracle? Nehru has given evidence lately of an independent mind. He has been unusually decisive about China, about Indo-China, about the R.S.S.S. entering the Congress, and now about two of his colleagues leaving him. He has shown signs of strength, but the supreme test still lies before him. Will he be strong enough for it, or will he hesitate, waver, and miss the bus of Destiny?

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
On The Cover—Bhagwan Ramana Maharishi	
Cartoon—Accused—The Judges	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	7
The Great Effulgence—By S. Parthasarathy	9
The Minorities In The Two Dominions (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	11
Planning For Prosperity—By S. Anantaramakrishnan	14
B. T. Ranadive—By G. S. Bhargava	17
Bengal's Twin Volcanoes—By Andrew Roth	21
Boys' Town And Youth Communities In U.S.A.—By P. G. Krishnayya	23
Need For Good Government—By S. Venkatachari	25
British Life, Statistics, Tell Story—By John Kingsley	27
A Magical Cure—By Projesh Banerji	29
Distribution Of Streptomycin—By D. V. Raja Rao	30
The Planning Commission—By S. R.	32
Some Types Of Election Frauds—By V. Venkat Rao	33
The Mighty Impersonality—By S. Krishniah	35
Sidelights—By Saka	41
Ceylon, India's Neighbour—By Matthew Halton	44
Civil Service In The Modern State—By K. Pichumani	46

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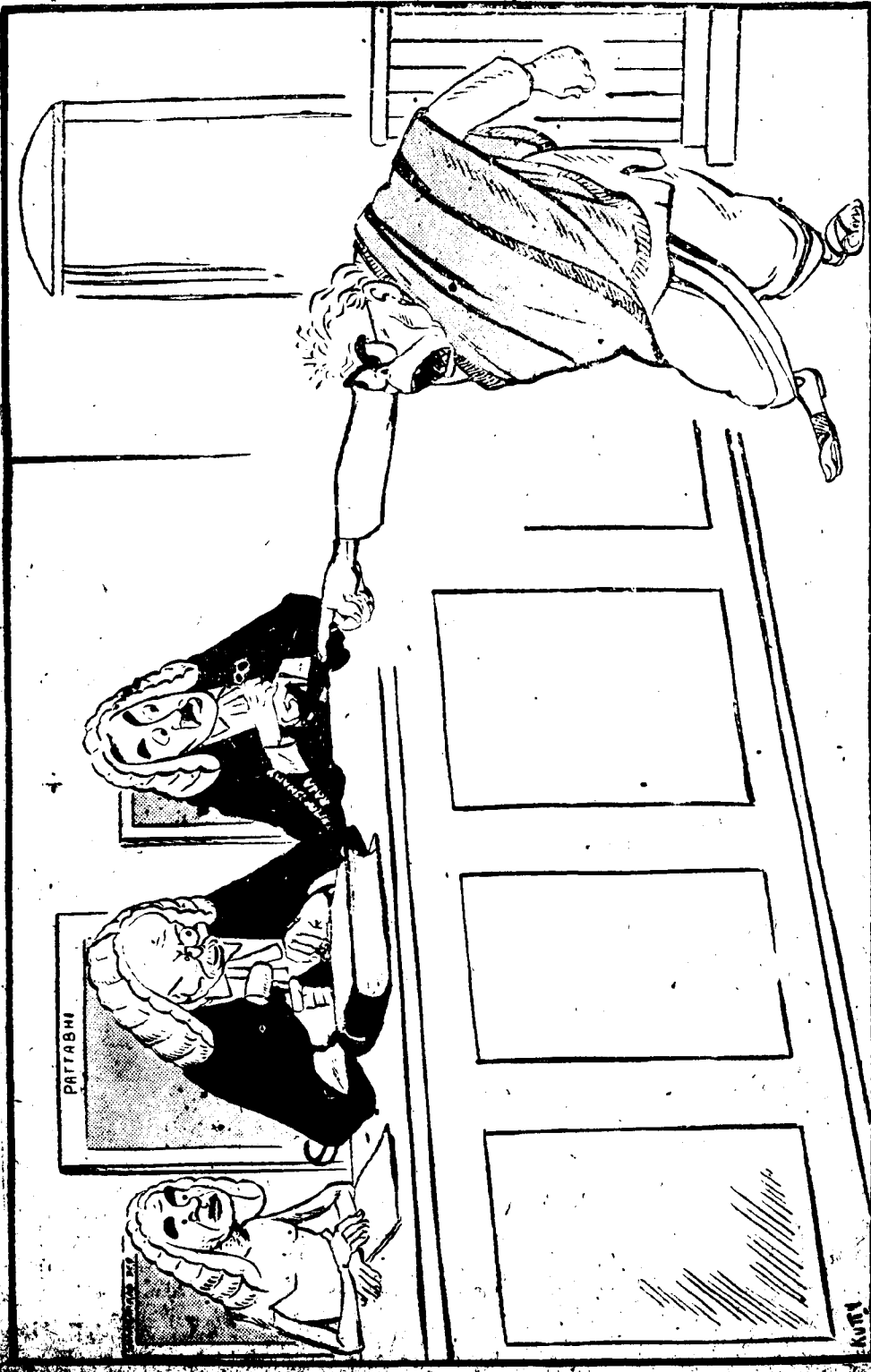
GOVERNMENT AND THE COMMUNISTS

PROFESSOR N. G. Ranga, President of the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee, has appealed to the Central and Madras State Governments to "develop combined military operations in the Communist-infested districts of Andhra." But will military operations ever prove effective for the suppression of Communists to any appreciable extent? The military can be employed to good purpose against an enemy capable of being determined in some sort of tangible form, whereas the whole complication of the Communist situation lies in the dispersion of the Communists in under-ground hiding places that have so far eluded the vigilance of the authorities. The employment of the military against an enemy that cannot be isolated for purposes of attack will mean that many innocent persons will be killed and maimed in an organized manner. The fact that someone in authority in charge of the military operations might have acted in the belief that they were being directed against the Communists, does not minimise the horror of it; nor does it mean that the Communist problem is being tackled in an efficacious manner. Whenever innocent persons are subjected to violence brutally, the public reaction is one of repugnance against the users of the violence. The rapid decline of Communist influence in Andhra, especially in Krishna district where by the end of the war the Communists had won over large masses of peasantry to their side, has been due to the campaign of terrorism involving the indiscriminate killing of many innocent people, pursued by them since then. This campaign has

been so relentless that habitual criminals are reported to have been emboldened by it to extend their operations under a political colour, pretending that they too were Communists. The result has been the obliteration of all difference between the murderous activities of the Communists as a political party, and the depredations of thugs and criminals in their habitual anti-social routine. Incensed by repeated inflictions of violence, in the manner of confirmed criminals, on innocent people, of which the Communists have been guilty, many who had been sympathetic to them previously, have turned against them, and the saner elements in the Communist Party itself have left it, and denounced it unreservedly. It is in such a context that Professor Ranga has come forward with his deplorable suggestion for employment of the military against the Communists. His appeal means that he wants the Government to compete with the Communists in the matter of employing violence to secure desired ends, irrespective of the hurt that might be caused thereby to innocent citizens. If Professor Ranga's appeal carries the day, it will result in people turning against the Government in revulsion against killing, in just the manner in which they have been turning against the Communists since their descent into terrorism and anarchic violence. Already there have been too frequent announcements of the killing of Communists by the police in jails and outside. Such announcements tend to produce in the public mind an effect the very reverse of the one intended. Killing and maiming, whether by Government or by Commu-

(Courtesy: Shankar Weekly)

ACCUSED—THE JUDGES!



nists, rarely fail to produce sympathy for the victims; and popular support will accumulate inevitably in favour of the party that is hurt most and suffers the worst in repression, irrespective of right and wrong. In the fight against the Communists, the most potent instrument is public opinion since the most of the offensives of the Communists are put through under cover of espousal of public causes. Overmuch of Government violence without effective safeguards for the protection of the innocent is just what will strengthen the Communists most. For it is bound to turn alienated public sentiment once again in favour of the Communists in consequence of the greater alienation caused by Government's superior manifestations of violence.

Professor Ranga has old scores to settle with the Communists. It is not right that the pathways should be cleared for the flow of vindictive personal illwill under an umbrella of public duty. Nor is it safe to entrust power of life and death over citizens, however wicked, to executive officials far from invulnerable to low motives and corruption. There is no way of checking the Communist Party in a society from which increasing numbers are impelled into sympathy for it if not drawn into its fold. Bad government breeds sympathy for Communists more quickly than repression can suppress them. To a large extent the Communist menace that has become such a cause of fright to the authorities is a sign of the failure of the ruling Government to win public support. In this sense the Government themselves constitute the great manufactory of Communists in the country. While this position lasts, it is futile to hope for victory for any technique of repressive measures designed for the elimination of Communists from politics and public life.

The Press And The Public

Sri Raghunatha Aiyar's presidential address at the annual meet-

ing of the Southern India Journalists' Federation is a masterpiece of sound judgment and sane direction in respect of the fundamental issues facing the profession of journalism in India. An independent press cannot flourish in the country unless journalism as a profession is placed above indigence and assured a decent standard of living. The richest and well established newspapers are no doubt financially capable of providing attractive conditions of service to their staffs and some of them have utilised their affluence in a just and liberal spirit. If some others lag behind in obdurate parsimoniousness, it is for professional organisations of journalists like the S.I.J.F. to bring them to reason with collective pressure whenever milder methods of persuasion fail. Fortunately the high personal regard in which the President of the Federation is held has impelled newspaper proprietors to accord ready consideration to his claims on behalf of working journalists, and a certain measure of improvement in service conditions has come in consequence in his period of office. The resources of the Federation for exerting pressure to collect reliefs have therefore been held in reserve. Power gets dissipated in use whereas in reserve it gets consolidated and leads to growth of influence. Under Sri Raghunatha Aiyar's capable guidance, it may be taken as assured that the maximum of benefits with the minimum of hostilities will be secured for the journalists of South India from prosperous newspapers capable of affording such benefits.

But the really depressing fact about journalism is the general precariousness of the economy of newspapers, apart from the few affluent ones that only prove the rule. As Sri Raghunatha Aiyar points out, the expected expansion whether in terms of numbers or of circulations, has not occurred and shows little sign of occurring in the near future. Neither influential sponsoring nor lavish expenditure

has availed to save some imposing ventures lately started in different parts of the country. It is evident from all this that the total income of the press is not adequate for further expansion and a stage of stagnation has been reached, making journalism a blocked profession. There is thus no outlet for the talent that knocks for admission at the door of the press. To the extent to which the stagnation of the press is a reflection of general economic conditions, one can only hope for better government, and through it, a greater measure of success in the elimination of poverty and the promotion of people's prosperity. Meanwhile the supply position in the matter of newsprint is worth some attention from the authorities concerned. Sri Raghunatha Aiyar says in his address that newsprint today is in theory available, but in practice forbiddingly costly. The costliness of newsprint has imposed a tottering economy on the bulk of the poorer newspapers whose voice does not penetrate within the councils of the Newsprint Advisory Committee, a scandalous body that has permitted a lot of blackmarketing under cover of newspaper management. In the interest of an independent press, the Government should put it out of the power of the big sharks in the newspaper industry to

prey on small fry by cornering supplies and putting up prices. There is need for a thorough enquiry into the profits of newspaper magnates who have been gaily selling in the black market large quantities of newsprint secured by them through abuse of influence under cover of inflated circulation figures far in excess of the reality.

In the concluding part of his address Sri Raghunatha Aiyar refers to the inadequacy of the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference as the guardian of the interests of the press in normal times. He pleads for an authoritative all India body which would command the loyalties and appeal to the interests of all sections. It is common knowledge that the service of the A.-I.N.E.C. has not been equal to its thunder. In its personnel it is a reduplication of the Newspaper Society. Property interests are paramount in its make-up. In the evolution of an independent press, it is the working journalists that should occupy the centre of importance, and in India where in late years commercial interests primarily bent on profiteering have played ducks and drakes with politics and the morale of the press, the need is all the greater for ending the present preponderance of unprofessional elements in its leadership.

Sotto Voce

Sage and Seer



RAMANA the *jivan-mukta* has passed into the peace of Brahma. "O, Death, where is thy sting?"—a question which could be asked without impertinence or irony only by the like of him

who show by the manner of their dying that they have conquered Fear, Death's elder brother. He had cancer—as Ramakrishna had, and Sadasiva Brahmendra. To those who endlessly argue about the prob-

lem' of evil is there not an answer here? If God should send His elect the terrible experience of the via Dolorosa, it is surely to teach us that pain is an irrelevance; and in very shame, we should cease murmuring. He knows best.

I had the privilege of seeing the Maharshi only twice, and then for a brief half hour each time. The seeker has his track marked out for him and it is best he should stick to it. Having early made my submission elsewhere and in the process found the certitude which the masterless man lacks I have felt no temptation to hop from flower to flower. I went to Tiruvannamalai, moved not by a vague personal longing, much less by vulgar curiosity, but by the instinct of reverence which draws us earth-bound mortals to gaze on the eternal snows of Kanchanasringa.

Fifteen years ago the Ashram was a much less crowded place. Walking into the hall where the sage sat on his divan, you could squat in a corner undisturbed and gaze your fill. The chief impression I carried away was of having been in the vicinity of a tremendous reservoir of psychic energy. He spoke no word while I was there but dipped into a book he had by his side and looked over one or two letters brought him by a disciple. But these interruptions, far from distracting his massive quietude, seemed but to emphasise it.

After an interval of a decade or so I visited the Ashram again. The glare of world publicity which Paul Brunton's book had focussed upon it had done its work. (I recollect with equivocal emotion that I had had some share in sending that resourceful journalist to the Maharshi when first he came to India in quest of light). But where the saint sat was a pool of peace. This time he talked, vivaciously answering the questions of a well-meaning but bemused scholar from Andhra. And two young men who had come with me were greatly mystified to find him answering, as if incidentally, certain questions which I had speculatively posed on the way. I had said it would be a good thing if

somebody asked him those questions—and here were the answers!

Speech is the most cumbersome and least satisfactory of the modes of communication. The *chinmudra* and the *mouna vyakhya* of the Adi Guru are the classic conduits of that Knowledge which one gains, not by the discursive intellect, but by integral apprehension. To those who listen with the heart the teacher speaks all the time. And many who sat at the feet of the Maharshi and were too humble and ignorant to be tempted into logomachy have testified to the grace that descended on the spirit stilled in expectancy. Like the mortal recipients of the favours of the gods in the myths of classic antiquity, they have waked up many a time, mystified but with the exaltation of fulfilment and the stigmata of the chosen.

Great must be the desolation of heart the loved ones feel today. "I yearn for Thee as unfledged chicks for the mother bird," said Vritra, expressing once for all the longing of our human kind for the Glory that has passed and yet eternally is. Sri Ramana taught the hard way of Self-knowledge. But most of us have neither the *samskara* that enables us to put the right question nor the discrimination that recognises the answer when it comes in the tumult of the blood. That is why the *sastras* speak of the Guru as the Way and the Goal; that anchor holds when the world slips from under the feet.

Do we who, impaled on our little thorns, sit and hear each other groan and utter our little blasphemies, stop to reflect for a moment that it cannot be a cruel or indifferent Power that sends us men like the Maharshi to sustain and console us and make us whole? They do this not by preaching at us, nor by working miracles, but simply by being their own serene selves. Their radiant spirit makes us spontaneously turn to them as the sun-flower turns to the sun. They are to us as the Himalaya to the ant-hill. They see the Beauty that is hidden from us, and they hear the harmonies by which we live.

VIGNESWARA

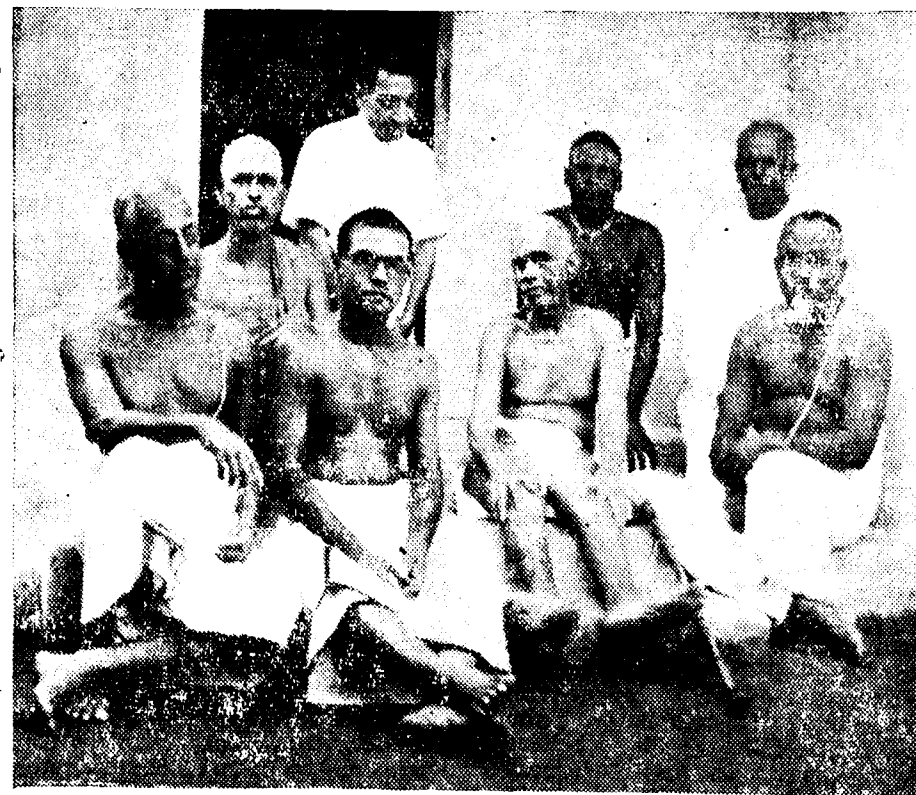
THE GREAT EFFULGENCE

By S. PARTHASARATHY

I stood before Swami Anuananda with folded hands, and he greeted me in silence. "Maharishi has left us orphaned," I said. "We cannot go to Tiruvannamalai any more to get rid of disquiet and worry. Maharishi's mind was crystal clear till the last. The newspaper reports that he ceased to talk during the last few days before Samadhi are incorrect. He gave the devotees darsan even on Friday evening. He sat up erect an hour before the last breath. The light that illumined his heart flashed across the skies with unusual brilliance. We feel a void where there used to be a haven of peace."

"To the educated minds," said Anuananda, "Maharishi has ceased to live. To the ignorant and devoted minds, he lives in spirit. To the religious and orthodox minds, he has

re-entered the body of Shiva. To the spirit-makers, he has gone to the Seventh or the Fourteenth plane from where he will transmit messages to people on this earth. To the true mystic, he has become part of the Great Effulgence." I remarked: "Curiously, there was no display of uncontrollable emotion by the devotees who were assembled in the Asram when the Maharishi entered Samadi last Friday at 8-45 p.m. There were the men, who until a few days ago, were unable to restrain their tears when they saw Maharishi apparently tormented by the foul disease. They were the men who, frightened by the impending event, expressed themselves violently against those who attempted but failed to cure him, and they were also the men who had left their homes in



The Bhagwan with some devotees.

distant countries to see the comfort of that one true friend in a strange country." "There is nothing curious about it," observed Anuananda. "To the true yogi, the liberation of the soul from the physical sheath is a moment of great joy and satisfaction. While his devotees may not have been infected with any share of that joy and satisfaction, it should at least have acted to suppress their sorrow to a great extent. The normal reactions that you would feel at the loss of a person very dear to you will not be there in spite of your efforts to appear distressed." "But, is not his passing away a great loss to humanity for which we should all grieve?" I asked. "I am sorry you are still unable to comprehend many things which appear to us elementary. Can you tell me," asked Anuananda, "the number of people who have met Maharishi and have benefited thereby? Perhaps a hundred or two. Let me classify the people who have gone for his darsan on the physical plane. There are those who have gone with the conviction that they will derive some material benefit out of it. There are others who have gone with the thought that it will help them in their next lives to receive his benediction now. Some have gone out of mere curiosity—just to see what it was all about. Some have gone to demonstrate to their friends how their strong minds are capable of withstanding all this poof-poof. Only a few would have gone to receive spiritual guidance, and out of the few not even a handful were ready to receive the grace which Maharishi was throwing about in such generous abundance."

"So, you say the Maharishi has failed in his work?" I asked. "My dear man," said Anuananda, "you continue to be a little dense today. I was just trying to impress upon you that a physical meeting with a yogi is not necessary for a person to be the recipient of his grace. There are, mind you, not perhaps, but certainly, thousands of people who have been the recipients of his grace without their ever having met him. I ask you at least, if not the world, to believe me when I say this. And these people, and many more to come, will

continue to receive his grace. For, without the handicap of the physical body, Maharishi will be hundred times more potent." "What will happen to the Asram?" I asked. "I cannot say," said Anuananda. "To the Maharishi, the Asram is a mere material affair. He preferred to leave it in the care of material men. When any spiritual disciple of his was tempted to interfere in any of its material aspects, he got no quarter from the Maharishi. He had to choose between remaining quiet in Maharishi's presence and getting out of the Asram altogether. There were only two aspects in the life of the Asram with which he was concerned. He wished that everyone who came to the Asram should be fed. He also wished that everyone who sought his darsan should be permitted to have it. Even in this, if his wishes went unheeded on occasions, he never bothered about it. The Asram was to him merely a place of rest while in the physical plane. It was just like the world outside with all its contradictions. The Maharishi did not believe in intermixing matter and spirit. He never sought to mould the external scene to conform to the internal mind. His was not an integral yoga. So far as he was concerned, he was not merely outside the castes but also outside the religions. He had taken food from the hands of men irrespective of caste or creed, and he had also bestowed his grace on Hindus and non-Hindus. As he is reported to have said, it does not matter to a yogi whether he dies in a Harijan chheri listening to the beating of the drums or dies in a temple listening to the chanting of the Vedas. I would personally like the Asram to be a place for peace and meditation. A large hall surrounding the Samadhi and a well-watered and shady garden on the outside would provide an ideal place for those seeking the spirit. A place of worship and ritual, of archanas and pujas, a place of a particular religious denomination, would not only mean the addition of another shrine to a country already overburdened with temples but would also mean an attempt to destroy the universality of Maharishi's life and teachings."

THE MINORITIES IN THE TWO DOMINIONS

HAS the Government of India sent a communication to the Government of Pakistan for the extradition of Mir Laik Ali, the former Premier of Hyderabad State, who escaped from detention in such dramatic—or shall we say melodramatic—circumstances?

Dr. B. V. Keskar, our Deputy Minister for External Affairs, was reported to have told a gathering of Congressmen that a demand for the extradition of Mir Laik Ali had been sent to the Government of Pakistan.

But, a week later, "a spokesman of the Pakistan Foreign Office" in Karachi was reported to have "categorically replied in the negative when his attention was drawn" to this report. The Pakistan Government, he said, has not received any communication from the Government of India regarding Mir Laik Ali and even went on to say that he "doubted very much if India would send any such communication in future."

Obviously both these contradictory statements cannot be correct, and the Indian public would very much like to know what is the exact position in this regard. For the Laik Ali escape—with its background of the Razakar atrocities and the consequent "military action" by the Government of India and the trial of Laik Ali's colleagues still pending before the court—is one of the many points in dispute between the two countries. If the Delhi Agreement is to be implemented—and one devoutly hopes it shall be implemented with equal sincerity by both the sides—*l'affaire* Laik Ali and many other such lesser and bigger points of friction and conflict between India and Pakistan will have to be settled.

THE SAVARKAR CASE

The demand for the extradition of Mir Laik Ali recalls the famous case of Mr. V. D. Savarkar who along with other members of a revolutionary organization known as Abhi Nava Bharat Secret Society, was arrested in

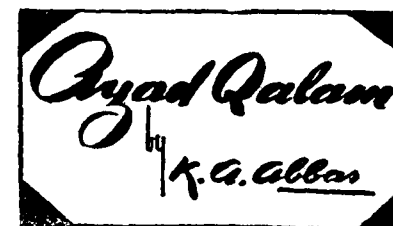
London, and whose dramatic escape from a British steamer lying in the Marseilles harbour led to a long and bitter controversy between the Governments of Britain and France. As a writer in *Swatantra*, Madras, recalls:

"Savarkar was prosecuted for high treason and abetment of murder and was being conveyed to India for trial. On October 25, 1910, while the vessel was in the harbour of Marseilles, Savarkar escaped to the shore. He was, however, seized by a French policeman who erroneously and without further formalities reconducted him to the boat with the assistance of individuals from the vessel. Since *prima facie*, Savarkar was a political prisoner, France demanded that Great Britain should give him up and should request his extradition in a formal

way; but Great Britain refused to comply with this demand and it was upheld by the (International) Court of Arbitration at the Hague".

The legal and political issues raised

by Mir Laik Ali's escape and sanctuary in Pakistan will be no less controversial. Pakistan may claim—indeed, will claim—that Mir Laik Ali is a political refugee from India and, as such, entitled to asylum in Pakistan, on the same ground as the Article in the Constitution of the French Republic granted asylum to foreigners exiled from their home country 'for the cause of liberty'. Moreover, it has also been pointed out that as India and Pakistan have not concluded an extradition treaty the discretion whether to grant extradition or not is vested in the Pakistan Government. There can be little doubt that the Pakistan Government shall not exercise this discretion to send Laik Ali back to India to answer the charges levelled against him in the Hyderabad Court. He will



have to be tried—and, if found guilty, even sentenced—in *absentia*.

PRINCIPLE INVOLVED

The real issue, however, that is involved goes much beyond and deeper than the legal implications of extradition being granted or refused. It is the principle of the sovereignty of a State over *all* its subjects—irrespective of their religious affiliations—and, sooner or later, both India and Pakistan will have to face it and settle it.

Is a Muslim, resident in Indian territory, an Indian citizen subject to the authority and laws, good or bad, of India, like any other Indian citizen? Or is he here merely on sufferance, with extra-territorial loyalty to Pakistan to which he looks for protection and (when like Laik Ali, he comes into conflict with Indian law and authority) for asylum?

These questions, *in reverse*, apply also to the non-Muslim minority in Pakistan? If a Hindu political prisoner in Pakistan managed to escape to India, much in the same circumstances as Laik Ali escaped to Pakistan, would the Government and the public of India be willing to extradite him back to Pakistan?

However illogical it may sound, it is an unfortunate situation that the minority in Pakistan looks to India for protection and the minority in India looks to Pakistan for protection. A Muslim from U.P. (who is a Socialist and has always been opposed to communalism) has written to me to say that he was humiliated to find that Liaqat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister of a Foreign State, should have to come to India to secure protection for Indian Muslims.

It is humiliating and illogical, of course, *both for Pakistan and India*, that the other country should intercede on behalf of the minority, but it is an inevitable though unfortunate consequence of the most illogical and irrational Partition Plan which sought to build two *secular* states on the *non-secular* foundation of the two-nation theory. We are all still paying for that historic blunder through our blood and tears and our humiliation.

But if India and Pakistan are to develop in mutual peace and to achieve reasonable prosperity for their peo-

ples, once for all this principle of exclusive loyalty to one's State, will have to be accepted, clarified and enforced.

At least part of the recent troubles in both the countries could be ascribed to the mental attitude of the minorities which (for various reasons) looked up to the Government of the other country for succour and protection. In the future, this state of affairs must be ended.

An Indian citizen, be he a Hindu or a Muslim, must be loyal to India and must look for protection and security to no other country.

Likewise a Pakistani citizen, be he a Muslim or a Hindu, must be loyal to Pakistan and must not look for protection and security to any other country.

POINTERS FROM PAKISTAN

Loyalty, however, is not born of abstract principles. If every citizen owes loyalty to the State, the State owes a corresponding duty to make *every* citizen feel secure and free in the pursuit of his legitimate activities.

Luckily, we have a Prime Minister who is determined to pursue the secular tradition of Indian national life—even in the face of the most violent and virulent opposition.

It is to be seen whether the Pakistan Prime Minister (and his Government) will have the vision and courage to likewise pursue the ideal of secular democracy which alone is a guarantee of security for the minority. On his success or failure will depend the success or failure of the Nehru-Liaqat agreement.

Meanwhile, one must be grateful for small mercies and note with relief that pointers to a more reasonable and friendly attitude are beginning to appear in Pakistan. The sudden change for the better in the tone of the Pakistan press (to which Doctor Sita Ram referred in a speech in Bombay) is only one such 'straw in the wind'.

FANATICISM ON THE RUN?

In this connection, a friend who recently came from Pakistan—a Botanist who regards Science as his only religion—tells me that fanaticism may not have disappeared altogether but is definitely on the decline in

Pakistan. The urgent economic problems are such that it is difficult to enthuse the masses on a communal issue. The earlier phase of hysterical hatred (sedulously fostered by the fanatical elements) has definitely passed. He is certain that, despite the recent East Bengal troubles, a non-Muslim can feel secure in any part of Pakistan, and in support of his contention he told me the astounding (but greatly heartening) experience of personally encountering three Sikhs travelling in a bus on the road from Peshawar to Landikotal. Said my friend, while recounting this experience: "You cannot realize how surprised and happy I was to see them, thus moving about freely in the Frontier area. As a Pakistani, I felt proud that at last we had given the feeling of security at least to those three Sikhs." (I told him that, thank Heavens, we in India have not come to the stage of being surprised to see isolated little groups of Muslims living securely even in such remote places as Cape Comorin).

My friend from Pakistan told me that in his view neither the Government nor the common people of Pakistan desired a war with India. He admitted, however, that a section of the Press and Public leadership did indulge in irresponsible anti-Indian statements. They were the same people, he said, who were demanding a war on the issue of Hyderabad. According to him, the Pakistan Government is sane and realistic enough not to be influenced by such fanatical elements who, if they had their way, would land Pakistan in a suicidal war with India.

The present Pakistani Government, with all its faults, I gathered from him, was not run by crusading fanatics, though now and then its leaders had to appease fanaticism by talking in a jingoistic vein. The "Islamic Jama'at," which demanded an out-and-out theocratic Islamic State had been banned and its leader, Maulana Maudoodi, was in prison. And there were quite a few in Pakistan who accused Liaqat and his Government of having betrayed the ideal of an "Islamic State" which Pakistan was

originally intended to be. On the whole, however, he was certain Liaqat will be able to disarm the fanatics and get his officials and his people to implement the Delhi Agreement.

Dare one hope then that at last reason and commonsense and humanity are beginning to triumph over fanaticism and unreason in Pakistan? **STRAWS IN THE WIND?**

HAMBURG: Fifty police escorted a half-Jewish woman after two hostile demonstrations—first open flare-up of anti-Semitism in Germany since the war. The woman who had given evidence against a Nazi film producer was booed and jeered by the crowd which shouted, "You Jewish swine, we do not want you in Germany."

SAIGON: France is losing the war in Indo-China.... The final victory over the rebellious Viet Minh is no closer than it was when the struggle began. More than 140,000 French, Moroccan and Senegalese troops are being kept in Indo-China at a cost of more than 1,000,000 dollars a day. Every modern weapon of war is being used. Yet no Frenchman is safe outside the cities after dark....—U.P.A.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

HARDWAR: Twenty-eight babies were born in the thronged streets of Hardwar as more than 2,000,000 pilgrims struggled to reach the sacred Ganges "to achieve immortality".... In a stampede through the city yesterday 30 pilgrims were trampled to death, of whom 26 were women of 50 to 60 years of age.

MYSORE: A Congress worker's 'fast unto death' to persuade the Government of Mysore to ban the export of tamarind from the State was given up after six hours, on the intervention of the Mysore State Congress President.

RANCHI: A Rajput woman gave birth to quintuplets in the village of Banahapa.... This is the first case of the birth of quintuplets in India and probably the second in the world, the first being in America. Five female children were born but three died shortly after birth.

PLANNING FOR PROSPERITY

By S. ANANTARAMAKRISHNAN

DURING the 150 years of British Rule in India the bulk of the import and export trade of our country was in the hands of merchants and traders from Britain. From time to time a few industries, notably textiles, jute, light engineering, cement, paper, rubber products, etc., were established in India by these merchants and traders as they came to realize the economies possible by utilising the raw materials available in India thus saving two-way transport. The country was, however, generally regarded as a potential market for the finished goods rather than as a country suitable for industrial development. The position has now changed. With growing political consciousness a greater economic self-sufficiency has become not only a desirable objective, but a matter of necessity. We have much, if not all, of the basic raw materials required. We have ample labour available for recruitment capable of being trained as skilled and semi-skilled craftsmen. We have facilities for the theoretical and practical training of many of the supervisory staff necessary for industrial development. We have access to the most up-to-date literature in the world on any subject connected with industrial development. In those cases where we have insufficient specialised knowledge, we are able to employ specialists from overseas to assist us in our work. We have many young men with proved ability to administer a business enterprise. We have facilities to send our young men overseas to acquire special knowledge.

Capital is next requisite, but it is shy and has been shy for the past two years, because of the uncertainties attached to our emergence as an independent State and to much loose talk by over-enthusiastic nationalistic politicians. Fortunately for us, there are signs of this shyness passing, following the recent assurances given by our more responsible statesmen. I feel, however, that many of the enthusiastic voluble politicians still do not realise the damage done to our over-

all plan for rapid industrialisation by some of the rash statements they frequently make. A recent survey has shown that the major part of capital is held by a very large number of hard working men and women who cannot afford to risk their savings in anything that is not stable. Any sign of instability results in a withdrawal of such capital and much hard work is required to restore the confidence lost. The market for the finished products in India is really large, but in many industries already established, the competition from foreign goods is still very keen.

To maintain its declared policy of the maximum economic self-sufficiency in the minimum time, the import policy of the Government of India has recently been adjusted. To obtain the full benefits from these adjustments, the work of setting standards and testing standards will need to be greatly accelerated. In the United Kingdom there exists a National Physical Laboratory where any measuring instrument used in industry or commerce may be checked without any delay whatsoever against the master instruments maintained there. I stress this setting of standards particularly because the industrial products of this country will need to compete against the general accepted standards used by foreign competitors. It is only when our standards are up to those of such competition that our people will be satisfied that it pays to buy Indian made products.

Wherever goods are successfully manufactured in this country to accepted standard specifications and of a quality and finish to satisfy the Indian Standards Institute, the import of foreign goods of similar description should be completely banned or protected with a prohibitive duty, provided of course the industry can produce the quantities to meet the demand.

Wherever Indian manufacturers are producing goods that do not come upto Indian standard specification, and at prices low enough to compete with foreign goods, protective duty

should be liberally levied, for a limited period, to allow for increased production and consequent reduction of unit cost.

Though these protective tariffs can be invoked, the interest of the consumer must be safeguarded. To ensure this, Government should set up immediately an independent body consisting of practical men from the different industries, who will be responsible for setting the minimum standard specifications in grades for every kind of article, or class of goods, or wares, either complete or component, to be produced in this country. This body should have sub-committees to deal with each individual industry, such as textiles, cement, engineering, chemicals, paper, jute and so forth. The members of each of these sub-committees should be practical men from the industry concerned, and the chairman should be drawn from outside the particular industry. The reports of the sub-committees should be submitted to the Tariff Board. One of the complaints of Tariff Boards, in general, all over the world today, is that their proceedings are far too slow to cope up with rapidly changing conditions in industry today. The functions and scope of the Tariff Board should be considerably widened. The personnel should be strengthened. The Tariff Board should enquire into the economics of various industries, examine the interests affected, and wherever they feel that protection should be given, immediate action should be taken. Wherever full protection is given profit margins should be strictly controlled; otherwise it may lead to the consumer being exploited. If the Tariff Board is satisfied that any particular industry in the country is capable of meeting the entire demand for its particular products, import of similar products from foreign sources should be completely banned. No industry starting today in India will be able to successfully face free foreign competition, without some tariff protection, principally because the capital cost of the buildings, plant, machinery and other equipment today is very much higher than it was when the existing industries were started in the West.

In framing our import policy we

should carefully study the practices adopted by highly industrialised countries like Great Britain, U.S.A., Canada and Australia. The United States, by prohibitive duties, practically banned the import of anything it could itself produce. Its domestic policy regarding industrial development was stabilised and readily attracted foreign capital and foreign technical aid. It had, as we have, immense mineral wealth and it held steadfastly to its belief in the effort of the individual. Today it has become the richest country in the world not only industrially but agriculturally. It linked its agricultural needs to industry and industry responded by producing mechanized agricultural implements so that vast tracts were rapidly developed and produced exportable surpluses. It is now able to grant financial and technical aid to any backward country in the world. Where it gives aid it presses for an early stabilisation of domestic policy. Having reached that stage and stabilised its own industries by permitting private enterprise to compete freely internally, it is now examining its own duty barriers to facilitate the earning of its currency by other countries. The first step was the important step, prohibitive duties to establish its own industries and a stabilised domestic policy.

Britain, Australia and Canada are now adopting much the same attitude but not all for the same reason. Australia is controlling the imports in such a way that the moment Australia is able to produce anything, the import of a similar article is prohibited. But all these countries have also a very close eye on foreign exchange problems, an unfortunate relic of war days, and overdue for a more modern solution than is applied at present.

Generally, manufacturers all over the world have to depend on distributors for the distribution and sale of their products unless they have chains of retail outlets of their own. Government would be well advised to consider the possibility of having one or more representatives of such distributors on the Tariff Board of India.

We in India have an unfortunate characteristic generally of preferring foreign made products to those made

in India. Many millions of our people still believe that foreign made products are better than those made in India. This compliment to foreign products is a relic of pre-1939 days and is not always now deserved. Our people may have had some justification for harbouring such a feeling in the past, as some of our manufacturers did not strictly adhere to any standards. The quality of the products varied from batch to batch. In certain processing industries where intermediate raw materials had to be used, they could not and cannot rely on the uniform quality of the intermediates. It is of utmost importance that manufacturers in India should consider it as their sacred duty to the public of India to adhere strictly to recognised specifications and standards and to produce only the best. I have known of instances in the West where factories stopped work during the war, because they were not able to get the quality of raw materials they previously used. They preferred to be without the business temporarily, rather than putting on the market an inferior product that might spoil their good name. This is an aspect I specially commend to our manufacturers in India.

Our Government should encourage the organisation of industrial exhibitions on modern lines where the goods manufactured in the country can be exhibited properly and facilities should be available in such exhibitions to permit every exhibitor ample space at moderate cost. The general public should be admitted free to these exhibitions and a vigorous 'Buy Indian' propaganda should be launched. Instances are not wanting where the Government themselves are buying foreign made products on the

pretext of some small technical fault or other or lower prices in preference to the Indian made counter-part. No Government order should be allowed to be placed for foreign made materials unless the sub-committee of the Standards Institute certifies that the standards required are reasonable and that local supplies cannot be made to the standards required. I realise all this will lead to certain hardships but drastic maladies require drastic remedies. When the United States began to organise her industries after the War of Independence, she did not permit every country in the world to dump her wares there unchecked. Great Britain and Canada are not allowing free import of goods from other countries, to the detriment of their own industries. With the exception of China, India is perhaps the only country in the world where there is so much free trade in the broad sense of the word.

All the exhortations from the Government that the country's industrial expansion should be accelerated, become meaningless unless and until Government take such steps as are necessary to speed up this industrial development programme in India along the lines I have indicated. India cannot afford to be too proud to learn the lessons of industrialisation from other countries which have been and are successful. We cannot afford to waste time, for time will not wait for us. Whatever we do must be done well so that we gain the confidence and retain the confidence of the investors, the users whoever they may be and wherever they be and every single member of this great nation of India.—(Courtesy: All India Radio, Madras).

This comes to us straight from a traveller who has just motored through that part of Virginia. In a negro school near Danville, Virginia, there was one boy so black that even the other pupils called him "Midnight." It seems that this was all very well until a new pupil only a few shades lighter than "Midnight," entered the school. On being called his nickname "Midnight" by the new pupil, the black one answered:

"Listen heah! Don' yo' call me Midnight. Yo's about half pas' 'leven yo' self."

BALCHANDRA TRIAMBAK RANADIVE

By G. S. BHARGAVA

STEPHEN Spender, himself a Communist at one time, divided Communists roughly into four categories: (1) the theoreticians who know in an abstract and general way the methods

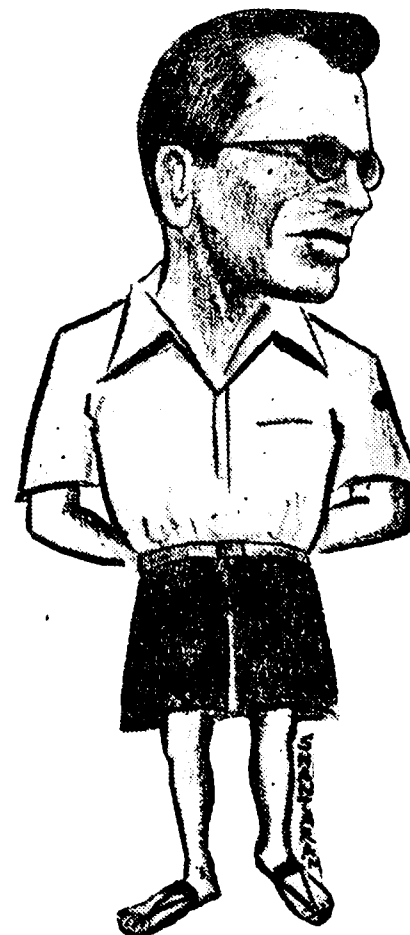
tion, and for whom bread is more important than freedom, and (4) the police, political commissars, agents, spies, etc. Ranadive belongs to the first category. To him, "necessity," and not ideological loyalty of which such a fetish is made, dictates the line of action.

Till recently, bombs, acid bulbs and fighting within jails were the Communist methods of "insurrection." Theoretically, there was no basis for such puerile acts of individual terrorism even in Ranadive's political thesis adopted at the Calcutta Congress of the Communist Party, in 1948. Marx and Lenin never identified the revolver with revolution. In the words of Lenin, acts of individuals isolated from the masses "demoralise the workers, repel wide strata of the population, disorganise the movement and injure the revolution". Phrase-mongering and grimacing do not give rise to a revolutionary situation, without which insurrection is out of the question. Yet, to persist in adventurist folly in the name of "necessity" is the Ranadive line.

Though it is true that Ranadive, with his Left-adventurist leanings, found the above policy very congenial, his personal inclinations do not explain the party line. Particular shifts in Kremlin favour particular individuals and they come on the top. Nobody except Stalin can arrogate to himself the power of making the party decision. When the next shift occurs they may not be able to immediately adapt themselves to the new line and hence may find themselves at sea. They are then dethroned; "purged", if necessary.

Fourth of his father's eight children—four sons and four daughters—, Ranadive had a comfortable childhood. His father Triambak Ranadive was a Government employee and, perhaps out of experience, did not want his sons to take up Government service again. The eldest became an advocate, the second son

they are using, but who think of these abstractly as "necessity," (2) those who are completely and happily deluded about Russia and about the methods employed by their comrades, (3) the workers who have nothing to lose except their chains, who are fighting against capitalist exploita-



(and fourth child) Balchandra, took to politics, the third entered the insurance field, only the youngest is under State employ. The two elder sisters are happily married. The youngest, Ahilya Ranadive, followed her brother into the Communist Party and married Rangnekar. She is now in Arthur Road Jail as a security prisoner.

Born in 1906, Balchandra was very studious and hard working at college. He was not even interested in sports in which all his brothers and sisters had distinguished themselves. At the Wilson College, he was four years senior to Asoka Mehta. He had stepped out of the college to enter the University School of Economics, when Asoka had just joined the Junior Intermediate class. Whereas the later was a stormy petrel of the student movement, inviting on himself the wrath of the authorities, Ranadive never crossed the frontiers of the curriculum. This is, no doubt, a reflection also on his strength of will and singleness of purpose. His M.A. degree thesis on the economic situation in India was highly commended and was later published as a book entitled "The Problem of India". At this time B.T. had not yet ideologically become a Communist and so his thesis suggested "radicalisation" within the frame-work of class society. Among the remedies recommended by him to the economic problem of India was, besides the rapid industrialisation of the country, the application of the Malthusian principle of limiting population through the extensive practice of birth-control. But recently when the Socialist Party suggested the same, the Communist paper, run under Ranadive's direction, condemned it as a fascist principle!

While in the M.A. class, Ranadive cultivated contacts with the Communist Party, then illegal. In his lodge in the Fort area of Bombay, he was sheltering an American agent of the Comintern, Henry G. Lynd, who was sent to India on an inspection tour. Lynd stayed in India for about ten months, during which period he made a close study of the Communist position and suggested ways of stemming its decline. At that time, the Roy group and the Deshpande group were

fighting between themselves for supremacy and were both praying for Comintern recognition. Lynd, who was in affluent circumstances, posed as an importer of skins and secured a passport to India on false references. He, it was disclosed later, gave to the tune of Rs. 12,000 to the Bombay group and dictated a new policy which was enunciated in a pamphlet, "Programme of the C. P. I." published under his auspices. Lynd accepted the theoretical soundness of the Deshpande group as against the Roy group but carried on a thorough overhaul of the party machine. He "purged" several members whom he called reformists (what Ranadive did in 1948) from the party, and put a ban on the enrolment of peasants into the party. "These latter would gradually be drawn within the net through the influence of their fellow-villagers in the factories whose activities were to be specially directed against bourgeois and reformist influences . . . The workers and peasants' parties were to serve as a reservoir for steady and permanent recruitment of members of the Communist Party and there would be a systematic transfer of politically prepared workers into illegal organisations."

Lynd was, however, discovered and deported from India. His stay with Ranadive roused the suspicions of the authorities, who kept a watchful eye on the latter. By now, Balchandra had completed his studies and was immediately sucked into the trade union movement. He started with the railway trade unions and later, when Dange and others were in Meerut, switched on to the Girni Kamgar Union, the then powerful trade union of Bombay textile workers.

Ranadive very soon mastered the technique of wire-pulling. Among the rank and file he is none too popular; he has neither a lovable personality nor extraordinary intelligence to command respect or attention within or without the party. To make up for these deficiencies, early in his Communist career, he launched on a policy of elimination of as many potential competitors as possible. He is perhaps as ruthless and dogged as Stalin himself in the fight for personal power. But since the party is not

in power, the opponents are safe from Siberia.

As early as in 1932, Ranadive had already formed a group of his own, in opposition to the dominant Deshpande group put in power by Lynd. Both the groups were at daggers drawn and were again fighting for supremacy. Among the letters seized from Amir Haidar Khan, one of Moscow's emissaries to India and an absconding accused in the Meerut trial, at the time of the latter's arrest, were documents of the rival groups, each putting forth its own claim for recognition at the hands of the Kremlin and accusing the other with all the swear-names current in language. "Of the two, Amir Haidar Khan appears to have preferred the "secessionists" (as Ranadive's followers were called) and it is reported that he had arranged to smuggle their reports and literature to Moscow and to secure their recognition there. This should have been a matter of no great difficulty in view of the report about Deshpande which Lynd submitted to the Communist International at the end of 1931. Ranadive's reports were to be carried by students whose despatch to Moscow, at the rate of one a month, Amir Haidar had arranged".

Encouraged by this backing from Moscow, Ranadive fortified his position in the party. His thirst for personal power was only whetted by the early recognition he received and top laurels seemed almost within sight. But Ranadive knew that a trade union was a swifter and surer vehicle to power and utilised the opportunity provided by Dange's absence in jail, to "pocket" the Girni Kamgar Union. By 1939, he could dictate the line even to such a stalwart as Dange. In December that year, Dange was negotiating on the demands he put forth on behalf of the Girni Kamgar Union. Dange also had several "friends" among the mill-owners who, to this day are helping the party journals with advertisements and funds. An agreement was almost in sight, as Dange also was personally against a struggle and imprisonment at that time. But Ranadive pulled wires from behind and the negotiations broke down. Dange was then clamped in prison, which he much

wanted to avoid and a long and bitter strike ensued. From that day onwards, Dange realised that he was only a name to be exploited in the interests of the ruling "clique" inside the party and reconciled himself to that position.

But Ranadive was not yet prepared to come out in the open and accept the crown of leadership. The "popular" and "National Front" periods, then in vogue, were not suited to his temperament. Moreover, when the real power (subject of course to super surveillance from Moscow) lay within his hands what did it matter who remained the nominal leader? P. C. Joshi, at that time, had no group of his own and so was made the General Secretary.

The years 1940-45 saw the phenomenal growth of the Communist Party and indirectly of the leadership of P. C. Joshi and his friends. This naturally became unbearable to Ranadive. The line had no doubt changed in 1948 but P. C. Joshi would have still run it as well as he did the earlier line. Does not Ranadive himself preside over the new party line, dictated by the Cominform in January this year, even though hardly six months had elapsed since he condemned it as "revisionist" and "reformist"? It is an elementary tenet of discipline that every Communist must trim his sails to the winds from Moscow. But the shift in policy was a grand opportunity for Ranadive to elevate himself to the cherished height as also to fool the rank and file that the change in policy had been effected in India and not in Moscow. Even their own report of the Calcutta Congress betrays this fact, though perhaps unwillingly. It reads: "the delegates who had come with the firm determination to forge a new revolutionary line also wanted to be clear about the mistakes of their own as well as the leadership" (*emphasis mine*).

But this drama does not end with the Calcutta Congress. In its wake came the large-scale purges and blood-letting. Notably the entire provincial executives of the Andhra, Tamil Nad and West Bengal Communist parties have been expelled. Especially the Andhra Secretariat was taken to task for its new thesis which

argued that Russia before the Revolution was in a category quite different from present day India and therefore the experience of Russia did not apply so much to India. It also wanted to draw on Mao's experience in China as it felt the Chinese conditions were more akin to those in India. It also accepted Mao's theory of "New Democracy", which Ranadive condemned as "opportunistic" as it visualised a "dictatorship of many classes"—not specially of the proletariat. To quote from Ranadive himself:

"The Andhra Secretariat wants to achieve the same thing after the Party Congress by advocating collaboration with rich peasants, middle bourgeoisie, in the name of neutralisation, i.e., a basic strategy based on difference between Big Business and the other sections—based on collaboration with certain sections of the bourgeoisie in the name of neutralisation. For this purpose they have borrowed the formulation from the Mountbatten Resolution: Only Big Business is collaborationist."

This was in July, 1949. This year, the *Cominform* journal in its issue of January 27, carried a fresh mandate from Moscow to its satellite parties. It specifically wanted the Indian Communists to follow Mao's line of national liberation movement in China and "to strengthen the alliance of the working class with all the peasantry. This is exactly what Ranadive had

earlier called an "opportunistic" ploy. Yet, he himself issued a statement welcoming the new mandate and offering to correct his past mistakes. Now Ranadive will have to wage a bitter struggle against any of his opponents capitalising this shift in their own personal interests. The earlier adventurism will now give place to rank opportunism. But it is certain that Ranadive will go the whole hog to retain his position of supremacy, whatever be the ideological line and whatever be its cost in blood!

Amidst this din of ideological claptrap, a very funny incident developed in Bombay. Patkar and Tambitkar, two leaders of the Bombay Communist Party who were recently "purged" by Ranadive, brought out an indictment against him. After drawing a comprehensive picture of the terrorist policy, which Ranadive had been pursuing since March 1948, they called him a Trotskyite—the most damnable swear-word for a Stalinist (perhaps on a par with "Titoist")—because Trotsky alone (neither Lenin nor Stalin) supported terrorism in theory. While this was the last straw for Ranadive, Trotskyists also are enraged at it, for they feel it a posthumous insult to Trotsky that a loyal Stalinist like Ranadive should be called a Trotskyist. Perhaps this is the logical end of the faction-fight on the wave of which Ranadive had led himself to power.

The very stout gentleman had made a desperate effort to catch his brain, but had failed. As he stood panting and fuming, the kindly porter came up and enquired

"Have you missed your train sir?"

Behind the soft answer lay murderous intent: "Oh dear! no; I didn't like the look of it so I chased it off the platform."

Examining the stocks in a bookshop one day, Rudyard Kipling asked the bookseller if a certain book was good.

"I don't know," was the reply; "I haven't read it."

"But surely you read the books you sell?" queried Kipling.

"Does a druggist take his own drugs?" was the convincing reply.

A customer went the other day into a bookshop.

"I want 'The Letters of Charles Lamb,'" he said.

"You'll find the post office on the lefthand side, a little farther down the street, Mr. Lamb," said the obliging assistant.

Wife (at breakfast): "I want to do some shopping today, dear, if the weather is favourable. What does the paper say?"

Husband: "Rain, hail, snow, tornado and thunder and lightning."

BENGAL'S TWIN VOLCANOES

By ANDREW ROTH

RETURNING to Calcutta last November, I found that, three or four times a week, Communist-led demonstrators clashed with the police. And with a violence reminiscent of the famous old-time "Bengal terrorists" the demonstrators tossed home-made grenades and acid-filled electric bulbs while the police rained *lathi* blows and frequently opened fire with rifles.

Harassed-looking Premier Nehru has travelled here thrice to try to straighten out this "problem province" and ailing Deputy Premier Sardar Patel journeyed here to proclaim: "If Calcutta is in agony, we cannot afford to be in peace." Calcutta is India's industrial heart and Bengal its strategic frontier. Calcutta, once the "second city of the British Empire," handles a third of India's foreign trade and produces a fourth of its industrial goods.

Bengal today resembles an active pair of twin volcanoes, erupting first to the left in Communist disorders and then to the right in communal riots. Fundamentally these riots are surface symptoms of deep-seated disorders. The bedrock of this key province, already shattered by war, famine, partition and misgovernment is visibly melting. The mounting pressure is expressed in acid bulbs and communal killings because it has no constructive outlet.

A brooding frustration has clogged the hot moist air of Bengal like a fine volcanic ash. Political independence has brought no sense of fulfilment. A newsman arriving in Calcutta from the Far East is plagued with hopeful questions about Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. Local journals print serious articles 'proving' that he is the "hidden genius" behind the Chinese Communist victories. This attempt to bring the dead Netaji back to life is not a local insanity but merely a manifestation of Bengal's desire to enjoy the leading place it held when he was alive.

The Bengalis had hoped for much from independence because they had vanguarded the nationalist movement. India's 19th century political

and cultural regeneration was mainly a story of Bengal. At the beginning of this century the Bengal terrorist was the symbol of militant nationalism as much as Bengal's Rabindranath Tagore was a symbol of the best in Indian culture. As the most populous, rich and advanced province of pre-partition India, they were sure they would lead independent India. Now they are reduced to pouting: "No Bengali has been found suitable for appointment as a Governor or ambassador!"

Bengal thinks this is particularly unfair because it has shouldered more than its share of India's misfortunes of the last decade. World War II battered Bengal heavily. It was the base of the Anglo-American war machine confronting the Japanese in Burma. When anti-British feeling flared up in Midnapore in 1942, it was suppressed with a violence and brutality which still shows its mark. Then, in the Bengal famine of 1943 over a million lost their lives as a result of wartime shortages, administrative callousness and criminal profiteering. Emaciated peasants died quietly on the sidewalk in front of fashionable Firpo's in Calcutta where well-fed profiteers gorged themselves. Whole areas were denuded of population while over a million famine-weakened people died annually of cholera, malaria and small-pox. While these deaths made Calcutta more callous, its conversion into a leave centre for the Assam front made it more feverish. People even became accustomed to drunken soldiers throwing naked Anglo-Indian prostitutes out of their hotel windows.

The crowning blow has been partition. Bengal has been hardest hit by the Hindu-Moslem clash which distorted the post-war nationalist upsurge and resulted in the subcontinent's partition into India and Pakistan. Bengal is a natural theatre for this conflict because although Hindus have been a 45% minority of its seventy million people, they have been the more prosperous and better educated community, occupying leading

positions in commerce, the professions and the nationalist organisation, the Indian National Congress. It was relatively easy for the leaders of the Moslem League to convince Bengal's Moslem majority that the victory of the Indian National Congress would mean, in Bengal, Hindu domination over the Moslems.

The clash in Bengal between Moslem League and Congress produced the bloody "Calcutta killings" of 1946 in which League-directed Moslem police and imported Hindus set the pace for the rest of Calcutta's citizens. It was during this time that Calcutta's hoodlums learned to kill so easily and became so accustomed to throwing acid-bulbs.

At the time of partition, in 1947, Bengal avoided a bloodbath, when perhaps two hundred thousand were killed in the Punjab and over ten million were forced to migrate. But it suffered partition's social and economic consequences. Bengal was rent in two, with about forty million predominantly-Moslem Bengalis forming East Pakistan and about thirty million, predominantly Hindu, remaining in India. Partition seemed particularly difficult to accept in Bengal because its advanced language and culture had made it such a well-knit area. Furthermore, while all the jute mills remained in India, most of the jute fields went to Pakistan. Although about a million persons migrated in 1947, about a quarter of India's West Bengal still consisted of Moslems, and Hindus comprised the same proportion of Pakistan's East Bengal. Although until last summer there was a great deal of travel between the two Bengals, on both sides a troubled, half-articulate sense of exile and homesickness has hung heavy.

Bengalis feel their province belongs to everyone but the Bengalis—particularly on the economic side. Thus, in the jute industry, which is Bengal's prize industrial asset, British firms still account for three-fourths of production. Almost all the remainder is in the hands of the Marwaris, businessmen from Rajputana. Barely 2% of the jute looms are owned by Bengalis. Bengalis do not even have the limited satisfaction of supplying the factory labour because most the

300,000 jute labourers are recruited from among the more industrious dispossessed peasantry of North-Central India. During the past year Bengali irritation has frequently exploded into street brawls with these non-Bengali workers.

Even the taste of self-government, so sweet in anticipation, has been bitter in realisation. The Government of West Bengal is in the hands of Bengalis, but this is something which occasions a minimum of satisfaction.

When I first returned to Bengal last November it was in the throes of its second artificial sugar crisis. Although you could scarcely get two teaspoons of sugar for your coffee at the best (rationed) hotels, a friend was offered a carload (5,000 lbs.) at blackmarket prices. The month before, salt had been cornered by the blackmarketeers, forcing citizens to pay three or four times the regular price. Everyone in Calcutta, with the apparent exception of the police, knows how to contact the blackmarketeers to purchase these hoarded necessities.

Profiteering and corruption in Bengal is admittedly, largely a heritage of the war and the British wartime policy of winking at it to retain the co-operation of India's commercial classes. But the Congress Government in Bengal cannot escape its responsibility in the matter. Its popularity is weakened by public disgust with corruption and factionalism.

The reluctance of the Roy regime to submit to a free election has been accentuated by the defeat last June of the official Congress candidate by Sarat Bose, recently deceased brother of the more famous Subhas Bose. Last July, Nehru promised the West Bengal would have general elections early this year but in January, Premier Nehru beat a retreat, on the excuse that in six months it had not been possible to prepare the electoral rolls and anyway there would be a general election a year later with a fuller suffrage. Since Bengal's accumulated frustrations found no constructive outlet in elections, it is probably not accidental that Bengal erupted in communal disorders shortly after Nehru's statement.

(To be continued).

BOYS' TOWN & OTHER YOUTH COMMUNITIES IN U. S. A.

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

BOYS' Town, situated some ten miles from Omaha, Nebraska, is perhaps the most famous of the youth communities scattered throughout the United States. Founded in 1917 by a young parish priest, Father Edward Joseph Flanagan, it has in more than a quarter century of service, housed, taught and prepared for life, over 5,000 homeless boys. A Home for Homeless Boys has grown into an incorporated town of 500 residents.

The town is governed by a mayor and four councilmen, has a chamber of commerce, its own police chief, fire chief and two commissioners of sanitation, all boys. During the war the powers of the boy government were curtailed, but by 1948 "civil authorities" were again in full control. Boys Town has a representative form of elective government patterned after the city government of Omaha: the seventeen commissioners (one for each apartment house in Boys Town) and four councilmen are elected by the town's residents for six month terms. The Town has also its own court, at which violators of ordinances and laws are tried. Here those boys who are charged with such offences as smoking, being out of bounds, or neglecting their duties, face the mayor, the city clerk and the commissioners, who mete out appropriate punishment.

The residents of Boys' Town are not necessarily delinquents, not more than one fifth may be called juvenile offenders. Many are youngsters who were paroled into Father Flanagan's care by juvenile courts because they were homeless orphans, others because of trouble with the law. Some of the boys' having heard of Boys' Town and feeling the need for a home and understanding, simply walked in voluntarily. All creeds and races are admitted. The schools at Boys' Town are among the best in the country, with education (because of the varying backgrounds of the boys) definitely not on a mass production basis.

Prior to the war the grammar school began with the fifth grade and except in rare cases, no boy under twelve was taken into the home. However, with the launching of the post war construction programme and the completion of new buildings, younger boys are being accepted and eventually the grammar school will cover all eight grades. Boys' Town high school offers three general programmes; college preparatory, farming and vocational, the last of which is recognised as one of the outstanding trade schools in the country. A close relationship is maintained between the staff of the school and business men; consequently, graduates have little difficulty in finding jobs.

Flanagan, whose credo was "There is no such thing as a bad boy", was asked by General MacArthur in 1947 to serve as consultant on child welfare to the Japanese Government and at that time he visited Japan and Korea where he instituted reforms in child welfare. He was in Berlin on an inspection tour of German youth facilities at the invitation of the United States Army when he was suddenly stricken, dying on May 15, 1948. Several months elapsed before an announcement regarding the future of Boys' Town was made by the board of trustees. The board chose as Father Flanagan's successor his close personal friend and associate for 25 years, the Right Reverend Nicholas H. Wegner, Chancellor of the Omaha Archdiocese. The first task of the new director was to assure the boys and the public that there would be no change in the policies prevailing in Boys' Town, and that he would try in every way possible to follow in the footsteps of its founder. Another outstanding project for boys is the Variety Clubs' Ranch near Copperas Cove, Texas. The Variety Clubs of America is a fellowship of showmen, organised in 1928, which has "tents" in 34 cities in the United States. Each of these "tents" is engaged in philanthropic works,

raising funds for milk banks, children's hospitals, summer camps, etc. The Dallas Variety Club is among the most active, each year financing a hundred-thousand dollar welfare programme and, since 1946, operating the ranch dedicated to the regeneration of delinquent boyhood. The 4,200 acre ranch is managed by Marshall Brown, former star circus aerialist who in his present capacity serves as ranch superintendent, athletic director, dietician, agronomist, veterinarian and referee for the 100 boys and the animals which they tend. The boys at the ranch are those who may be called delinquent; not necessarily orphans but those who have come before the law on charges like searching parked cars for loot, or stealing cigarettes.

Perhaps the oldest youth communities in the country are the various "Junior Republics". Of these the George Junior Republic near Ithaca, New York, is the best known, since it is the birth-place of youth self-government and is also said to be the only co-educational project of its kind in the world. It was founded in 1895 by the late William R. George to help problem boys and girls back to good citizenship. Not a place for a correction, it accepts only those who are verging on delinquency and who can be taught to become useful citizens. In every case, although most of the 125 citizens reach the Republic through parents or welfare agencies, the child enrolls voluntarily; no one is committed. The Republic has its own representative government and its own legal system with courts, judges and lawyers. Functioning under a nothing-without-work plan, the citizens all hold jobs in addition to attending school and receive their pay in special money called Republic Chink. So successful has the Republic been in rehabilitating boys and girls 13 to 18 years of age that a programme of expansion is now under way to provide facilities for 250 additional children, as well as a national training centre for the administrators

and social workers who come from all part of the United States and abroad to study the smallest republic. Two other outstanding communities, both for boys only, are the Connecticut Junior Republic and the California Junior Republic which the boys usually enter by way of a juvenile court or at the suggestion of welfare agencies. The former established 44 years ago, is situated in 166 acres of rolling farmland in the Litchfield Hills. It has a population of 100 boys from 13 to 18 years of age who elect their own officers, make their own laws and run their own banking system. Here too, the motto is "Nothing Without Labour," and the Republic operates on a work-for-pay and pay-for-privilege basis. The California Junior Republic has occupied its present site since 1906; prior to that, the first offshoot of the George Junior Republic has been in the San Fernando Valley. The underlying idea is "character building through direct self-government and honest labour" which translated into action means that each of the 135 boys takes his turn working on the farm, the shops, the grounds and in building new athletic facilities. But work occupies only half a day; the other half is spent in school. Each Monday the boys attend "Government Night," enacting ordinances, fixing penalties for violations and trying and sentencing offenders. Sports play an important part in the programme here as in the other youth communities, for it is recognized that, next to spiritual development, nothing is more important to character building than the clean, competitive spirit fostered by sports.

The aim of every youth community is, through programmes which offer special training in social adjustment, to create conditions as nearly like those of the world in which the young residents will ultimately take their place; so that, they may leave Boys' Town, Boys' Ranch and the various Junior Republics as dependable, and self-reliant citizens.

Father (to teenage son): Did you take out the car last night, son?
 Son: Oh yes, Dad' I drove several of my school fellows down town.
 Father: Well then, tell them, one fellow left his little lace hanky in the rear seat!

NEED FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT

By S. VENKATACHARI

IT was Sir John Morley who as Secretary of State for India in charge of the Government of India Bill of 1909, gave it as his opinion that India was then in the fourteenth century of civilisation and she had to make her slow progress from the 14th to the 20th century. He did not, however, mean thereby that India would take six centuries to cover this ground. He only meant that India's future depended entirely on the quickness of her pace, on her determination and capacity. Japan was similarly in the 14th century stage before the last quarter of the last century. But within a period of thirty years, she was able to advance at such a rapid rate from the 14th to the 20th century, that she was able to take her place in one jump, as it were, as one of the world's big powers defeating Russia in open war in 1905-6. But we have got leaders in our own province here who are persistent in saying that the same thirty years have not been sufficient for the 97% of our backward classes out of the total population of 50 millions, to take advantage of the opportunities provided for them by an all too paternal Government,—not for discovering the secrets of the atom bomb or the television but for getting higher education and holding administrative jobs entrusted to them.

Theories and practices based on mistaken notions of the modern "Welfare State," which encourage large masses of people to compete among themselves to acquire the label of backwardness in order to get priority recognition as such and continue to enjoy it for as long as possible, is not the proper way to help India to get out of her age-long slumber and develop from the 14th to the 20th century stage of progress. Our leaders at the Centre go about the country exhorting people to rouse themselves from their lethargy and be up and doing, to put their shoulders to the wheel, etc., etc., if the independence which they had won after so much struggle was not to be thrown away and this cry is being taken up and repeated parrot-like by

the provincial leaders also. But a vicious principle like this which encourages a person to demand and obtain more than his labour's worth simply because his community has somehow acquired a high priority in the list of backward classes, can only incite the parasitic instinct in human nature, with disastrous consequences on the tempo of social, moral and economic regeneration of the nation. This attitude has begun to infest all public life, indeed the whole atmosphere, including the industrial field. The dole system is always bad, democratising both to the giver and the receiver, whether it be the corn-doles held out by the returning pro-Consuls of ancient Rome eager to catch the votes of the city proletariat, or the job-doles held out to the majority communities of the Madras State by aspiring party leaders both of the Justicite and the Congress persuasions. For a Government to encourage this kind of dole-begging mentality on such a mass scale is no good augury for the future welfare of the nation. Within a country, it may be possible for an all-powerful Government to keep the ring on behalf of certain communities as against others. But will the world wait indefinitely for backward India to come up to the level of the others? Is there any corresponding U.N.O. agency that would keep back the U.S.A., U.K., Russia, Canada, etc., and halt them where they are today until India is able to come into line with them—taking her own sweet time for the purpose? Madras may prefer, to be called the 'benighted' province as she once was called. But she has no right to act as a drag on India just as India has no right to act as a drag on the rest of the world.

There is a general misapprehension with some of our people that in Communist Russia, all the citizens are paid and looked after equally without any regard for efficiency or any consideration of the worth of the various kinds of labour. Communist economics is not so bad as communal economics in this respect. In fact,

quantitative-measurement-tests of labour-efficiency are said to be even more exact and exacting in Soviet Russia than in capitalist U.S.A. When a State can get the very best man for a job for the money that it spends over a particular job, why should it be satisfied with second and third bests? To engage two men for a work that can well be done by one individual is, bad economics both under the capitalist and the Communist systems. It may be philanthropy but it is not economics. The one and the only proper way of encouraging the backward classes without impairing efficiency standards is by means of State scholarships on a liberal scale to promising young men and women of these classes, from the primary to the highest general and technical levels of education. Scholarships on such a large scale may be costly. But it will not be half so costly as the present method of indiscriminate doles in the form of Government jobs, the size of the dole depending on the degree of community-backwardness-certificate which the individual applicant is able to produce. At any rate it will not have the baleful effect of poisoning the fountain springs of public life in the country that the present job-distribution system has.

No nation can prosper by banning merit and encouraging backwardness on such a mass scale and over such long periods of time. History is full of examples of nations that have gone into oblivion as a result of their embarking on policies of religious or racial persecution of intelligent minorities in their midst, as, for instance, the Spanish Empire when it started persecuting its intelligent and industrious Flemish and Dutch subjects in the 16th century, or France when she persecuted the Huguenots in the 17th century, or the more recent case of Nazi Germany and the Jews. In those distant days England gave asylum to these fugitive refugees coming to her from the Continent, and England gained what Spain and France lost. And one reason why the Industrial Revolution started in England and not in some other European country was that England contained at that time all the best mechanical and scientific brains. Similarly the U.S.A. became the land of hope and

freedom for the adventurous spirits of Europe since the beginning of the 18th century and that to a certain extent explains why she is the leading scientific and industrial nation in the world today.

There is no meaning in our Ministers going about saying that what our country requires today is not so much "heads as hearts." Even in this age of the common man both head and heart are wanted for managing the affairs of the State—applied intellect of the highest calibre and integrity of character of the purest type. Just as we speak of the need for increasing the "per capita" income of the nation, we should also develop the "per capita" stock of character on the same scale. It is no good priding ourselves that we produced the greatest saint of the modern age in Mahatma Gandhi just as it is no good saying that we had the richest man of the world in the Nizam of Hyderabad. It is the general level of the country's population that really matters. If we examine the histories of nations that have become great, we find both the individual greatness of their leaders and the general social and economic conditions of the people playing equally important parts in their progress. E. A. Mowrer has said: "Historical movements sometimes produce great leaders. But leaders have it in their power to make or mar the finest movements. History is thus neither the account of the sociological and economic development of the masses, nor of the achievements of heroes, for it is both. A military genius like Hannibal failed without the support of a great people, while the Celtic people succumbed to Rome for lack of adequate leadership."

India stands today where Britain stood at the time of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. The lesson of the Commonwealth was that England had outgrown despotism, but was not yet fit for democracy. She had to wait quite a long time before she was able to take the road to a really democratic form of government, passing through the Reform Acts of 1832, 1867, 1884, 1918 and 1928. Similarly our bloodless revolution of 1947 only proves that our country has outgrown foreign domination. It can by

no means be said to prove our ability to work a democratic form of government. How was Britain governed during the long interval from her Revolution of 1688 to the time when she started on the road to democracy in the year 1832? Her Government was in the hands of an intellectual aristocracy consisting of a few leading families of great merit and statesmanship like the Pelhams, Russells, Grenvilles, Cavendishes, etc., who were allowed to govern in the name of the people, largely helped by the then existing limited system of franchise and the pocket-boroughs. It is these aristocrats of 18th century England that made Great Britain greater Britain, built the Empire for her and helped in ushering in a new age. Here in India we have also developed a system of pocket boroughs, thanks to the magic of the great name of the Mahatma and the excellent organisation of the Congress and these pocket boroughs in the hands of the Con-

gress organisation may well be turned to account in the same manner. It remains to be seen how far the Congress machinery will be able to rear up a similar aristocracy of merit and statesmanship both at the centre and in the provinces, who by their largeness of vision and gifts of statesmanship will be able to steer the ship of State through the difficult period of transition to democracy that lies ahead of us. It will not be enough if we have a Nehru and a Patel at the Centre. We must have men of almost equal calibre in the provinces also. Provinces where such outstanding leaders cannot be found may have to suffer and may have to pass through a period of travail. In such cases, it will require a good deal of watchful care on the part of the central Government to guide such benighted provinces along proper lines and prevent them from developing into so many cankers in the body-politic.

BRITISH LIFE: STATISTICS TELL STORY

By JOHN KINGSLEY

AN M. P. once raised a laugh in the House of Commons by remarking that he never failed to enjoy a ramble through the Monthly Digest of Statistics. Not everyone has the gift of being able to enjoy statistics as a form of entertaining reading, but more and more statistics are becoming the raw material of politics and, therefore, compulsory reading for Members of Parliament.

The British Government now publishes an extensive range of statistical information. The Monthly Digest, costing half a crown, has 136 pages of statistical tables in its latest issue, and the Annual Abstract of Statistics, costing 12s. 6d., is a book of nearly 300 pages.

There is, of course, a story of the life of the British people behind these columns of figures. Some newer figures, collected since the National Insurance and National Health schemes began in July 1948, give information which has before only been

guessed at. We know now, for example, the proportion of the working population which is kept away from work by illness at different times of the year. Last year February and March were the two worst months for illness and it looks as though the same will be true of this year. More than twice as many people are away from work through illness in these months as there are in the three best months—June, July and August.

January and February, statistics of retail sales show, are bad months for shop-keepers. People spend heavily in the shops in November and December and then, after Christmas, a shopping slump sets in and business does not get back to normal until about May or June. This setback hits smaller shops rather more than it does department stores and chain stores. The retail sales figures measure accurately what has always been widely assumed and they explain the customary January sales at cut prices.

DISTRIBUTION OF STREPTOMYCIN

By D. V. RAJA RAO

WITH a view to preventing the abuse of Streptomycin it is proposed by the India Government to permit the use of Streptomycin only by those "practitioners who are qualified in the treatment of Tuberculosis and also by those private practitioners who have consulted Tuberculosis specialists and obtained a recommendation for its use in special cases."

The Government of this State (Madras) issued instructions to the District Medical Officers to issue permits for the use of Streptomycin to

- (1) Specialists with post-graduate degrees,
- (2) Specialists without T.D.D.
- (3) Civil Surgeons and others working in teaching institutions,
- (4) Practitioners of the rank of Civil Surgeons who may or may not be in service.

(No. 4 is interpreted as retired Civil Surgeons.)

This debars the vast majority of private practitioners from using Streptomycin unless one obtains a consultation from a specialist with or without T.D.D. or a Civil Surgeon in service or retired.

Specialists in Tuberculosis with or without T.D.D. are very few and they are mostly in service in hospitals or sanatoria. And these hospitals and sanatoria for Tuberculosis are few and far between. In this State they can be counted on one's fingers. Civil Surgeons in service or retired and practising can be seen only in cities or big towns. In my own town of Rajahmundry with a population of about 1,20,000 there is not one. Under the circumstances, to obtain a consultation from any of the above involves a great deal of time, energy and money for the doctor and the patient in the mofussil. Besides, it is to be remembered that there is practically no consultant practice in the mofussil and the etiquette and professional morality of consultant practice are not known.

The disadvantages to the suffering public apart, this system of distribution raises some issues of fundamental importance to the private practitioners. To assume that the average registered Allopathic practitioner is not competent to treat such a common and wide-spread disease as Tuberculosis or that he is not competent to use Streptomycin in the treatment of Tuberculosis is to cast a very serious reflection on our standards of medical education. A qualified doctor is expected to be given enough basic knowledge in all branches of medicine to enable him to practise any branch of medicine and follow intelligently future advances in medicine. If that were so, they ought to be able to treat Tuberculosis and use Streptomycin intelligently in its treatment. If that were not so, it is high time that the standard of medical education in our universities is so improved as to give us better doctors. Specialisation and specialists do not preclude the general practitioner altogether from the specialist's field. In every branch of medicine there is room for the general practitioner to a certain extent. Specialists come in only in cases beyond the scope of the general practitioner. The present knowledge about the scope of Streptomycin in the treatment of Tuberculosis does not justify considering it as a specialist's treatment. Perhaps it is more useful in cases of Tuberculosis that come within the scope of the general practitioner. Considering the relatively recent advent of the drug and the amount of literature that is available in all medical journals, one fails to see how the specialists know more about it than the general practitioners can. The specialist is experimenting with it as much as the general practitioner on the common basis of information which both can equally get from the medical journals.

The distinction that is being drawn between service people and private

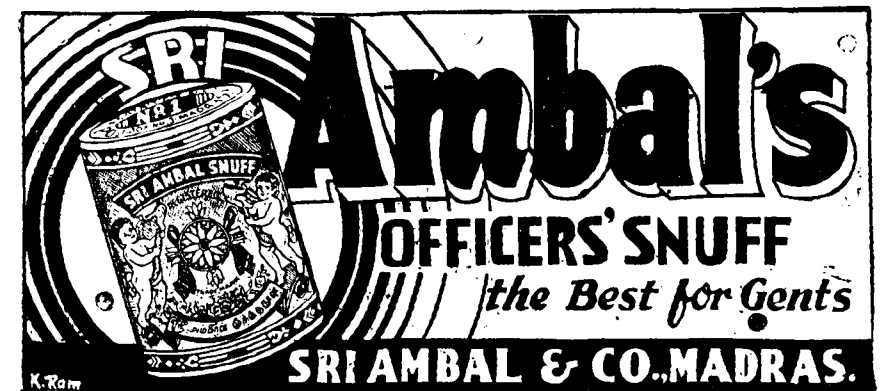
practitioners is rather invidious. Any graduate entering service will automatically become a Civil Surgeon in the course of fifteen to twenty years irrespective of merit. It is not so easy to thrive in private practice as to rise in service. How a Civil Surgeon in service doing general work is better qualified to use Streptomycin than a general practitioner with a similar period of experience is not understandable. It would be well to remember that most Civil Surgeons' posts are administrative rather than professional, except in teaching institutions. Again doctors working in teaching institutions are permitted to use Streptomycin irrespective of rank. How an assistant, say, in obstetrics and gynaecology or venereology or for the matter of that how a professor say in pathology or hygiene is better qualified than a general practitioner to use Streptomycin is incomprehensible. Specialisation is rather watertight in teaching institutions. A doctor working in any particular department tends to forget every other thing in medicine except his own special subject. Happily the general practitioner keeps in touch with every branch of medicine in his own limited scope.

In our country there is no law preventing anybody practising any system of medicine in good faith. Some sort of standardisation of indigenous practitioners and registering them is being attempted, but the standard is so vague and the machinery for judging and registering is so elastic

that in practice anybody can get registered as an indigenous doctor provided he has enough goodwill with the politicians of the locality. It is often pleaded by the Government that the output of medical men from our teaching institutions is so short of the needs of our vast population that if the indigenous systems and doctors are not encouraged most of the rural population will have to go without any medical aid at all. If that were so, restricting the use of such a useful drug as Streptomycin to only a handful of specialists and those who can obtain their recommendation, is worse than irrational.

As it is, there is enough abuse and blackmarketing and exploitation of the ignorant public in the matter of Streptomycin. Controls and permits have universally and consistently failed to achieve their object and worked to the detriment of the common man's interests. The proposed restrictions will only worsen the abuse and incidentally afford opportunities to a section of medical men to make underserved money, unless it is assumed that specialists and Civil Surgeons are above board and above human weakness.

It is to be hoped that this is not the intention of the Government and that they will issue clear and unambiguous instructions to their officers to eliminate all exploitation and profiteering and not deny the use of this drug to the suffering public and deserving general practitioners.



THE PLANNING COMMISSION

By S. R.

THE Planning Commission has got into stride, such stride as a largely indifferent Cabinet and an unwieldy bureaucracy permit it. Apart from the Prime Minister, without whose special interest and encouragement the Commission would not be, there are only two members of the Cabinet who view it with favour: Mr. N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar and Maulana Azad. To the civil servants in the economic Ministries, unused to having their ideas reviewed by any higher expert body, the Commission is not unnaturally something of a nuisance and a threat to self-esteem. It was therefore a happy idea to seek to minimise friction and provide a direct link between the Central Secretariat and the Planning Commission in the person of Mr. Raghavan Pillai, who is at once Secretary to the Cabinet, head of the Services, and Secretary to the Planning Commission.

For a country such as ours where national planning has been largely an exercise in rhetoric, it is lucky that the members of the Commission are not mere politicians or mere economic experts but sound and experienced men who command respect and can speak with authority on the practical problems facing the country. Chintamani Deshmukh, formerly Governor of the Reserve Bank and now chief of the International Monetary Fund; V. T. Krishnamachari, reputed for his stewardship of several former Indian States and chairman successively of investigating commissions on Indian agriculture, States' finances and the fiscal structure of the country; G. L. Mehta, until the other day President of the Indian Tariff Board; Gulzarilal Nanda, a trade union leader who has also had experience of government as Bombay's Labour Minister; and R. K. Patil, one of the few experienced administrators among Congress leaders—these constitute a formidable array of talent, necessary to match the formidable problems that will have to be tackled.

Moreover, the quality of the Commission's membership should ensure that the executive will be duly influenced and allow itself to be guided by what is, strictly speaking, only an advisory body. This is important, in view of the fact that the Commission will not only or even mainly engage itself in drawing up blue-prints (of which we have had rather enough) but will examine specific problems that may be referred to it for advice by the Union and State Governments.

The first such specific issue to be referred to the Commission has been cotton policy. During the war years and after, the Government of India has been urging, and through subsidies and bonuses inducing, the cultivator to switch over his land from cash crops to food crops. In view of the high cost of imported food and the drain on our scarce foreign exchange which it involves, this was the right thing to do—even after partition—so long as we could depend on the traditional supply of raw jute and cotton from the Pakistan areas in exchange for the finished products of Indian mills. This pattern of trade was shattered last September when the Indian rupee was devalued but the Pakistan rupee was not. One of the consequences was that for India the import of Pakistan cotton became uneconomic at the new exchange rate.

Government is now proposing, therefore, to reverse the earlier trend and to make the cultivator grow more cotton, even at the expense of food production. The only justification for this policy, but a compelling factor, is that imported cotton will cost considerably more than imported food. The problem is how exactly to induce the cultivator to effect the switch back to cotton cultivation. "Increase the ceiling price of cotton"—this is the easiest but not the wisest answer, and this was the answer which suggested itself to the Secretaries of the economic Ministries.

Now, officially fixed price levels for

scarce agricultural commodities are easy to raise but almost impossible to bring down because it would be unpopular with a large section of the electorate under adult franchise. If it becomes possible to reach a fresh trade agreement with Pakistan, as it must sooner or later, and Indo-Pakistan trade is thereby revived, any permanent increase in the price level of Indian cotton will become a costly liability. Further, costlier cotton for the mills will mean costlier textiles for the consumer, an increase in the cost of living, and a consequent rise in the inflationary spiral—contrary to the Government's declared policy of stabilising, if not bringing down, the wage-price level.

The Commission has therefore suggested a system of bonus reward for

each fresh acre brought under cotton cultivation. This will obviate any rise in the cost of cotton for the mills, and there will be no increase in the consumer's cloth bill. The Treasury will doubtless have to find the money for the bonuses but this difficulty will be very probably non-recurring and in any case less serious than an increase in the cost of living. The Cabinet will have to take a decision on this question very soon because the sowing season is imminent. Yet, at the joint meeting of the Planning Commission and the Economic Committee of the Cabinet last week-end, it turned out that the Cabinet members had not properly studied the note prepared on the subject by the Commission. This was hardly encouraging for a start.

SOME TYPES OF ELECTION FRAUDS

By V. VENKATA RAO

THE ideal form of election administration should produce uniformly honest and accurate results. Election results should be as accurate as the bank account. For many citizens, the act of voting constitutes the only participation they can have in government and it is therefore essential that elections be free from frauds.

Election frauds may be committed on two occasions; first, the time of preparation of the electoral rolls, and again on the polling day. The first is popularly known as manipulation of the voters' list. Several methods are adopted to pad the electoral roll. One of the methods is to omit from the electoral roll the names of certain persons which ought not to have been omitted. For instance, the chairman of the Dindigul municipality (1921) did not include in the electoral roll the names of Dr. Devaraj and forty others although the same authority registered these persons as voters for the Madras Legislative Council elections held in 1920. Another method is to enter the names of certain persons with several permutations and combinations in more than one place.

For instance, the name of one Sita-mahalakshamma was entered in the Bhimilipatam municipal voters' list once as 'Lakshamma', again as 'Mahalakshmi' and once again as 'Sita-Mahalakshamma'. As the voters' list was arranged in the alphabetical order, the name appeared once under 'L' again under 'M' and lastly under 'S'. A third method is to enter incorrectly the surnames and other particulars of certain persons so that their nomination papers may be rejected at the time of scrutiny of nominations or they may be refused a ballot paper at the polling booth. For instance, the name of one Mr. Chakrapani Ayyangar, a Madura advocate, was printed as Chukrapani Ayyangar in the voters' list and he was refused a ballot paper at the polling booth on the ground that he was not the same person mentioned in the electoral roll. Another method by which the voters' list is swelled with fictitious names is by preferring claims for entry on behalf of persons who had already left the place or who were dead. The President of the Julakallu Panchayat Board (Guntur district) preferred in this manner

claims for entry on behalf of Kun-chapu Nagi and Yergani Swami who had died long ago. But the most common method adopted for padding the electoral roll is by getting a number of persons, real and fictitious, assessed as if they were the owners of animals, vehicles or carts or belonged to some trade or calling. For instance, an organised attempt was made in Ellore and Peddapuram to get a number of persons assessed as owners of vehicles and animals. In Ellore, about 800 persons were enrolled in this way. The interesting part of this episode was that the Congress Party in the municipal council which was in the opposition came to know of these manipulations and tried to follow suit. On March 22, 1937, the executive authority was presented with 400 applications and "a pack of yelping hungry curs, their owners professing that they wished their dogs to be licensed before the hot weather, lest they should be destroyed in pursuance of the campaign against rabbies." On enquiry it was found that these 400 applications were preferred on behalf of ownerless dogs picked from the street. Similar methods were adopted in several places, but mostly in the Circars.

As regards the frauds committed on the polling day. Prior to the introduction of the colour box system, illiterate voters used to be given assistance to mark the ballot paper. That is, the polling officer marked the ballot paper according to the wishes of the elector in the presence of polling agents and placed it in the ballot box. This arrangement suffered from one great defect; it destroyed secrecy in voting. Moreover, as most of the voters were illiterate, they had to seek the assistance of the polling officer, and this situation was taken advantage of by politicians to practice intimidation and violence. There is evidence to show that some of the Presidents of local boards compelled the teachers employed in their schools to declare themselves as illiterate before the polling officer and seek his

assistance to mark the ballot paper so that the candidate or his agent may note the person for whom they voted. Thus persons literate outside the polling booth became illiterate inside the polling booth. But after the introduction of the colour box system, this practice came to an end.

Personation is another kind of fraud committed on the polling day. Repeaters were sent from booth to booth to vote under the names of bogus voters and sometimes under the names of bonafide voters. In Colorado (U. S. A.), in 1925, one person testified that he had voted over a hundred times on the election day. In this province also, personation was practised on a large scale in places where gosha ladies were permitted to vote without unveiling their faces for purposes of identification. It was reported that during the elections for the Nellore municipality in 1932, men under burkha (veil) visited the polling booth and demanded ballot papers.

Violence and intimidation are also resorted to very often to bully 'soft' voters.

The instances given above are by no means exhaustive nor are they unique. Most of these frauds were committed and are being committed in countries like the United States of America. But they are not of such a magnitude as to affect the results of elections. On the whole, elections in Madras were generally free and fair particularly after the introduction of the colour box system. This was owing to the fact that the administrative machinery devised for the conduct of elections was effective. In each district there was a single officer in charge of election administration and the manifold details of the election process were settled in his office with remarkable thoroughness. The rules and regulations framed for the guidance of the election officers were so complete and clear that much of the confusion and inefficiency which we find in other countries has been absent here.

Old Professor McKeon cleared his throat in the midst of an examination period and remarked gently, "Will some generous student who isn't copying from his textbook be kind enough to let me have the use of it for a few moments?"

THE MIGHTY IMPERSONALITY

By S. KRISHNIAH

MAN takes her place in the line. Her checkered red saree is torn and cakes of mud adhere to its hems. The perspiration, which had streamed down her face earlier during her working hours, has now dried up leaving streaks of shining black across a face red with grime. Her bare ear-lobes are slightly thickened perhaps signifying incipient leprosy. Behind her other women take their position. The queue moves urged on its long snaky procession by a group of volunteers chosen from the devotees of Sri Ramana Maharishi. The woman in the dirty red saree, who has just returned from her day's toil, comes to the elevated mound just outside the balcony which skirts the small room in which the Sage of Arunachala is stretched out on his death-bed. She raises her hands and clasps them in front of her. Her eyes have a frank, curious expression in them. From the background of her uncultured workaday attitude to life her simple mind questions God—questions Divinity as expressed in the mortal being in front of her. Closely following her, as she steps down from the earthen mound is a beautiful young girl in spotless silk with a complexion that suggests the soft white of foam-crests and the pink of rose-red dawns. Her eyes are downcast and only her long, pretty, palpebral lashes are visible trembling ever so slightly as if to draw attention to them. With mute veneration she raises her hands in *namaste* and the elegance of that adoration becomes the cloudy heights of society from which she hails.

The long queue of men, who are lined up waiting, follows. Some are bearded and intently pious, some are suppressing their laughter at a whispered joke, some are gazing at the retreating forms in gay-coloured sarees and some are genuinely devout and suppliant already liquified by the grace they anticipate to receive.

Day after day, morning and evening, during the last days of Bhagwan, I watched the queues lining up for *darshan* and formed a part of it.

Only once did those who came for his *darshan* go away disappointed and that was on the morning of Monday the 10th April. The previous evening the foremost of India's Ayurvedic physicians had arrived but soon after he attended on the Maharishi there was a crisis and, as the word went round, the verandah between the temple and the Maharishi's room began filling up with people. It was a strange crowd and I felt that every one of them was expecting the Maharishi to pass away. A tense silence prevailed and the few whispered sounds only seemed to accentuate its palpability. The hiccups, which we could hear, sounded loud and portentous. Doctors with grave self-important faces went in and out declining to pass remarks and adding to the suspense. Finally at 10-30 P.M. the Sarvathikary, in a few casual, irritated sentences in Tamil, told the waiting devotees to disperse. It was Easter night and somehow there was the feeling in everybody, as they left the Ashram, that the inevitable would happen that night. Early morning I went over to the Ashram and found out that Bhagwan had passed through the crisis with superhuman fortitude and had spent a quiet night. By about 8 A.M. that morning a crowd had gathered for *darshan* and when this was cancelled anxiety for his life took deep roots. Many went away disappointed but some of us stayed on and we heard that Maharishi had found fault with the Ashram hierarchy for having denied *darshan* to those who had come seeking it. He had also told them that *darshan* must not be cancelled, under any circumstances, till the end.

This news spread widely and by 5 P.M. that evening (Monday the tenth of April) a great number of people had gathered and they were queued up and allowed to pass by the balcony and gaze at Bhagwan for about ten seconds. I was one of the last to pass by him and from a distance of about twenty feet that separated us I could see him clearly. His face was turned towards me and the

maddening, fantastic sea of faces carrying bold lines of tragedy on them. I fixed my eyes again at the window. I could feel in the marrow of my bones that the end could not be far off. In spite of supertensioned nerves, time seemed to tick by very slowly. I checked my watch a few times to see that it had not stopped and meanwhile I did not take my eyes off the fans that were being waved. I wanted to get the right time of the passing away of Bhagwan and I knew that the stopping of the fanning would be the time to note down. Almost hypnotised I kept peering through the window.

It seemed ages to me but at last the fans were lowered. I looked at my watch and noted down: 'Fanning stopped: 8-47'. I pocketed my pen and told the people around me that it was all over and within five seconds the whole crowd was aware of it. Loud sobs could be heard. Devotees who had till then held back rushed into the room through the vestibule. Others were crying profusely and unashamedly covering their faces with their hands. Deep poignant sorrow and abject misery was written in capital letters on every face I saw. I saw Mr. Berrigan carrying a lady out because she had a fit of hysterics, and had fallen in a swoon. I was for the time being awe-struck unable even to note down what I saw. I was standing like a moron in the middle of the frenzied gathering with tears streaming down my eyes.

"Krishniah!"

I heard somebody call me from very near. I turned round to look at M. Cartier-Bresson standing besides me with his Leica in one hand and flash-light equipment in the other.

"What is it, Henri?" I asked him in a low voice.

"Did you see the star?"

"What star?"

"A big shooting-star. It shot across the sky just a little while ago. Harin and I and many of us saw it. It was a big one and went very slowly across the sky for a long time. The moment he saw it Harin said that Bhagwan had passed away."

"When was this? Did you note the time?"

"Yes. Thirteen minutes to nine."

I was speechless with astonishment. I thrust my note-book in front of him and pointed out my last entry; 'Fanning stopped: 8-47' M. Cartier-Bresson stared at my entry for quite a while.

"Thirteen minutes to nine and eight fortyseven are the same," I remarked.

"Strange. Very strange!"

"I am happy you saw it," I said and naively added, "because you are a rationalist."

I don't know whether he heard that remark because he had walked away and soon I saw the eerie light of his flash-lamp momentarily blinding everybody. The artist in him had overcome his human feelings. What he saw was poignant grief and hysteric frenzy in every face and he was recording what he saw for coming generations to see and marvel.

Scenes of heart-rending agony followed but I do not carry a picture of them in my brain because it was likely that I was also very much excited.

It was 9.15 when they carried the body of Bhagwan across the verandah to the hall in front of the Mathrubhuteswarer Temple. Cries of awe-stricken incredulity rose from the crowd, which had been cordoned off by the police, at the sight of the body as it was carried through them. In the hall it was placed in a sitting posture with legs crossed and hands resting on knees. A few garlands were placed round the shoulders and some hung round his neck. A queue was formed to allow people to enter the hall. Faithful devotees, both men and women, filed in and sat round the divan. Barely half an hour had elapsed when crowds from the town started arriving. Mr. Chu Hai-Chou, a young Chinese, had ridden away on his motor-cycle from the Ashram a few minutes after Bhagwan breathed his last and had spread the news through the township.

There was no space in the hall to accommodate all the people who thronged the place in thousands. So the eastern and southern entrances to the hall were opened and people were allowed to slowly file past the divan bearing the sacred burden, entering by the eastern entrance and going

out by the southern doorway. Just before 10 p.m. Brahmins entered chanting the Vedas and in very slow procession they went round the divan and ultimately took their seat on the floor to the left of Bhagwan's mortal remains. Various chants followed one another and from my position against one of the pillars I was able to observe the various people who were gathered there.

Some men appeared to have lost everything in life which they had found worthwhile. Their helplessness seemed pathetic and my heart went out to them. But what was it that had initially drawn them towards this great man? Hysteria was plainly discernible in some of them. There could be no gainsaying the fact that some of them were psychopathic and that most of them had unbalanced minds. I know some who had imagined that he had granted them favours, had actually said Bhagwan helped them materially in their enterprises to crush their opponents. The industrialist paid his homage and hoped that his profits the next year would double themselves. It was evident that most of his devotees found in him an escape from something or other which had tormented them. What will they do in the future? When somebody asked Harindranath Chattopadhyaya what the difference was between Sri Aurobindo and Sri Ramana he replied that Sri Aurobindo was a mighty personality and the Maharishi a mighty impersonality. Will all of them, like Harindranath, be able to feel the spirit-presence of the Sage of Arunachala and be able to live in close or closer communion with him?

There are among his numerous devotees quite a few whose devotion to him has been the outcome of sheer spiritual experience. I was talking to one such and I was surprised to find that, even at that time, he exhibited nothing but the soundest common sense.

As midnight approached the crowds started filling up the grounds of the Ashram. A continuous procession was kept moving through the hall but more and more arrived. The chanting

of the Vedas continued with unflagging zest.

It was just a little after midnight when Harindranath broke out in song. The song he sang was vibrant with a loving tenderness. It began 'You are mother; You are father...' made grief more sorrowful, silence more silent and despair more desperate. As his concluding notes reverberated through the hall finding their resonance in the heart-strings of every listener a hush descended upon everyone and it was quite a few minutes before the chanting could be resumed.

The small hours of the morning saw the crowd thinning out but many were those who kept a night-long vigil gazing at the lightless eyes which never, till a few hours ago, had withheld their coruscant benevolence.

The crack of the dawn saw more people coming from all directions and the road from the Ashram to Tiruvannamalai—a distance of about half a mile—was just a stream of people passing to and fro. I returned to my room rather jaded after an evening and a night of high emotional stress.

It was only natural that the discussion with my friends when I came back should veer to the shooting star that had appeared the night before. I asked many who had seen it to describe it to me and they were all agreed on the point that it was far larger than any they had ever seen before and that it started from low down towards the North and had gone skirting the horizon towards the East leaving a slight luminous trail behind it. From the East it had changed direction and turning South it had, with diminishing brilliance, disappeared behind the sacred hill of Arunachala. In the harsh light of the sun it appeared to me a strange coincidence that such a phenomenon should have happened at the very minute when Bhagwan discarded his body. Perhaps, had I seen it, I might have subscribed to the opinion held by many that the heavens announced the passing of the Prince of Yogis.

We had of course a lot of vehement discussion on this subject until we returned to the Ashram. We stood the whole day watching the 'abhishekam' and later the puja. The

Maha Samadhi was an impressive function and within the small space available at the southern entrance to the temple where the grave is located thousands of people had squeezed themselves.

It was nearly 8 P.M. when I got out of the Ashram and lit a cigarette at the entrance. I was tired, worn out and hungry. In the seething mass of humanity which poured out of the precincts of the Ashram I had been cut adrift from my friends. I walked to the shop opposite the Ashram entrance and drank a tender cocoanut.

As I was slowly dragging myself away from the shop I saw the woman in a checkered red saree, grimy with dirt and perspiration, going a few paces ahead of me. On a sudden impulse I wanted to question her. I took a few quick long strides and caught up with her. I wanted to get her reaction to the death of the saint.

"Don't you think all this is very sad?" I asked her. "Now that Bhagwan has passed away whom will you worship?"

"Who is Bhagwan?"

I was astonished at her question.

"I mean Sri Ramana Maharishi. The yogi who has just been buried."

"Oh!" she said.

I repeated my question: "Now that he has passed away whom will you worship?"

"I never worshipped him," she replied in a casual voice.

"But last week I remember to have seen you having his *darshan*."

"Last week? Oh yes, of course. I was passing this way from the cattle fair and because a crowd was there I too joined the crowd. Only then I knew I was going to see him. Since everybody went to see him I also went."

"Do you live in Thiruvannamalai?"

"Yes. Always."

"And that was the first time you

ever saw that great Yogi?"

"Yes."

I stopped to light a cigarette and allowed her to pass on.

"My business is looking up," said the astronomer.

"Mine is looking better," said the optician.

"Mine is all write," said the journalist.

"Mine is just sew, sew," said the tailor.

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It has always been a profound mystery as to who invented the walking-stick. Perhaps Eve, when she presented Adam with a small Cain.

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A discontented husband came home to his dinner and grumbled about the cold mutton—so his wife made it hot for him.

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Little Horace: "Uncle George, I'm going to bring my little bucket and let you kick it."

Uncle George: "What in the world is that for?"

Little Horace: "Why, I heard dad say that we should get a lot of money when you kicked the bucket."

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"Twelve men were standing under one ordinary sized umbrella and they didn't get wet."

"How's that?"

"It wasn't raining."

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The reason why women make the most careful drivers is because they have so much practice at keeping under thirty.

SIDELIGHTS :

The bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles, and why should not other tourists do the same. —HALIBURTON.

THE British Government maintain a "Hospitality Centre" at 2 Park Street, London. It is a seven-storeyed building facing two streets, in the heart of fashionable Mayfair. Its exterior is unpretentious. The interior is elegant and comfortable. Luxury is eschewed, and all the furnishing and decorations are got up with a view to promoting a home feeling and reducing the hotel atmosphere. Exemplary cleanliness achieved with unremitting toil is a very pleasant feature of the establishment. The greatest marvel of the place is the staff. There is not one among them prone to be slack or surly. The porters have the manners of the aristocracy except for a chronic disposition to "thank you, sir," with every phrase and sentence they utter. They bow you in and they bow you out with a thank you. England overflows with a prodigality of thanks oozing unceasingly from the lips and finger tips of every man and woman, but it is the waiters and the porters that contribute the maximum to the surfeit. Elsewhere the thanks of people are tendered in appreciation of a service rendered. But English porters and waiters thank you both when they take and when they give. As their contacts with the rest of the community are prodigious, their example has become infectious. You have to give and receive thanks a thousand times a day, and it means, not any profound stirring of sentiment, but just that a mannerism has taken a whole nation captive.

The standard of personal appearance among the staff of 2 Park Street is very exacting. The men are stately and dignified. The women are good to look at and charming, with a blond beauty as captivating as any Hollywood star, thrown in. They are well dressed and get good wages. The

furrow of incessant anxiety over making ends meet, exerts no obtrusive depressive influence on them. Generously treated by the Government employing them, they radiate happiness, and do the day's work with cheerfulness and joy, combining with diligence and efficiency a lot of mothering of the guests on whom they attend. But the expensiveness of the Centre has come in for pointed criticism from opponents of the Government in Parliament, particularly Mr. Churchill; and in answer to questions it was stated that it costs the British taxpayer £18-5 shillings per guest per day. It is believed by some on the premises that if the Tories had won in the election they would have lost no time in winding up 2 Park Street; these are staunchly pro-Labour. But some others more optimistic, who are equally staunchly pro-Conservative, hold that Mr. Churchill's onslaughts are just election thunder, and if he had won, far from economising, he would have gone on incurring even more expense on Government hospitality.

Most of the delegations from Commonwealth countries are housed in 2 Park Street, and so was the Indian Press Delegation. The arrangements for the Delegation's stay and tour were placed in charge of the Central Office of Information which runs a Tours and Facilities Section. We have no body corresponding to Britain's C.O.I. in India. It was a child of the war. When the war ended and the Ministry of Information was abolished, the C.O.I. was transferred to the care of the Minister for Commonwealth Relations. Journalists of both sexes preponderate on the C.O.I. which has regional branches throughout the country. Officers of the C.O.I. are entrusted with an amazing miscellany of tasks connected with the collection of information and the organisation of publicity, and some of them are fit to be professors of universities, so thorough and comprehensive is their learning and so well documented with authorities

CEYLON, OUR NEIGHBOUR

By MATTHEW HALTON

(The author who recently returned to London after A FACT FINDING tour of the Far East, which covered 17,000 miles, here gives his impressions of Ceylon.)

THE happiest land of the hungry and awakening East is Ceylon, the pearl of the dominions.

If there is Eden, it is Ceylon, that island where every prospect pleases and not even man is vile. The people in their coloured robes walk like living statues, and even the girls who sell king-coconuts on the roadside are so beautiful that legend says they are descendants of the chosen concubines of early kings. Children pick pine-apples and coconuts and other fruits when they want them, and the Buddhist priests in their vivid saffron robes bless you as they pass.

The dawns are soft as satin, the sunsets are flamboyant but tender, the high noon—at this time of year—is like an English day in June. The darting birds are flashes of ruby and emerald, the flowering trees are of breath-taking beauty, even the jungle seems friendly. There is less hunger than anywhere else in Asia, and wherever you go you are greeted as a friend.

Ceylon is certainly one of the loveliest lands I have seen; but, as I found when I was there, there are serpents in this Eden, too.

The Foreign Ministers of the Commonwealth met in Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, and they discussed how to save South Asia from the tide of Communism from the north. They found that hunger and misery are the main holes in the dyke. And even in Ceylon there is hunger.

There was a time long ago when three-quarters of the rich island of Ceylon was cultivated. It was almost all paddy plantations, and there was enough rice for all. But the elaborate civilisations of a thousand years ago were destroyed by invasions, the fine cities disappeared from the sight of man, and the jungle came back. Today, only one-third of the island is cultivated. Of a total of

16,000,000 acres of good land, less than 4,000,000 produce crops. Several great development schemes are afoot—clearing out the jungle, building new dams, lakes and irrigation canals—but not enough. Another 4,000,000 acres could be reclaimed if the capital were available.

Ceylon should be rich, yet 60 per cent. of the food for her 7,000,000 people has to be imported. She spends 65 per cent. of her national revenue on food imports. A recent survey showed that only a third of the people have a diet adequate in vitamins. Two-thirds do not eat enough to meet their daily energy needs.

- CEYLON exports great riches in tea, rubber, copra. Her tea and coconut plantations are the finest in the world. The average expectation of life of her handsome people is only 32 years.

In Ceylon, however, in the heart of one of the world's densest jungles, I saw how the civilization of a thousand years ago is being exploited to provide homes and food for the people of today. It was the most interesting thing I ran into in my recent Far Eastern journey of 17,000 miles through many countries.

In the seventh century A.D. a Singhalese king cleared out some of the jungle in north-eastern Ceylon and built a city called Polonnaruwa. King after king enlarged and embellished the city, and by the 12th century Polonnaruwa was a state of several million people with splendid towns, palaces and temples whose ruins excite the surprise and admiration of archaeologists and engineers today.

The civilization was supported by one of the finest systems of water-works and irrigation ever built. A great dam was constructed across the Amban river, and below it they made the "Sea of Parakrama," an artificial lake covering 6,000 acres. The wall containing this lake was nine miles

long, 40 feet high and 20 feet wide. On an island in the lake King Parakrama erected a palace of 1,000 rooms. On its shores he built Lankatilaka, a wonderful group of palaces, temples, shrines and baths. Several other artificial lakes and irrigation systems were built. A notable civilization developed and thrived.

But then came disaster. In the 13th century Polonnaruwa was sacked and plundered by invaders from the Indian mainland. The people were massacred and dispersed. The huge walls of the lakes were breached and the farms flooded. The jungle came swiftly back, covering and destroying. For the next 600 years it was as if Polonnaruwa had never existed. Other great irrigation systems such as Anuradhapura and Minnerivava also passed away—and another episode was added to the list of "crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind" which Gibbon called history.

It was only at the beginning of this century that archaeologists began excavating the ruins of Polonnaruwa. One day they were visited by Ceylon's Minister of Agriculture, D. S. Senanayake, now the Prime Minister. He went for a long walk into the jungle, and found he was walking along the top of what seemed to be a wide wall. He could see nothing in any direction but impenetrable jungle growing out of swampland and, in the distance, the high hills. The great idea came to him at once. It was found that after 1,000 years only 175 feet of the nine-mile wall needed repair. King Parakrama and his people had built well.

The breaches were repaired, and the great lake appeared again. Ancient sluices were cleaned out. And the clearing of the jungle began. That was by far the biggest task; the luxuriant growth of the Ceylonese jungle has to be seen to be believed. But today thousands of families are living and working and building new towns—thanks to the work and ingenuity of builders long dead and gone.

"And what builders!" said Mr. Senanayake, when he told me the story. "They must have had engineers as brilliant and instruments as sensitive as anything we have today." But they must have used 100,000 human slaves as well.

At dawn the next day I set off on the 120-mile drive to Polonnaruwa. The last 50 miles were on a new road driven through thick, tangled, matted jungle, in which I gaped at the beauty of the flowering trees and the jewelled birds. We came to the ancient city—a glory of ruined temples and palaces and marble lotus baths—and then on to the road which runs along the top of the ancient wall, and arrived at a rest-house on the edge of the lake. A meal of curried rice and chicken, plantains and fresh pineapple—and then I was visiting the new farms that so recently had been wilderness and swamp, and now support hundreds of families.

Lucky families, too, for Ceylon. Each settler is given eight acres of land—five acres for growing rice and three for fruit. On the fruit land the farmer must grow 40 coconut trees, 10 orange trees, five mango trees, two lime trees and two breadfruit trees. To start with, he is given a house—a good three-roomed house which is luxurious by eastern standards—and 10 bushels of seed rice and his agricultural implements (an axe, a crowbar and a maramottie, the combination hoe and spade which is the indispensable implement of the Asian peasant). And he is lent a pair of oxen.

The rich land in that climate where winter is unknown grows two crops of rice a year, and produces 90 bushels to the acre. The farmer keeps 100 bushels of rice a year for his own use and the rest must go to the market. The average farmer at Polonnaruwa earns about \$400 a year—which is wealth to the ordinary cultivator of the Far East. His wife and his children—from 7 to 20 children—regard themselves as blest. I watched the women working in the paddy fields, and heard them singing how happy they were.

At sunrise the next day I sat on the resthouse veranda overlooking the lake to watch the daily wonder of the eastern dawn. Soft as the colour of a pearl. A hundred white egrets perched on a dead tree in the lake so that it looked like a tree in blossom. The scent of flowers hung on the air, humming-birds sucked at the hibiscus blooms and bougainvillea. Cheerful and pretty little gray monkeys chattered at the men and women

who came to bathe in a canal. The sunshine fell on the ancient ruins through the trees. The jungle seemed to stir, sentient and alive. The awakening world seemed pleased with itself, joyous. And this really was a little Eden; the people here had food, clothing and health, and were happy.

But there are few Polonnaruwas even in Ceylon . . . Two-thirds of the people do not eat enough to meet their daily need. Four million fertile acres are waiting to be cleared of jungle. But where is the capital to buy the bulldozers and pay the labour? It can come only from the West.

"What are the chief problems of Ceylon?" I asked the Prime Minister. "Are they political or social?"

"Neither," said Mr. Senanayake. "They are financial. Give us money to clear the jungle and we will soon do away with malnutrition and illiteracy—and with any danger of Communism."

There are three Communist parties in Ceylon. Two of them are Stalinist and one is vaguely Trotskyist. The three are now at loggerheads. They

would be a menace to the island if they united. But it is doubtful whether they would ever be allowed to come to power.

There is only one other thing the Ceylonese are afraid of. That is what they call "Indian imperialism." The island dominion has a minority of less than 1,000,000 Indians; and the politicians I met professed a fear that India would some day find in this minority a pretext for imperialist expansion. This is one of the reasons Ceylon's friendship for Britain is so ardent.

The friendship for Britain is, by itself, impressively strong. I was struck by this immense political phenomenon. When before have subject peoples won their freedom and then turned to the one-time conqueror with friendship in their hands? I have heard leading statesmen of the Asian dominions of the Commonwealth talk of this phenomenon in enthusiastic terms. I have heard one of them, a Prime Minister, talk for some time about "the great qualities of Britain." (Copyright.)

CIVIL SERVICE IN THE MODERN STATE

By K. PICHUMANI

THE importance of Civil Service in the administration of any country need not be over emphasised. With the advent of freedom, the need for proper organisation of the Civil Service has increased very much. But several incidents that have taken place in the day-to-day administration of the Governments both of the Centre and the States necessarily oblige us to analyse the place which the Civil Service must occupy in the administrative machinery of the country. In India where democratic institutions are in their infant stage, if these unfortunate incidents are not checked and rectified it will lead not only to maladministration but also to inefficiency and corruption which ultimately lead to revolution.

Lord Macaulay can be described as the founder of the Civil Service in India. In those days the East India

Company was in need of administrators and other subordinate servants to look after their interests in India. The Company conducted a competitive examination and those who came out successfully were recruited to the Civil Service. The English Government of the time was very much struck by this method of selection and they began to copy the same principles and those who had received Ox-Bridge education were given preference in the recruitment for the Civil Service. Thus the Indian Civil Service, the Indian Police Service, the Indian Educational Service and other Services owe their origin to this institution.

The Civil Service in England is very efficient. It is a permanent institution which remains in office for all time unlike the Cabinet which changes with changes in the majority

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of the parties in the Parliament. The Secretaries of the various departments are Cabinet Ministers. The Minister is the head of the department and under him are the permanent Under-Secretaries, Parliamentary Under-Secretaries and other servants. The Secretary and the Parliamentary Under-Secretary are members of the party who change with changes in the party-in-power. The permanent Under Secretary and other servants belong to the Civil Service and remain in office, not being influenced by any change in the party in power. In India also the organisation is more or less the same. The Cabinet Minister is a member of the party and he remains in office as long as his party has a majority in the Parliament. There are Secretaries who are members of the Civil Service and who remain in office without being affected by changes in the Ministry. It may be noted in this connection that the Constitution of the Indian Republic has provided for the appointment of independent Public Services Commission and for the security of tenure of office of the members of the Civil Service and their prospects and promotions.

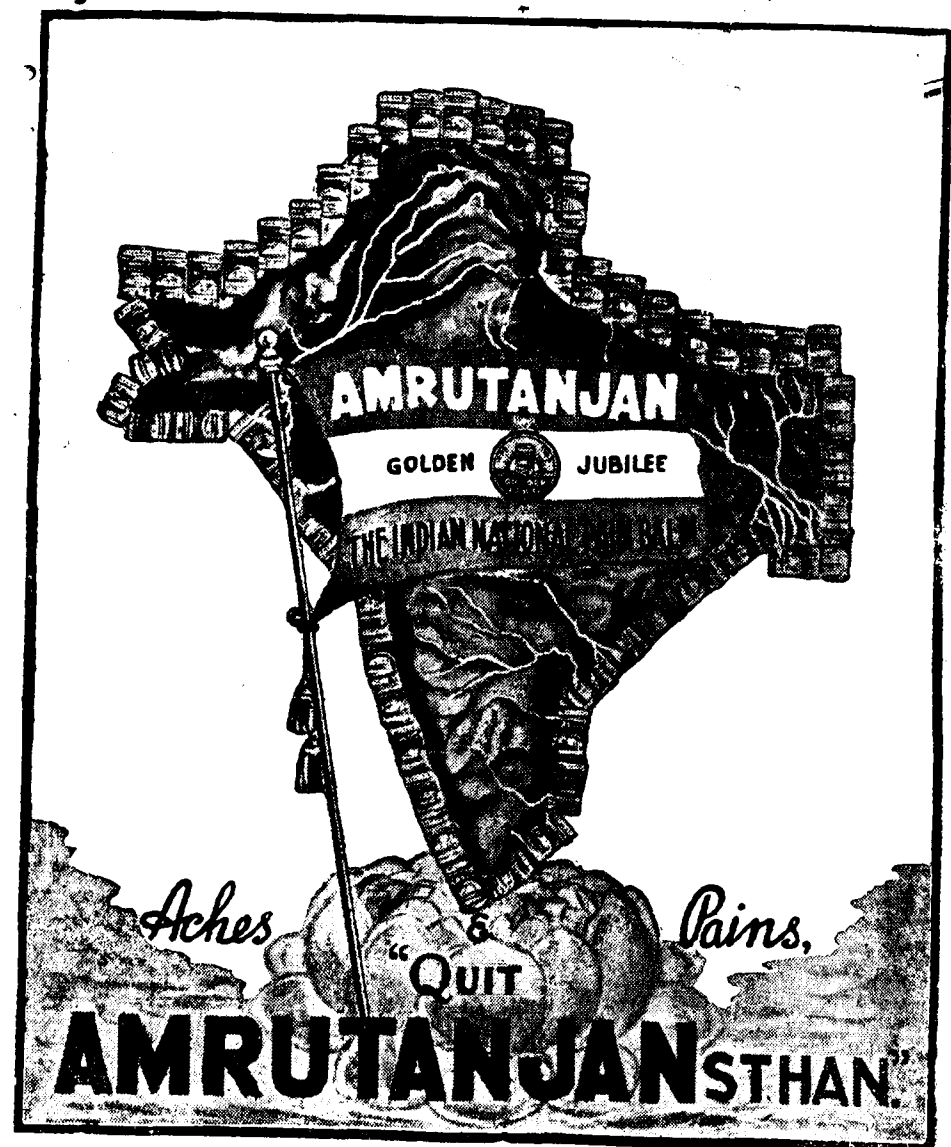
With the development of democratic institutions the Civil Service has assumed great responsibilities. It must be efficient, impartial and neutral.

The efficiency of the Civil Service must be secured at any cost since this is the permanent machinery which practically runs the government. It is said that though the average life of the French Cabinet is only a few weeks the credit for the efficient administration of France goes to the Civil Service. Some of the State Governments in India prescribe the selection basis on communal ratio and the Madras Government's communal G.O. is an instance in point. In defence of this step it is said that proportional representation must be given in the administration of the country to the various sections of the country. But it must be pointed out that this curious method to achieve adequate representation must lead to inefficiency since in certain cases the prescribed qualifications are not in-

sisted upon. Moreover, to shut out particular sections from entry into the Government service is not only gross injustice but it is quite against the basic rights and the "Fundamental Rights" safeguarded by the Indian Constitution. If the Governments themselves choose to flout the Constitution in this manner the people may take up the wrong example to disobey the Constitution.

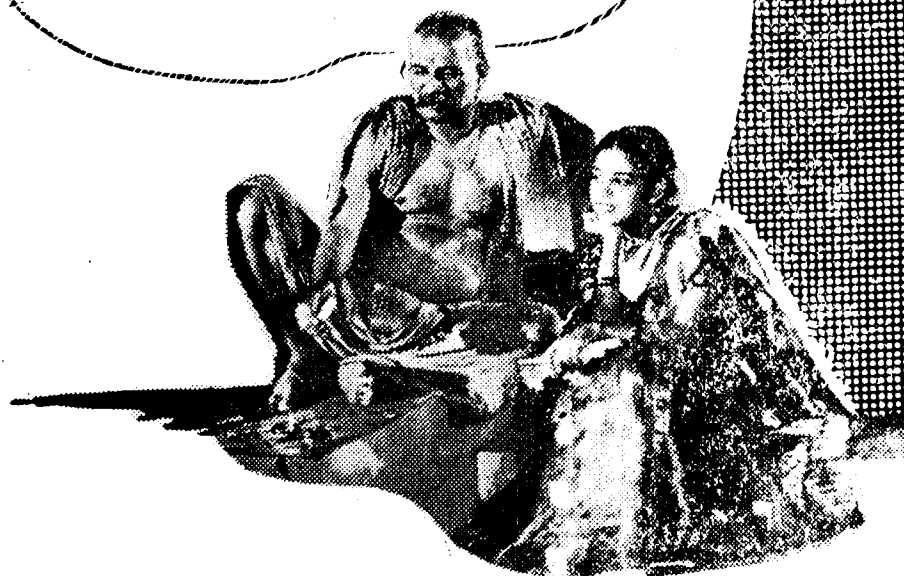
The Civil Service must be neutral and impartial. The Civil Service consists of experts and the experience of these experts has its own advantages in the administration of the country. It is the business of the Minister to give directions and to shape the policies, and the responsibility of executing them falls on the Civil Service. It has been definitely laid down in almost all States that Government servants do not take part in political activities. Though they are given the right to vote they are forbidden to express political opinions in public or behave in any manner that would mar their impartiality.

At present several reports are published in the newspapers that betray the ignorance of the men-in-power in their attitude towards the Civil Service. The departmental heads in all countries are in charge of the day-to-day administration. It is indeed regrettable if responsible Ministers tamper with the routine administration even in cases of transfer of officers. The behaviour of some of the members of the chief political party in India is not only not commendable but it is detrimental to the interests of the country. If the party men are allowed to interfere with the regular administration, nepotism, corruption and inefficiency will be the results. In spite of the advice and warnings from responsible leaders of the country these evil practices still persist and they go even to the extent of influencing Civil Service men in selecting candidates for Government appointments. It is time for the leaders to take note of this sorry and unhappy feature in the political life of the country. With an impartial, neutral and efficient Civil Service the administration of the country can be run in the interests of the people.



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SWATANTRA

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
On The Cover—Sri Pothan Joseph	4
Cartoon	5
Editorial Comment	7
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	9
Sidelights—By Saka	10
Petrol For Tractors—By K. S. Ramanujam	11
God-made Laws And Man-made Laws (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	14
Thakin Nu, Premier Of Burma—By Brigden Laidlaw	16
Blue Bird In Magic Cage (Poem)—By S. K. Chettur	17
The Future Of Parliamentary Democracy In India—By Baroo	19
In The American Press	20
Bengal's Twin Volcanoes—II—By Andrew Roth	22
Truman's Point Four Programme—By V. S. Ramakrishnan	25
Sacrifice (Short Story)—By Dr. N. Venkataramanayya	29
The Relativity Of Morals—By Sir Ribton Meredith	32
Congress And Communalism In Madras State—By S. V.	34
Public Relations—By P. R. O.	35
A Look At The New Asia—By Matthew Halton	37
The Future Of Our Democracy—By M. G. Guruswami Iyer	39
Congress Administration In Provinces—By Prof. D. Gurumurthi	41
Film Fare	43
Main Features Of The British Budget—By John Kingsley	46
Letters To The Editor	

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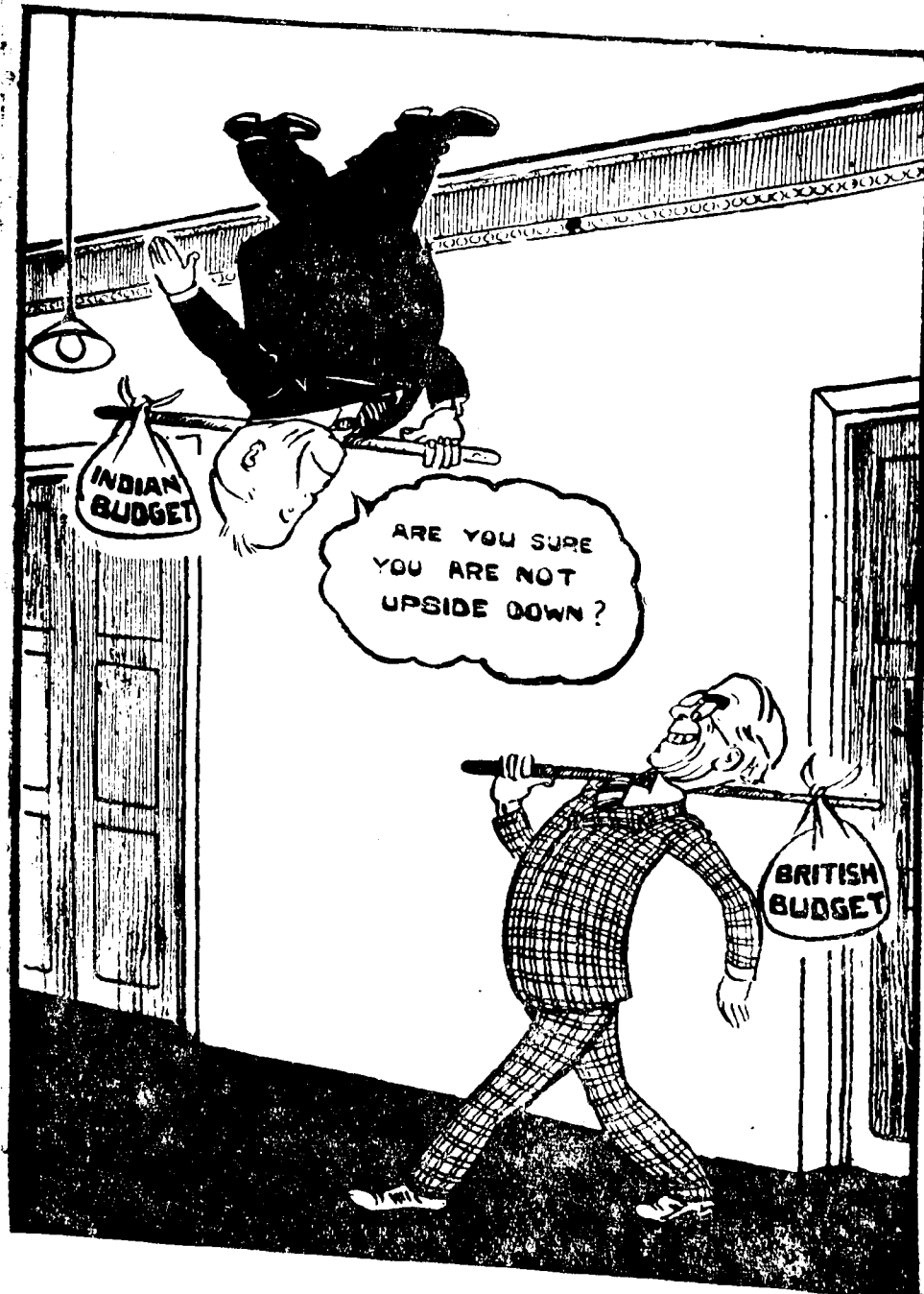
CONGRESS DISCIPLINE

THE threat of disciplinary action against Sri Prakasam has made the confusion in Congress affairs in Andhra worse confounded. Alone of all the great leaders of the country who toiled over a quarter century to make the Congress great, Sri Prakasam holds now no share of responsibility in the Congress government or organisation. He is the solitary stalwart among Congress leaders to have been cold-shouldered completely from above in the wake of the fruition of the Congress objective of freedom. His isolation from all Congress sources of power and influence has been perfect. He dwells in a wilderness fighting a lone battle against the mighty, which few believe will end victoriously for him. It is not therefore surprising if the derision of the worldly wise has pursued him and labelled him loftily as crankish and foolhardy. Some have even cracked vulgar jokes at his impoverished condition. In a country that maintained the foreigner in power for two centuries, the tradition of sycophancy is hard to shake off. It is found now-a-days as intolerant of the rebels in the Congress as it was of the Congress itself in the period when it burned incense before the altars of British authority. Loyalty follows power in expectation of rewards to come.

Power however is no substitute for justice and good government. It will be found, on analysis, that the disciplinary action threatened against Sri Prakasam is a sign of the inability of the Congress Working Committee to meet his charges in any other way.

In the hierarchy of Congress leadership in Andhra Sri Prakasam holds a rank second to none. When a leader of his stature levelled specific charges of corruption against some of the Madras Ministers, it was the clear duty of the Congress Working Committee to have enquired into them with the utmost expedition. The Ministers were administrators first owing responsibility to the whole legislature and only secondarily party men, and when charges were made calling into question their integrity as administrators, propriety demanded that a committee of the whole legislature and not of the party whose credit was involved, should have gone into the charges. By taking nearly two years over an issue entitled on public grounds to the promptest consideration, the Working Committee revealed how little importance they attached to it. By refraining from appointing a non-party committee and taking the investigation of the charges on themselves, they betrayed their apprehension of discreditable disclosures if it was taken out of the purview of a partisan task and placed under the charge of an impartial body not interested in the white-washing of the misdemeanours of Congress administrators.

The Working Committee acted as if it were the Government itself and there were no other authority in the State capable of standing between the party and the people for the correction of misgovernment. In asserting the right of a legislator against the party bosses to scrutinise the con-



Courtesy—Shankar's Weekly.

duct of alleged corrupt Ministers, Sri Prakasam has taken on himself a historical role of which the significance cannot be lost on true democrats. In less than three years Congress rule has brought the country to a deplorable state. The administrative machinery of permanent civil servants which the British left to the Congress in an efficient condition with well defined standards of rectitude has been demoralised through continuous ministerial interference for the benefit of favourites and hangers-on. Nobody in the public services gives of his best nowadays because promotion has ceased to depend on work and merit, and depends on communal considerations and the personal favour of the powerful. Very few of the Ministers and legislators measure up to their jobs. Conscientious district officials have been punished for upholding the right. There is only gloom and frustration everywhere and enthusiasm for nothing, except for privileged bands of ministerial supporters who are allowed to run riot in the districts coercing the officials to their dictation in defiance of fairplay and the rights of citizens. This sort of Congress administration now stinks in the nostrils of decent men. Sri Prakasam has refused to be swept away in the current of power and to be browbeaten by the prestige of great names like Nehru and Patel, and called for a scrutiny of the whole deteriorated set-up of government in disregard of personal consequences to himself. In their attitude to him Nehru and Patel have fallen from the high degree of responsibility expected of them as great national leaders. What is the use of whitewashing ministerial corruption with technical excuses when the effects of it are felt every day and cursed by millions of people who are now as disgusted with Congress as formerly they were ecstatic in its support? Discipline in the right sense means the use of moral authority to secure adjustment of means to ends. It is for suppressing rebel action when the rebellion runs counter to the basic principles

governing the working of an organisation. But when the rebellion is for the purpose of calling attention to such principles and insisting that they should be upheld in practice, it conforms, in essence, to the true spirit of discipline, and all the indiscipline is on the other side.

Apart from Sri Prakasam and his charges, the miserable failure of the Ministry in Madras in the elementary duty of protecting the lives of people in Andhra calls for a replacement of it with others more competent. There is something pathological in the belittling of the Communist menace by the Chief Minister, while not a day passes without the piling up of some new atrocity packed with murder and loot to the old list of recorded horrors. There is no security of life to people in Krishna and Guntur districts. They are crushed between two terrors. While the Communists come in the night and slay and rob marked men, the Malabar police come in broad daylight and raid indiscriminately, terrorising the innocent to cover their failure to protect them against the criminals. There has been a rush of people from villages to towns in sheer panic for the sake of safety. The plain truth of the matter is that there is none in the present Ministry capable of rallying the people in self-defence against the murderous onslaughts of anti-social elements, and so we find the Chief Minister making light of a tragedy that he has signally failed to tackle, while his fellow Ministers waste the people's money in useless tours to safe regions that help nobody. If there is to be no means of protest against a party in power that has spoiled its inheritance and belied its principles and failed to justify its existence, the discontent of the mis-governed people is bound to seek underground channels and come up in spurts of violence. Sri Prakasam is therefore doing the Congress the service of saving the discontented from violence by giving them hopes of relief through constitutional action.

He symbolises through his stand the principles from which the Congress has departed in day to day administration. If for this he is to be forced out of the Congress, he will take away with him the soul of the national organisation which in the past made it great.

Sotto Voce

Plebs' Pegasus



THE Madras Government's decision to raise the tax on tram cars shows acute perception of a subtle psychological truth. When misfortune visits you there is nothing more comforting than to find that the fates have dealt with somebody else a little more unkindly. Our City Fathers think nothing of multiplying profession tax rates by six and ground rents in Mambalam by sixty; who would weep over the sorrows of an impersonal corporation? But companies are resourceful and this one may put in a counter-claim. On the ground that their vehicles make a unique and unmistakable contribution to the city's noises they may regard themselves as public benefactors and ask for a rebate. The simultaneous caterwauling of a whole circus gone mad cannot achieve a fraction of our trams' intensity of pitch or penetrating power.

I read that the total number of trams in use is eighty-four. I vividly remember the day when a new car bearing the mystic No. 100 took the road. Enthusiastic amateurs insisted on explaining the finer points of the "new model" to incorrigible remnants of the pre-machine age like myself who cannot distinguish a Ford from a Rolls Royce. Sedate historians of progress looked forward with cheerful certainty to the day when tram No. 200 should slip smoothly over the shining rails. But this Victorian

delusion was rudely shattered by a strike that took place almost next day. For months the machines rusted in their sheds, the rails were buried in dust six inches deep and the city's children made mud-pies unconcernedly on Pycroft's Road.

The trams have never been the same again. They settled down to the business of growing old disreputably. For that portent, the omnibus, had put in its appearance. And it clean blew off the streets that ribald rogue, the old-time jutkawallah who reminded you of Chaucer's Miller:

*He was a jangler and a goliyardeys
And that was moost of synne and
harlotries.*

The rich harvest he had reaped in the four months or so the trams were idle proved the last flicker. Today the jutka survives as a sorry simulacrum, but without the pleasingly archaic quality of the Victoria.

"Far off like a perfect pearl there shines the City of God," said Oscar Wilde in one of the more rhetorical passages of *De Profundis*. As a boy in a mofussal college with metropolitan longings my imagination was worked to fever heat by the tales of the delights that awaited me at Chepauk, which a companion who claimed first hand knowledge spun out for my benefit. He made special mention of three things—the glory of ocean, the

perfect 'Mysore bonda' of a caterer then largely patronised by college youth and the unstaling pleasures of the tram. Well, the sea was a disappointment, and I found that the Mysore bonda was not my notion of a delectable dish. But the trams were a rich consolation.

In those far off days before the First World War you could find few things more relaxing than a long tram-ride. We were not pressed for time, you will understand—though irate Scotchmen in "the other place" could never see why we were invariably late for our inter-collegiate lectures. Our plea that the tram went into a trance in front of Ripon Buildings—on the opposite side of the road a dingy shed bore the cryptic legend, "Shroff waits here to give change to conductors only"—was received with pursed lips of a superior sniff. "Oh, these Presidency people!"—a whole world of derision at the expense of our unpunctual, dawdling selves was neatly packed into that prim protest.

But, our withers unwrung, we calmly went to sleep to the alternate strokes of the hammer from the

hardware shops down below and the sleek felinities of Prof. Crawford. For a very short trial had convinced us that any attempt to find a quicker mode of locomotion was doomed to disappointment. The tram was slow but sure. True, it had a knack of coming to a dead stop without the least provocation in the odoriferous mazes of Chintadripet. But it had an even more disconcerting habit of re-starting without notice and passing you with a malicious wink if you had thrown away your crumpled ticket in disgust and walked.

The wisdom of the tortoise is very much at a discount today. The tram continues to enjoy much favour, however, as affording a cheap apprenticeship in the art of living dangerously. The tenacity of the human limpets dangling from the outer edge and risking imminent electrocution from above or pulping from behind must be seen to be believed. And such of those as manage to squeeze themselves on to the platform at either end seem so much to relish the prospect that they are loth to move further in. Sweet are the uses of another's adversity.

VIGNESWARA

THE IRISHMAN'S IRE

What embitters the world is not excess of criticism but absence of self-criticism. It is comparatively of little consequence that you occasionally break out and abuse other people, so long as you do not absolve yourself. The former is a natural collapse of human weakness, the latter is a blasphemous assumption of divine power. And in the modern world where everybody is quarrelling about the urgent necessity of peace nobody notices how this notion has really poisoned the relations of nations and men. Thus the Irishman would never have minded the English saying he was mad; or even that he was murderous and slanderous and cruel. There was something to be said for the assertion; and the Irishmen were often ready, if not to admit it about themselves, at least to admit it about each other. The trouble began when the Englishman advanced the obviously ludicrous proposition that he himself was sane; that he was practical and sensible and well-balanced. No wonder a whole nation went wild at so fantastic a fancy as that.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

SIDELIGHTS :

The flowering of civilization is the finished man—the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power—the gentleman.—EMERSON.

THE general election was in full swing when the Indian Press Delegation visited Britain. The swing of it was noticeable however only in the newspapers. There was a lot of house to house and street corner canvassing in which the party leaders, the candidates and sometimes their wives took part. But there was precious little of boisterousness, of the heat and passion of forensic warfare, of the fomentation of excitement with the eloquence of oratory at big meetings. The spirit of the hustings was conspicuously lacking in the organisation of election activity. Yet it was clear that a quiet intensity of responsibility pervaded the whole atmosphere. People seemed to feel, through the right to vote, the thrill of a sense of power for making and unmaking Governments. Their maturity came into play in their anxiety to discover arguments to justify their decisions for or against the parties in the field. Their interest mainly centred round domestic issues like wages, prices, rationing, taxes, food and housing, and was not much exercised over questions of foreign policy or international problems. The two major parties, Labour and Conservative, have vast sections of the population devoted to them in traditional loyalty. In between lies a floating mass of millions of voters of unpledged affections open to assault and persuasion, and subjected to a fusillade of appeals and arguments from the propagandists on either side. It is the relative measure of success attained by the Labour and Conservative parties in gaining the support of this floating vote that determines which of them is to govern. The Liberal party has had its day and has fallen into decline. It no longer counts as a potential ruling party. When Labourites and Conservatives in Parliament are evenly matched, the Liberals will naturally wield some measure of importance as a balancing

third force in the State, but their glory is of the past. Eventually the Liberals will cease to exist as a party and get merged, some to the right as Conservatives and the others to the left as Socialists.

The manner in which candidates for election to the House of Commons are chosen on behalf of the Labour party is interesting. On a specified day, applicants for the honour are invited to address the general body of Labour party members in a constituency. After listening to them the general body selects as the party candidate the applicant considered by it to be the best qualified and most suitable. The opinion of the constituency is paramount and there is no way of circumventing it through back-door influence or otherwise. Sometimes even the top bosses of the Labour party on its national executive are powerless to influence the choice of party candidates in the constituencies. It would appear that Sir Stafford Cripps, being very busy, pleaded on the eve of the recent elections, that the usual formality of addressing the constituency for being accepted as the party candidate, may be waived in his case. Sir Stafford had represented South East Bristol in the previous Parliament and wished to stand for the same constituency again. He was politely told by the Chairman of the Labour Party Committee for South East Bristol that if he failed to turn up to address the constituency on the appointed day he stood in danger of not being selected as the party candidate for the constituency in the election. Sir Stafford yielded. Even by a veteran next in importance only to the Prime Minister, it was thought wise to bow to constituency opinion. The undemocratic practice of imposing on helpless constituencies nominees of some powerful operator of the organisation from a remote distance as its candidates, is unknown in the working of the Labour party in Britain.

As rivals for power Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee were key figures in the

British elections. Their personalities illustrate the respective characters of the parties led by them. In the glamour that surrounds Mr. Churchill there is an element of pugnacity. His adorers are bitterly conscious of a sense of national impropriety in the turn of the poll that ousted Mr. Churchill from power. He is a storm centre of conflicting passions, and there is no lack of detractors to neutralise the effects of the ardour of his admirers. Mr. Churchill is a hero to millions. But he has his enemies, too, round every corner. In an election meeting addressed by Mr. Churchill, the applause was an outpouring of frenzy. It had not the patience to wait for something said; it was sufficient that Mr. Churchill was there to say it. It was not healthy, because it was not related to sense. It was related to personality. Anything else coming from the same source, Mr. Churchill, would have been greeted with no less vociferous an appreciation. The Conservative leader hypnotised his audience out of reason and intelligence into dazed admiration for his gifts. And he utilised his power to make his opponents look small and ridiculous. In his election address, Mr. Churchill excelled in devastating onslaughts on dis-

sentients that dared to stand in his way. He tore them to pieces with his wit and wrung their necks with a keen relish of the ferocity of his offensives. At the end of it all, the distance between him and others in the craftsmanship of politics and controversy, stood out.

Mr. Attlee, on the other hand, began prosaically and ended formidably. He was the reverse of Mr. Churchill in having no enemies with necks to wring. He wasted no energy in destructive exploits. In a simple way he concentrated attention on the common problems of ordinary people. They found when he had done, that he had spoken their hearts out and stood out as one amongst themselves moved by their own anxieties and actuated by their own impulses and objectives. Mr. Churchill impressed others with a sense of how different he was from them and how great, but Mr. Attlee impressed them with a sense of how much at one he was with them and how steadfast and sincere his desire to place their welfare above all things. The universality of people's faith in Mr. Attlee's integrity is his greatest political asset, and no rival is able to compete with him in this.—SAKA.

PETROL FOR TRACTORS

By K. S. RAMANUJAM

IN India, particularly in the South, smaller and divided holdings are a common feature. Only small tractors and pumpsets of less than 5 h. p. can be successfully made use of by most of the agriculturists here and so can be universally popular. But these are not being purchased since almost all the tractors and pumpsets of less than 5 h.p. can be run only on petrol which is most uneconomical at the present rates which is most difficult to obtain under present rules and regulations.

The only solution to the difficulty

would be that the petrol used for agricultural purposes should be made *duty free* as in the case of aviation petrol. If air-travel is to be encouraged with such a concession, the agriculturists who are called the back-bone of the country's economy have a right to a similar claim from the Government. If the Government respond properly, there can be no doubt the cost of agricultural production in India will go down considerably while there will also be increased production of agricultural products.

GOD-MADE LAWS AND MAN-MADE LAWS

AT the informal conference on the Hindu Code Bill which recently concluded a three-day session in New Delhi, the representatives of the orthodox school trounced the reformers with the help of an unassailable ally—God almighty!

The venerable Pandits were not willing (or able?) even to discuss the merits or demerits of the provisions of the Code Bill relating to monogamy, divorce and right of property for women. To them the very idea of a temporal authority—i.e. the elected legislature of the State—laying down the law in such matters was something preposterous.

They argued that the Hindu Law was God-made law and, therefore, could not be tampered with or codified by the legislature.

That, indeed, is a fundamental postulate and in view of it, there was no point in even convening such a conference.

If Man cannot change the God-made laws, why should he waste time and energy in discussing them?

WHEN FLYING WAS SACRILEGIOUS!

One can imagine the same arguments being advanced when Suttee was abolished. That also was an interference with God-made law—but, alas, the interference has remained and even the orthodoxy has learnt to accept it as normal!

When the first steam engine was invented it was looked upon as an impious travesty of nature. When man learnt to fly and the first aeroplane went up in the air, it was condemned as a sacrilegious defiance of the God-made law that man should remain earth-bound. Indeed, dire heavenly punishment was expected to strike the men who ventured into the sky—which was the domain of the gods. Yet flying has come to be regarded as a normal means of transport and even Pandits and Maulvis and Pastors fly hither and thither on religious missions.

Aeroplanes are nowadays used to fly images of Our Lady, jars of sacred *Ganga jal*, and to speedily transport pilgrims to the Holy Mecca.

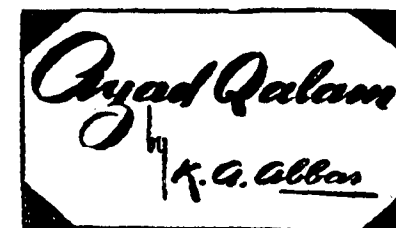
The representatives of religious orthodoxy, both among Hindus and Muslims, regarded foreign travel as a deadly sin. The Hindu (who had forgotten the traditions of navigation through which his ancestors had established cultural colonies all over South-East Asia) believed that one was polluted by going across the black waters, while the Muslim (who had forgotten that the Prophet enjoined upon the faithful to travel as far as even China in search of knowledge) was convinced that a sojourn in the land of the "infidel" British and inter-dining with the pork-eating white men caused a good Muslim to lose his faith. On his return from foreign studies, the Hindu youth was asked to cleanse himself by a dip in the Ganges, while the Muslim youth was told to purify himself by taking a bath in the tank of the neighbouring mosque.

WORLD MARCHES ON!

Among the orthodox sections of Hindus and Muslims of India, during different successive periods, it has been regarded as anti-religious (and defiance of the God-made law) to go abroad to study English, to join the Army, to inter-dine with people of other faiths and castes, to eat meat or some varieties of meat, to intermarry in other communities and castes, to wear western clothes, to be without beards or sacred tufts, etc. How many of these earlier prejudices and superstitions are already outdated?

Then again there was the corollary of the God-made law theory—that all the wisdom and knowledge needed by Man is contained in the Heaven-inspired scriptures and, therefore, there was no need to study the sciences of the infidels.

I still remember



the white-bearded Maulvi Saheb who said, in all seriousness, that complete knowledge of everything in the world was to be found in the Holy Quran and, therefore, it was a waste of time to delve into other, worldly, books. Likewise there were (and are) many Pandits who believed that the Hindus, who had their Puranas and Shastras and the Bhagwad Gita had no need of Darwin or Marx or Freud. The early Catholics had the same sort of attitude and the same fanatical prejudice against the slightest alteration in the God-made law.

But for Gandhiji's steadfast stand on behalf of the Harijans, even temple-entry for them and the removal of untouchability would be condemned as interference with the God-made law of the orthodox.

If Man had listened to the blind votaries of faith, no progress at all would have been possible in the world. And yet the world has marched on....

MAMMON OR GOD?

In the present context, it is significant to note that it is not on any metaphysical or ethical ground that the orthodoxy is so bitterly ranged against the reformers but on matters of social and economic usage and custom also noteworthy that the bitterest resentment has been caused by those provisions of the Code Bill which seek to restrict the licence of the men, or enlarge the rights and liberties of the women. The economic basis of the orthodoxy's reaction becomes clear when we read in a newspaper report—

"The succession rights of a daughter, it is believed, raised even a more serious controversy than the issues of divorce and monogamy which were the two other questions debated upon."

It is not the God-made law which is sought to be preserved but the Convention-bestowed rights of property and inheritance that are being protected from encroachment by the females of the species.

If mythology is any index of the social system ordained by the gods, polyandry was permitted, at least in some cases. The present Man-made law forbids it. Yet we have never heard even a murmur of protest that such a ban was an interference with God-made law.

Yet when polygamy is sought to be banned, the orthodoxy is up in arms to defend it as having been sanctioned by God-made law.

Likewise, the Muslim taluqdars and landlords of U. P., all through the decades of British rule, continued to deprive their sisters and daughters of their share in the inheritance—in flagrant disregard of the Islamic law which requires the property to be divided between male and female heirs. In this respect, because it suited them, they demanded to be governed not by Muslim Law but by "custom and usage" which was based on "Hindu Law." Yet these very taluqdars and landlords were in the vanguard of the agitation for Pakistan when they daily swore by the name of Islam.

How often is religion used as an excuse, and a convenient cloak, for man's greed and economic self-interest? So often it is not God but Mammon that inspires those who only seek to exploit the name of God.

IN PAKISTAN, TOO!

Again, it is significant to note how easily the social reactionaries in both the communities can unite to resist progressive ideas and social reforms. The opposition to Sarada Act came jointly from the orthodox Hindus and orthodox Muslims—both of whom raised the hue and cry of "Religion in danger." As if it was any part of Islam or Hinduism to marry child brides before the age of puberty!

The opposition to the Hindu Code Bill in Parliament has received valuable (and voluble!) support from conservative Muslim members like Mr. Naziruddin Ahmed.

While in India, a growing volume of conservative opinion is now beginning to demand a theocratic State based on the principles of "Hindu Dharma" (and the social usages which have been practised in the name of Hinduism), in Pakistan there is a strong and vocal minority clamouring for the introduction of the laws of the "Shariat" and demanding that the Constitution of Pakistan should be based on the Quran.

The ridiculous extent to which an obscurantist and antediluvian social ideology can go, can be gauged by the suggestion made in Pakistan that Arabic be adopted as the national

language of Pakistan. As if it was not sufficient to inflict Urdu on the Punjabi-speaking, Pushto-speaking, Sindhi-speaking and, largest of them all, on the Bengali-speaking common people of Pakistan, now comes this fantastic proposal to impose the classical language of Arabia on people most of whom have not learnt the three R's even in their own dialect. Of course, the proposal is no more fantastic than the similar suggestion that Sanskrit be adopted as the national language of India.

A Socialist friend of mine once told me: "Let the Pakistan Government adopt Arabic and let the Government of India adopt Sanskrit, as the official language of their respective countries. The common people will not be able to make head or tail of what the Congress and Muslim League leaders will be talking about, and the Socialists and other leftists will be the only ones who will be able to contact the masses in the language of the people—which will continue to be simple Hindustani both in India and Pakistan!"

AFRAID OF THE LIGHT, SISTER?

To revert to the informal conference on Hindu Code Bill, it is surprising to find some women opposing a measure which is primarily meant to improve their legal status and to save them from the many social inequalities and inequities. Not only two ladies—Mrs. Janaki Bai Joshi and Mrs. Vidyavati Devi—who attended this conference opposed the provisions of the Code Bill relating to divorce, monogamy and daughter's right to property, but a dozen women were actually arrested while demonstrating against the Code Bill.

While enlightened and progressive women everywhere have supported the Hindu Code Bill, it is amusing as well as pathetic to find many women opposing it. They remind one of the Chinese prisoner who, when he emerged after 40 years imprisonment in a dark dungeon, was so stunned by the glare of the sun, that he begged to be sent back to the dark cell!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

FORT BENNING (Georgia): President Truman told American Military

Chiefs here that he did not believe there would be a third world war.... He added that he believed the world would eventually find sanity."

MOSCOW: On the occasion of Lenin's 80th birthday, the magazine, Bolshevik, the highest organ of the Communist Party, has published a letter of Lenin which appeared in an American paper in 1920 in which he had written: "Let the American capitalists not touch us. We won't touch them. We are even prepared to pay gold for machines, machine tools, etc. not only gold but also raw materials." Accompanying editorials stressed Lenin's and Stalin's teachings about a possibility of the co-existence of the two systems, capitalism and socialism, without war.

LAHORE: Mir Laik Ali, former Premier of Hyderabad, is understood to have acquired Iranian citizenship, on the same basis as the Aga Khan. As an Iranian, he will continue to live in Pakistan.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

BOMBAY: Two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five persons have been kept under detention at present in various jails all over India, the Government of India revealed in their communication to the Secretary of the All-India Civil Liberties Association, Poona.

NEW DELHI: Armed with a 13-point programme, 700 sadhus in sack-cloth and ashes will shortly march through the villages of India waging a war against "the spirit of selfishness, pride and jealousy." Leader of these crusaders, Acharya Tulsiji, ninth head of the Jain Swastambar Tera Panthis, said that their programme was evolved to solve the country's problems through "moral regeneration."

BOMBAY: With all his four wives still alive, a fifty-five year old merchant, Laxman Gopal, was caught getting married for the fifth time in Kalbadevi. This time the would-be groom happened to contravene the recently enacted Bigamy Act while in fact he was already guilty of polygamy."

THAKIN NU, PREMIER OF BURMA

By BRIGDEN LAIDLAW

(It was announced that Thakin Nu, Premier of Burma is visiting London during the first week of May. This article will therefore be of topical interest to readers).

THAKIN NU, the bright-eyed young Premier of Burma, is now a free man—but in his past are several prison stretches, the lot of most Burmese in high Government offices. Long a thorn in the side of the British as one of the young bosses of the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, Premier Nu is learning that Government is a rough road, whoever treads it. However trying Nu and his cronies were to the British, dissident elements now opposing Nu's Government—Communists, tribal minorities, a private army, deserters—are far more a headache to the existing order.

In the late 1930's and early 1940's Premier Nu and his colleagues were frequently imprisoned by the British colonials for staging strikes against their administration and demanding that they get out of Burma. The prisons turned out to be universities in the techniques of revolution. Languishing together in the cells, they formulated tactics for use on their release, to embarrass the British further.

Back in 1936, when the agitators, many of them members of Rangoon University's rowdy class of '37 began making life irritable for the British, the Thakin party came into being. "Thakin" means "lord" or "master." For years it had been a courtesy title, somewhat like "sahib" in India, for Britons and other Westerners. The young agitators themselves adopted the word for their first names. Thus Premier, Nu, like Than Tun, the Burmese Communist boss, acquired the name "Thakin."

Despite dissenting voices, Thakin Nu recently told his people that the crisis in Burma had passed. The future of the country still depends on the outcome of the conflict with several rebellious groups, he declared,

but there is no likelihood of a return to "the bleak days of February, March and April" when the people lived in a "terrible state of suspense." He said it was "absolutely impossible" for rebel groups to unite.

Along with other high officials who are mindful of assassinations of predecessors, Nu lived behind a 15-foot barbed wire fence in Windermere Park, once the fashionable home of British civil servants. The Premier always wears the national costume—a silk kerchief-like head-dress, short jacket and garish skirt-like longyi, sometimes known as a sarong.

Thakin Nu is a Marxist, but definitely an anti-Stalinist one. He grew into radicalism in prison. The British allowed the prisoners whatever books they wanted, and the young men became members of the Left Book Club of England, which specialised in radical, anti-Fascist literature. Meanwhile they acquired Marxist and Leninist works and the writings of Mao Tse-tung, the No.1 Chinese Communist. Almost all of them became converts. They emerged to leadership of the Socialist and Communist parties that in turn provided intellectual stimulus for the People's Freedom League. The Red Dragon Book Club, where revolutionary tracts were readily available, became their clubroom.

At 43, Premier Nu's boyish face, usually wreathed in smiles belies his age. Yet Nu is a senior among the Government leaders. Succeeding to power in Burma with the British withdrawal last year, the young bosses of the People's Freedom League picked Nu because of his amiability, a trait which helps him compromise their divergencies. Several years ago Nu translated Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People", a commentary on his sociable

character. However, this facet has not sapped his administrative drive.

When Nu's Government took the reins in January, 1948, a radical programme was immediately instituted. Valuable timber tracts and the huge Irrawaddy Flotilla Company were nationalized. Land rents were cut and a start was made on a programme of redistribution of the land.

However, this programme soon faltered. Political appointees to many key positions proved inept. In fact, for some jobs trained leadership seemed entirely lacking. Meanwhile, the cause of economic deterioration has been the civil war, that has racked Burma since March, 1948, only three months after the Government took over from Britain.

Western observers generally agree that of all Burmese, Nu is best suited to lead the Government. However capable he may be, forces outside his control have greatly impaired his efforts. In the end they may defeat him.

The Premier has outlined his platform, "the Leftist Unity Programme", in full. Among its major points are: "Nationalization of industries now in the hands of monopolistic capital," Government handling of foreign trade; industrialisation—"a counter-attack against the attacks which are being launched by capitalists," reduction of house rents and taxes, and propagation of the writings of Marxist authors such as Marx himself, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Mao Tse-tung, Tito and Dimitrov.

In Premier Nu's platform, the greatest controversy was caused by this declaration: "We propose to seek political and economic relationship with Soviet Russia and the new democracies of Eastern Europe in the same way as we have achieved such relationships with Britain and the U.S."

Many observers believe Nu introduced this affirmation in an effort to lure the recalcitrant native Communist back into the Government fold. Compromise of any sort, it would seem, was preferable to continued Communist warring against the State. However, Nu has made clear that he



Mr. V. S. Krishnaswami, who has been elected President of Madras Stock Exchange Association.

believes the Kremlin responsible for inciting Burma's Communists. And though Burma and Russia have recognized each other diplomatically, they have not yet exchanged diplomatic representation.

As a matter of fact, Premier Nu several times has voiced faith in Britain, rather than Russia. He has sought British assistance in a loan. Further more, he has described Jawaharlal Nehru, India's great anti-Communist Premier, as one of Asia's great leaders of this century.

In a message marking Burma's achievement of independence Nu said, of Britain, "We need harbour no resentment.... Our period of tutelage and separation are now alike over and, benefitting by what we have learned from the outside world, we part this day in friendship."

Nu has several times resigned, but each time his colleagues have forced his return to office. He didn't want the job in the first place, he has said. He hopes soon to retire to a Buddhist monastery. There he wants to write novels, poetry and drama. (COPY-RIGHT).

BLUE BIRD IN MAGIC CAGE

(On a toy Japanese watch representing a bird in a gilded cage)

By S. K. CHETTUR

This little toy,
Blue bird perched in gilded cage
Gold barred, silver-mirrored,
Counts out the minutes with effortless ease:
All this movement
All this stir—
My fingers pressed the key
And gave them Life:—
Quiet bird sleeping in cage
Suddenly awoke
Leapt to life under my touch:

All this is only my Life
Pressed out into action by
My fingers:—
Even as I look
I can see the beat
Of my own life
As the bird's beak twists from side to side.

It frightens me
When I see
My heart beats ticking out at me:
Life is so short and so sweet and so bitter,
I cannot but feel agony
At the thought that a fine meter
Of movement controls my life's pulse:
All my thoughts, ideals, actions
Shall continue and end
Even as when
The Divine Hand which pressed Life into me
Withdraws That magic impulse
And leaves me in the cold:
The Bird with Impulsive Beak
Shall stand still,
The heart-beat shall relapse
And I shall be quiescent
Within this cage of Life,
Not knowing if the Divine Impulse
Will stir me to Life again
With winding of a magic key....



FUTURE OF PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY IN INDIA

By BAROO

WITH nearly three years of independence behind us, it is by no means too early to say that parliamentary democracy has been a failure in the country. The only redeeming feature of this failure has been the continued personal popularity of a few top-ranking leaders of the Congress. The control that these leaders have exercised over the Central Government, and through their position within the Party, as well as through their hold over the masses in general, over the State Governments, has been a saving grace in an otherwise hopeless situation. And yet the influence of the Congress High Command has not been an unmixed blessing. It has no doubt preserved the concept of unity of control in national affairs, but at a terrible cost. For the Congress leadership has paid for the loyalty of the party bosses in the States by overlooking and even conniving at their lapses from public morality.

These lapses have been both widespread and serious. In five out of the nine erstwhile provinces, they have assumed the character of public scandals which have done irreparable harm to the party, and which the local groups in power have naturally wanted to hush up. In each single case, the High Command has enough to back up the errant majority group as the easiest and shortest way out of an unsavoury business. But this was a wrong and shortsighted thing to do, because although the leaders of the nation have thereby consolidated their position inside the party, such as it is, they have compromised themselves in the eyes of the people, and thus weakened the party as a whole. But have these top leaders succeeded even in consolidating their position within the party? Does not each concession to evil lead to another and a bigger concession to evil, and therefore to a further surrender of leadership? There can be little doubt that the Congress High Command has been

caught in this vicious circle: if proof is needed it is available in its attitude towards the recent elections to Parliament when more than one State returned to the national forum men who had no other qualification than their servile loyalty to some provincial Jim Farley.

It has thus come about that while almost every State ministry stinks in the nostrils of its people, it is being sustained by a portion of that vast, but definitely diminishing, fund of goodwill that the topmost leaders of the Congress still possess. Not that the State ministries do not enjoy the confidence of the legislatures. The fact is that they do, but what collections of the corrupt and inefficient our legislatures are! It would have been a bad enough failure of democracy if our legislative bodies had been merely what they are—composed for the most part of illiterate opportunists—but our misfortune has extended further, and has blessed us with popular leaders who lend their support to the steamrolling of an odd legislator here and there who has the courage to expose the rottenness of our State Governments. A more complete failure of the representative system of government could be hardly imagined.

Still, the fact of the popularity of a few men at the Centre cannot be denied, whatever the use to which it might be put. This, indeed, is the tragedy of the whole situation. If, on the one hand we allow ourselves to be consoled with the thought that at least the Central Government is both relatively popular and efficient, we have, on the other hand to remember that this popularity is being exploited in the States for most unworthy ends.

Is there any hope of an early deliverance from the yoke of State Governments that are in most cases serving merely to enrich the corrupt and to demoralise and pauperize the honest? Will the coming elections bring any relief? There seems to be

little room for optimism. The personal popularity of Nehru and Patel is still formidable enough to earn millions of votes for the party they stand for, however well-hated it might otherwise be. Behind them stands the name and the memory of Gandhiji, another exploitable personage. Remember also that no other party possesses the widespread organisation that the Congress can boast of, and that it alone will be able to fully reach the gigantic electorate next year. Control of a demoralised and a more or less corrupted administration will be another weapon in its armoury, and one that can be used to great effect in a backward country like ours.

Who is there to channelise and make electoral capital of the popular hatred for the Congress? The Communists, the only determined party in opposition, will not be allowed to function—of this there can be no doubt. The Mahasabha will have a chance of success only if the country is gripped by communal passions at the time of the elections, and, what is more, is also allowed to threaten the existence of our “secular” State by taking part in them. It is a little frightening to think what would happen if both these conditions are satisfied next year. We would find ourselves under a regime considerably worse than even the Congress, and be saddled with an open Fascism in the removal of which parliamentary methods would not avail. But the chances are that the Congress will not allow the Mahasabha to contest the elections on terms favourable to it.

We are left with the Socialists. They will definitely fight the elections, but with what results? As far as can be seen today, the Socialist Party will no doubt have local successes, but to expect it to capture even a single State would be to indulge in wishful thinking. For not only is the Socialist Party deficient in point of organisation, but it is also lacking in shrewd leadership and in a definite-enough programme. The party is much too nationalistic to be an efficient Opposition. It is torn between a pathetic desire to score debating points against Nehru (for whom its leaders have a tremendous secret admiration) and a generally stronger

urge not to embarrass the Government. Although the circumstances were favourable, the Socialist leaders have failed to capture the imagination of the people who do not expect much of them, and do not look up to them as their possible saviours against Congress misrule.

We should therefore expect the Congress, with all the advantages that it will have over other parties, and in spite of its general unpopularity, to still emerge as the biggest party in the next elections. That will be a queer sort of democracy but it will hardly surprise anybody who knows the fatal Indian weakness of hero-worship, the exceptionally uninformed state of mind in which millions of our countrymen will flock to the polls a year hence, and the ease with which even more qualified electorates can be managed by efficient party machines.

But what will be the consequences of a fresh lease of life for the Congress? It is likely that the evils from which we are suffering today will be further accentuated. The new legislators and ministers might well be of a quality even poorer than that of our present rulers. Corruption will probably increase, and Governments become even more unpopular than they are today. There will be a further falling-off in administrative standards and integrity, and a greater dependence upon the police and Security Acts for muting the voice of criticism. Government's continued failure to deal adequately with the domestic economic situation will perhaps be reflected in a continued state of tension in external affairs, of which war might be the ultimate disastrous end.

Not that the situation will not contain an element of hope. Sometimes things have to become worse before they can take a turn for the better, and the present malaise seems to be an example of that truth. But the price of improvement will have to be paid. For the rebellion against Fascism and corruption in public life will not take an easy parliamentary line—the patience of the people will have too far gone for them to believe any longer in the ballot box. With the so-called democratic methods thoroughly discredited, the leadership of the dis-

gruntled and the oppressed will pass into the hands of extremists and the advocates of direct action. Chaos and civil war would follow, but the ultimate overthrow of the forces of reaction would be certain.

But is there no other way out of the gathering crisis? Can even Nehru do nothing to save the country from the agony of an internal struggle that will almost definitely follow another Congress victory at the polls? The answer to this question is both Yes and No. Nehru can, if he so decides, free himself from the toils of the corrupt party machine that has enmeshed him and of which he is fast becoming a part. He can rally the better elements of the party round him and begin a campaign of cleaning the party up. But he cannot hope to succeed in this task because the time of reformation has already passed and corrupt elements are too firmly entrenched within the party to be easily dislodged. But while he cannot by any stretch of imagination lead a purified Congress to victory in the next elections, he can, if he so wishes, build up a new party that will

prove irresistibly strong if it is progressive enough and uncompromising enough in its attitude to reaction and corruption in all forms. Such a party could easily sweep the polls next year and save parliamentary democracy in the country.

Unfortunately, there is no indication that Nehru will do any such thing. He has strong, aristocratic ideas about loyalty and is too sentimental to break himself away from an organisation that has claimed his unbroken fealty for thirty years and more. He is likely to sink or swim with the party till the last. He lacks the ruthless insight which might warn a greater leader—as it did warn Gandhiji—of the consequences of continuing to let the Congress party exist at a time when it can benefit few except the men who have got control of its machinery, but can harm millions.

Such being the case, one can only wait for parliamentary democracy to die a violent death in the country. After all, if we are not fit enough to run a particular form of political system, why not admit the fact and face the consequences cheerfully?

IN THE AMERICAN PRESS

DURING the last week a number of articles have appeared in the American press about Prime Minister Nehru. We quote below portions from one such:—Nehru's personal popularity might well be envied by most heads of States. Often hundreds of thousands came to hear his public speeches. But the Prime Minister is more popular than his Government. Americans should also realise that many Indians do not consider Nehru the true master of the country. Patel is the real Prime Minister of India. Nehru, unlike the 74 year old Patel, has a long history of belief in reform. His deputy however, exerts increasing influence over both the Prime Minister and the trend of domestic policy. Most Indians with political opinions

give their allegiance to the Government, hoping that it will do better. But organized opposition exists. The Government is challenged on the right by anti-Moslem and anti-Pakistan organizations and on the left by Socialists and Communists. There is no present likelihood that any of these opponents could soon displace the Congress party but a worsening of economic conditions or of relations with Pakistan might bring rapid political changes.

Some American observers have seen in India, with its population and key location, a potential, Western-oriented leader of restless Asia. Yet only if India puts its economic house in order is it likely to develop sufficient strength to play a more active role of leadership.

BENGAL'S TWIN VOLCANOES-II

By ANDREW ROTH

ALTHOUGH Premier B. C. Roy tells people abroad that India has a lesson of "non-violence" to teach the world, last year his police commissioner, discussing street demonstrations at a press conference, said: "Whenever we shoot, we shoot to kill." The latter is more representative of the violence with which the police of "non-violent" Dr. Roy handle opponents.

A visitor to Calcutta even during the few comparatively peaceful months of the last year is immediately struck by the number of armed policemen touring in open trucks which enable them to jump off and move rapidly into action. Twice during the past year troops have been called in. Recently Communist and communal excesses have given the West Bengal Government adequate reason for full use of these powers. But in actual fact, the West Bengal Government exploited these police powers before there was an active Communist threat and after the first communal threat had passed.

Actually it was as much the suppressive tactics of the Bengal administration as the abrupt Cominform swing that helped push the Indian Communists into terrorist extremism. The key period was the fall of 1947 when the Indian Communists were following a programme of "All support to the Nehru Government" as a means of beating back Hindu-Moslem riots. In Bengal, where they had the biggest proportion of their membership, their Hindu-Moslem "peace squads" were particularly active. But in November 1947, the Congress Government introduced a "Criminal Law Amendment Bill" which gave the Government special "powers to check sabotage; to prohibit prejudicial acts, publications and communications; to proscribe certain documents; impose censorship of the press; control processions and meetings; prevent unauthorized drilling of a military nature....to arrest and detain persons without warrant for a period not exceeding two years." The Congress Premier insisted it was passed only

to prevent "communal disorders" and that it was not intended to "suppress any political organization or party or trade unionism." In some cases, it has been used against persons actually using terrorist tactics. But in many cases, it has been used to put away unwanted political or economic opponents. It is difficult to separate the justly from the unjustly imprisoned because few informed persons believe any accusation brought by the Bengal police. This disbelief became particularly pronounced after a Communist leader who had been partially paralyzed for months was arrested on the charge of having been selected by the party for military training!

This security law has been widely used to harass all Government critics. During its operation, over thirty daily and weekly journals have been compelled to close. Last November, about a fortnight after I had interviewed him, Professor K. C. Chattopadhyaya the President of the leftist West Bengal Civil Liberties Committee, was served with an order prohibiting him "from communicating in any form with the press." In addition he was forbidden to address or participate in any public meeting, even in his own home. If he violates this unusual order, he will be jailed.

This treatment is not reserved for Communists or near-Communists alone. A Bengali leader of the law-abiding Socialist Party wrote recently that Congress leaders "treat Socialists and normal trade unions in the same way as subversive and insurrectionary sections.... The Government refuses to recognize the citizen's right to modify Government policies by an appeal to public opinion. The net reaction of all this on younger political workers is to drive them into the arms of an insurrectionary psychology." Last summer the conservative "Times of India" warned Bengali Congress leaders that "a Government that never shows its face except through the medium of lathi-charges and police firing...is bound to lose the confidence of the people."

Although the West Bengal Government has spent much money and effort to cork up popular eruptions, it has done little to diminish the remediable deep-seated causes of pressure. Life is difficult, partly because the truncated province does not produce enough rice, which staple is therefore scarce and expensive. Both irrigation and agrarian reform are needed to increase production. In irrigation, the Government has squandered money on slow-moving unproductive projects. In a trip into Birbhum ("Land of the Brave") district, this correspondent found that of 25,000 tanks (irrigation pools) 20,000 are unusable for want of repairs. Experts estimate these could be repaired in a year or two for \$5,000,000 and double the crop yield. But it would require a fight with the semi-feudal landlords who control many of them. The Government, rather than disturb the crumbling *status quo*, is spending \$14,000,000 on a canal project which will take another seven years. A number of grandiose plans like the Damodar Valley Project have been pared down, pushing their completion into the future and accentuating disillusionment. Meanwhile Bengalis spend too much for too little rice.

Another method of stimulating production would be by lowering rents of share-croppers, enabling them to spend more on better seeds, animals and fertilizers. This is a popular desire and the Communists have won millions of supporters through their *tebhaga* (one-third) movement to reduce rents to one-third of the crop. The Government has introduced a land ordinance but this gives the

owner one-third, the tiller one-third and leaves the allocation of the remaining third to a Government-dominated Control Board almost certain to be favourable to the landlord. This ordinance cripples the tiller's rights by making it impossible for him to go to court and by giving the owner many opportunities to evict him.

The Government's negative defence of the *status quo* is also felt in Calcutta, which is feeling deeply the effects of India's general economic crisis. Calcutta industry has been particularly hard hit because the "cold war" between India and Pakistan has crippled the supply of jute to its mills. Both the Government and private employers are retrenching employees. When the bus company advertised for 75 drivers recently, it was flooded by 50,000 requests, many from college graduates.

The Government has offered no practical, constructive lead. It has not cleaned house to cut down the corruption and bureaucratic delays which hamper Bengal business. It has not encouraged the vital but outmoded jute industry to modernize to meet the competition of synthetics. This inaction has encouraged negative actions. Frustration finds its voice in the short-lived frenzy of Communist and communal street riots.

The West Bengal Government can, with enough military police and military, sit on the lids of these twin volcanoes. But unless they make an early attempt to bank the fires deep below the surface, a Bengal eruption seems likely and its lava may engulf all of India.—(Concluded).

"At any rate," said the auctioneer, "mine is a business that a woman can't take up." "Nonsense," put in the strong-minded lady. "A woman would make quite as good an auctioneer as any man." "Would she?" retorted the other. "Well, you try and imagine an unmarried lady standing up before a crowd and saying, 'Now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer!'"

Husband (arriving home late): "Can't you guess where I've been?"
Wife: "I can, but tell me your story!"

Master: "Now I want you to tell me which of these words are singular and which are plural. Clarkson, you take the first: 'trousers'."
Clarkson (after deliberation): "Singular at the top and plural lower down, sir."

TRUMAN'S POINT FOUR PROGRAMME

By V. S. RAMAKRISHNAN

ON January 20, 1949, President Truman made four points in the customary presidential inaugural address, regarding his programme for peace and freedom, after taking the oath as President. These were, firstly, continued support to the United Nations and its related agencies; secondly, perseverance in the programme for world recovery, particularly full backing to the European Recovery Programme; thirdly, strengthening the freedom-loving nations against dangers of aggression by working out and collaborating in regional security pacts; and fourthly, a bold, new, programme for making the benefits of scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of under-developed areas. This "bold, new programme" of the United States, now come to be known as the "Point Four" Programme, is an integral part of that country's foreign policy said to be born out of an earnest desire to help maintain Democracy against forces that threaten its existence. President Truman said in his inaugural address, "And in co-operation with other nations we should foster capital investment in areas needing development." For purposes of this programme, the areas that are entitled to the help are Africa, the Near East, Far East and certain regions of Central and South America. The programme is sought to be implemented by imparting the "know-how" of science and industry and by private investments abroad, though it has also been made clear that the success of the programme will come about only if indigenous capital is forthcoming in an ample measure.

On February 25, 1949, the United States delegate moved a resolution in the Economic and Social Council for implementing the "Point Four" Programme for extending technical aid to under-developed countries through the United Nations, and it was adopted on March 4, 1949, after which there

were consultations between the Secretary-General and the heads of the various specialised agencies like the International Labour Organisation, Food and Agriculture Organisation, etc. As a result of these consultations, a report was drawn up in May, 1949, the first part of which dealt with the objectives of the programme and the second part contained ways and means of implementing it. The report also recommended the creation of a Technical Assistance Committee. By the middle of August, 1949, the United Nations Technical Aid Programme had received the approval of the Economic and Social Council.

In a special message to the Congress on June 24, 1949, President Truman asked for an appropriation of 45 million dollars as the contribution of the United States for the first year. A bill for authorising the programme was sent to the House of Representatives and another empowering the Export-Import Bank, an agency of the United States Government, to guarantee U. S. private investments abroad, was sent to the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. The committee prepared a bill, under which the authority of the Export-Import Bank would be expanded to guarantee U. S. private capital invested in productive enterprises abroad against risks attendant upon such investments, namely, inconvertibility of the concerned country's currency earned as a result of investments in that country into U. S. dollars and their transfer to the United States and nationalisation without compensation. Public hearings have commenced on these bills from the first week of this month.

It is announced that the United States Government will try to carry out this programme with the help of other scientifically and industrially advanced nations within the framework of the United Nations and on February 25, 1949, while introducing the resolution in the Economic and

Social Council, the United States delegate said that the aid is to be not only for merely industrialising the under-developed countries but also for the larger economic and social purpose of creating a climate of opinion, habits, capacities and activities. Thus, it will be seen that the aid will cover a very wide field of development and will be financed by the United States in part. It is obvious that the United States will have to bear a considerable portion of the cost which is not much difficult for that country. It has indeed much experience in extending such "technical know-how" aids abroad. Since the war, the United States has been doing more than half of the international lending, more than two thousand U. S. companies own properties abroad and Government lending has been on the increase since 1940. Considering these facts, it cannot be denied that the United States, with its mighty resources in money and materials, can extend its abundant knowledge to be utilised for other countries' benefits without strain. U. S. technicians can study the economic conditions of other nations and advise their Governments, organise research and experimental stations, arrange for publication of specialised reports, etc. They may also help the universities with professors, research equipment, etc.

The programme has naturally raised great hopes in many countries considered to be "under-developed," and these hopes have been further reinforced by the assurance of President Truman in his Inaugural Address that "the old imperialism—exploitation of foreign profit—has no place in our plans. What we envisage is a programme of development based on the concepts of democratic fair-dealing." As a matter of fact, American capital has recently made great strides in its foreign investments. A motor-car assembling plant is to be established by the Kaiser-Frazer Corporation in Israel which will supply \$500,000 out of the total capital of \$2,500,000. Moves are also on for the construction of a steel rolling mill in Israel. Perhaps more important is the decision of the Socony Vacuum Oil Co., Inc. to construct a complete oil refinery at Coryton, England, in conjunction with a British concern at an esti-

mated cost of 30 million dollars. Again, the U. S. Steel Corporation has finalised a project with an investment of many millions of dollars in Venezuela for developing iron ore deposits there. Further, industrial production in the Marshall Aid countries in Europe (which were in no better condition than the present "under-developed" countries, at the time Marshall Aid was started) in 1949 was 15% above the 1938 level and the farm output of Europe in 1950 is expected to be a new post-war record. It is believed that Marshall Aid has definitely helped these countries to a considerable extent. Mr. Paul Hoffman, the Marshall Aid Administrator, has observed recently that Europe's increase in production was "Spectacular" and "beyond even the most optimistic forecasts made two years ago." All these factors would undoubtedly influence the many Governments concerned to seek the aid and it should be noted that American technical man-power and materials are of the finest order so as to ensure rapid improvement. As far as the Far Eastern countries are concerned, the only one to have received American aid so far is Philippines which, since its recapture from Japanese hands during the closing stages of the last global war, has leaned heavily on America and has, thereby, substantially reverted to her former stability. Provision of similar aid appears to be very necessary for Asian countries because most of them still find their economies unsatisfactory; indigenous capital is not either available to the required extent or is unwilling to take risks. During his recent tour of the United States, Pandit Nehru said that India would welcome American aid on a basis which would respect mutual sovereignty. It can be safely presumed that most of the Far Eastern countries would endorse that forthright statement wholeheartedly.

But the picture is not without its dark side too. There are many factors which have to be considered before any decision is arrived at in any country aspiring for this aid. The United States Government has released 8,686 million dollars under Marshall Aid arrangements since April, 1948, which puts the average yearly aid at

4343 millions. As compared to this, the 45 million originally proposed is a paltry sum indeed; and, recently, this has further been reduced to 25 million. That leaves 15 million for the other Point Four regions. To start on a "bold, new, programme" with a 15 million is odd. The amount pales into nothing when the area involved is taken into account. The primary responsibility of guaranteeing convertibility and due compensation for confiscation rests upon the country that receives the aid. As it is, to attract U.S. private capital abroad, the prospects of earnings in foreign countries should be such as to induce investment. This is sadly lacking in every proposed Point Four country. The East has never been considered a good ground for investment by Americans, and a major part of their money went out to Europe and Canada as also to South America. Indonesia has recently received a 100 million dollar loan through the Export-Import Bank, and apart from that the U.S. investments in these regions are computed to be very negligible. Israel has authorised foreign investors to transfer upto 10% of their investment by way of profits, interest on capital and depreciation. But she is a soft currency country and will have to strive hard to keep up to it in the case of American investors. Likewise, it is doubtful whether any country in the East can guarantee such a high rate of convertibility of currency. Again, the new investor in Israel need not pay tax on income earned in that country during the first seven years after he becomes a resident of Israel. This is a very far-reaching provision which Dr. Mathai of India or any

other Finance Minister in the East would not make. Recently, however, reports say that America is considering a Marshall Aid plan for Asia with such regional modifications as are considered necessary with Japan as a base.

Nevertheless, Point Four aid should be avoided as far as possible if only to make the people feel more responsible and active and thereby help create more and more indigenous investment, cutting down the domestic purchasing power. Indeed in every country in Asia, people are either indolent or ignorant and the more Governments in Asia try to create capital from within, the better it would be for all concerned. By increasing industrial and agricultural production and exports to dollar area, they can get more dollars and finance purchase of capital equipment, machinery, etc., as also arrange for the technical "Know-how" directly through the ESCAPE and other U.N. agencies devoted to Far East Affairs. The chances of intensification and furtherance of the cold war between the two warring camps in the world, by application of the aid to these regions, cannot be minimised. All things considered, a determined attempt to achieve progress and register self-sufficiency even slowly though steadily, appears to be an honourable course and best suited to the circumstances. This attempt is possible of achievement if the Asian countries try to look at and solve common problems more in unison on the basis of frequent consultations and it is to be hoped that such a unity will be witnessed in the not distant future.

EVE HELPS BUSINESS

Women very nearly monopolise the advertising profession in the way of alluring purchasers by their portraits. If sock suspenders or braces are being sold, it is more than probable that a smiling young woman will peep out of the papers at us, saying that these are the braces or sock-suspenders which Tom wears, and of all braces and sock-suspenders, the best. Safety razors are recommended because Evangeline tells us they make Egbert's chin so smooth.... The masculine client has a vague uncomfortable feeling that he is being perpetually lured into making purchases for his own use and comfort by means of a feminine vampire or decoy!—E. V. KNOX.

Short Story

SACRIFICE

By Dr. N. Venkataramanayya

I

UNDER a half-scorched margosa tree in front of a recently put up thatched shed, sat old Papa Narasayya brooding over the misfortunes of his village and family. The smoke-begrimed mud walls and heaps of ashes which surrounded his shed indicated the site where his village stood a few days ago. The sun had already set; the sable mantle of the night had just begun to cast its black shade on the surrounding objects. A chill blast was blowing from the neighbouring hills. As he sat there thinking over the recent happenings, a small naked boy of famished appearance, five or six years in age, emerged from the interior of the shed, and going up to Papa Narasayya and flinging his thin arms around the old man, cried in a plaintive voice, 'Tata, Tata, I am hungry.'

Papa Narasayya woke up as if from a dream. The demand of his grandson for food wrung his heart with agony. How was he to feed this starving child; for there was nothing in the shed, not a morsel of food. What could he do? He thought of the few neighbours who, like him, still clung to the ruins of their old homesteads; but they were subsisting on roots, which they laboriously dug up from the dried up bed of the village tank. While Papa Narasayya was thus busy exploring the possible sources from which he could obtain some food, the boy, holding his stomach with both hands, began to cry "Tata, Tata, my stomach is aching. Oh! Tata, cold, cold, cover me with something." The boy, indeed, cut a pathetic figure. The old man was non-plussed. He gently drew the child towards him, and laying him on his own lap, began to pat him on the back, droning the lullaby 'Krishna Rama Govinda Gopala' to send the child to sleep. Soothed by the song, and forgetting his hunger, the boy

fell asleep. Suddenly Papa Narasayya recollected that in a hut not far off from his own, there lived a goatherd who while foraging for wild fruits and berries in the neighbouring jungle had come upon a stray she-goat with a lamb, which he appropriated for himself. The goat-herd might have some milk to offer with which he could appease the boy's hunger. He decided to go and find out. Lifting up the boy tenderly from his lap, he deposited him carefully on an improvised cot made up of a wooden plank propped up by two blocks of stone. He then took up a stick and leaning on it walked out of the shed, and was soon lost in the fast gathering darkness.

II

With a few dried twigs, and bits of cow-dung cake, Papa Narasayya made a fire and setting upon it an earthenware dish with a small quantity of milk sat before it to see that the milk did not boil over. As the milk began to boil, the boy stirred, and rolling off the plank on which he was sleeping, fell down on the ground and started to cry. Hastily removing the milk pot from the fire and setting it down on the floor, Papa Narasayya crossed to the place where the boy lay, took him in his arms and attempted to sooth him by uttering words of endearment. The boy, however, continued to weep and entreat the old man to take him to his mother. 'Oh! Tata, where has she gone, my mother? She was here; my mother was here. She called me and asked me to go with her. Where, Tata, is she? I want her, I want my mother; take me, oh! take me to her.' The cry of his grandson moved Papa Narasayya deeply, for it recalled to his mind events which had brought disaster to him and destruction on those whom he loved.

It was about noon. Dinner was ready; Papa Narasayya's only

daughter and her husband who had come to live with him since the death of his wife and departure of his two sons to Golkonda in search of employment, were giving instructions to the goldsmith about a pair of bangles which they wanted to present to their young son on the coming birthday. Like a thunderbolt falling from a cloudless sky, information came that a company of Muslim cavalry, led by that Mahratta devil Raya Row, was heading towards their village. Panic ensued; and the villagers collecting hastily their scanty belongings, began to flee to the neighbouring hills for shelter. The goldsmith, on hearing the news, left abruptly in the middle of the discussion and hastened to his house to hide his valuables as well as he could and follow his fellow villagers to the hills.

When Papa Narasayya was apprised of the news, he wanted, like the rest of the villagers, to migrate to the hills. He was the richest man in the village, and his house would hardly fail to be the first target of the attack of the Muslim sepoys who were greedy for plunder. Moreover, his old associations with the court of Vijayanagara, and his attachment to Ramaraja the Great of blessed memory, earned for him the hatred of the Mussalmans. It was not safe for him or the members of his family to remain in the village. He therefore resolved to abandon his house, and repair like the rest of the inhabitants of the village to the hills. His son-in-law was, however, unwilling to accompany him into the wilderness, leaving everything behind. Being born at Bhuvanagiri in the heart of the kingdom of Golkonda, he was a subject of the Qutb Shahy Sultans. His father, who was in the service of Maikibhiram (Malik Ibrahim), was an old friend and colleague of Raya Row, who would not cause hurt to the son of his old friend or his family. So argued the son-in-law and Papa Narasayya argued against him in vain. As his daughter would not be separated from her husband he had to leave them behind and go to the hills taking with him only his young grandson. Papa Narasayya, however, departed with a heavy heart,

for he was perturbed by grave forebodings of forthcoming evil.

For two full days Papa Narasayya stayed in the hills to which not only the people of his village but also the inhabitants of all the neighbouring villages had fled for safety. In addition to the hardships common to all the refugees, Papa Narasayya had to keep his grandson in good humour. Deprived suddenly of the company of his mother whom he had never left before, and unaccustomed to live among strangers in the midst of rocks and bushes, the boy always sulked, and caused his old grandfather no small trouble. The refugees, however, were not affected very much by the discomforts of camp life. Their main concern was about their homes and the cattle which they had to leave behind. News came early on the morning of the third day that the Mussalmans, having accomplished their work of destruction, had crossed the river and retired to Rajukonda from which they had come. The refugees, however, still stayed on, as they doubted the accuracy of the news.

Papa Narasayya could stay no longer. He was anxious about the safety of his daughter and son-in-law. As soon as the intelligence about the departure of the enemy reached the camp, he set out at once carrying the boy on his shoulders. Hardly had he taken a few steps in the direction of his village, when a hare frightened by some unseen foe came hurtling against him from a neighbouring bush. He was greatly perturbed; it was an evil omen which presaged misfortune. When he approached the environs of the village, what he saw struck him with dismay. In the place of houses, there stood heaps of ashes some of them still sending up thin columns of white smoke. The trees and bushes were scorched by fire; and no sign of life was to be seen anywhere. As he neared the place where his house was situated an unbearable stench pervading the atmosphere, and fluttering sounds emanating from somewhere in the vicinity stopped him dead and filled his mind with fear and sorrow. He seated the boy in the shade of a withered tree, and proceeded alone to investigate. As he entered the court-

yard through a gap in the fence, a flock of vultures crowding round a corpse, frightened by his arrival, flew away and perched themselves on the trees nearby. Papa Narasayya drew near; and O! horror, it was the body of his daughter cut in two by a sword and pecked at by the cruel beaks of the vultures. The face, though still recognizable, was half eaten; one of the eyes had been pulled out; the lips and ears had completely disappeared. He turned away his head, when his eyes fell upon another corpse, which lay on the ground at a distance of a few feet, hidden partly under the debris of the mud wall of the house. It was not the body of his son-in-law, of whom no trace was to be seen anywhere, but that of a Mussalman who seemed to have met with violent death. Though his head was completely blashed in, his copper coloured complexion, and the blood-stained beard left no room for doubt. What became of his son-in-law and how his daughter and the Mussalman happened to meet with their death he had no means of knowing. A pestle of blackwood covered with blood lying near the dead body of the Mussalman indicated that it was the weapon with which his head was bashed in; but who was the assailant? Could he have been his son-in-law? But what had happened to him? Not a trace of him was left behind. Probably he was also killed; and his daughter was left alone, utterly helpless against the Muslim sepoys who like a pack of hounds around a hunted deer surrounded her. This picture of his daughter surrounded by the savage Muslim sepoys and of her horrible death at their hands which flashed upon his mind as he listened to the pathetic cry of the child for his mother choked him with grief; but he had to swallow his tears and console and feed his grandson.

III

Six months passed. One morning, a party of horsemen, consisting mostly of Mussalmans, entered the village; but there was no panic on this occasion; nor did people desert their homes and run away to the hills for protection. For, it was Balwant Row Bhakkaraji Pant, the amaldar of the district and his retinue that came to

visit the village to grant *kaul* to the ryots and settle the amount of the tax due to the government from them. The leading men of the village who were anxious to get favourable terms from him went to meet him at the entrance of the village with presents and brought him with music to the *chavadi*, where they arranged for his lodging during his stay. Balwant Row did not, however, evince any interest in the affairs of the village. Instead he began to enquire about the whereabouts of Papa Narasayya whom he said he had come specially to meet. The villagers were a little surprised; for, since the recent disturbances in which he had lost everything, and the change of government from Hindu to Muslim hands, Papa Narasayya did not count for much in the estimation of his fellow villagers. Moreover, since the demise of his young grandson a few days ago, his character seemed to have undergone a change; he shunned company and lived entirely by himself. He had developed a fondness for roaming over the countryside. The amaldar sent his men in search of Papa Narasayya, and at last they found him in the cremation ground, standing near a fresh mound of earth over which the grass had not yet begun to grow. 'Ah!' said the village talari on catching sight of him, 'that's where his young grandson was buried. Poor old man! Whoever thought that he would ever come to such a pass!' When they reached the place where Papa Narasayya was standing, he did not even notice their presence. The talari who knew him well and held him still in great esteem, notwithstanding his misfortunes, broke the silence and said, 'Swami, Papa Narasayya garu, the amaldar Balwant Row Bhakkaraji has come to see you; he is waiting for you in the *chavadi*.'

Papa Narasayya remained silent for a few minutes; and then, with the air of one making a momentous decision, said, 'I am at the amaldar's service.'

When Papa Narasayya arrived at the *chavadi*, it was crammed with people of the village who had flocked to it attracted by the news that the amaldar came by the orders of the Sultan to arrest him and send him in fetters to Golkonda. On seeing

Papa Narasayya contrary to the expectations of the assembled villagers, the amaldar advanced to meet him, took his right hand, and leading him back seated him by his side. Then he lifted a beautifully embroidered case of Persian leather from one of the pillows on his side, placed it first upon his own head, then across his eyes, and respectfully handed it over to Papa Narasayya. He took out from a box in front of him a thick sheet of blue paper, and began to read in a sonorous voice, 'His Majesty, the Shadow of Allah, the King of Kings, the Sultan of Hindu Kings, Ibrahim Qutb Shah sends his greetings to his old friend Papa Narasayya and commands him to hasten with all speed to his court at Golkonda.' Then at a sign from the amaldar two of his servants came forward, and taking out of the leather case a Persian shawl of rare workmanship, presented it to Papa Narasayya and covered him with it. Papa Narasayya muttered to himself 'Malkibhram remembers me.'

'Yes,' said the amaldar who overheard him. 'When do you desire to start? I have to make arrangements for your journey.'

'There is nothing to detain me here. It is enough if you give me time to discharge an old debt, and offer my thanks to a benefactor.'

'Surely,' said the amaldar in reply, 'you can do both. Your creditor and benefactor are, I hope, not far off.'

'They are here; they are as a matter of fact one and the same; and I want to discharge my obligations in your presence.' So saying Papa Narasayya stood up and surveyed the faces of the assembled villagers. Evidently the person whom he was looking for was not there; for he walked out of the chavadi, approached an old man who stood there leaning heavily on a bamboo staff placed under his chin and said, 'Boyi, allow me to discharge your debt.' He took the shawl off his shoulders and covered the old man with it. The boyi was astonished; he thought that Papa Narasayya was making fun of him. Therefore, he asked with some heat, 'Why do you make fun of me, sir. When did I lend you anything? Do I look like one who has money to lend?' 'You have evidently forgotten, Boyi; but I remember my debt to you. I came to you one night, when everyone in the village was starving, and begged you for some milk for my famishing grandchild. You were generous enough to give me all the milk you had, though you needed it yourself. That is a debt which I can never repay. Take this as a small recompense for my debt. May God bless your generous heart.'

Papa Narasayya then returned to the amaldar, and said, Bhakkaraji, I have discharged my obligations. I am now ready.'

(To be continued).

INCORRIGIBLE

"Now Smith," said the teacher of a class of backward boys, "what does CAT spell?"

"I don't know, miss," replied the boy.

"But what do people keep in their houses to catch mice?" she continued.

"Mouse-traps, miss."

"No, no. What animals?"

"Dogs, miss."

"No, no, no," said the teacher, beginning to lose patience, and then, seeing a cat on the fence across the road, she continued, "Come here". Then, pointing to the cat, "Do you see that animal on the fence over there?"

"Yes, miss."

"Then what is it? What does CAT spell?"

"Kitten, miss," replied the boy; "It's Mrs. Thompson's."

THE RELATIVITY OF MORALS

By SIR RIBTON MEREDITH

THE theory of Relativity has slowly won its way to fairly general acceptance amongst men of science. It necessitates a radical change in our habits of thought and outlook upon the world, but that change is in the physical sphere. Einstein's theory merely involves carrying to its logical conclusion the idea that all motion is relative, and there can be no such thing as motion in any absolute sense. I venture to suggest that sooner or later we will have to face an equally disturbing change in outlook in the moral sphere, and accept a Relativity theory of Morals.

Different races, communities and individuals, have attributed an absolute character to their moral judgments which in fact they do not possess. Particular actions are regarded as good or bad, virtuous or sinful, just or unjust, in an absolute sense, when in fact the qualities characterising them are not absolutes but merely those of relationship. Even amongst the most advanced communities, and by their highest judicial authorities and moralists, we find such expressions solemnly used as "natural justice," an expression to which I think it will be found, on clear analysis, no definable meaning attaches. The thesis I wish to put forward is that good and evil, virtue and sin, justice and injustice, are false absolutes.

They are attributes not of actions but of the individual's view of actions. There is no absolute standard in these matters: different observers will differ, and may differ completely in their views, and just as in the physical theory of relativity no one observer has any better claim to be right than any other, so also in the moral sphere no one individual or community has any better right to claim validity for his or its judgments than any other.

A cynic has said that there is no vice that has not somewhere, at some time, been regarded as a virtue. An examination of human customs and beliefs throughout history discloses that there is more than a grain of

truth in this. Moreover in the case of most virtues and vices it is easy upon analysis to determine why they are regarded as such, and the analysis discloses that the explanation lies merely in utility or harmfulness to the community so regarding them.

Take for example truthfulness. Conscience impels a "good" man to tell the truth even to his own detriment. But "conscience" can be most easily explained as race-instinct, which natural selection will promote when it has survival value for the community. Truth telling facilitates social life and helps to make the community coherent and strong. Hence conscience pictures truthfulness as a virtue and attaches a mysterious absolute value to it. It is clear, however, that it has no such value. It may perhaps be objected that the moral judgments of modern civilised man have a validity which those of savage communities had not. Assuming it to be so, that does not give them any absolute value. What of the future man that may succeed us? Can it be denied that his moral values may differ widely from ours, and that he may regard ours much as we do those of primitive man? It is meaningless to ask if anything is good or evil unless the question be further particularised by asking, good or evil for whom? Nothing can be considered in isolation, either good or evil.

Do not, however, make the mistake of supposing that this is to abolish good and evil. This theory no more does so than Einstein denies the existence of motion. But it does make them, like motion, attributes of relationship.

I submit that this theory affords a reasonable solution of an age-old problem, which has tormented man since he began to think at all. I mean the problem of the existence of evil. Perhaps no really satisfactory answer has yet been found to the question "If God is all powerful and good, why does he permit the Devil to exist—why does he tolerate evil?" Put into more abstract language, this question becomes "If the nature of the

universe as a whole, or if you like, of the spiritual Being which constitutes it—be good, how does evil exist?" The answer should now be clear. If good and evil are attributes of relationship of one thing to another, it is meaningless to apply the words to anything existing in isolation. It is, therefore, meaningless to say the universe as a whole is good or bad. To put the same thing differently, if good and evil are aspects of relationship, then the existence of one logically and necessarily implies the existence of the other. If A is regarded as better than B, then B must also be regarded as worse than A. To speak of good without evil is like speaking of motion without rest. But Relativity tells us there is no meaning in speaking of motion except in reference to some body or frame of reference regarded as at rest by which to gauge it.

Does this theory mean that the whole of life is meaningless and aimless? That nothing is worth anything? If so, we might as well commit race suicide.

So to hold would be to misunderstand the theory. The theory of relativity might more justly be called a theory of absolutes, for it seeks to find the real absolutes behind the false; and it finds them.

In the theory of moral relativity also it is necessary to look for the real absolute values behind those usually regarded as such.

Philosophers, sensible of the ephemeral character of ordinary moral values, the inadequacy of dogmatic theologies, and the dismal character of a world without any, have long been engaged on this problem. Three absolutes have been set up for our acceptance. They are Truth, Beauty, and Goodness—all with capital letters.

To me it seems, however, that they have been merely generalised the false absolutes of ordinary thought. I think we must seek a wholly new conception, as new as that of the "interval" in the physical theory.

"Goodness" I have already dealt with and need say no more. What about Truth? To me it seems quite clearly another false absolute. It is, I think, the attempt to give a mysterious esoteric meaning to the word "truth" that has led to the difficulty

of defining it. That difficulty disappears if we regard truth as a quality of relationship. It is surely merely the correspondence of a description to the thing described. As such it can have no absolute moral value. It is not what we seek. What about Beauty? Here surely we have something that can stand in its own right; something whose value is absolute and for all time. I must confess that sometimes when actually listening to great music—say a Beethoven symphony—I have felt so uplifted in spirit as to think the problem of what life stands for solved. But the feeling is temporary, and when the music ceases doubt creeps back. Taste in music differs widely. To many the Beethoven symphony has no appeal. Different races do not even agree as to what constitutes music. To me, for example, (I make no claim to being right) Indian music is simply a noise. Modern Jazz to many is just an affliction. The appeal then seems to lie in relationship, and not in anything inherent in the music.

The appeal of Beauty too is easy to explain away. Take pictorial art. It is more often than not a more or less unblushing appeal to sex. When the female form does not enter into the picture, other factors may provide the appeal. The battle scene calls to the fighting spirit lurking within us. The smiling landscape suggests peace and plenty. The still life abundant food. I do not presume to suggest what some forms of modern art appeal to, if anything, though the resemblance to the earliest rude artistic efforts of primitive man is sufficiently striking. Beauty then may be no more than the sublimation of various deep seated instincts, the appeal being disguised because it is largely to the subconscious mind. I fear that as absolutes Truth, Beauty and Goodness must all fail us.

What we are looking for must clearly have the same value for every possible observer—for every individual, for every community, and for every time. Let me add, it must have that value not merely for humanity but for every living being capable of thought, whatever its nature or species. We have no right to regard ourselves as different in kind from the

animals, but only in degree. Nor can we assume that humanity will always be the dominant species, nor impute any peculiar sanctity to the judgments of humanity.

Secondly, it must be something that is not a mere attribute of relationship. Its value must be *per se*, inherent in itself considered in isolation.

Analogy leads to the belief that such values must exist, and I believe they do exist, and that it is only a question of finding them. I put forward no doctrine of despair. I do not believe that life, or that the Cosmos, is meaningless. Beyond that, however, I do not find it possible to advance confidently without venturing into mysticism. Mysticism to the scientific type of mind is abhorrent. To such it means the use of words to which no clearly defined and specific meaning is attached. Mysticism and dogmatism—statements without reasons attached—have, alas, all too frequently been the refuge of philosophers and theologians when faced with problems they cannot solve. Progress, however, does not lie along such roads. No genuine comfort is to be found in empty words. The process of explaining the unknown by reference to the more unknown still can never appeal to logical minds. The new conceptions which when found will complete the theory must await another Einstein, or a super-Einstein:

some great Ulysses of the realms of thought.

At least, however, the clearing of the ground represents progress. It helps us to avoid mysticism; to refrain from setting up words as fetishes; words to which we refuse to attach clear and precise meanings, because to do so would be to dethrone the fetish.

With hesitation I put forward one suggestion. An absolute standard may possibly be found in the principle that one should always do what one sincerely believes to be right. For while individuals may and will differ as to what is right and what is wrong, all must necessarily agree that such a rule of conduct has an identity of quality for all individuals, and indeed its essential significance is independent of the individual, that significance being the identity of conduct and belief.

If I am right here, it would seem to follow that sincerity, courage, fortitude, and strength of character also have an absolute value, since the first mentioned principle of conduct will inevitably require them.

"This above all: to thine own self be true,

And it must follow as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

HOW LONG WILL YOU LIVE?

You can easily calculate your life expectancy, says an American abacist. His formula is: "Take your age, subtract it from eighty, multiply it by seven and divide it by ten—successively. The number of years you get will be, very approximately, the number of years remaining in your life." Obviously, this method cannot apply to octogenarians, who if they are not dead already must expect to do so any moment!

.. .. .

Judge: I can't understand a big hefty man like you beating a poor frail woman like your wife.

Accused: But she kept nagging me and provoking me so much!

Judge: What did she say?

Accused: She yelled "Go on, beat me, and I'll haul you up before that old fossil of a bald judge!"

Judge: Case dismissed!

.. .. .

A customer sat down at a table in a smart restaurant and tied a napkin round his neck. The manager called the waiter and asked him to tactfully explain to the gentleman that napkins were not to be tied round the neck in decent restaurants. The clever waiter went up to the man and said "Shave or Haircut, Sir!"

CONGRESS & COMMUNALISM IN MADRAS STATE

By S. V.

THE only justification that could possibly be advanced on behalf of the communal policy followed by successive popular Ministries in the Madras State during the last thirty years is that it is something like protecting an infant industry in the field of economics. In this case, certain conditions have to be fulfilled by an industry before it is able to obtain State protection. The question whether the industry has any potentiality to improve within a reasonable period of time with this help of protection, has to be examined first by an impartial body of experts like the Tariff Board. If this body is satisfied about this, then it would prescribe the nature and extent of the protection to be given and also the period of time. The progress made by the industry during this period would be watched, and the question of protection would be reviewed from time to time, say at the end of every five years or seven years. This is what is meant by "discriminate protection." If even after a period of 20 to 25 years an industry shows no sign of progress, if it is unable to stand on its legs without this crutch, it is taken as conclusive proof that the protection given has not served its purpose and the expert body recommends its withdrawal in the interests of the consumers. This is what has happened to the sugar industry in our own country recently. If, on the other hand, a Government should decide to continue the protection still, it ceases to be protection in the economic sense of the term. It has to be considered only as a system of dole-distribution adopted by groups of "power politics" in the State, as a means of wooing the electorate. What future could a people have who preferred to live on such concessions and doles for an indefinite period of time? How badly would it undermine their sense of self-respect and the motive to high endeavour that should characterise every people that wants to be considered progressive? The infe-

riority complex produced thereby would be of the same order as that which used to attach to nominated I.C.S. officers—recruited during the war period when no competitive examinations could be held—as compared with the prestige commanded by the regular competition wallahs belonging to the same cadre.

It is needless to refute the impression that is attempted to be created in the minds of the general public that the so-called Brahmin monopoly of Government jobs which existed prior to 1920 in the Madras Province was a centuries-old affair, when one remembers the fact that it was only after the birth of the Indian National Congress in 1885 that natives of the land were gradually admitted to higher appointments under the Crown. It was only towards the end of the century that we got Indian statutory civil servants like the late P. Rajagopalachari and L. D. Swami Kannu Pillai and only still later, about 1910 or so, we got Indian Executive Councillors like the Maharajah of Bobbili and V. Krishnaswami Iyer. If the Brahmin enjoyed something like a monopoly of Government jobs for a brief period of about 35 years from 1885 to 1920, it was the result of a natural growth, built up in a manner not very different from the way in which the Chettinad Nagarathars built up their monopoly of private banking in Burma and Singapore, or the monopoly of inland trade, wholesale and retail, built up by the Arya Vysias; or the hides and skins trade of the Vaniyambadi Muslims. These were the people to be early in their respective fields, and they developed a high degree of efficiency in these fields—the efficiency that comes of long practice in a trade or craft—the same efficiency which the caste system in India was responsible for developing in the various occupations. The Brahmins had been similarly early in the field of English education at a time when the other communities were not fully alive to its growing

importance under British rule. If for reasons of high State policy, it was afterwards found necessary, to curb their undue preponderance in the public services of the State, the mere institution of a Public Services Commission should have been sufficient. It might have taken a little longer time to bring about the desired leveling down. But that was the only fair and honest way of tackling the problem. Violent shortcuts like the communal G. Os. could only turn out to be remedies worse than the disease, demoralising in their effects on the public life of the State.

When the communal policy was first introduced in this State about the year 1920, there were not wanting finer elements among the communities that were to be so benefitted who felt its injustice. But these 30 years of the system have hardened people's conscience and made them look upon it as part of the natural order of things. But a wrong is a wrong whether the vested interests benefitted by the system feel it to be such or not. It is all indicative of the fast dwindling stock of per capita moral capital in the country—symptoms of the same malady that has caused the sugar industry to develop an attitude of self-complacency behind the 18 years of protection afforded to it.

It is sometimes claimed that the communal policy followed by the Madras Government during the last 30 years is the result of a mandate from the electorate. This may not be quite true because even when the Justice Party came to power in 1920, the question was never brought up for decision before the electorate in that form. Those were the Non-co-operation days, and the party with the largest following in the country even then, namely the Congress, stood out of the councils. Even in the case of the present Congress Ministry of this State, it can by no means be said to have received any such mandate, because the Congress party here got into power practically without a contest, the electorates having become, by this time, mere pocket-boroughs in the hands of the Congress organisation, because of the high prestige which the All-India Congress commanded in the country, with the magic of the great name of the Mahatma

behind it—be it understood, the prestige of the great names at the Centre, and not of the local leaders. It must, however, be admitted that to get a mandate over this issue would not be a difficult matter even now, because people in receipt of doles have never been known to be unwilling to receive them. The corn doles system prevalent in ancient Rome was one of the causes that led to the degeneracy and decline of Rome. But the city voters who were the recipients of the doles never expressed themselves averse to the system. They do not even seem to have been aware that it had an evil side to it. In 1920, the communal slogan might have served the Justice Party well in consolidating its position after its assumption of office, at a time when the appeal was to a limited electorate fed on the glamour for Government service. It is doubtful if the same appeal would carry any weight with the new "universal adult" who is going to vote in 1951. But the Congress also has a duty to discharge towards him. It should not confound him and mislead him by setting its seal of approval to all the communal programmes of the local leaders of the party in this State, and allowing them to shout the great names of the Mahatma and Pandit Nehru during election week. Congress and communalism will go together. Our local leaders should be asked to make their choice between the two. Communalism which is considered a monstrous evil elsewhere within the Union cannot be a panacea for all the time here in Madras State. It is not a question of the Central Government interfering in the State's autonomy. It is only a question of the Congress determining and enforcing its creed properly, on all its members. The great national organisation cannot afford to compromise on essentials. A casteless society is its aim and nothing should be allowed to be done in its name which would have the effect of perpetuating and accentuating caste differences in this part of the country. The last District Board elections in Tamil Nad should have served as an eyeopener to people here, and made them realise how the communal policy followed by successive Madras Ministries during the last

30 years has only accentuated these differences and they are now turning into sub-caste and sub-sect channels. In every State there are no doubt a few backward communities like the scheduled castes that require to be protected by the State. Their care

ought to be the concern of the Central Government, and they should not be made the plaything of power politics groups within the State concerned. In fact this is a duty entrusted to the Centre by our new Constitution.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

By P. R. O.

OF late there has been an increasing interest in what is termed 'public relations.' But there has been a tendency to confuse public relations with publicity. There are a large number of instances where the persons in charge of publicity work have been termed as public relations men. A number of State Governments, the Central Government organisations, as well as some railways, have used the public relations designation for a section which was actually doing the work of publicity.

The following definition from the Dictionary of Sociology defining public relations is of interest in this connection:

"Relations of an individual, association, government or corporation with the publics which it must take into consideration in carrying on its social functions. These publics can include voters, customers, employees, potential employees, past employees, stock-holders, members of antagonistic pressure groups, neighbours, etc.

"The body of theory and technique utilized in adjusting the relationships of a subject with its publics. These theories and techniques represent applications of sociology, social psychology, economics, and political science as well as of the special skills of journalists, artists, organisational experts, advertising men, etc., to the specific problems involved in this field of activity."

And that means that the public relations worker has got to be a person who merges himself with his institution or organisation and is prepared to be always behind the scenes. He should not seek publicity for his work, he has to derive his satisfaction in seeking ways of proving useful to the management and the staff.

The public consists of a number of overlapping groups—religious, social, occupational, economic, recreational, educational—and there can be many conflicting interests also as between

them. The careful study of them and the devising of means by which the institution can get on well with all these is the work that the public relations man has to be alert about.

But then it is not the public relations man who does the work. Every employee, whether of Government or of a commercial organisation, is important in the public relations set-up. A letter unanswered, a visitor kept waiting, an indifferent reply on the telephone, an unwise act by any of the staff, all have their repercussions on different members of the public. So every member of the staff has to do the work of being good to the customer. And the public relations man, who has to be on the look-out for all-round news and data can provide material for the work of the different departments and personnel in bettering such relations.

Successful public relations means that the work has to start at the top. The chief of the organisation has to be the chief public relations worker for the institution or department.

Interest in this subject grew in our country with the last war, when the Army had public relations officers to do liaison work with the public. After the war the work of many of these officers seems to have been changed over to regular publicity work through the press. The Employment Exchanges of the Government have also set up public relations officers. Commercial institutions who have their headquarters in America and England have also made a start in this line.

The nature of public relations varies from institution to institution, from department to department. Francis Lewcock said of public relations officers that they are "somewhat mysterious gents; no one can understand what they do until they have gone."

A LOOK AT THE NEW ASIA

By MATTHEW HALTON

"The British gave up an empire and gained the good-will of a quarter of the world." That is the most striking impression Matthew Halton, European correspondent for the C. B. C., took to London from his tour of the Far East, which included India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Singapore.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after leaving the fog and cold of England I was in the "gorgeous east." I was swimming with friends in Karachi bay, where the fecund waters were leaping and alive with rayfish and dolphins and I had seen the flamingoes and wild asses of Cutch. One evening—the newsboys shouting in Oxford street; the next—the gaudy, noisy crowds in the teeming bazaars of Karachi; the shoppers haggling over spices, melons and pomegranates; the huge, ludicrous camels of Sind stalking along with their knee-bells ringing; the black-eyed women with jewels in their noses; the squalor, the colour and the fascination of the East.

The last time I was there was in 1942. India was then in ferment. The Japanese were at the gates; the remnants of the small British-Indian army were trickling out of Burma. This time, the British Raj was gone. The subcontinent was two new nations, India and Pakistan. And the world had seen one of the most striking and hopeful political phenomena in history: 400,000,000 Asian peoples had thrown off the rule of Britain—and then they had turned to Britain with friendship in their hands, accepted the "magic circlet of the Crown," and remained, at their own wish, in the great company of the Commonwealth.

The most momentous thing in Asia today is the fact that China has fallen to the Communists. But the second most momentous thing—and one that helps counteract the first—is that India, Pakistan and Ceylon have been saved from the West by Clement Attlee's supreme work of statesmanship two years ago.

When I left the airplane in that far, strange setting of Karachi, I discovered that I, a Canadian, needed no visa in my passport. In the mountains of Baluchistan, the plains of

Sind and the defiles of the Khyber I was at home and a citizen.

At a reception given for me on my second night in Karachi, I made a point of putting the following question to a number of prominent Pakistanis: "On balance, are you glad or sorry that the British ever came to Asia?" One man replied: "An interesting question... but I do not know the answer." But four others said that, on balance, they were more than glad.

What greater tribute could there be to Britain's record?

From Karachi I flew on to Delhi. I was in India, another republic of the Commonwealth, with a population of over 320,000,000 people. I was in a nation with a past that pervades the present, for good and ill, like an incense; with tragedy as well as beauty always in her eyes, in the fabled cities and the brown plains and the 300,000 villages where few ever get enough to eat; and with colossal problems that only faith and courage and friendship can ever solve. And in India, too, from statesmen, from soldiers and from plain citizens, I heard the story of the new friendship for Britain and the West.

A REAL AFFINITY

A U. S. diplomat, deeply impressed, said to me: "My eyes have been opened since I came to the East. I haven't heard any Indian talk about the curse of British rule in the past. They like the British! This is different from what I had been told! The British built better than they knew."

An Englishman said to me quietly: "You know, I'm much happier here than I was before Indian independence. I can now mix with the Indians on equal terms—and they are wonderful people. The great fault of our regime in India was our exclusiveness. We kept even the upper-class Indians out of our clubs and sitting-rooms; we did not mix with

them. That is what they resented. That, more than our rule itself, caused the bitterness. And now that has all gone."

And a prominent Indian said: "I feel a real affinity for the British now that our two peoples are on equal terms."

I asked General Cariappa, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, if the army were now discarding British methods and traditions. "My dear chap," he said, "what nonsense! We've discarded nothing of the British tradition. Nothing at all. In our messes, for example, we still drink the King's health. We are even trying to start a Guards Brigade. Both officers and men are terrifically keen to maintain the old connection. I wish my British friends could see the Indian army now. I'm sure they'd be proud of it."

He glanced up at the portrait of Lord Roberts on the wall, and said: "I think Lord Roberts would be proud if he were here."

And again I thought: When has anything like this ever happened before? The British rulers have gone after 200 years of paramountcy—but Lord Roberts' portrait is still there. There, in the magnificent imperial city of New Delhi, the Indians, proud though they are of their new independence, have not changed the name of a single street, or taken down the statue of a single king or viceroy, or removed a British portrait from the walls of a Government building.

Historian—if you want the final verdict of British rule in India, go to India now that the British have left. What you will see is Macaulay's famous dream come true; an India brought to independence and nationhood but still, and of her own choice, a member of the sisterhood of British nations strung around the globe.

"WE STICK TOGETHER—OR ELSE"

Wherever I went in India—Delhi and Calcutta, Bombay and Madras and fabled Hyderabad, and even in the packed brown villages (the real India, which the visitor so seldom sees)—I was struck by the influence exerted on the vast, teeming sub-continent by the people of the little island off the shoulder of Europe. Millions of Indians speak English. To the professional and intellectual

classes it is the mother tongue. (And how beautifully they speak it.) Men like Nehru think in English, as Gandhi did. The great cities of India are in some ways incredibly English. And when I was in Delhi the whole city was talking about—cricket! Delhi was cricket mad. Children were playing cricket on every vacant plot in town.

In the next few years India will need all the help she can get from the West, if she is to have any hope of solving the gigantic problems that face her.

The economic problem is staggering, and it will get worse. The population of 320,000,000 is increasing at the rate of 8,000,000 a year. There is not enough food to feed these people; not even cloth to clothe them, though India produces over 4,000,000,000 yards of cloth a year; not enough wood, or brick, or stone to house them—millions of Indians don't know what it is to have a roof above them; and not enough capital even to harness what rivers there are.

And Communism, with its false but glittering promises, is at the door. I met many people, both European and Indian, who said that nothing could save India from Communism except the implementation of President Truman's "Four Point" on a really effective scale.

From India I went on to the third of the new Asian dominions of the Commonwealth—the lovely pearl of Ceylon. I arrived there with the thrill of being in undiscovered country, a land I had never seen before. Ceylon of the orchids and the flowering trees, the jewelled birds in the coconut groves, the tea plantations in the high hills, the women walking like daughters of kings, the Buddhist priests in their saffron robes, the temple bells and the ancient melancholy songs.

And in Ceylon, too, I found the phenomenon of increased friendship for Crown and Commonwealth. There, too, I had the warming feeling of common citizenship, the feeling of belonging to a political entity unique in history. I talked about it to Prime Minister D. S. Senanayake, that grand old man, and asked him if he thought it would last. "I can't think of anything," he replied, "that could make

Ceylon leave this Commonwealth. There was never much bitterness here against the British—perhaps because we were as exclusive as they! Today there is nothing but friendship, and pride in the brotherhood of nations, and the knowledge that we stick together—or else...."

Fifteen hundred miles east and south of Ceylon, over matted jungles, over half an ocean, over muddy, sludgy rivers writhing below in great loops like monstrous snakes—but only six hours by air—and I was in Singapore, and here, too, I saw empire being trans-

formed into Commonwealth, subject peoples into citizens. In Malaya the British are still the rulers. But they are not exploiting. They are developing, educating and unifying, raising the standard of living, fighting hunger and disease.

If the tide of Communism is held back in Asia, or contained, the credit will go largely to British statesmanship in the years since the war. Quietly and wisely, they gave up an empire and gained the goodwill of a quarter of the world. That was the most striking impression of my Asian tour.—(Copyright).

THE FUTURE OF OUR DEMOCRACY

By M. G. GURUSWAMI IYER, M.A.

THE Prakasam episode has brought to the forefront the future of our democracy and the system of party government. The issue is: Can an extraneous body, however eminent, interfere with the independence and sovereignty of the legislature and take away from the legislators their inherent right to bring to light, with a view to rectification, malpractices in the administration of the Province? This is a matter in which the electors are more vitally interested than the politicians. It is the special responsibility of the electorate to see that the legislature functions properly in the interests of good administration. If the legislature or the administration threatens to get off the rails and if the public do not interfere betimes to prevent the mishap they cannot complain later on if things happen not to their liking, for they would get no more than the Government they deserve.

The present Parliamentary Congress Party was brought into existence during a period of stress and the one problem then was to terminate foreign rule. It was at that time necessary that parliamentary activities throughout the country—in the Provinces and in the Centre—should be guided, controlled and co-ordinated by a centralised body like the Congress Working Committee. Hence it was that Congress candidates were select-

ed for the legislature more for their loyalty to the great institution than for their parliamentary experience or other endowments.

With the attainment of independence, the necessity to have a regimented party has become much weakened. There is no gainsaying the fact that the present Congress Party is an odd jumble of persons of various professions and different views on politics, economics and religion. We have in it a good sprinkling of landlords, doctors, lawyers, farmers, merchants, businessmen. In point of fact it is difficult to distinguish the speeches of several members of the Congress Party from those made by the members of the Opposition. As Mr. W. J. Brown (Independent M. P., for Rugby) has observed: "Any gathering will automatically divide itself into two parts. The men and women will be either of the conservative or radical type of mind. The conservative mind at its best possessed a strong historical sense, values the legacy from our forefathers and is reluctant to gamble too highly with a not intolerable present for the sake of a hypothetical better future. The radical type of mind is so conscious of injustices, so confident that society could be made very much better, that it is prepared to incur considerable risks in making changes." This fundamental division of outlook

has happened in the Congress Party leading to the broad classification of politics—economic—social thought into Right and Left. It will be the height of statesmanship to recognise this obvious fact and encourage the formation of parties on natural lines.

There can be no proper government unless there is a strong and well informed Opposition with duties of constructive criticism and capable of forming an alternative Government. This provides the most powerful safeguard against maladministration. If outward unanimity were to be enforced regardless of other considerations it will only encourage the formation of numerous groups resulting in a continuous series of weak administrations at the mercy of varying majority alignments. Revolution is the logical corollary of mal-administration without a constitutional remedy.

The next question is: Who are the men we should vote for as members of Parliament who in the present day Socialist State are called upon to legislate on almost every conceivable subject? It is one of the anomalies of modern constitutions that the law-maker may be illiterate, but that the judges and lawyers who help administer the law should be highly proficient in law. As Rajen Babu has remarked, "if we take an extreme case, the legislature may consist of persons without any qualification at all and they may pass something which is nonsensical and then the wisdom of all the lawyers and all the judges will be required to interpret the law." This is no doubt an extreme position to take. There have been successful parliamentarians who have never entered the portals of a college. It is very difficult to prescribe any objective intellectual qualification for the members of Parliament. But they should have a reasonable standard of education, an imagination to understand the aspirations,

achievements and frustrations of the people they represent, a shrewd judgment to find right answers to some at least of the perplexing problems facing us today and an intimate knowledge of one or more activities of the nation whether it be industry, agriculture, education, local government or social reform. With a vigilant press and a highly critical Opposition, it will be difficult for a member of mediocre abilities to make an impression and we may therefore leave the choice to party leaders.

Parliamentary activities have become so varied and intensive and the bills introduced are so numerous and at such frequent intervals that it is doubtful whether even one third of the members would find time to read even a half of the bills they vote upon. Then a good deal of time is taken for sending interpellations and preparing speeches. It is also necessary for the members to meet their constituencies at least once, both before and after parliamentary session and discuss with them the plan of work. They should also meet the government officials with a view to getting relief to people in simple matters through governmental machinery. All this means time and money. A stage has now been reached when work in Parliament should be viewed as a whole time business and membership in Parliament should not be confined to those who combine a lucrative income with a parliamentary career. Conditions must be made favourable and propitious for public spirited men and women with a flair for service to take to a parliamentary career unhampered by pecuniary worries. Parliament should vote for its members a salary sufficient to keep them above want. It is improper to expect of a conscientious member of Parliament to work for his livelihood and discharge his duties as a parliamentarian satisfactorily.

The English have no respect for their language, and will not teach their children to speak it. They cannot spell it because they have nothing to spell it with but an old foreign alphabet of which only the consonants—and not all of them—have any agreed speech value. Consequently no man can teach himself what it should sound like from reading it; and it is impossible for an Englishman to open his mouth without making some other Englishman despise him.—G. B. SHAW.

CONGRESS ADMINISTRATION IN PROVINCES

By Prof. D. GURUMURTHI

RECENTLY in the budget session of the Madras Legislative Assembly, an interesting debate took place on the demand for administration of the districts of the State. Several important points were raised by the members that took part which reveal in an unmistakable manner the shortcomings of the Congress administrations.

Among the points made were the dislocation of district administration by the too frequent tours of the ministers, the interference by members of the legislature belonging to the Congress party with district officers, monopoly by party members of all non-official positions in food committees, transport boards, fiska committees, in the matter of licenses, priorities, too frequent transfers of officers who happen to displease Congressmen, interference by the ministers in details of administration in the districts to accommodate influential party men, etc.

It will be found, if properly scrutinised, that each Congress party member of the legislature on the average, will have derived one or more of the following advantages: one relative will be a member of the district transport board, which means a few gallons more of petrol; another relative will get a license to run a bus in a new route; a third relative will be member of the food committee; another will have license issued to him for cement or steel or cloth; another will be a political sufferer who has been allotted lands; or another will receive a well-subsidy or a village radio station; another will be a contractor, who will be given contracts in preference to others of long standing or license for a drug-shop; or a grains procurement agency.

We shall examine some of these points.

First, the tours of ministers form the most prominent phenomenon. Dr. C. R. Reddy has remarked that it is a special feature today to have

the ministers constantly on the move. In older democratic countries such a phenomenon is not witnessed. A man placed in the office of minister is expected to discharge his duties putting in full-time attendance at his office-work. Taking a day off to attend some important function will usually be the exception rather than the rule.

Further, public confidence depends on the conscientious and thorough discharge of his duties by the minister. Gallivanting round the districts ceaselessly helps to disturb concentration on regular duties. By cheapening himself accepting all kinds of engagements the minister mars his efficiency by too much of his time being taken up with unessentials.

As Dr. Reddy analyses it, the reason for the tours of the ministers has to be sought in the still prevalent idea that the minister is a sort of demigod who has to be propitiated by garlands, tea parties and dinners in order not to do harm or in order to show favour.

The whole idea is repugnant to the democratic way of life. We are mentally living in the days of nawabs and autocrats. We have not yet trained ourselves in the democratic attitude of trusting everyone to do the right.

Further the district officers always receive copies of the tour programmes of the various ministers. The district collector, the district superintendent of police and officers connected with the particular minister's portfolios have to suspend all other work and wait at the disposal of the visiting minister. Often the collector has to place his car at the disposal of the minister, arrange for the various unnecessary functions connected with the visit and go about with the minister.

What a loss of many hours of responsible work, with the consequent slackening of his vigilance in his

regular duties. The direct access which the ministers give to the party men, makes the collectors and other district officials spend a great deal of their attention on the personal equation in the discharge of their duties. Normal administration gets hindered thereby.

The part played by members of the legislature in interfering with the work of the district officers has been publicly criticised. It is asserted that some members accept gratification for getting things done through their influence over the officers. Securing seats in various colleges, obtaining licenses or priorities are all convenient occasions for greasing the hand. No district officer can be sure what exact amount of influence each Congressman in his area wields over the ministers and hence a hesitancy to proceed against the thousand insidious ways of getting behind the law is inevitable. One of the ways in which officials who stick to their duties are harassed is by getting them transferred by influence from above.

We cannot build up the morale of the higher administrative officers unless they have the guarantee that they will not be interfered with so long as they discharge their duties conscientiously. The uncertain element of arbitrary interference from above must be strictly eschewed.

The monopoly by the party rank and file of all the available places of influence is a very serious deteriorating factor.

It is well-known that quite a large number of them are men of no substance who, at the Congress elections in 1936, when the party decided to seize power in the provinces, hastily changed over and donned the Congress garb and qualified themselves with jail delivery with a view to cash in their claims.

They are now naturally trying to reap all the benefit when the going is good.

If a census is taken of the various positions that have been grabbed by the Legislative Assembly members and their immediate circle of dependents and hangers-on, it will be an eye-opener.

Why, in two months admissions to professional colleges will be taking place? Anyone in the capital can see these white-capped Khadi-clad worthies going about with a high sense of self-importance bargaining for seats for admission into the various Government colleges. It is a very busy time for them.

The grant of priorities, licenses and preferences is another source of evil. Mr. T. Prakasam has been going about with a list of these in his bag and moving earth and heaven to put an end to the abuse of power.

To any observer the debates in the legislature recently have been revealing. The only thing that the ministers could say in reply is that they will attempt to improve the situation.

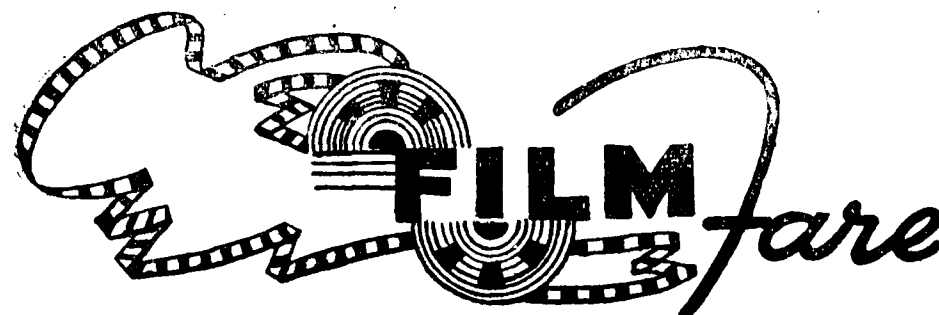
Now what is the way out? The Jaipur Congress last year laid down certain directives to the Congress party men. They must be rigorously applied, and anyone found disloyal to the directions must be mercilessly weeded out of the party.

The possibility that the number so selected may include many powerful leading men should not act as a deterrent. We either mean to purify the organisation or we do not. The likely loss of face before the world should not prevent a thorough cleaning up of the Augean stables. The self-complacent attitude of writing off these abuses as overstatements will do no good to the organisation.

When things come to such a pass, a public exposure of the bad elements will result only in good to the great cause. A stiffening of standards, a heightening of the moral fibre, a wholesale cleansing of evil elements, are absolutely needed.

"William!" the teacher snapped at one of the boys, "at what are you laughing?"

"Please, miss," said William, "Georgie Thompson said, 'What a squeeze it must be up there when there's only a quarter moon'."



THE HEIRESS

IN this Paramount production occurs the second case of miscasting that has come from Hollywood in recent weeks. The first lamentable example was that of Spencer Tracy in *Edward, My Son*. The second is this of Montgomery Clift as Morris Townsend, the suave, mercenary suitor of rich Katherine Sloper.

Katherine is heiress to an incredibly large fortune and the owner of a plain, prim face, nice, straight hair and eyes dumber than a lamb's. She has had the most expensive education that the motherless child of a rich father could hope for, she has travelled and met people, she has studied a great deal more than girls of her age and she remains at the end of it all as untutored in the ways of sophistication as the daughter of a farmer or worse. Her capacity for attraction is nil and of womanly intuition she has less than a two year old. But she has good manners, has never disobeyed her father, never contradicted him, never flirted or coquetted and has become an expert embroideress. This is the character portrayed on the screen by Olivia de Havilland, acknowledged one of the most beautiful of American actresses. And she does it remarkably well. It is a difficult role.

Katherine Sloper is pitied even by women, which is the very worst that can be said of a woman. It is the irrefutable seal of failure to come up to the mark. She is held in contempt by her own father. Is this what has been left to take the place of my lovely wife in my heart, he asks himself, and when in sympathetic company, asks others. As far as he can see Katherine has nothing to recommend her in the marriage market

except her ten thousand a year and the expectation of a thirty thousand more on his death. Naturally, when fastidious, handsome young Morris Townsend declares himself swept off his feet by Miss Sloper's charms, her father has only one diagnosis to make—the scoundrel was after her money. He bluntly tells his daughter so, unleashing a torrent of moral indignation from her. He takes her on a long trip to Europe and she returns home unchanged except for the addition of a few opulent Paris dresses to her wardrobe and a set of ruby cuff-links for Morris. Her father in final despair threatens to cut her out of his will and this she duly reports to Morris, while making plans to elope with him. The rendezvous was for midnight and the sad, bewildered, lonely girl sits beside her packed suitcases till the first light of dawn enters through the curtains. Her eyes are not merely stupid now. They are hard, disillusioned.

But with disappointment does not come a gratitude and a new tenderness for her father. "It took me twenty years to find out you didn't love me," she flings at him. "Why couldn't you have given somebody else a chance to love me?" And so hating everybody, withdrawing herself more and more into a prison of her own making, the angry woman lives through her father's death refusing to see him even on his death bed, rejecting her affectionate aunt's timid advances, filling her life with her embroidery. Her moment of triumph arrives at last when with a new-found strength the bitter and unhappy woman rejects the overtures of Morris when he tries a second time to enter her life.

Ralph Richardson is impressive as

Dr. Sloper and Miriam Hopkins, that popular lovely of the 'thirties is appropriate as the gay, repressed aunty. Montgomery Clift's characterisation misfires. He looks far too nice to carry the part of a heartless money-hunter on his slim shoulders. The secret of a role like this is to make himself transparent to the audience but keep Katherine comfortably hoodwinked. Clift goes a step further and leaves the audience also hoodwinked. If that is the result the director wanted to achieve he certainly couldn't have chosen a better man.



Montgomery Clift

Montgomery Clift, the six-foot tall, dark haired, blue-green eyed potential dream-boat of American female youth, was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in October, 1920. His boyhood was spent in leading a nomadic kind of life with a father who seems to have been a kind of peripatetic financial manager, a mother, a twin sister and a brother. He never attended school and his greatest ambition was to be a circus performer. As he could not achieve his ideal, not having the knack for it, he rebounded on the stage starting with the Little Theatre production *As Husbands Go* followed by *Fly Away Home* with Thomas Mitchell. As a juvenile performer he was a belly ache to all his co-stars on

Broadway and invariably started off a first night by putting ice cream down the back of the leading lady. This sort of thing came to a sharp stop, however, when Thomas Mitchell reprimanded the young offenders one day by saying that "you kids might have enough stuff to be real stage people—if you could cut out the monkey business." The words opened young Clift's eyes to his potentialities and thereafter he put his shoulders to the wheel and took his acting seriously. After three years came the slump. His brother and sister were in college and here he was almost out on the streets without even a schooling. So Montgomery Clift went to school and graduated by the proverbial skin of his teeth. Came Broadway again with Clift acting in flop after flop until he himself flopped into applying for unemployment insurance. That was when he really touched bottom. But a chance in Lillian Hellman's hit play *The Searching Wind* brought him to the attention of Hollywood which lavishly offered him a seven year contract. Anybody would guess he jumped at it, wouldn't he? Well, he didn't. He refused. He stayed on Broadway and accumulated acting experience. He acted with Fredric March, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Tallulah Bankhead, Edmund Gwenn, Tennessee Williams and others. Howard Hawks enticed him later to Hollywood with the script of the *Red River*. A little afterwards came *The Search* about which the critics raved. Next came *The Heiress*, the Hollywood adaptation of Henry James' novel *Washington Square*. After *The Heiress*, Clift flew to Berlin to make *Two Corridors East*, a film on the airlift, during the production of which he was given the Key to the City of Berlin.

For a young man of thirty he has travelled much, having "done" France and Switzerland in the company of Thornton Wilder, England, Rome and Israel, all by himself not to mention his constant journeying all over the States in between shows and pictures. "I like to travel," he says. "I like to keep going." Around Hollywood they say he is reputed for his slovenly clothes, bare feet, an untidy apartment and a junk heap which he calls a car. Recently when he escort-

ed Elizabeth Taylor to the premiere of *The Heiress* he wandered about the place frantically trying to get himself a tuxedo. He has one explanation for all these eccentricities. "People who have lots of possessions," he told a columnist, "are, like big houses, Cadillacs, swimming pools, lots of clothes, usually tied down. Without a huge clutter of worldly goods, and wearing old clothes, I feel the way I want to be—comfortable and free." Which makes sense, after all. And Hollywood is putting up not only with the bare feet and shabby clothes, it has even permitted him to state his own conditions for his contract. A hundred thousand dollars a picture, the right to go back to Broadway between films and to have his films directed by a director of his own choosing. If that isn't leading Holly-

wood by the nose. I would like to know what is. You go and see his smouldering eyes and the breathtaking way in which he makes love and you will understand why Hollywood is being so darned sweet. Soon he will be knocking most he-men of that wonder town all in a loop and every woman past the age of consent and under the age of senility in film-going America is going to breathe in through her mouth when she sees him.

Quite a guy, this Montgomery Clift. He has what Hollywood calls all that it takes. And unless he ruins his chances by trying to be too individualistic or self-assertive, he stands as good a chance of climbing onto the mantelpiece of every woman's home as—say, Tyrone Power.

MAIN FEATURES OF THE BRITISH BUDGET

By JOHN KINGSLEY

THE United Kingdom Budget for 1950-51, presented by Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Tuesday, April 18, had as an overriding objective the maintenance of full employment. Because full employment in the U. K. depends upon British exports of goods and services earning enough to pay for a high level of imports of food and industrial raw materials, U. K. policy must be mainly concerned with the overseas balance of payments and the maintenance of world confidence in sterling. For these reasons the full employment policy, as it must be practised in the U. K., has important international consequences.

Full employment can be threatened either by inflation, which with its spiral of rising prices would cause a falling off in exports, or by deflation which would cause a slump in business and industrial activity through a falling off in demand as a result of inadequate purchasing power.

The application of this theory in action by a Government involves a careful analysis of the stresses and strains in a nation's economy in order to keep a middle course bet-

ween what Sir Stafford in his Budget speech called the "twin evils" of inflation and deflation.

Sir Stafford's estimate of the economic situation led him to introduce what was virtually a standstill Budget. Last year he budgeted for a small surplus of revenue over Government current and capital expenditure of £14,000,000. The surplus turned out to be £62,000,000. This coming year he expects to have a small deficit of £7,000,000 which in a Budget of about £4,000 million is virtually a balanced Budget and marks no great change. Sir Stafford asserted that the U. K. is "in a less inflationary condition than at this time last year," but added that there is still the need "to guard against any kind of increase in inflationary pressure."

This left him with so little room for manoeuvre that he had to impose new taxes on petrol (an addition of 9d a gallon) and on commercial vehicles (a 33-1/3 per cent purchase tax) in order to reduce the lower scales of income tax on the first £250 of taxable income so that income tax should hit workers' overtime earnings a little less heavily.

This year's U. K. Budget is, therefore, not notable for any important changes in taxation. The Budget speech was, however, notable because it contained a comprehensive exposition of the theory of a full employment policy. In a democratic country, rejecting the "violent compulsions" of totalitarian planning, the Budget, Sir Stafford Cripps argued, was the most important control. By reducing excess purchasing power it was possible to stimulate export trade while maintaining full employment.

It was significant that he went on to review the U. K. overseas balance of payments position as a preliminary to developing his argument about the internal fiscal policy of the Budget. For the extent to which a country is living on foreign loans and other aid from abroad—and is therefore able to run an export deficit—has a direct bearing on internal inflationary pressure. It so happens that the U. K. Economic Survey for 1950 estimates that extra production in 1950 will be about £500,000,000. This was the argument which led Sir Stafford to decide that he could give away nothing in the Budget which would increase purchasing power.

His summing up was: "We have a balance between increased output and increased demands upon it, but with no margin whatever to spare for creating still further increases in

personal consumption by tax remissions." He put the same conclusion from another angle when he said: "We cannot, out of our present volume of production, have both full employment and a general standard of personal incomes much above those which we now enjoy."

In this situation there are two variable factors. It may be argued—as Conservative Party leaders do—that Government expenditure absorbs too large a proportion of the national income; or it is possible to ease the situation by raising the volume of production. In his estimate of production Sir Stafford admitted that he may have been erring on the side of caution in estimating an average increase of output per man per year over the whole range of business enterprises at two-and-a-half per cent in 1950 compared with nearly four per cent in 1949. Tentative figures for January and February, he said, suggested that two-and-a-half per cent might be on the low side.

It is typical of Sir Stafford that he should be so cautious. It lends support to his claim that there is an "inherent soundness" in U. K. economy, and to his belief that the "world is convinced we are prepared to take the most drastic steps to guard the strength of sterling and its use for a wide area of multilateral trade throughout the world."

Teacher: "Now children, can anyone tell me of a greater power than the King?"

Eager child: "Yes, miss."

Teacher: "Well, Walter, you may tell the class."

Child: "Please miss, the Ace of Trumps."

Little George (whose sister was playing cards with Mr. Smith), asked: "Mr. Smith, does my sister play cards well?"

Mr. Smith: "Yes, very well indeed."

Little George: "Then you had better look out; mamma said if she played her cards well she would catch you."

"Aren't you afraid you will catch cold on such a night as this, my boy?"

"No, ma'am; selling papers keeps up the circulation."

Teacher: "Why should we endeavour to rise by our own efforts?"

Boy: "Because there's no knowing when the alarm clock may go wrong, sir."

THROUGHOUT ANDHRA, CEDED, NIZAM

కాంత, సేద, హైదరాబాద్ ముఖ్య కేంద్రములలో

బి.ప. సుబ్బారావు & కోటనాచల గ్రా. ప్రొడక్ట్స్

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డైరెక్టర్...బి.ప. సుబ్బారావు..

PALLETOORI PILLA

Director: B. A. SUBBA RAO.

POORNA RELEASE.

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.

Closure of Post Offices on Sundays

Mr. N. V. R. Swamy of Nagapattinam is not the only one who is perturbed at the closure of the post offices on Sundays. When the Shop Assistants' Act came into force all of us (including postal officials) were more agitated. But now we have accustomed ourselves to the inevitable. We do not go a-shopping between 12-30 and 3-30 P.M. We forego tiffin at our favourite restaurant one day in the week. We go to another shaving saloon on days when the nearest barber takes a day off. We concede that the complete closure of post offices does not stand on all fours with the closure of other establishments. Even the employees of the P & T Department would favour the conversion of all the days in the year into full working days, affording full facilities on all days in the year, if only every worker could be given a full day off in the week. But the Government would then have to augment the present staff by a sixth. That would mean not one crore more as the Minister of Communications stated but much more. He therefore announced that only the post offices will be closed on Sundays. The P & T staff felt they were sweated. Mr. Kidwai decided to redress an age-long injustice to the extent possible. It was immediately possible in the post office arm of the service. Telegraph offices, telephone exchanges and R. M. S. sections and stationary mail offices are not closed. This fact the public is perhaps not aware of; that only the post office is to be closed on Sundays. In doing so, it is not as if the necessity for providing facilities for urgent correspondence is forgotten. Special arrangements have been made for the posting, clearance and transit of letters needing immediate attention. Express letters, with 2 annas additional stamps affixed, can be posted. They will receive special attention and will be delivered as telegrams by the telegraph arm. People who want to post on Sundays will have to go to R. M. S. Offices or post them in train letter boxes. Urgent communications have necessarily to receive special treatment not only at the hands of the carrier department but also at the hands of the senders. It will therefore be seen that the arrangement now made is a fair and equitable one. If, however, the public in general and the commercial interests in particular desire the post offices to work on all days, the only alternative is to subject themselves to greater taxation to meet the increased cost. It should not

be forgotten that the Government have also to observe and practice the principles to which they have given their assent in the Labour Conventions. They have their own obligations in the matter which they cannot ignore with any justification.

P. K. BHUJANGA RAO

P. S. RAJARAM

(Members of the Union of Posts and Telegraph Workers, Madras.)

Famine Conditions in the Tirunelveli District

With a view to understanding famine conditions, I toured in March certain villages of Koilpatti and Srivaikuntam taluks, between Tuticorin and Perunkulam. Crops were not bad round about Thattaparai and in villages near Srivaikuntam. Small peasants have emigrated from Subramanyapuram to near and distant villages for harvesting work or stone-quarrying. The unemployed population has increased in consequence of crop failure. The construction of a cement road provided some relief to labour which was paid Rs. 1-4-0 a day.

In Pudukottai, an area of 500 acres remains uncultivated for want of credit facilities for purchase of cattle for deep ploughing. In fact owing to the high cost of cattle, man-labour is employed to a greater degree in water lifts. Short-term loans by co-operative societies are few and far between and given only for the landed classes and the extension will be of great relief. Private rates of interest range between 24 and 32 per cent. Loans are available only on pledge of jewels or on security of land to the extent of four times its value. An enquiry in the village of Pudukottai showed that more than half the cultivators borrowed cattle for ploughing at the rate of Rs. 5 per pair of bulls per day.

Lands have accumulated in the hands of money-lending agriculturists by forced sale of lands of small-holders who took lands on lease and failed to pay the lease amount. Leases were for cash rent ranging between Rs. 15 and Rs. 40 per acre for dry, rain-fed lands. If Government wanted to save the small holders, they should not only remit land revenue, but reduce rents by a substantial percentage.

At Puthiyamuthur there was distress

among weavers for want of employment. Informal rationing has led to half starvation. The ration per head in this village (zamindari) was 3 ounces rice and 4½ ounces cholam, while in the neighbouring village of Pudukottai, it was 6 oz. rice and 2 oz. cholam. The daily wage was 12 annas in this village.

I have toured in these villages during 1926 and organised under Government scheme of co-operative credit with the help of four co-operative inspectors and arranged for the distribution of Rs. 2 lakhs as co-operative loans. Some such scheme is urgently needed for these areas.

Many are living on pulses and sweet potatoes during the day and take only one meal at night. Rice is rare. Grains in the black-market are costly. Statutory rationing as in towns is absolutely essential here.

K. G. SIVASWAMY.

Teachers' Service Agreements

After considerable agitation, service-agreements with managements have been instituted to safeguard the security of tenure of qualified teachers in aided secondary schools. The agreement laid down in M. E. R. provides for three months' notice or salary in lieu thereof in the case of permanent teachers and of two months' notice or salary in the case of teachers on probation. The appointment of untrained teachers from year to year has become a virtual necessity in almost every institution in recent years. Some managements do not enter into agreements at all with untrained teachers; and others again pay the first month's salary after the untrained teacher signs the agreement binding himself to 2 or 3 months' notice or salary. This, I believe, is irregular; for in the absence of definite specification, the normal law of contract, namely for one month, should prevail.

An untrained graduate joins service in a school early in June, gets late in July orders of the Principal of the Training College to join the college forthwith, on vacancies arising. Relief is refused; and he is threatened with disciplinary action. It is forgotten that the phrase "in lieu of" is provided for as a way of action for necessitated immediate leaving of service. It is not considered morally obligatory on the part of managements and the Department to do everything possible to promote or aid the supply of trained teachers. No consideration is given to the untrained graduate's laudable ambition to qualify himself by joining the Training College. The management demands "the full pound of flesh" from the untrained graduate; and the Department directs the untrained graduate to pay the penalty of two months' salary. Is it equity? Is it proper on the

part of the Education Department to penalise the seeking of admission into the Training College?

The Government should give a ruling on whether service agreements should be enforced on untrained teachers; if so, whether they should be put on the same footing as the trained teachers on probation; whether one month's notice or salary in lieu thereof would not be adequate in the case of untrained teachers; and lastly whether this should not be waived for teachers joining the Training College. I would appeal to the Government to grant redress to the aggrieved in this matter; for, the State's role is one of "trusteeship" for the teaching service.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.

Peelamedu.

Is it Just and Proper?

The Madras Co-operative House Construction Society has refused to deal with the Gandhi Nagar Association, Adyar, as a corporate entity. Is this refusal just and proper?

The Gandhi Nagar Association has on its membership roll most of the residential allottees of houses at Gandhi Nagar; and all of them are of course members of the M. C. H. C. Society. The Association was formed on 1st January 1950, and was registered under the Societies Registration Act, on 18th January. The registration of the Gandhi Nagar Association under the Societies Registration Act accords it a well-defined corporate status, even as such a status is accorded to the M. C. H. C. Society by its registration under the Madras Co-operative Societies Act.

Yet, the Board of Directors of the M. C. H. C. Society, presumably acting on the advice of the Registrar of Co-operative Societies whose advice they are bound to seek and follow in such matters, have pronounced that "each member can deal with the Society direct, and there is no provision in the Co-operative Societies Act for dealing with an Association within the Society." There is nothing in the Co-operative Societies Act which, by irresistible implication, debars the Directors of the M. C. H. C. Society from recognising the corporate character of the Gandhi Nagar Association. The circumstance that the Act is silent on ever so many topics of general law (contracts, torts, crimes, etc.) does not mean that, by such silence, the general law outside the ambit of the Act is in any way touched or suspended.

At the last General Body meeting of the M. C. H. C. Society held on 28th January 1950, the Directors of the Society would not recognize a resolution conveyed to them by the Gandhi Nagar As-

sociation, but they did recognize the self-same resolution as conveyed to them by 8 persons jointly who happen to be members alike of the M.C.H.C. Society and the Gandhi Nagar Association. Now, if the Directors can thus welcome an 'ad hoc' or sporadic 'togetherness' of a few Gandhi Nagar members, why should they avert their faces from a 'continuous association' of many Gandhi Nagar members like the Gandhi Nagar Association. Why should the Directors decline to deal with this registered Association as a corporate entity?

Under the Constitution of India (Art. 19 (c)), all citizens have the right to form associations or unions; and the judicial enforcement of this right is guaranteed by Articles 32 and 226. Would not the Directors of the M.C.H.C. Society be practically mocking this right in so far as they decline to recognize the Gandhi Nagar Association as a corporate body? Will events should not such recognition by them be grateful, even if it be not compellable?

K. G. GOPALAN,
Retired District Judge.

Congress Vagaries

Nearly three years have sped by since the Congress took office. Within this time, the acts of commission and omission of the Congress administration, especially in the provinces and States, have been so numerous and corresponding amenities obtained so infinitesimal that the wise man who said that "good government was no substitute for self-government," may well turn in his grave in legitimate wonderment.

All government, as Hume says, rests on opinion. In every State, the very existence of its government, the extent of its powers, and the manner of its exercise, is ultimately dependent upon the acquiescence of the people. This ultimate right of the people means, however, nothing more than a limit to which political oppression and incompetence may safely go.

The first portion of the Congress tenure of office had the protecting extenuation of the inexperience of Congressmen in the none-too-easy art of administration. But, things have not shown even signs of improvement in the third year of their rule. Much experience has been acquired, however. But it was not in the direction of good government; rather, it was in the byways of bickering and jobbery, and in the unscrupulous elevation of individuals and sections at the expense of public welfare. The cliques and cabals inside the once formidable Congress organisation, tell a sorrowful tale of clannishness and

utter callousness towards people's good. We have seen complaints of maladministration and disunity emanating from every Congress-governed province and State. The well-meaning leaders at the top like Nehru and Patel have been constrained to devote a good part of their time and energy to the perpetual problem of wrangling Congressmen.

We are having a taste of the despotism of power and more than that, of the despotism of power-politics. Also, a sort of Gresham's law has been at work in Indian politics of late. Men of marked worth and character are being shoved out. As a case in point, for no knowledgeable reason, Sri C. Rajagopalachari, whose sense of duty and administrative acumen are well-known, has been relegated to an obscure corner in Madras, when his wise and mature counsels would have been of immense value to the country at this critical moment had he continued at the Presidential Lodge at New Delhi. Then, there is the more recent tirade against that redoubtable Congressman of this Province, Sri Prakasam, who is second to none as the darling of the Andhra masses. Certain interested parties who have recently been pitchforked into power, are making a concerted effort to effect Sri Prakasam's exit from the arena of politics. But they forget that politics is not the sole preserve of the Congress. If Sri Prakasam cannot get a fair deal from the Congress bosses, he can exist outside the Congress, and still continue to command the support of the masses, unlike most of the Congress high-ups in the province who will find themselves politically unclad and alone "like Eve in the Garden of God," once the Congress should give them up.

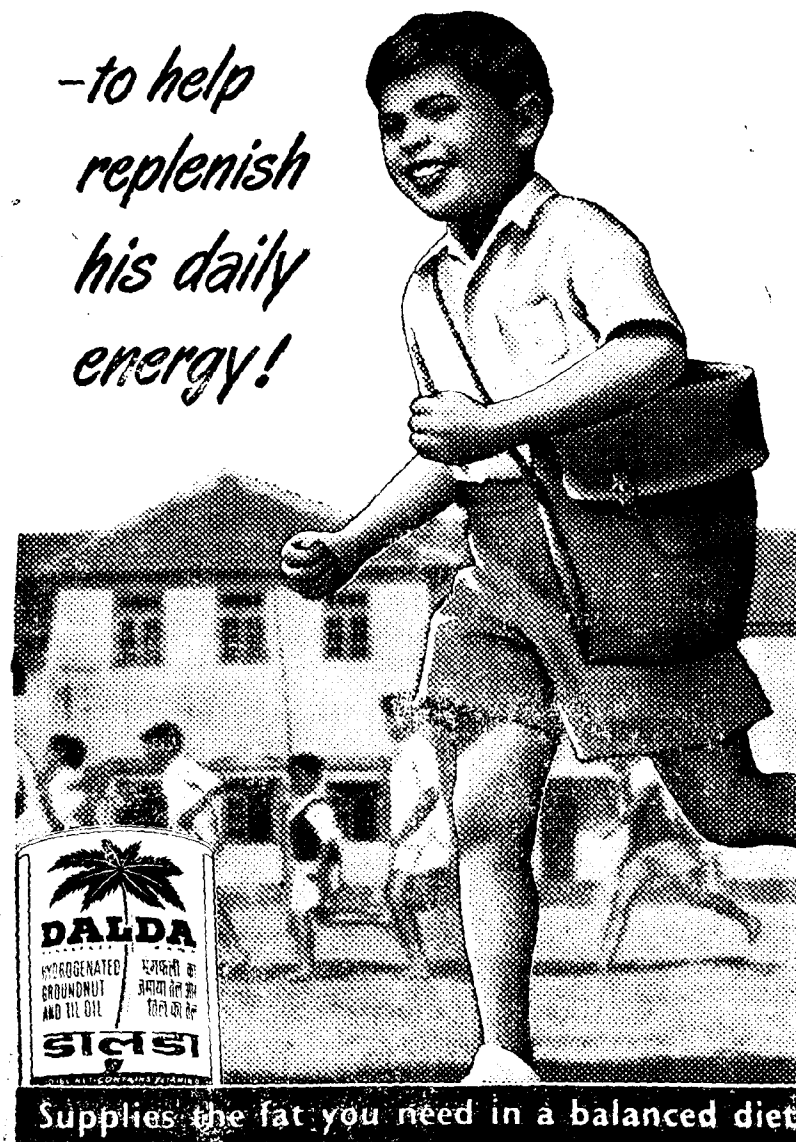
The Malabar Communist, Sri A. K. Gopalan, is given a better hearing in so far as he is allowed to appear and argue before the highest court in India. Sri Prakasam's charge-sheet is specific and he has got enough materials to prove most of the charges made therein, if not all of them. Instead of instituting a judicial inquiry into it, the Parliamentary Board is taking the law into its hands and is asking Sri Prakasam to show cause why disciplinary action should not be taken against him.

It is clear that a clique is working against him. When will the Congress realise that it can ill afford to lose from its ranks stalwarts of the calibre of Sri Prakasam? Any ill-considered action done to him, to satisfy or protect the few small fry who happen to be in power at the moment, will remain a monumental folly and an indelible blot on the Congress escutcheon.

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