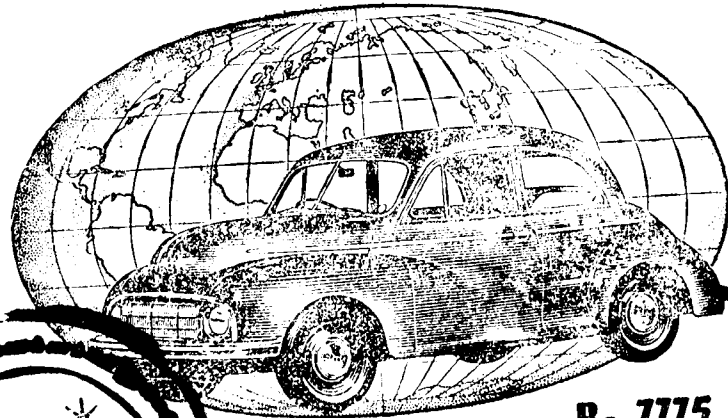


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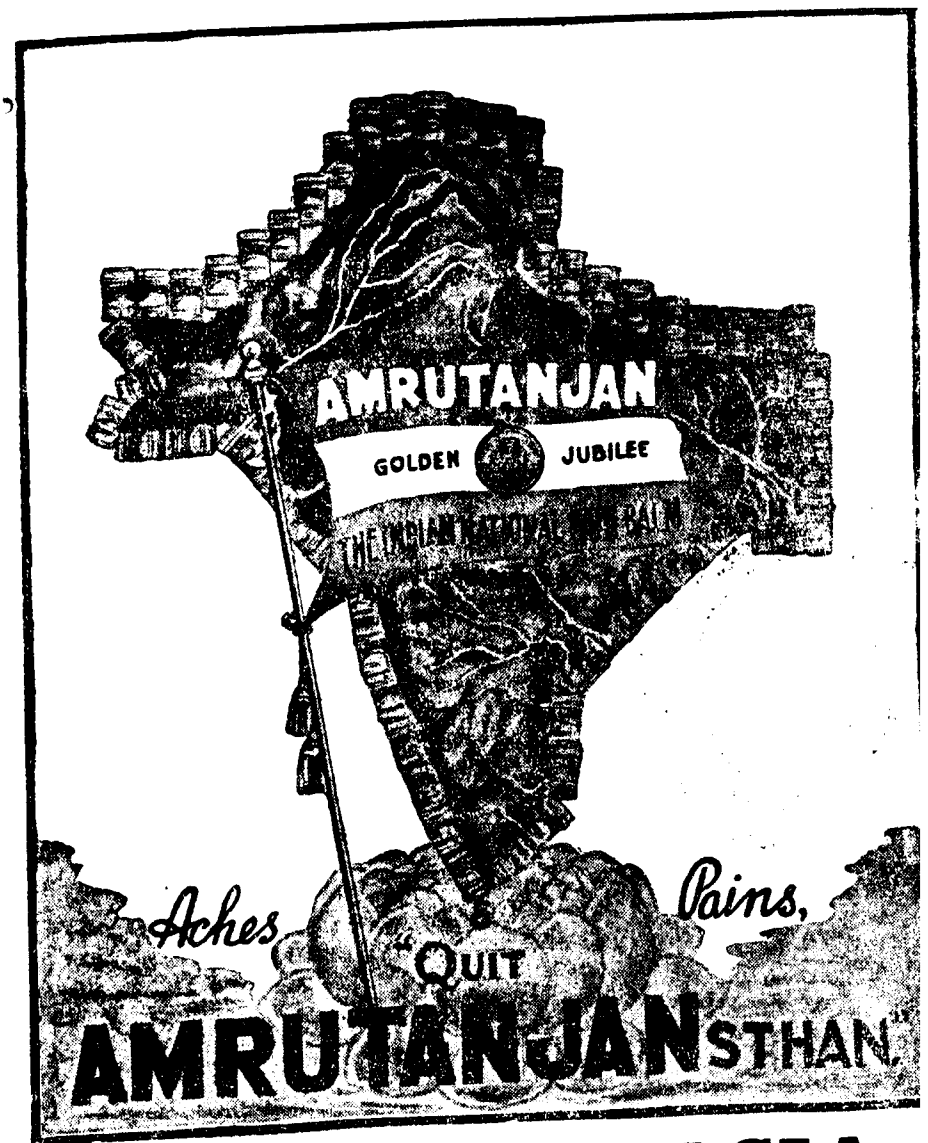
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1951

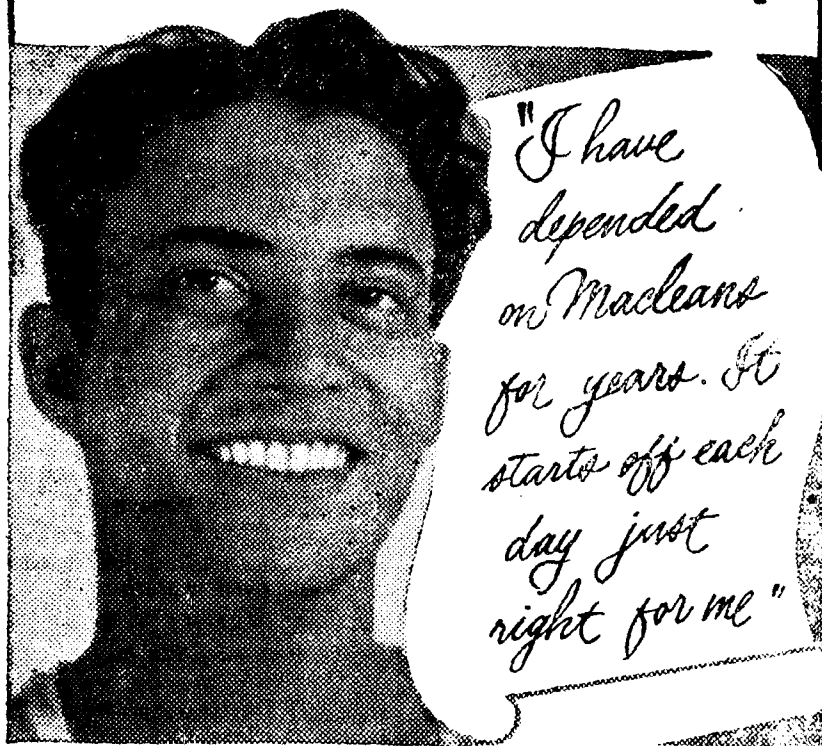
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SWATANTRA

VOL VI
No. 1

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE SPEAKER'S PRIVILEGE

ON Monday, February 5, the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly, at the instance, it would appear, of Sri K. Madhava Menon, Law Minister, gave a ruling to the effect that an article in *Swatantra* dated December 9, 1950 under the heading "Sidelights" amounted to a breach of privilege. The ground on which he gave the ruling was, as stated by him, that "the article in question is a comment on the proceedings of our House which was (were?) pending" and was likely to "influence the voting." It is necessary to recapitulate briefly the purport of the passage objected to, in order to assess the value of the Speaker's ruling. The passage in question drew attention to the contradiction in substance between two statements made under official auspices on two different occasions on the same subject, the subject being the relationship of some of the directors of the State-assisted Sudarsan Oil Mills to Sri Gopala Reddi, the Finance Minister. Thus, while on 17th March 1949, a printed list of questions and answers supplied to members of the Assembly included among the directors the Finance Minister's brother and brother-in-law, the Finance Minister himself, on 7th December 1950, in his reply to Sri Prakasam's motion, characterised his relatives on the board of the Mills as "cousins of the third and sixth degrees" and likened his connection with them to that between Mahatma Gandhi and Sri Sitarama Reddi! The comment on this under "Sidelights", which is now the offending passage on which the Speaker's ruling is based, ran as follows:

"What weight can the world attach to the words of a Finance Minister capable of airily disposing of his relationship to a brother and brother-in-law as one with cousins of a third or sixth degree comparable to the relationship between Mahatma Gandhi and Sri Sitarama Reddi! Such a Finance Minister does not know the meaning of words and values, is not to be trusted, and is not fit for office."

This passage contains a statement of fact enshrined in official records of the proceedings of the Assembly itself, and a deduction based on that fact. What is there written in it that is either undignified or degrading "about the House," for drawing attention to which the Speaker need have felt impelled to be so "thankful" to the Law Minister in the opening paragraph of his ruling? If an offence had to be pinned on to someone in the case, it is appropriate that the Speaker's sensitiveness for the dignity of the House should have been outraged by the Minister that had misrepresented facts and misled the Assembly, and not the journal that pointed out what the Minister had done. Sri Sivashanmukham Pillai referred in his ruling against *Swatantra* to two instances to illustrate the principle involved in the alleged breach of privilege. One of them arose from a forged letter to *The Times* and the other from a libel on the House of Commons. The article in *Swatantra* is analogous neither to the one nor the other, and no authority relevant in either case is applicable to our irrefutable comment on a ministerial misdemeanour.

that in no way encroaches on any privilege of the Legislative Assembly. Unless privilege of the House is equated with defence of erring Ministers, we see neither point nor substance in the Speaker's charge of breach of privilege against *Swatantra*.

The Press of the country might on occasions, if properly approached, impose on itself voluntary restraints for particular periods or in special emergencies, but it cannot consent as in duty bound to hold itself in suspended animation while legislators debate on the eve of voting. It cannot be unknown to the Speaker of the Madras Assembly that a prodigious amount of lobbying goes on with the express purpose of influencing the voting by legislators, especially when controversial issues on which the contending parties are evenly matched, come up for decision. There have often been public demonstrations in front of legislatures in session clamouring that their members should vote in a particular way and no other. The atmosphere surrounding legislatures with their hectic power politics and bargaining is quite unlike that of the law courts entrenched in their speciality of judicial balance and objectivity. A continuity of pressure of all kinds operates without intermission in the political set-up of elections and legislative assemblies, and it is not profitable for any mortal, himself rooted in that set-up, to command, Canute-like, that such pressure shall recede or cease for a while and give place to a vacuum. The proper time for the Press to exert its influence to shape the character of government is on the eve of voting in the legislature, and not afterwards when criticism is foredoomed to ineffectiveness. The Press will certainly not agree to be forced out of the practice in democratic countries, or be bowled out of its proper function as in fascist regimes, to oblige the Madras Speaker in his untenable theory of privilege, having its origin in the frenzied brain of the Law Minister, one of a triumvirate in

the Cabinet with a systematic attitude of petti-fogging discrimination against this journal for its part in exposing the miserable futility of their rule in promoting the welfare of the oppressed, over-taxed and underfed people exposed to it.

Let our Hon'ble Speaker take note of what the Editor of a newspaper of such high standing as the *Manchester Guardian*, a veritable leader of the Press of the world, with its worldwide renown for fairness and integrity, stated in answer to our Correspondent in England when the issue raised by him against *Swatantra* was placed before him for his opinion. He said that "it is quite inconceivable that the Speaker of the British House of Commons would take any notice of a Press comment unless it was held to be a breach of privilege,".... that "mere comment on a debate would not be so held unless the House or its Members were brought into contempt," and that "comment while a debate is proceeding is the usual thing" in England, "and newspapers seek to influence the result of the voting by their arguments."

The principle enunciated by the Speaker that Press comments on pending Parliamentary proceedings amount to breach of a privilege of the House when they influence the voting, is not sustained by the practice of democratic countries where a free and independent Press, "free to say what it chooses, subject only to the restraints of decency and the law of libel," has come to be looked upon as an indispensable instrument of popular education and of popular government. Such as the principle is, we fail to see how it can be applied at all to the comment in *Swatantra* that has provoked all this pother from the Chair. Unless truth itself is to be deemed a breach of privilege of the House on the supposition that some part of it is likely to have some influence on legislators' minds and sway their voting, it is difficult to make head or tail of this ruling of the Speaker.

Sotto Voce

DECOY-DUCK



THE Government of Bombay propose to legislate banning cross-word puzzle competitions except under certain restrictive conditions. No prize higher than Rs. 1000 would be permitted and no competitor allowed to file more than one entry. The object presumably is to discourage the gambling instinct which longs for rewards out of all proportion to effort and looks to chance as an invaluable ally. The smaller the prize the less will be the appeal to greed, so it is argued. And the limiting of entries should protect people against their own propensity to play for abnormal stakes.

But those who organise these competitions, including some newspapers, see the matter in a different light. They point out that, whatever the intention, the effect will be to kill what is no less lawful an enterprise than betting on horses. The money that may be won on the turf is unlimited. And the provocation to throw away your last rupee on a thousand to one chance of losing is far more irresistible. The Government are reminded, too, that they have had a good share of the pickings, as much from the one entertainment as from the other, by way of direct and indirect levies. Rather more naively the champions of cross-words go on to contend that the element of chance would be enhanced, not reduced, by limiting the number of entries.

The moral fervour of authority is as diverting as the right to "give the public what it wants" which is paraded as the first article in an infeasible Press Charter. In a society poised

precariouly on the ceaseless flux of the stock market and the organised gambling of commercial relations, games of chance in which a small element of skill may or may not enter play but a minor part. Their elimination will hardly usher in the millennium. On the other hand it is no more the function of newspapers to run cross-word puzzle competitions for their readers than to arrange their matrimonial affairs. And, unlike the vulgar croupier, the genteel organisers of this industry were never in the slightest danger of losing a pie.

It is not to be denied that the cross-word at its best may be a powerful stimulus to the intellectual and literary faculties. 'Torquemada' of *The Times* fully lived up to his name and yet few who have felt the fascination of discursive reading have been able to resist the temptation to submit themselves to the exquisite torture. The present scribe, in the dim distant twenties, was accounted a pretty hand at applying the screw, by the readers of a small newspaper. The grand prize of five rupees was offered to the victor. And yet nearly a tenth of the readership were found to compete. And the average of success was so high that it was plain enough that it was the rigour of the game that attracted them, not the exiguous reward.

But even so chance could not be wholly excluded. A ballot had to be drawn, as quite a number scored cent per cent success. When the commercial motive became dominant, the need for finding insoluble problems and the drying up of invention on the part of problem-setters were responsible for the

game degenerating from a mental exercise into a bout of wild guessing. The barren ingenuity that went into the framing of these arbitrary and specious puzzles was strictly subordinated to the business of making a profit. A dozen different solutions might be shown to fit with equal plausibility; but only the "idea" laid up in the heaven of the problem-setter's mind was valid.

It is the sheerest pretence that it is reward for skill that is offered by what has largely degenerated into a racket. The particular type of skill and the means of stimulating it are equally limited; beyond a point all incentive is bound to be infertile. Hence the need that has been felt to deploy a decoy-duck for duds, a purse fatter far than the wildest dreams of avarice. The quarry in view is most definitely not the man who, while he

would not be averse to pocketing a few rupees if they came his way in the process, is primarily attracted by the challenge to his mind.

The bays for which Aeschylus and Sophocles contended were probably not worth a drachma. And fifty years of the Nobel Prize have recorded more misses than hits. Shaw and Elliot at least did not go into the writing business to catch the eye of the Swedish Academy. But it is not for spiritual satisfaction that cross-word maniacs and other victims broken on the wheel of organised excitement barter their substance and the time for work and wisdom which is far more precious. A Ministry for the Ban of Useless Activity would be a boon. But then, most Governments might come under its axe!

VIGHNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS: :

Our business is to tell the public what we know and what we think. It is for you to take note of what the public feels when it has the facts before it.—Francis Williams, formerly Editor, DAILY HERALD.

shall scrupulously adhere to the course suggested by you, and refrain from all comments likely to be interpreted as an attempt to influence the voting in the Assembly."

CAN the Press make comments on the proceedings of the Legislature so as to influence the voting? The Hon'ble Sri Sivashanmukham Pillai, Speaker of the Madras Assembly, is of the opinion that it should not. According to him the article under this section, "Sidelights," published in *Swatantra* dated December 9, 1950 was objectionable as it was calculated to influence the voting on Sri Prakasam's censure motion against some of the ministers. So the Speaker invited me to his Chamber to discuss the matter, and in the talk we had he asked me to express regret for the article. I said I did not feel any regret, I stood by what I had written, and to express what I did not feel would be hypocritical. He then cited authorities from two books purporting to lay down the British practice. I said I was not ready with counter authorities to prove the British practice, but so far as I was aware there was no interdict on the British Press against commenting on parliamentary proceedings even if the comment might have the effect of influencing the voting in the House. But I was prepared, I said, to accept his position until I proved my contention. He asked me to put my viewpoint in a letter. I did so the next day, January 10. Here is the text of my letter to the Speaker:

"When I met you yesterday you were kind enough to tell me that it is not proper for the Press to comment on proceedings of the Legislature in such a way as to influence the voting. It is my impression that no such interdict as this obtains in the case of the British Press. But I am not able to pick out and place before you the relevant authorities to prove my case. I shall endeavour to do so as early as possible. Meanwhile, I

In the course of his ruling in the Assembly on the *Swatantra* article on February 5, the Speaker quoted my assurance "to refrain from all comments likely to be interpreted as an attempt to influence the voting of the House," but omitted to mention the condition included in the earlier portion of my letter. I met him at 1-30 p.m. on February 6 and represented that on account of this omission an incorrect impression was given of my undertaking. He very readily offered to read the whole of my letter the same day in the afternoon session of the Assembly, but I found from the evening papers that he had not done so. I also took exception to two sentences in his ruling which I quote below:

"It is the duty of every member of the legislature when anything undignified or degrading is written about the House, to bring that to the notice of the Chair. So I am thankful to the Minister for Law and Education for drawing my attention to the article in *Swatantra*."

I requested the Hon'ble Speaker to point out any portion in the article that could be construed as "undignified" or "degrading," but he said that those adjectives were certainly not intended to apply to *Swatantra*. I thanked him for his intentions but said that the language as it stood left no room for any other interpretation. He was kind enough to dispute this and to say that he would clear the position and set all doubts at rest in the afternoon session of the Assembly. This was not done.

I sent a cutting of the article objected to, to *Swatantra's* Correspondent in England with a request that he might show it to leaders of the British Press and obtain their opinion on the issue raised by the Speaker of the Madras Assembly. I

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give below the Correspondent's reply which reached me this week:

I was interested to note the Speaker's reaction to your Side-lights. I see that his objection was that the paragraph concerned might influence the voting of the legislature. If this is his only objection then it could not be sustained on British precedent. I have discussed the matter with local Press men and we agreed that the Press, in its Editorial comment, often seeks to influence the voting in a debate in the House. For example, when the debate on the nationalisation of the steel industry comes up, I have no doubt that all the non-Socialist Press will come out strongly against it before the debate begins. I was, however, just a little doubtful as to whether comment would be made on a debate whilst the debate was actually in progress—as, for example, if a debate takes two days, will the Press comment on the morning of the second day, whilst the matter is still under discussion in the House and before the voting has taken place? I therefore wrote to the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian* for his ruling. The following is a copy of his reply to me:

"It is quite inconceivable that the Speaker of the British House of Commons would take any notice of a Press comment unless it was held to be a breach of privilege. Mere comment on a debate would not be so held unless the House or its Members were brought into contempt. *Comment while a debate is proceeding is, of course, the usual thing in this country, and newspapers seek to influence the result of the voting by their arguments.*"

If you should require this letter from the *Guardian* in the original, I would, of course, send it to you.

When I met the Speaker on February 6 I placed this correspondence before him and said that the letter of the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian* was authority enough to prove the British practice of "No interdict" in the matter of Press comment to

influence voting in the legislature. He said that he would accept as binding only a ruling by Metcalfe, Clerk of the British House of Commons, or Mr. Locker, Dy. High Commissioner for Britain in Madras. I informed him that Mr. Locker had unfortunately died that morning. Metcalfe alone thus remains the sole authority acceptable to the Speaker. I said that I would seek the help of the gentleman named, but the Press in India would be quite content to accept the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian* as quite competent to indicate the practice of the British Press on the issue raised.

So far as *Swatantra* is concerned, the British practice having been authoritatively established, the self-imposed restraint for refraining from comments likely to influence voting in the Assembly, is no longer binding or justified. There is no warrant in British precedent to muzzle the Indian Press in the exercise of its right and duty of seeking to influence all who would listen to it, not excluding legislators in their capacity of voters in the Assembly, to conduct themselves in a manner which it holds to be worthy or desirable. The analogy of law courts who are immune from comment pending the award of their judgments, does not apply to the legislature, if only because, unlike judges who apply their consciences to the evidence on hand, legislators surrender their freedom of conscience to the party leader and act under command of the party whip at voting time.

Readers of *Swatantra* might be interested in the following letter which tells its own tale, addressed by me to the Speaker. The letter is dated February 7, 1951.

When I met you yesterday at 1-30 p.m. in your Chamber, I raised two points.

The first one was that in your ruling on the *Swatantra* article read in the Assembly on February 5 you had referred to my assurance "to refrain from all comments likely to be interpreted as an attempt to influence the voting of the House," but you omitted to mention the condition attached to the assurance.

By this, I said, a limited and conditional assurance was made to look like an absolute one, and a wrong impression was given of my undertaking. You were kind enough to say that you would remove any such impression that might have been created by reading the whole of my letter in the afternoon session of the Assembly.

The second point raised by me was in respect of two sentences occurring in your ruling. Let me quote them:

"It is the duty of every Member of the Legislature, when anything undignified or degrading is written about the House, to bring them to the notice of the Chair. So I am thankful to the Minister for Law and Education for drawing my attention to the article in *Swatantra*."

I requested you to point out any portion in the *Swatantra* article that could be construed as "undignified" or "degrading," but you said that those adjectives were not

meant for *Swatantra* at all. I thanked you for your intentions but said that the language of the two sentences quoted above left no room for any other interpretation. You were then kind enough to say that you would clear all doubts on this point by making a statement in the Assembly in the after-noon session.

As what you promised in respect of both these points was not fulfilled, I am now driven to have recourse to such means of publicity as are open to me to clear myself of the wrong impression created in those portions of your ruling referred to above.

On receipt of the letter quoted above, the Speaker called me on the telephone and said that when I met him on February 6 he had promised to make his statement not the same day but some other day when an opportunity occurred. I replied that was not how I understood what he said.—SAKA.

MADRAS OFFICE: 5/149, BROADWAY, G. T. MADRAS.

DECLINE OF MUSIC—II

By KRISHNA

IN music, more than in any other branch of art, East is East and West is West. It is usual to distinguish the two types of music by reference to the emphasis on harmony in Western music and the emphasis on melody in Eastern music. This is a fundamental difference and its implications deserve to be carefully appreciated. Stated in simple language, in melodic music each note is heard after the previous note and so a string of sounds is formed; in harmonic music the notes are heard at the same time and so a chord is formed. The Eastern ear has become accustomed to listen to a succession of sounds, the Western ear to a group of simultaneous sounds, both series having musical value. It is possible to produce several sounds at the same time on an instrument like the piano, but the human voice, except when it is sore, can produce only one sound at a time. So the discovery of the key board of what is called the tempered scale in Europe started Western music on the path to harmony and orchestration, and to the musical instrument as the factor determining the direction of development, while Eastern music continued to be controlled by the possibilities and the limitations of the human voice. The melodic system is to be preferred as a means of educating the ear. A recent writer, M. Alaain Daniclon observes "The harmonic system in which the group of related sounds is given at once is in a way more direct, but it is also less clear because an accurate discrimination of the different elements which constitute a chord is not usually possible. On the contrary the model development allows an exact perception and immediate classification of every one of the sound elements. The model system permits therefore of much more accurate, powerful and detailed outlining of the expression."

It should not be concluded from this analysis that *ipso facto* Indian music

is superior to Western music and that therefore we are a great nation. No one system is superior to any other system from a purely musical viewpoint. It would be idle to institute comparisons between Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* and Thyaga Raja's *Endaro Mahanubhavulu*. Each has moved millions of civilized men and women. It would be more profitable to understand how each system represents and bears the characteristics of a particular civilization. Western civilization and art are traceable to Greece and Rome. Aristotle said that man is a social animal, in other words but the finest faculties of the human mind are developed in society and not in isolation. In India, on the other hand, the sages were convinced that the human mind could attain the full measure of its potentialities only in isolation away from the madding crowd. Western music is therefore expressive, communal, harmonic, while Eastern music is introspective, personal, melodic, with as few aids as possible, a search for the absolute along a thin path of sound. The two systems, one might say, represent two ways of living, the Western way with its emphasis on the relations of man to man and the consequential development of numerous political forms like the jury system and Parliament, and the Eastern way with its emphasis on the relation of man to God and the resultant stagnation in politics but a rich harvest in philosophical and religious thought. It would not be incorrect or far-fetched to pursue the distinction so as to include the Indian tendency to inductive thinking leading from the many to the one, from observation to conclusions.

It is in this background that the two musical systems should be appreciated; and looked at in this way, not only is the scope for synthesising the two slender, but it would be musically wrong to make such an attempt.

Attempts have been made in the past to show that 'harmony' was tried and given up in India. This is just eye-wash and self-delusion. A few people, notably missionaries who take interest in the customs of backward races, have attempted to write down Indian songs in staff notation. The writing down of the basic melody of a song whether by means of the *swaras* or by staff notation is of no significance. In a melodic system the scope for broad improvisations is limited. This is compensated by means of subtle graces, infinitely delicate variations of tone and tempo, the way in which one note slides into another, the weakening and strengthening of volume, the perfect fidelity to the tonic and other aspects that can be learnt only at the feet of a master. The writing down of a song is only an aid to memory and can no more furnish the pattern of a song than the shadow on the wall can represent the live human being whose outline it forms. It would be wiser to record the songs for being played on the gramophone as an aid to instruction than to write books containing long strings of *swarams* with dots and dashes and a hundred other symbols that confuse even the experts.

The writing down of songs is excusable if not intelligent, but the recent attempts of "orchestrating" Indian music is a step towards the destruction of music that no one has equaled since the Emperor Aurangzeb. The disease started with the brass band and the clarionet, the members wearing a peculiar *Khaki* uniform, and filling up the time when the piper takes rest with their peculiar brand of caterwauling. It then spread to the All India Radio where the torture of the same song at the same time by several instrumentalists, and the resultant increase of sound was mis-called orchestral music. It then found its way by a process of natural attraction, to the cinema, which has improved on the previous efforts by producing instrumental overtures that have no connection whatsoever with the subsequent song. It is easier for a camel to enter the eye of the needle than to harmonize a melodic system. Choral

singing is not harmony. The combination of the drone, the song and the drum is not harmony either. It is more than ever necessary to realise that these developments are departures from tradition and right development and have no value as contributions to the art. Indian music can develop only along the narrow path of melody.

These experiments would have been condemned *ab initio*, if the musical education of the community was proper and if music was part and parcel of the life of the people, instead of being a week-end entertainment or a Christmas fever. It may be contended with reason that music has got divorced from life. In an earlier age the mother sang lullabies to the child, homely tunes full of the warmth and affection and wonder of young motherhood. As the child grew older it was taught prayers and poems to be recited every day. It saw the girls going round the village, with a pair of painted sticks, singing and dancing; or going round and round, keeping time with their hands. By the time the child grew into a boy, music had already become part of the nourishment of his mind. He went to the fields with his father and heard the rhythmic tunes that are sung during transplantation. If he crossed the river in a coracle he heard the boatman singing to the waters. In the village as the sun set and the temple lamps were sighted, the air would be filled with the sound of the drum and the piper and pealing bells. Early in the morning he would wake up to the sound of *bhajans*. When his sister got married there would be a riot of music—classical concerts, funny songs, satirical songs, songs of courtship and refusal. And finally when his grandmother died the village women would gather and sing "weeping songs." Thus from birth to death music was woven into the texture of life. Urban life has severed this connection. In fact urban workers, the postman, the truck-driver, the tailor, the factory hand the shop assistant do not sing during work. The boatman, the cart driver, the

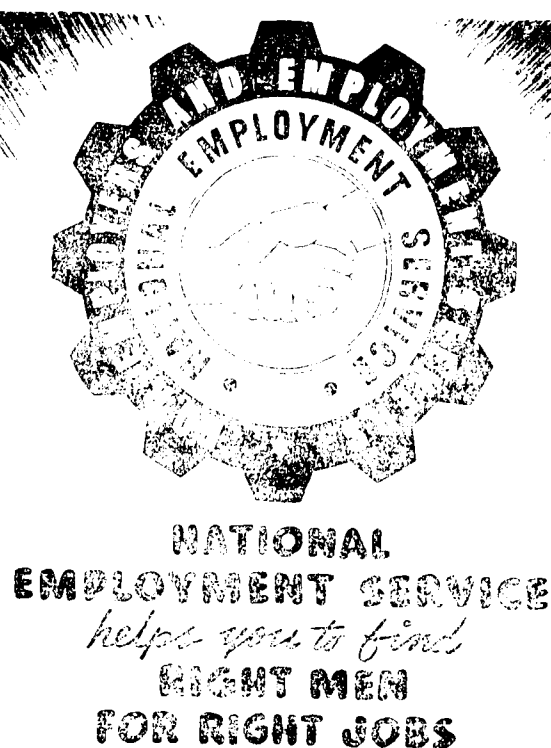
women transplanting rice or pounding paddy, sing during work. Perhaps art cannot flourish far away from nature. The yearning to sing will arise if society is stable, and life is not a nervous distraction, a competitive pursuit in which the devil takes the hindmost, and there is no community as such but only a collection of individuals, each indifferent to the other. But the clock cannot be put back and it is idle to talk of recreating the ancient Indian village. Hence the failure of most revivalist movements. It is one thing for the villagers to collect in front of the temple or in the village common, after the harvest is over, and the summer nights are long and cool; it is quite another thing

to meet in a modern theatre, with electric fans whirring overhead and then create atmosphere by means of two brass lamps and one hand-painted curtain on the stage. The past cannot be "intellectualised." Just as the nudism of the savage is different from the nudism of the nudist colony, so also, a revival through research is not the same as the original art-form. What one has to strive for is to mould the traditional pattern so as to accord with society as it exists, and conversely to fashion social life so as to facilitate expression through art. How best to achieve this under modern conditions is a difficult but necessary study.

"By Jove," said the art critic to the artist, "when I look at one of your paintings I stand and wonder—"

"How I do it?" interrupted the artist, enthusiastically.

"No," replied the critic, "why you do it."



PORTRAIT OF AN UMPIRE

By P. N. S.

BOMBAY were playing Western India States in the Ranji Trophy Championships in 1944 in their home ground. Ibrahim, Bombay's opening bat, deflected a ball with his pads and the batsman crossed for three singles. Then suddenly Ibrahim was seen sauntering back to the batting crease to take the strike. The umpire at the bowling end—a short, unimpressive figure—ordered the burly Ibrahim to go back, as the batsman had deliberately deflected the ball with his pads and there could be no run off such a stroke—if it can be so called.

What T. A. Ramachandran of Madras—for the umpire was none other than he—did was nothing extraordinary. But the press acclaimed his act as courageous and showered praise on him. The reason was not far to seek. Batsmen in India up to then were using their legs instead of the bat to balls without the wicket to score easy runs. And as no umpire had the guts to put a stop to the disgusting practice, runs were stolen this way with impunity. And Ramachandran's decision was applauded as it sounded the deathknell of this method and also revealed the umpire's boldness—it was no easy matter to act in the manner he did in a Ranji Trophy match, against a batsman from Bombay—the 'Home of Indian Cricket'—and at the headquarters.

But Ramachandran has always been noted for his fearlessness, no matter who the participants are or what the occasion is. Born in a humble station in life 40 years ago, Ramachandran was a keen cricketer during his school days, when he was a student of the Hindu High School, Triplicane, along with the reputed A. G. Ram Singh. But an accident at the early age of 22 disabled him from resuming his favourite sport and put an end to the realisation of his dream of playing big cricket.

So young Ramachandran was forc-

ed to wend his way to the playing fields of the City and spend the day watching others play and cursing his own fate. And on one such day an event took place which started Ramachandran on his present successful career.

The Chepauk United Club were playing the Emmanuel Club in a League match conducted by the Indian Cricket Federation, the nucleus around which the present Provincial Association was built up. Ramachandran was one of the casual spectators who had gone to witness the match. The match could not start as only one umpire was available to officiate, and a search for the other was set afoot. Then somebody espied Ramachandran, and he was asked to officiate as the second umpire.

Ramachandran, who was not conversant with the rules of the game then, except in the haphazard manner of a player, went in with some trepidation. But the fears were baseless; he did his job to the satisfaction of the players—which umpire can ask for more?

Ramachandran must have been thankful for the opportunity he got on that day in 1932. It kindled his dying interest in the game he loved; henceforth he resolved to serve it as a custodian of the rules. He gained considerable experience by officiating in inter-school, inter-collegiate, and, in League matches when the Madras Cricket Association organised it on a firm footing. He became thorough with the rules, and when the first umpires' examination was held in 1934, he came through with great success.

Ramachandran, through the hard way, won the confidence of players and the public alike, and he was deputed to the Inter-Association Junior match in 1937 played between Madras and Mysore at Madras. More opportunities came his way—inter-university ties, and the first City vs. Mofussil match played at the M. U. C.

Slowly, but surely, Ramachandran's ability as an umpire reached the ears of the Board of Control for Cricket in India and in 1940-41 he deputised in his first Ranji Trophy Championship match between Madras and Mysore. From then on he was all over India eliciting the admiration of one and all for his thoroughness, impartiality and devotion to duty. And capping his successful work in the semi-finals and final of the national championships in that year, Ramachandran was included in the All-India panel of umpires. In 1945, when after the cessation of World War II, the Australian Services XI toured India, Ramachandran deputised in two of the "Tests" against the visitors, and in 1948 he did good work in the Bombay Test against the victorious West Indians.

Ramachandran is inconspicuous. Short and sparsely built, and with a smile which seems to cover his whole face he strikes one as a 'jolly good fellow' and does not look the strict disciplinarian he is while on duty. But watch him 'at the crease.' His decisions come out with a severity which brooks no opposition; with a finality which leaves nobody in doubt about the verdict. His finger does not rise when he gives a batsman out; it shoots upwards and slantingly. And when his gruff voice says 'over,' it is an over of six balls, and if the scorer had marked seven or five, the scorer is wrong; the bowler did bowl six balls.

Ramachandran's devotion to duty is exceptional. Whether it is a minor local encounter or a Test match between celebrities, he can be seen toiling from the early hours of the morning at the grounds, instructing the groundsman at his job of preparing the pitch. And for all the tire-

some work that he puts in, he begins the match with a concentration and energy that deserves high praise.

Leaie Constantine in one of his latest books has written that the West Indians who visited India in 1948 were full of praise for the standard of umpiring in India, and Ramachandran was one of these hard-working men who earned their country that great tribute.

From a lucky chance that fell his way, Ramachandran has reached the top, fighting his way through harsh criticism and against severe handicaps. He is a self-made man. But there were a few friends who stood by him in his early days—Dr. V. N. C. Rao, and Messrs. J. Subbuswamy, O'Callaghan and K. S. Ranga Rao, to name a few—and about them the Test umpire speaks with gratitude.

Ramachandran's first love is cricket. But he is a first-class umpire at hockey and an able one at football. He made his debut in hockey in a sensational match. Again from a casual spectator he was given the whistle in an encounter between the Telegraph Recreation Club and the Madras United Club at Esplanade; the M. U. C. went down to the tune of 24 goals to nil. He owes his success in these games again to Mr. Subbuswamy and to Messrs A. P. Naidu and T. P. Kesavan, the last named a veteran sportsman of the City, and an umpire alongside his 'disciple' in cricket, hockey and football.

Ramachandran is also connected with the administrative side of umpiring in the province. He is a member of the Umpires' Sub-Committee in Cricket, Treasurer of the Hockey Umpires' Association and a member of the Football Referees' Association—a fitting recognition of his services to the cause of umpiring.

It is the irreparableness of every action which makes life so difficult. Nothing occurs again precisely as it came about before, and in the most important things there has been no previous experience to guide one. It is once for all that one takes each action, and every mistake is irremediable. Sometimes, looking back, one is appalled at one's errors, one seems to have wasted so much time in idle byways, and often to have mistaken the road so completely that whole years appear frustrate.—Somerset Maugham.

INDIA'S STERLING BALANCE "SUCCESS"

By ANDREW ROTH

FRIENDS of India with a knowledge of international economics were amused by the New Delhi announcement that India had "succeeded" in adding Rs. 80 millions to its sterling balances during the latter half of 1950. It would have been more accurate to say that Britain had succeeded in getting India to take I. O. U.s. for manufactures that India wants and needs but Britain is not able to supply in adequate amounts because of the increasing pressure of rearmament.

Indian officials are not the only ones to make such misleading statements. British leaders, including Messrs. Attlee and Bevin, often talk about Britain's "generosity" in allowing the holders of sterling balances to use their own money! This shows how easy it is to mislead even the politically alert citizens of Britain and India when a subject is wrapped in the mumbo-jumbo of professional economists.

When one takes off the wrapping and looks closely it is difficult to restrain admiration at British ingenuity in devising a machinery to shore up its weakened economic position. Never has any country profited so much by owing money to others. What may have been started as a book-keeping device has become a vital and flexible instrument for keeping the Overseas Sterling Area bound to Britain.

One must also credit the effective realism with which British Labour, and particularly Mr. Attlee, has worked to supply the political lubrication for this economic machine. It is no exaggeration to state that Mr. Attlee has maintained the economic essence of Britain's once-great political empire to an extent that empire-conscious Mr. Churchill could never have done. By giving India and others their political independence in the nick of time, Britain has succeeded in retaining them as subordinate cogs in the sterling machine.

When this correspondent suggested to a Dutch administrator in 1948 that it would be wise for Holland to emulate Britain's Indian strategy in Indonesia, he replied sadly: "Yes, it would be a good idea if we had something like 'sterling balances' to bind them to us. But, unfortunately, the Indonesians owe us money!" Indeed, when Indian officials were debating leaving the Commonwealth at the end of 1948, one persuasive reason advanced for staying on was the fear of losing over £800 million still owed India by Britain in sterling balances.

These sterling balances together with the linked 'dollar pool' are mostly a product of Britain's successful wartime effort to spread the cost of World War II as widely as possible. At the war's beginning, Britain set up a Dollar Pool—over which it presided—into which all sterling countries sold the foreign exchange secured through their exports and to which they had to go for needed foreign currencies! In addition, Britain entered into agreement, such as that with the British-run "Government of India", on paying war costs. New Delhi agreed to pay a fixed annual sum more than the normal defence expenditure plus the cost of war measures undertaken by India in her own interests plus ten million rupees annually to pay for imperial defence. Britain agreed to reimburse India for Indian troops overseas and for the cost of all goods and services supplied to foreign troops stationed in India during the war.

What happened in actual fact was that the money Britain was supposed to pay India was simply entered as a credit—or 'sterling balance'—in the books of the Bank of England. Against these credits, however, the Reserve Bank of India issued currency. India could not use these sterling balances to import needed commodities and was allowed to increase its manufacturing capacity

only a fractional amount. The result was a six-fold increase in currency in circulation with scarcely any increase in commodity circulation, producing a five-fold inflation of the cost of necessities. This massive inflation impoverished the majority of Indians but enriched the hoarders and speculators.

Although Winston Churchill and a number of other Conservatives have spoken of "scaling down" these debts—which in India's case alone came to 1,596 millions—the Labour Government has resisted. It has felt the strain of paying them off, but it realized early that dishonouring these debts would almost amount in effect to booting India out of the Commonwealth. Furthermore, the Government realised that these balances, held in London, would facilitate purchase of goods in Britain. As early as March 1945 Sir T. Ainscough, former British Trade Commissioner in India, Burma and Ceylon told British businessmen in Bombay that in addition to Britain's "trade experience...vested interests...and unrivalled business contacts...must be added now advantages from our debtor position...."

Britain has shown a considerable amount of acumen in the manner of releasing these sterling balances. During the 1946-8 period the spigot was opened rather wide. Britain's sterling creditors were permitted to use up their balances at a rapid rate, including a considerable amount released in the form of dollars. In the three years to December 1949 the independent members of the sterling area reduced their sterling balances by some £159 millions and showed a dollar deficit of \$2,088 millions.

It was Britain's liberality in the 1946-8 period—as well as continued control over remaining sterling balances—which enabled Britain to call on the U. S. A. to tighten its dollar belt in 1949. The slump in the U. S. A. had caused a serious drop in the sale of sterling area commodities while the level of dollar purchases remained high. The gold and dollar reserves in the 'dollar pool' dropped to the catastrophically low level of \$1,400 millions. At the July meeting in 1949 of Commonwealth Finance Ministers it was agreed to reduce dollar pur-

chases by 25%. In addition Britain unilaterally imposed a much more drastic cut on its colonies. Malaya which exported \$103 millions to the dollar area in the first half of 1950 was allowed to import only \$11 millions of dollar exports. This underlined the economic advantage to Britain of complete control over an area.

Britain's position as banker of the sterling area enabled her to get all of the overseas sterling area, except Pakistan, to go along with her in devaluation in September 1949. The combination of a reduction in dollar purchases and the increased cost of dollar products in terms of sterling cut sterling area purchases of dollar products by almost a third. This meant, in effect, that the Americans could only break into sterling markets in a serious way if they destroyed or altered the entire structure of the sterling area. The U. S. attempted to 'break in' by getting Britain to agree to free convertibility in the 1946 Loan Agreement. But when this was put into effect in 1947 there was such a rush to convert sterling into dollars that Britain suspended convertibility. The U. S. has made other attempts, such as tentative offers to assume the sterling debts. But Britain cannot afford to sell the ties that bind.

Britain has been able to keep its economic balance amazingly well in the last two years, despite great unevenness. This is due to the flexibility of the system. In 1948 the overseas sterling area was buying more heavily in Britain and North America than their exports warranted, with the result that they were draining their sterling balances. In 1950, on the other hand, Britain was not able to expand its exports to them as fast as they were expanding their own exports, especially to the dollar area. As a result of the 'dollar pool' and 'sterling balance' system this excess simply piles up as additional sterling balances—in effect I. O. U.s. against future production. Just how fast Britain can begin to pay off depends on how much of its industry is devoted to war production, particularly the engineering industries which have contributed the largest slice of exports to the O. S. A.

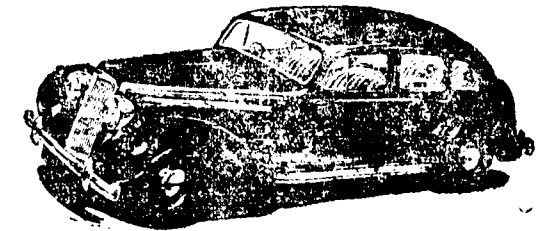
The American attitude toward Britain's balancing act might be des-

cribed as an irritated sympathy. One element in the U. S. attitude is the desire to 'move in' on Britain's overseas markets. But this is overlaid by the increasing realisation that they are needed to support the economy of Britain, which is, of course, America's chief ally. Both these conflicting attitudes are reflected in the Gray Report submitted to President Truman in November. It comments somewhat crossly about "restrictive and discriminatory devices," stating: "Exports from the United Kingdom have been facilitated by continued discrimination against dollar exports by the rest of the sterling area...Exports have likewise been attracted into sheltered markets through the release of accumulated balances...."

In ordinary times American exporters might like Uncle Sam to flex his economic muscles to end this "discrimination."

But at this stage of the 'cold war' Washington must be chary of Britain's economic position. "Not only is the sterling area an indispensable source of raw materials," the Gray Report pointed out, "but the position of Britain as banker and trading centre of the world's largest currency area makes British trading and currency policies of great importance to the realisation of United States foreign economic objectives." In other words, the U. S. will not press anything which might topple Britain from its precarious economic perch. America is not likely to attempt to supplant Britain in India until it needs export markets much more than it does now and major allies much less. And rearming America needs markets scarcely but needs allies badly, even if American politicians sometimes sound as if they only want satellites.—Copyright N.P.S.

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CHEPAUK DAYS

By N. S. R.

HIGHER Biblical criticism has, it is believed, created sad havoc with many sections of that scripture. But, as Chesterton was never wearied of pointing out, the miraculous fact about miracles is that they occur. Chepauk and Jericho have little in common with each other. Yet it was on the first morning of the Commonwealth team's match with the Governor's XI that one had proved it to one's satisfaction that the famous incident of the town's walls crumbling down to the blast of a horn must have occurred by analogy.

When, at the appointed hour, many gentlemen of the Press presented themselves at the approximate place, indicated on the map previously circulated, for entry into the ground, they were confronted with a forbidding wall. There was extreme consternation. But, the sound as of a pickaxe demolishing brick and mortar was being heard. Enquiries, conducted in the best traditions of the profession, "elicited the fact" (as they say in the newspapers) that an opening in the wall was being created to serve as an entrance to the gallery. Wrath and ribaldry were excited in equal proportions in the ornaments of the profession. An exceedingly irate colleague forthwith took a photograph of the memorable event; a labourer, goaded to superhuman efforts by the insults of the gentlemen and the choice abuse (delivered in pure Tanjore dialect) showered on him by his foreman, slaving away at the wall, and the journalists disposed about him in indignant groups. But, the occasion undoubtedly served its purpose. It demonstrated the great might of the Press, while it also verified by analogy a Biblical event.

The journalists had, however, little reason to congratulate themselves. They were undoubtedly gratified to find that, instead of being required, as in the past, to make themselves as comfortable as they could under the inadequate protection offered by an aged and decaying tree, they were elevated to a gallery with

comfortable chairs. But, while assuming their positions with as much dignity as if they were seated on peacock thrones, they reckoned without the spectators on the neighbouring gallery. The latter appeared to have conceived a mortal rancour towards them, because they had come by their tickets of admission by way of "complimentaries." For eight mortal days they sat, wincing and with suppressed indignation, under the insults showered at them from nearby. Did a newcomer take his place in the gallery, he was received with deafening shouts of opprobrium. (I decline to sully this page by transcribing the precise Tamil word). Was a friend observed taking, as they believed, his lordly ease, they set about disturbing his equanimity by chanting insulting slogans, rendered to the accompaniment of motor horn, band, and bugle.

There could be no retorts. For one thing, the dignity of the Press forbade such unworthy reprisals. It must be clear to the meanest intellect, that those who guide the mind of the nation, castigate the Government, and admonish the universe (for other glories of the Press the reader is confidently referred to tomes by Kingsley Martin, Massingham, Wickham Steed and other prophets) cannot possibly demean themselves by exchanging Billingsgate. Yet, if the truth is to be told, there were no retorts because the dignified denizens of the Press gallery were afraid. As will be easily believed, one hesitates before making such a damaging admission. The strict fact was, however, that when, during the early days, a hasty journalist attempted a reply, the neighbouring gallery pounced on him like a pack of wolves, howled their derision of his appearance and intellect, and delivered themselves of sundry other unpalatable remarks. The precipitate champion, appalled, was content to keep his peace. His signal overthrow was no inducement to his colleagues to rush to his rescue.

For eight livelong days the mortal combat lasted; if combat it can be

called, where one side was always on the offensive, and the other always yielding ground. Yet, it may be doubted whether, for all their insulting triumph, the neighbouring stand carried off the honours. For, it is certain that they did not watch the play. It is difficult to believe that, gathered as they were from remote corners of the city, queuing before the ground at an unearthly hour, and suffering the tortures of the damned on the planks of the gallery, they should not recompense themselves by studying the masters in action only a hundred yards away from them. But, by a peculiar malignity, their attention was diverted to their neighbours with the result that the gallantry of the Maharaja of Bhavnagar, the grace of Worrell, and the charm of Mankad were all cast away on them. Their victory was, consequently, Pyrrhic. This, at least, was what the discomfited journalists informed each other.

Erudite students were heard to remark that the second Commonwealth

team was not so lively on the field as the first had been. Bill Alley has certainly enshrined himself in the heart of Madras. But, whenever the neighbouring gallery permitted themselves some respite from the pleasing task of goading the Press, they utilised them in attempting to make Gimblett fill the function previously discharged by Alley. As soon as he made his appearance as third man, he was welcomed by strident melodies of varied instruments. He acknowledged the salute in the Indian fashion. The spectators were thus undoubtedly favourable and the gallery took him to their bosom. While the Governor's XI were batting, Gimblett or any other fieldsmen had little to do, though the umpires were kept exceptionally busy. Taking pity on his forlornness a member of the neighbouring gallery threw him a line. He gratefully utilised it to play golf. He graduated to billiards when another fruit was thrown to him. Only the precipitate conclusion of the innings of the Governor's XI perhaps forbade a demonstration of skill.

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RENDEZVOUS

By *SANTHA RUNGACHARY*

THAT day was just like any other day. There was the usual hurry and bustle, the constant scurrying of my wife to and from the kitchen looking to this and supervising that while I turned over the pages of the newspaper saying as I said every morning that somehow I never had time to read the paper well these days. The driver who had been shuffling about the doorway for some time at last plucked up courage and came in and asked for the day off.

"Again?" I asked.

His sister was again ill, he said.

He looked unhappy but it might have been mere pretence, of course.

"Alright" I said dismissing him. He lingered hesitantly for a minute and then left without a word. Obviously he had meant to touch me for a loan and on second thoughts had decided against it.

In the midst of this ado Mani woke up and almost simultaneously my cousin Bhaskar walked in. That was the cue for a second cup of coffee.

"Where is everybody?" he said.

"Mother!" called Mani.

He sat beside her and tickled her under the chin. But she didn't wriggle about convulsively with laughter as she usually did. She smiled a small smile and again turned to her Mother.

"Did you tell Father?" she asked.

"About what, Mani?" said her Mother frowning, trying to remember.

"About the car" said Mani.

"Oh yes" said my wife turning to me. "Mani wants the car half an hour later than usual. Will that be alright with you?"

"What is the celebration, Mani?" I asked taking a sip from the hot cup of coffee.

She jumped out of bed and ran and nestled herself on my lap.

"I am eating ice cream in school," she said.

"What is the treat for?"

"It is my friend's birthday," she said.

"Which one is this now?" I asked her teasingly. "Last week it was Balu and the week before it was Malathi. What is the name of this week's heart-throb?"

"Her name is Lakshmi, she is a new girl, she is a boarder," she said all in one breath.

"How old is she going to be today?"

"Seven."

"My!" I said. "What a vast age, to be sure. And who is giving her the money to spend on ice cream on all her friends? Her father?"

"Not all her friends" said Mani. "Only one. And she has no father."

"Oh!"

"And she is very poor. She has no mother too. So the Mother Superior has given her a rupee to spend on her birthday. And she is giving me ice cream."

There was a small discreet tap at the door. My wife answered it and in a minute or so I heard her voice raised in altercation. I put Mani down and joined her at the door.

"It is a woman selling rice again," said my wife, her voice sharp with rebuke. "There was one last week and now here is another."

"Where did you get the rice?" I asked the thin, shifty-eyed woman who carried the basket hidden under the end of her saree. "Don't you know it is against the law to sell rice privately? Blackmarketing is a very punishable offence, my good woman."

"Good woman indeed!" said my wife shrilly. "We ought to inform the police against her."

"Alright," said the woman suddenly, "I will give you the rice at a rupee and a half a measure."

My wife gasped.

"Oh, let her go" said Bhaskar. "How was she to know you were the honourable exceptions? Why, every-

body buys in the blackmarket these days."

"I hope," I said not without self-complacency, "I am a good citizen."

No, we didn't buy in the blackmarket, we didn't interfere with our neighbours, in fact we didn't know who they were, we did not gossip, we had no extravagant habits, we often tried to be generous, as for instance when the servant maid asked for a loan for the third time in the month. "I gave her Rs. 2" said my wife. "It is most inconvenient and she is incorrigible but we need her services when your sister comes here for her confinement in March."

Oh yes indeed, we cast our bread upon the waters from time to time, though not without half an eye on when and in what form it would return to us. Our life was perfectly built—angular, futuristic, nothing pseudo about it nor was there any muddled thinking, at least so we felt. We held the right views about orthodox religion, about war, about non-violence. We liked to call things by their proper names stripped of all the glozing drapery of conventional usage. We resisted the seductive comforts of superstition and the coquetry of coincidence only impressed upon us how well we deserved whatever was given to us. The whole world of morals, civilisation and the rest is subservient to the power of money, we said, and regularly deposited our savings in a steady dependable bank. And the slow insidious increase in self-complacency and self-righteousness in us we mistook for happiness and contentment. "They are such good people" was our neighbours' verdict. "Not a bit proud for all their money and education."

"Father" said Mani, as I flung a towel on my shoulder and prepared for my bath.

"Yes, Mani?"

"You didn't say anything about the car."

"Oh yes," I said. "I am sorry, Mani, you have to postpone your treat I am afraid. I have got an important meeting in my club. I will have to fetch

you at the usual time. The driver has taken his day off today."

"But I will be only half an hour late," insisted Mani.

"I know" I said, "but if I wait and fetch you I won't have time to come home and change for my club meeting."

"Why" she said, "must you change?"

"Mani," I said, my voice a little stern, "little girls must not ask so many questions. I have got a party after the meeting and I cannot possibly attend it dressed in my office clothes. It is a big party."

She appeared cowed down by my words and went sullenly about the house the whole morning. But at breakfast she opened the conversation again.

"Father," she said, "why can't you take the clothes to your office and change there instead of coming home?"

"Because it is not convenient to do so," I said coldly.

"Mani," said my wife intervening, "what is the matter with you? you can have your ice cream tomorrow."

"I want to have it today" retorted Mani stubbornly.

"Well then, you can't, and that is all there is to it," said my wife hotly.

"My friend said she would wait for me" said Mani inexorably looking straight at me.

I wish I had looked at her face then or tried to understand what was behind the anguished appeal in her eyes. But I didn't.

"She will wait for a little while and go away" I said calmly.

"I promised to come" said Mani.

"You had no business to promise" I said brusquely, "without asking your mother or me."

"I don't want the car" said Mani after a pause. "I can walk home."

"Walk home a mile from the school!" I said. "Don't be absurd."

She quietened down and dallied with her breakfast for a long time. Finally her mother lost her temper.

"It is nearing school time" she said.

"I am not going to school" said Mani.

"Why not?"

"I am not feeling well" said Mani in a sullen voice.

"Very well," said my wife exasperated. "I will take you to the doctor and ask him to give you a nasty medicine to drink."

"Alright" said Mani.

"Mani," I shouted from the dressing room, "if you don't finish your breakfast this instant and get ready for school I shall take you to your Mother Superior and tell her what a naughty girl you have been."

That moved her at last. Her face inscrutable, she finished her breakfast and dressed herself and went to the car.

"I don't know what has happened to her," said my wife frowning. "She has never been so stubborn."

"You tell your friend" I said to Mani in the car, sitting aloof and unsmiling, "that you will have the ice cream party tomorrow."

Mani did not reply. We have been pampering her, I said to myself, a stern hand now and then will do her no harm.

Mani and her little trouble faded from my mind the moment I entered my office. And if Mani still looked disgruntled when I picked her up at the school sharp at four I didn't notice it. Half an hour after we had reached home I was back at the wheel of my car speeding towards my club, my white silk suit immaculate, my hair brushed neatly in place and my scarlet tie with the boat pattern on it giving just that dash of gaiety and frivolity to a face and appearance normally sombre. I looked well, I felt well, at peace with the world and myself. Not merely at peace with the world but slightly condescending towards it.

As I turned the corner which led to Mani's school I automatically slowed down. And thank heaven I did for suddenly a small blue figure sprang as it seemed right in the path of the car waving its hands. I pulled the brake cursing and the little girl stared at my car for a moment perplexedly and then rushed back to the school gate.

I had almost run over her, so suddenly had she catapulted herself before my car. She was some little girl, I supposed, whose parents had neglected to send for her in time. Carelessness, sheer inefficiency and carelessness, I grumbled, why did such parents have children at all if they cared for them so little? Such a thing could never have been allowed to happen to Mani. She would never have been left to wait at an open school gate, at the mercy of her childish, prankish desire. I thought, a little smugly, of how Mani was being brought up, how every little thing about her was studied and considered and the care and devotion lavished on her. The love of parents is a child's birthright....

The next morning too was just like any other morning. There were the usual futile civilised preoccupations, the hurry and bustle and my wife flitting to and from the kitchen supervising this and taking care of that and keeping up a ceaseless commentary for my benefit on the inadequacy of the ration, the carelessness of servants which surprisingly grew in inverse proportion to the consideration shown to them and generally the state of the world. I settled myself with the morning paper, a ritual with which I never managed to get on without an interruption from somebody or other. Mani generally. I turned over the last page—for I had the habit of reading the newspaper backwards—forwards—and my eyes at once alighted, as if drawn by a magnet, on a small paragraph tucked in at the bottom of the third column. An 8-cap italic heading read: *Fatal accident outside schoolgate*. A little girl aged eight, name not given, had been run over by a car outside the gates of the M-School the previous evening. Mr. Das, the driver of the car, testified that the child who had been standing quietly at the gate suddenly jumped towards his car. The action was so sudden and unexpected that it took Mr. Das completely by surprise and before he could apply the brakes the car had run over the child, killing her instantly.

I knew at once.... I knew it was the

same little girl who had jumped in front of my car, the child in the blue frock who had looked at me puzzled. And I knew too, as if some dark angel had whispered in my ear, that it was Mani's friend, the little girl who was to have given ice cream to Mani the previous evening. But what was she doing at the gate? She was a boarder, I knew, but then she ought to have gone to her dormitory.

"Mani" I said.

She looked at me. She had been lying for some time looking straight up at the ceiling, her face expressionless.

"Did you tell your friend yesterday that you were not taking ice cream with her?"

There was no reply.

"Did you, Mani?"

"No, Father" she said.

"Why?"

"I didn't want to tell her."

"But why?"

"She would have been disappointed and I didn't want her to feel disappointed."

"Did you see her?" I asked her after a pause. "What frock was she wearing, do you remember?"

"She was wearing a blue frock."

"Would she have expected you?"

"Yes."

"She would have waited for you then?" I asked.

"Yes."

So, it was Mani's friend. The child who had no father and no mother and to whom the Mother Superior had given a rupee to eat ice cream on her birthday. The little girl who was dead on her birthday. She would wait for me, Mani had pleaded, and she had waited. The rupee, hotly clutched in the little hand, had perhaps rolled into the gutter.

I didn't know, I said to myself, I didn't know Mani wouldn't tell her and I didn't know she would wait so long.... And I didn't know it had meant so much to them....

Why didn't I know, the dark angel whispered. It whispered other

things too, and the questions lay heavy on my heart, questions I could not answer with any of the answers I knew.

"Does she know our car?"

"No. She doesn't know the number. She only knows it is a red car."

With a sense of dread I went to the telephone and dialled a number.

"Is Chief Inspector Padmanabhan there?"

"Speaking" said his familiar voice. "Who is that?"

I gave him my name.

"Oh, hello" he said familiarly.

"Look," I said. "I want some information. It is about the accident in front of that school yesterday."

"Yes, yes, what is it?"

"That car" I said. "Mr. Das's car. Do you know who he is?"

"Of course, I do" he said. "He is the man who has built that posh house on Addison Road. He is the chief manager of the new cement company."

"What" I said, my mouth suddenly dry, "is the colour of his car?"

"Red," he said.

I sat down feeling like a betrayer, feeling as if I was dreaming that I had fallen down a precipice, fallen down, down....

My neighbours call me a good man and my subordinates in the office a good boss. I never buy in the black-market, I don't gossip, I keep myself to myself. I do my work conscientiously, I try to be generous within reason.... but I am sure now all these do not make up goodness. They constitute what I can only call moral myopia. Goodness is something else, something deeper, a spontaneous letting go, never a holding in, an inspired impulse, a sudden dream. It is something which can make you see behind a child's eyes and read the depths of an old man's vacant look. One is not good unless one can't help being good. And whenever I do something for which the world pats me on the back, my soul stands behind and whispers to me in an awful voice, *Listen, there is something more than this....*

BRITAIN'S NEWSPAPERS

By G. P. CLARE

IF an Englishman says, "We have the biggest newspapers in the world," he is not boasting. True, American newspapers often have sixty or more pages, whilst Britain's dailies have never more than eight, but no newspaper anywhere in the world can compete with the circulation figures either of the "Daily Mirror" or of the "Daily Express". Nearly five million English people buy the "Daily Mirror" every morning, and four and a quarter million pennies are handed every day to the newsagents selling the "Daily Express."

Britain's morning papers are all "national" dailies. That means that you can buy them anywhere in the British Isles at eight o'clock in the morning. It does not matter whether you happen to be in Northern Scotland or in England's most southern county, Cornwall; the "Daily Express," the "News Chronicle," "The Times," or whichever newspaper you may want to read, will all be there at the same time.

Technical Efficiency

The secret of how this is done is easily explained, although it took a lot of efficient organising and a lot of money to make it possible. The biggest papers, the "Daily Express," the "News Chronicle," the "Daily Graphic," etc., are printed in two places at the same time, in the case of the "Express" in three. The big printing machines in London turn out the morning papers for the southern counties of England and, of course, London. In Manchester, up in the north, the printing presses produce the morning papers for the northern counties and for Scotland. The "Daily Express" also runs a printing office in Edinburgh.

Most of the stories, except for those of purely local interest, are written at the newspaper offices in London's most famous Fleet Street and sent from there by private teleprinter lines to the offices in Manchester. A continuous stream of instructions by teleprinters and direct telephones tells the journalists and technicians

in Manchester what the lay-out should look like. "Joe," says the voice at the London end of the telephone to the man in Manchester, "put the murder story on the right hand top of the front page and give it three columns . . . and Joe, before I forget, the left half of the page and the headline you leave free for the Churchill speech. We'll send it up as soon as the old boy has finished talking."

But technical efficiency alone is not enough to make newspapers sell millions of copies. The reader must find in them the sort of stories he wants to read and they must be presented in the way he likes.

Human Interest

Towards the end of the last century a young man came to Fleet Street whose name was Alfred Harmsworth. Years later Alfred Harmsworth became Lord Northcliffe, England's most influential newspaper proprietor. Harmsworth possessed many qualities essential to success; he was clever, he worked hard and he knew how to handle people, but more important than any of these was the fact that he invented, or better, discovered the "human interest" story.

Harmsworth found that ninety people out of a hundred are not very interested in world politics or the great events of history. People want to know what happened to Mr. Smith after he had slipped on a banana skin and broken his leg. They would much sooner hear how Miss Jones managed to get rich Lord So and so to ask her to marry him, than what Mr. Vishinsky said to Mr. Bevin. Things that happen near them, that affect their own lives and those of their neighbours are what most people who buy a newspaper want to read about. Well, Harmsworth put these stories in his paper, and soon he was selling more copies than anybody else in Fleet Street.

What was true fifty years ago is still true today. The "Daily Mirror" prints almost only "domestic" and "human interest" stories and gives

very little space to events outside Britain.

Competition Must Be Fair

During and after the war Britain was so short of newsprint,—that is the trade name for the paper on which newspapers are printed,—that the circulation of every newspaper had to be fixed according to the number of copies it sold before the war. As soon as these restrictions were lifted the race for increasing circulation figures began. Papers began to compete for readers. Thus they print more "human interest" articles than ever before; they try to win readers with the aid of the very popular strip-cartoons, and by crowding more and more photos into their pages. Every kind of "stunt"—that is sensational presentation of stories and news,—is permitted, but prize competitions are banned. Before the war, competitions offering readers valuable prizes were usual in England as they are in Germany today. Now newspaper proprietors have agreed not to have these competitions again. They feel that offering prizes to their readers is a form of bribery that has nothing to do with journalistic ability. The best paper should have the chance to win most readers, not the richest. Of course, people have very different ideas of what they mean by the "best" newspaper. In a way the "Daily Mirror" is the "best" paper since the largest number of people like it sufficiently to buy it. Yet no one who takes an intelligent interest in current affairs will purchase it. People who want to know what is really going on in the world will buy the "Times" or one of the other "quality" papers. This brings us to a very important point about British newspapers.

You Cannot Please Everybody

To please everybody is the most difficult art in the world. The British newspapers have in the course of time found a solution, which they believe to be the best that can be devised. They do not even try to satisfy every taste. Instead each newspaper is written for a certain section of the public. The British newspaper can, therefore, be divided into three groups: first, the "quality" papers (Times, Manchester Guardian), then the more serious dailies (Daily

Telegraph, News Chronicle) and lastly the "popular" Press (Daily Express, Daily Mirror, Daily Herald, Daily Mail, Daily Graphic).

A large number of readers, particularly those who buy the "popular" papers, expect first and foremost to find entertainment in the newspaper columns. They look at the headlines and from these their eyes travel to the sports page. After they have made quite certain that they know all about the next race or the next important football match they turn to the feature page and read descriptions of life in foreign cities, science articles, film reviews and those fascinating little bits of gossip about interesting and important people. Then some concentrate on the crossword puzzle, whilst others have a look at the opinion column to see what the editor has to say about the events of the day. It is often said that comparatively few people read the leading articles, and that is probably quite true. But, although most newspapers try to live up to the old saying that "news is sacred whilst comment is free," the editor's opinion and policy are not reflected by the leading article alone. There are two ways of writing a newspaper—by putting things in, and by leaving things out. In the selection of material from the millions of words that come daily over the teleprinters the editor and his deputies have the final say. That does not mean that an editor can suppress news merely because he does not like it, but he can place a particular item at the bottom of the page instead of the top, and by his assessment of news-value he has already influenced the reader.

Two Kinds Of Influence

One may say, however, that Britain's popular Press has to rely chiefly on the methods we have described here, including of course the banner headlines, to swing its readers' opinions in the desired direction. These are the methods used to influence the people who pay little attention to leading articles.

Apparently the majority of human beings everywhere expect a newspaper to give them some relief from the cares of everyday life. They do not want to burden themselves every

morning with serious discussions about the state of the world.

A very different type of influence is wielded by "The Times" and the "Manchester Guardian." They actively influence their readers. A "Times" reader will not just skim the papers, he will read the news and reports carefully and devote some time to the leading article. It is often believed of "The Times" that "The Times" leader expresses the views of the Government in office. That has not been the case for a very long time. In fact it may frequently be true that views which later become official policy were first expressed by "The Times."

A "Times" leader may influence so many important people that, after a while, they may come to consider as their own ideas that were first put forward by the newspapers. "The Times" and the Liberal "Manchester Guardian" are not read in Britain only. They are read by people all over the world, and excerpts from their leading articles are quoted by newspapers in America, Germany, France, Italy and most other countries. In fact no journalist who takes his profession seriously can afford not to read these two newspapers. You may or may not agree with their opinions but, if you are earnestly interested in world affairs, you must know them. They are important because they look at the ever-changing scene calmly and objectively, trying at all times to avoid the superficial in their attempt to find the truth.

The Sunday Newspapers

Even journalists must rest occasionally, so on one day each week there can be no morning dailies. In some countries this problem is solved by printing special supplements to each newspaper on Saturdays, which provides people with sufficient reading matter to last them over the weekend. This method has one obvious disadvantage. Except for the radio, you get no news on Sundays. In Britain, where people have always been a little more news-hungry than in other countries, the Sunday newspapers fill the gap. The Sunday papers combine the functions of a daily newspaper and a magazine. They

have more pages, more photos, more features and more reading matter than the dailies. Again we can draw a dividing line between the "quality" and the "popular" Sunday papers.

To the first group belong "The Observer" and the "Sunday Times." "The Observer" is the oldest of the Sunday papers and we think one may describe it as the best. Its first number was published in 1791. Like "The Times" it is independent and not linked to any party or group interests. Again, like "The Times," it is read everywhere and its leading articles are mentioned by newspapers as far apart as Berlin and Rio de Janeiro. Some of Britain's best journalists write for it.

The "Sunday Times" is strictly Conservative and has nothing whatsoever to do with the independent "Times." It belongs to the Kemsley group of thirty-five newspapers owned by Lord Kemsley, Britain's biggest newspaper proprietor. The "Sunday Times" is certainly a serious and well written paper, but being connected with a political party it cannot claim the same objectivity as "The Observer."

The Popular Sunday Papers

The newspaper with the biggest circulation anywhere is the "News of the World," an independent paper with Conservative leanings. Every Sunday it sells between seven and eight million copies. The funny thing about it is that you will rarely find anyone who admits that he buys it. Yet more than seven million people do like to read 'juicy' stories about divorce, court cases and plenty of gossip.

The "Sunday Express" belongs to Lord Beaverbrook, who also owns the "Daily Express." It supports the Conservatives. Two special attractions of the "Sunday Express" are the columnist Nathaniel Gubbins and the cartoonist Giles whose ugly little men, women and children make all Britain laugh. Nathaniel Gubbins who writes the funny column is one of the most highly-paid journalists in Fleet Street. Better than anyone else he knows how to make English people laugh at themselves, and there is nothing they like better.

The "Sunday Chronicle," like the "Sunday Times," is one of the Kem-

sley papers and, just as the "Sunday Times" has nothing to do with "The Times," the "Sunday Chronicle" and the "News Chronicle" are entirely independent of each other, the former being Conservative, the latter Liberal. You will find more pictures than in the other Sunday papers in Lord Kemsley's "Sunday Graphic," 'brother' of the Conservative 'Daily Graphic,' and in the "Sunday Pictorial" the Sunday edition of the leftwing "Daily Mirror."

Lord Rothermere who publishes the Conservative "Daily Mail" owns the "Sunday Dispatch," whilst "The People," which reflects the political opinions of the Labour Party is one of the many "Odhams" publications. The official newspaper of the Labour Party "The Daily Herald" also belongs to this firm. "Reynolds News," another left-wing Sunday paper, is owned by the influential Co-operative Society, which is particularly important in Britain's industrial North.

PROBLEM OF POPULATION IN INDIA

By S. VEDANTHAM, M.A.

POPULATION has always been one of the major factors of history. It is a common complaint that the population trends of even the industrially advanced countries of the world are far from satisfactory. The Western countries have to seek a solution for the problem of dwindling population while in the East, there is almost a universal trend towards excessive population.

In India, the problem of population has acquired an urgency which is only now being recognised. In the course of a century, the population of India has more than doubled itself. In 1851, it is calculated that India has only 150 million people. According to the census of 1941, the population of India was 338 millions. In divided India, i.e. in the Indian Union, the population is in the neighbourhood of 350 millions.

A new urgency and a fresh orientation have been imparted to the problem of excessive population in India, by our determination to realise for our country a substantially enhanced standard of living on a par with the industrially advanced countries.

At the beginning of this century, the population of India which then included Burma was 29.4 crores. As per the 1941 census, the population of India was nearly 39 crores. The rate of increase is really striking. The percentage of increase for the four completed decades of this century was 6.4, 1.2, 10.6 and 15.0. The small rise in population of the first two decades was caused by extensive famine and epidemic diseases. Infant

mortality is high though it has steadily registered a decline from 205 per 1,000 live births in 1911 to 199 in 1921, 181 in 1931 and 160 in 1940.

The area under cultivation has not increased in proportion to the growth of population. Food production is insufficient. Taking rice which forms the staple food of two-thirds of the population, the increase during a period of 25 years (1910-35) is only 6 per cent and wheat has shown a steady decline.

If we accept the conclusions of Sir John Megaw as correct, only 39% of the population could afford adequate nourishment, 41% were poorly nourished and 20% were badly nourished. This state of things has contributed to high infant mortality which was 232.6 per 1000 which is 6 times more than of England and Wales. A noteworthy feature of the pressure of population was that average life has declined from 30 in 1881 to 23 in 1931. The death rate in India is 26.8 per 1,000 as compared with 11 per 1,000 in England and Wales. Diseases due to deficient or insufficient nourishment such as night blindness, rickets and tuberculosis are prevalent to a large extent. Out of every 1,000 persons, 10 are suffering from night blindness, 6 from rickets and 4 from tuberculosis.

If we take into consideration the area of the country and its dense population, its trying climate, uneven rainfall with recurring periods of scarcity, it is difficult to generalise about our national wealth. Less than 30% of the land surface is suitable for cultivation. There is labour

A DEEP SEA PARADISE

By Capt. R. L. RAU

in abundance but from malnutrition, malaria and other allied causes and diseases, it is utterly inefficient and is unorganised and untrained. This is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. Unless our population becomes healthy, strong and virile, we are not likely to do any good to ourselves, or to make any headway towards our ideal of democratic government.

The augmentation of wealth has not been evenly distributed among areas and classes of people. The masses who continue to lead almost as precarious an existence to-day as they did at the commencement of the century.

It is not surprising that advocates of crude Malthusianism should feel themselves vindicated by the stupendous increase in population in India. A comparative stationary standard of life in association with steady economic development is plausibly explained away by reference to the almost equally steady rise in the total population. It is made out that even with the increased production of wealth, the tendency towards excessive population is so persistent that only a recurring natural scourge like a famine or pestilence has succeeded in restoring the balance.

Unless the ideas, habits and institutions of the Indian people are so altered as to ensure a slower increase in population, no amount of economic reformation will improve the general standard of the Indian masses. It is the experience of all the countries of the world which have successfully realised the ideal of a high general standard of life, that only a slow growth of population can pave way for any planning for the future.

Production, both agricultural and industrial, have undoubtedly increased but it has left the average annual income and standard of subsistence still very low.

Those who argue that India is not over-populated will find it very difficult to explain the low standard of living, the poor purchasing power of the agriculturist, the absence of any very tangible progress of material well-being, the increasing incubus of the fragmentation of holdings and the fact that the rural population fails to find anything like full employment throughout the year. Even where

irrigation and agricultural colonization in favoured areas mitigate the pressure for a while, population soon shows an alarming increase. In fact, the problem of even middleclass unemployment is dwarfed by that of rural unemployment. Is it a wonder that such mal-adjustment should arise when India is adding every decade to its burden an added population equal to that of a great European country?

We have also to note a sort of vicious circle here, since accumulation of capital and the purchasing capacity of the home market are both enfeebled by the rapid growth of our numbers.

A general improvement of the condition of the people can be effected by more intense cultivation of the soil, by scientific exploitation of the natural wealth of the country; unless our population becomes healthy, strong and educated, we cannot advance further. According to Sir F. Galton, the effect of a few years' delay in marriage on population is considerable.

The economic independence of women will help the process of natural selection and check the birth-rate to a large extent. India must learn much from Japan and China as to conservation of soil fertility. All our efforts to prevent disease and epidemics would be frustrated if overpopulation results in disparity between numbers and food production. It is an agricultural problem, for it is quite obvious that agricultural production will relieve the pressure of population.

We must have present before our minds the growing mal-adjustment of population and production. The food supply of the country is not adequate. Scarcity of food grains would be evident from the fact that the average area devoted to food production barely works out at less than two-thirds of the required quantum. A substantial part of it has got to be exported to pay for our imports. As such we cannot afford to import food grains from foreign countries at abnormal prices. Self-sufficiency should be the motto, but how far will we succeed is a problem to be seen. So the eradication of the pressure of population in India is the main problem now.

NEARLY a hundred miles from Cape Comorin, the land's end of India, where the waters of the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal begin to forget their separate existence to form the Indian Ocean, lies Wadge's Bank, the deep sea fisher's paradise.

No angry surf beats against this bank. No emerald green palm tops fringe its shores. For hundreds of miles around there is silence, deep, disturbing and unfathomable.

Two to three hundred miles away towards the east lies the island of Ceylon. India lies lost towards the north a hundred miles away. Otherwise it is water, water everywhere. Water of the most amazing hue, now blue like the cobalt of the skies above, now shimmering grey and blue like steel, now pink and mauve like a maiden's blush.

The South West monsoon and the North East monsoon, the two rain-giving winds of Asia, have been kind to Wadge's Bank. They have left it in peace allowing the millions of its submarine dwellers to pursue their age old occupation of chasing and eating up each other, and multiplying themselves in great numbers.

Who owns Wadge's Bank? No one knows. Not Australia, not India, and not Ceylon. It belongs to the Indian Ocean. Its five thousand square mile extent of sheltered water undisturbed by winds and currents is a marine republic. Its resources are enormous. Not all the world's nets and traders and fishing fleets can ever exhaust it.

Here in this sheltered marine sanctuary where the Indian Ocean is over eighty fathoms deep, fish roam in and around the sunken reefs and rocks at the ocean's bottom. Their existence in prolific quantities was known but hitherto they were not disturbed. Now their own greed to multiply themselves and man's need for fresh food are responsible for their daily slaughter in countless numbers.

The sun was setting on the edge of the Arabian Sea in a mass of crimson and gold and orange as I came to Leepuram, a small coastal village near Cape Comorin. A little country boat,

its shape and size the same as its thousand-year old ancestor, took me and our party across the five or six miles of surf and breakers beyond which the sixty-ton motor fishing vessel, the *Gohur Khalilee*, lay at anchor.

Her captain or *Tindal* as they call him down south, was Royappen Fernando, a salty old tar from Tuticorin. Royappen knows the shoals and banks and the sunken reefs of the Indian Ocean like a book despite the fact that he cannot read or speak a word of English. The burning southern sun and salt air have accentuated his tawny beauty apparently inherited from a Portuguese ancestor. He has all the pride of a good sailor. He respects the sea as it in turn respects him. He and his crew and fifty other men in their quaint country craft tied by stout ropes to the little motor vessel was the fishing fleet which set out one Thursday evening on the lonely trail to Wadge's Bank.

We weighed anchor at about nine o'clock as the moon rose over Cape Comorin's hill tops. They served us an excellent meal on the spotless deck of the little ship. There was plenty of fried and steamed fish, curries of sorts, hot, pungent and tasty, with juicy drum sticks competing with bits of floating salmon and bits of spiced chicken besides. There was thick, black Arabian coffee too which we poured down our throats gladly to mitigate the stinging of the thick, juicy meat curry and coarse rice.

With the pole star as our guide we made due south all through the night and reached Wadge's Bank the next morning where we anchored in mid-ocean. No radio connected us with any land. We were a group of a little over hundred men, in the middle of the ocean with heaven as our canopy, three hundred feet of water below us, water everywhere around and floating on a sixty-ton steel and wood craft.

Then the fishing started. Deft, nimble hands from the boats and from the little fleet tied to the *Gohur Khalilee* threw weighted lines into the sea and swiftly pulled out the catch. It was a

somewhat primitive process but the results were good. At the end of the day's catch I saw over a ton of amazing variety of fish, which included the rock cod, the Indian salmon, the perch and the ray as also a five-foot long tiger shark with its huge, ugly maw opened out for the last time. Slowly the heap of fish swelled in size on the sun swept deck. With eyes bulging out and their lungs forced outside their mouths by the pressure of air outside the ocean bed a variety of fish of exquisite colours and enormous size and shape lay staring their eyes out in the sun, to be later salted, cut or dried and transported to the busy bazars of Tuticorin in South India.

Presently the day drew to a close. The great ball of the setting sun floated in the west as we steered once more backwards to Cape Comorin's hospitable shores. We neared Leepuram and I said farewell to *Gohur Khalilce's* crew and to Royappen Fernando as my boat turned Leepuramwards for the six-mile journey across the breakers from the little motor vessel.

Someone in my boat began to sing as the moon rose over the horizon. It was an old, old song he sang. It had been sung from generation to generation by the southern fisherfolk

invoking the aid of the Holy Virgin, Mary. It was the song of a poor people, risking their lives every day so that other folks may live and may have more food. The song had in it the intensity of a saga of old, and the pathos of rich human endeavour. It had the timbre and volume of brave hearts and born of a proud heritage.

The spirit and *motif* of the fisherman's song haunted me. He and the others who joined in the chorus asked in that song for the Virgin's grace on their daily endeavour. They asked for Her protection for their little thatched homes. They asked for fair weather; for big fish and for a strong and sturdy progeny so that their race might live and continue to flourish. They also asked for loyalties on the part of their wives and for benedictions on those whom the sea had swallowed and who would come back to them no more.

Back again to the comforts of a civilised bed at the Cape Hotel with the waters of the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal washing its patios, I heard the song of the fishermen again like a lullaby as the slow rhythmic sound of the breakers lulled me to sleep.... Ave Maria, Mother of God, Keep my beloved ones safe.... Look after my brothers who are on the high seas.... May tomorrow be as lucky as today.... O Mother of God!

THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE POLICE

By D. ANJANEYULU B. A. (Hons.) B. L.

THE Prime Minister has done it again! He has had another go at the poor police. The first thing he did at a recent public meeting in Ahmedabad in connection with the Sarvodaya Day, says a Press report, was to order the removal of a police cordon round the dais. "As he got out of the car and saw the policemen, he *grew angry*, rushed to them and ordered them to *get away* from there. The police party numbering about 50 were immediately withdrawn." And we are told, in words only too familiar to newspaper-readers, that the huge crowd (numbering over four lakhs) cheered him repeatedly, as he walked round the enclosure (as was his wont) for a minute.

Which only shows, if proof were necessary, that Jawaharlal remains the darling of the masses. It may sound like labouring the obvious to say that the political heir of the Mahatma is a symbol of eternal youth, as he is a sign of hope and a source of inspiration to the millions. They adore him and yearn to see him and touch him; he loves them and can't resist the call to be amidst them. And then, what business have the minions of Law and Order to "intervene" in an affair that is strictly between him and his people? That is, perhaps, the logic behind his *getting angry* and ordering the lathi lads to *get away*. Does he not know how to manage the crowds, without others'

unsolicited help (or hindrance)?

On the same day or night, in Ahmedabad, the news agency adds, Socialist volunteers marched in processions towards the P. M.'s residence to demonstrate against the ration cut, but could not reach their objective, as they were successfully 'cordoned off' by 'strong police parties.' It was not stated whether the P. M. was at his residence and, if so, whether he came to know of the proposed demonstration. Judging from his behaviour at the public meeting, will it be off the mark to infer that, if only he knew, he would have asked the police ("angrily" or gently) to go (if not "get away") and leave him with the demonstrators, who, after all, are also his beloved people?

Temper & Temperaments

The masses—and the classes—love the P. M., inspite of, or some times because of, his lapses of temper, as they possibly see in him one like themselves, full of human emotions and impulses. So, it is said Harry Truman plays the 'nose-puncher' to earn the sympathy of Uncle Sam. But "Uncle Joe" is not known to be unruly and gentle "Clem" is cool as a cucumber, even in moments of great excitement and needs not the mask of "irascible" Bevan or "volatile" Morrison to remain in the good books of his East End voters. Good old Winston sometimes makes the sign of "V for Victory" with his fingers, to please cheering admirers, but seldom does he tear his hair (if any), amidst unruly mobs. Comparisons with dictators are often unsavoury, but Hitler, who was, undoubtedly, an idol of the Germans (misguided though they be) was rarely accused of rough dealing with the crowds or the constables. Roosevelt was as much in the limelight of people's affection, as any other statesman or politician of his time but he retained his poise and maintained his temper under the gravest provocation.

Nearer home, Gandhiji attracted crowds, no less and generally more than any leader living or dead, and he often conducted congregational prayers for lakhs in pin-drop silence and *Bhajans* to a chorus of concord. It was not his method to "get angry" with the police, whose services he did not hesitate to acknowledge. Sardar

Patel may have been the "Iron Man", but he reserved his mailed fist for persons mightier than the humble and half-starved constables. That one could be a fire-brand in politics without being a fiery acrobat on the physical plane was proved by Netaji, who was of an unruffled temper and amiable temperament, remaining a great leader of men, nonetheless.

"Lovable" Lapses?

It is, however, in human nature to overlook the minor lapses of any man, if he is essentially good. A gentle heart wins more friends than the wild exterior scares away. Inherent generosity and innate nobility are the sure shield of Nehru's character. His physical courage is only matched by his moral integrity. In the 1937 elections, he threatened to fight elephants with bare hands, at the place of a Zamindar in the Northern Circars, and the tuskers tamely turned away. His *autobiography* refers to a mountaineering expedition in Kashmir during the honeymoon, in which weaker vessels than he would well have collapsed in the snowy vales. His *penchant* for Yoga is known even to meteor like reporters from America, who speak of his policy for peace in terms of standing on his head (which wisely enough he practises literally, reserving the metaphorical pastime to the cold-war-mongers of the Power Blocs).

It may not be given to many sexagenarians to feel like boys of sixteen, but it is too much to expect unanimity on whether the harassed police and the hard-set Pressmen should be the targets of their short tempers and long tongues. Hero-worship is not always rational, but the pious worshippers do not expect slaps on the cheek and kicks on the back from their 'heroes'. We have heard of police "zooloom" under a foreign regime, but Ministers of State (many of them, at any rate) have long ceased to look upon constables as their natural enemies. Indian police are not, perhaps, like their London counterparts, but are they to be treated as the limbs of Law and Order, or as meddlesome muddlers, who butt in, to spoil the fair landscape at public meetings?

CENSUS OPERATIONS

By K. PARTHASARATHY

THE institution of census has its roots deep down into very ancient times. Its existence is evidenced by several passages in the Old Testament. The study of ancient Egyptian and Persian histories reveals a mass of evidence as to the existence of an organized system of census in the political constitutions of the day. In Greece there were enumerations of the citizens for political purposes. In Rome, the census was instituted in the age of the kings and formed an important branch of administration down to the age of the emperors. There are historical records to the effect that Augustus wrote out with his own hand a 'Breviarium totius imperii,' containing the number of citizens and allies in arms, the statistics of the fleets and provinces and even the names of the freemen and slaves. The care of Augustus was imitated by his successors. In the ages which followed the fall of the Roman Empire the most remarkable compilations of the nature of a census were the Breviary of Charlemagne and the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror.

In the continent of Europe Spain has some claims to priority in the matter of census. A fairly complete census of the dominions of Castile was recorded as early as 1594. Again there was a general census of Spain in 1787 and in 1797. Then occurred a pause down to the census of 1857. Spain lagged behind the statistical movement which was general in Europe during the first half of the 19th century. However Spain has the privilege of priority in the sphere of European census.

Next in importance comes Sweden, not because of priority in time but because of some of the advantages of the ecclesiastical records of the country's census which exerted a great influence on its constitutional set-up. Sweden had the advantage of very complete parish registers, recording not only births, deaths and marriages but also the number of persons

migrating to or from each parish, and residing in it. By the agency of the clergy these materials were embodied in a census in 1749 and subsequent years, first at intervals of three, subsequently of five years. The results of the early Swedish census were communicated to the scientific world by the celebrated 'Wargentin.' Dr. Price and Milne utilised them constructively. Later Malthus built upon these statistics his great works of political economy.

Statistics had come to seek better expression in national affairs. Burke exclaimed that the French Revolution had initiated an age of statist. In France a census was ordered in 1791 and executed in 1801. In 1805 a statistical bureau was found in Prussia. The impulse was followed by other States at different times and with varying pace—some with quinquennial and some with triennial intervals.

The first census in England was taken in 1801. The second census took place in 1811. The history of the census for England and Wales was nearly coincident with that of Scotland down to 1861 when a separate census for Scotland was first taken. The first census in Ireland was instituted in 1821. The history of the census in U. S. A. is striking in some respects. The first census law there was enacted on 1st March 1790 for establishing some basis for the distribution of representatives and direct taxation among the different States. The law has since been so extended that from a mere enumeration the census has become an elaborate description of the social and industrial conditions of the people of the United States.

The essential features of a sound census in modern times include number of the population and rates of increase, density of the population, sexes, marriage or civil condition, the occupations of the people, etc. These factors seek to determine the dynamics of population, the standard of living, the cost of the growth of

population, population and the land system, population and industrialisation.

It falls on the shoulders of economists to study census figures in relation to population, morality and vital statistics, agriculture and fisheries, manufactures, mining and mechanical industries, transportation, taxation and public indebtedness. Great work is ahead of the experts in economics whose duty is it to correct, complete and balance the conflicting situations of the world to-day. The problem of census to-day is the problem of the economic and political freedom of a country.

Judged by these factors, the census problem in India is disappointing. The census is taken now every ten years. The last census of India was taken on 1st March 1941. It indicated an increase of population of 14.7 per

cent over 1931 and of 39.1 per cent over 1891. Of the total population of India 87 per cent reside in rural settlements in the most uneconomic conditions.

India has a birth rate that is probably the highest in the world, a death rate that is almost certainly the highest, and a pressure of population on means of living that cannot be relieved by emigration or further extension of cultivation. There is a deadlock between agriculture and industry—agriculture is unable to develop until the surplus population is absorbed by industry, and industry is unable to develop until the agriculturists are prosperous enough to buy its products. These constitute the essence of our census problem to-day. The census has to be treated as an aid in the re-making of a sound nation and not merely as a problem of numbers.

INDEBTEDNESS IN INDIA

By PARASURAMAYYA PINGAL

IT may be thought that debt is an evil affecting only the individual and not the nation as a whole, that while some people are debtors, others are creditors. The fact, however, is that when a great number of people are in debt, a vast amount of time and energy is wasted on account of the anxiety, uneasiness and perplexity of the debtor as to when and how to disburse the debt, and the trouble of the creditor in obtaining repayment. Hence the whole nation would be benefitted if the amount of indebtedness in the country could be reduced.

The miseries of debt are thus described in the love story of HENRIETTA TEMPLE: "If youth but knew the fatal misery that they are entailing on themselves the moment they accept a pecuniary credit to which they are not entitled, how they would start in their career? How pale they would turn? How they would tremble, and clasp their hands in agony at the

precipice on which they are disporting? Debt is the prolific mother of folly and of crime; it taints the course of life in all its dreams.... It hath a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength. When we make the monster we make our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions for ever in our sight. The slave hath no overseer so severe. Faustus, when he signed the bond with blood, did not secure a doom more terrific."

In India, it is the fashion to talk of agricultural indebtedness only. As a matter of fact, however, people of almost all classes are found to be in debt. The zamindar gets into debt by spending money in luxuries or charities or by lending it to persons who take the loan as a gift and never mean to repay what they borrow. The young clerk gets into debt by living beyond his income. The middle-aged man falls a victim to indebtedness whenever he has to

perform a marriage or a funeral ceremony. Sometimes a man gets into debt by standing surety for another who fails to keep his promise.

One of the principal causes of indebtedness in India is the expenditure on social ceremonies, specially marriages. For the marriage of a daughter a man earning Rs. 60 per mensem finds it necessary often to spend Rs. 3,500. Such marriages leave behind them heavy legacies of debt, the family property being often mortgaged. On account of the heavy expenditure demanded by society there has been a great temptation to infanticide. The evil has grown to such gigantic proportions that many people have been led to doubt whether the present structure of Hindu society can long exist under such conditions. The death of a parent also means heavy expenditure on funeral ceremonies, and leaves a large amount of debt.

To diminish these extravagant expenses which are a prolific source of indebtedness, some amount of moral courage is indispensable. It is for the higher classes to set the example by reducing expenditure on social ceremonies by all means, in order that the agriculturists and artisans may follow it. The fear of what "the world will think" is the root of the whole evil. A person spends thousands of rupees in connection with a marriage on gifts to the well-to-do, on feasts to the pampered, on dancers and songstresses, on processions and illuminations, and on the various shows and festivities that are considered to be an integral part of marriage for fear of being taunted as a miser. The educated classes ought to be able to overcome this fear and put a stop to these social customs which they know to be immoral and idiotic.

In India ornaments are worn by the wives and children of persons in very humble circumstances. Considerable quantities of gold and silver are imported annually and made into ornaments. Thus a vast amount of

capital, which might give employment to hundreds of thousands of labourers, is annually rendered useless to the country. It will be a happy day for Industrial India when ornaments of gold and silver will be brought out and invested in commercial undertakings.

That the investment of money in jewels is a cause of debt will be evident if we consider that jewels cannot be used as money whenever required. When a person possessing jewels worth Rs. 300 wants this sum for any purpose, he may obtain Rs. 300 on the security of the jewels, and will have to pay Rs. 36 for annum in interest; whereas a man investing Rs. 300 in the Post Office Savings Bank will lose Rs. 9/12 interest when he withdraws the amount, but will not have to add to his expenses. Jewels are devoid of the essential functions of money, as a measure of value and as a medium of exchange, and are merely articles of luxury. They are also a fruitful source of the murder of many women and children.

Another cause of debt among persons with slender means is the desire to ape the mode of living of persons in better circumstances than themselves. Every petty clerk tries to dress like the head clerk of the office, and his salary is often swallowed up by his tailor and shop bills alone. In this respect persons in trade are better than clerks and members of the learned professions.

Another cause of debt in India is the custom of purchasing things on credit. When ready cash has to be paid for anything, a person usually considers whether he can afford to buy the thing or whether he really needs it. But when a thing is purchased on credit such considerations are often lost sight of.

Bearing in mind these causes of indebtedness, the sons and daughters of India will do well to follow the maxim "Cut your coat according to your cloth," and drive away the gigantic phantom of indebtedness from this poverty-stricken country.

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

SUBTLETIES OF BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

IT has been said that when a country or group of countries begins to formulate plans for defence, then it is a sign that their foreign policy has failed. Britain has announced new defence plans, together with the recall, for fifteen days this summer, of about a quarter of a million of the men who served in the forces at the end of the last war. Does this mean that Britain has no foreign policy? One might put the same question about America. On two successive days I have heard Britain's foreign policy discussed on the radio by members of the Labour and Conservative parties. The Conservative policy has been quite clear; stand by the United States of America. Nothing must be allowed to split the two great Western powers. Let people say what they will, but let no action be taken which might jeopardise Anglo-American relations.

Any subtlety in foreign policy has come from the Labour speakers. They have agreed that good relations between Britain and America are of the utmost importance. But they have also stressed that Britain must look East as well as West, that India is an important member of the Commonwealth and her views must be heard and taken into full consideration. Also, the Labour speakers have not been afraid of expressing publicly that in some degree they are not in sympathy with all that Mr. Bevin has been doing. This is not regarded as disloyal but as an indication that they can be independent and choose whether or not to follow the party line to the last step.

What is particularly interesting is that both Labour and Conservative speakers agree with the action taken by the United Nations in naming China an aggressor in Korea. Their reasons for agreeing are different.

The Conservatives are pleased because Britain has followed both America and the older members of the Commonwealth. The Socialists are pleased because they feel that Britain has been able to modify America's original proposals against China and they take this as a sign that Britain is not merely part of the new American Empire but is as independent as ever she was. Though this expression of British independence is heard most from Socialist speakers and writers, it is important for America to realise that in her apparent anger at the United Nations in not accepting Congressional proposals as being the law, America has forfeited some of the hopes that were held by America-philies in Britain that she could lead the free world. Even the *Economist* has warned America on these lines. As I see it, the lesson that America should have learned from recent events is that Britain must be considered as part of the Commonwealth, and the Commonwealth is no-one's poor relation.

Coal is again in the news, with increased prices, shortages resulting in the cutting down of train services and supplies to industry, and the likelihood of similar shortages next year and the year after. In Madras, one does not see the coalman, one of the common sights in Britain's streets. He drives up to one's house in his lorry and carries the bags of coal, each weighing one hundredweight, to one's coal shed or cellar. One used to be able to order three or four bags of coal a week, knowing that the coalman would call again on the same day the next week. Now, one hopes that he will come before one is without any coal at all, and when he does come it is only to leave one bag of coal each week. This is not enough for ordinary domestic purposes in winter. The fire

SECRETS OF RED CHINA—IV

By EMILY HAHN

ONE fact more than any other has enabled the Communists to make Mao Tse-tung the master of China: the fact that the Chinese are now learning to read.

Until a generation ago the great majority of them were totally illiterate. It was the Revolution of 1911—the revolution that overthrew the Chinese Empire and put Sun Yat Sen and his young men in power—that began the gigantic job of teaching China's 450 millions how to read and write their own language.

This job is far harder than it would be in any Western country. A Chinese does not spell words as we do; he has to draw a special picture-diagram for every word. Suppose that every time you wanted to write a word in English you had first to remember and then to draw the diagram for it; how long would it take you to learn reading and writing?

Chiang's Drive

Communist propaganda in China has been spreading fast since 1927. Note the date. That was the year in which Chiang Kai-shek's Government started an intensive campaign for universal education. It set up schools as fast as it could supply them with teachers. It threw the schools open to grown-ups as well as children; it invited everybody to come and learn to read.

The Communists were quick to cash in. They poured out a stream of reading matter for the newly literate millions. The stream has grown into a torrent.

Soviet Schools

They exploit this popular demand for literacy in other ways, too. In Shanghai, for instance, there are Soviet schools. The teachers are Russian, the pupils Chinese.

Now I want to speak plainly about the part that the United States of America has played in China. For this is an important piece of the Mao Tse-tung story.

America is a country founded upon a successful revolution. She never forgets 1776; and she has tended often to think that any revolution, anywhere, must necessarily be a good thing.

That year 1927—the year of upheaval in which Chiang Kai-shek made himself supreme in China and put an end to Russian guidance and Russian meddling—started the long chapter of American mistakes about China.

The Americans took to Chiang Kai-shek and to Soong Mayling his American-educated wife. They inflated him into a sort of Chinese George Washington, a man several times larger than life-size. They believed that he could and would make China over into an Oriental image of the U. S. A. They expected miracles from him. They closed their eyes and their ears to the Communist challenge all round him.

The Puffball

No man could have been as great as the Americans, in the first flush of their enthusiasm, imagined Chiang to be.

But their affection for Chiang was as capricious as a lover's. They blew hot, and then they blew chill. They helped him lavishly—too lavishly, sometimes; then they withdrew their help.

Chiang and his armies became, in fact, the puffball of American politics.

No man in Chiang's position could have survived who had to depend on such support, which varied with every breeze that blew through the lobbies of Congress. For all the while Mao and his Communists were boring from within; and they knew exactly where

is used for heating and, to some extent, for cooking. Most women in Britain wash their family's clothes and in the winter it is very rare to have a fine, dry washday. Consequently, the wet clothes must be dried indoors on the clothes-horse. If the family is not to be ousted from the fire by the damp, steamy clothes, a second fire must be lit, and more coal used. Logs, coal substitutes, cinders from the previous day's fire, all are used to eke out the meagre fuel supply. This coal shortage, together with the minute ration of meat, is not making the Labour Government any more popular. Although there was considerable sympathy with the Food Minister over the meat negotiations with the Argentine, there is now a feeling with most people that they would be prepared to pay a little more for meat if they could only get it. The present ration per head per week could very easily be put through the letter-box with the morning's post!

I have been reading George Orwell's collection of essays, "Shooting an Elephant." They are a very mixed bag, from the beautifully written essay which gives the collection its title, to arguments for the use of simpler English by writers. Two of the essays which I found particularly interesting deal with Gandhi and with the status of the writer in Soviet Russia. On Gandhi, Orwell brings together some of the views which Westerners had of him. These were not always complimentary. Orwell comments on Gandhi's apparent saintliness and makes the point that no-one has a right to be saintly in this life. I remember a parson friend of mine who had been preaching on Heaven and its delights and who overheard someone after the service saying that if we were supposed to follow the example of the angels, we ought to dispense with clothing. The parson said at once that we are not angels and we are not living in Heaven. Orwell puts it this way: "The essence of being human is that one does not seek perfection, that one is sometimes

willing to commit sins for the sake of loyalty, that one does not push asceticism to the point where it makes friendly intercourse impossible, and that one is prepared in the end to be defeated and broken up by life, which is the inevitable price of fastening one's love upon other human individuals. No doubt alcohol, tobacco and so forth are things that a saint must avoid, but sainthood is also a thing that human beings must avoid."

On the Soviet writer, Orwell mentions the difficulties which he later developed in his brilliant satire, "1984." In this essay he writes: "What is new in totalitarianism is that its doctrines are not only unchallengeable but also unstable. They have to be accepted on pain of damnation, but on the other hand they are always liable to be altered at a moment's notice. Consider, for example, the various attitudes, completely incompatible with one another, which the English Communist or 'fellow-traveller' has had to adopt towards the war between Britain and Germany. For years before September, 1939, he was expected to be in a continuous stew about 'the horrors of Nazism' and to twist everything he wrote into a denunciation of Hitler: after September, 1939, for twenty months, he had to believe that Germany was more sinned against than sinning, and the word 'Nazi,' at least as far as print went, had to drop right out of his vocabulary. Immediately after hearing the eight o'clock news bulletin on the morning of 22nd June, 1941, he had to start believing once again that Nazism was the most hideous evil the world has ever seen. Now, it is easy for a politician to make such changes: for a writer the case is somewhat different. If he is to switch his allegiance at exactly the right moment, he must either tell lies about his subjective feelings, or else suppress them altogether. In either case he has destroyed his dynamo." Those intellectuals who can see nothing wrong in Communism would do well to read the essay, "The Prevention of Literature" in "Shooting an Elephant."

they were going, exactly what they were after.

Then, as Mao grew stronger, Washington began to shake its head, and to talk about Chiang's "corrupt" administration.

Now this makes me very angry. I do not for a minute claim that the Chinese code of morality is like ours. But nobody talked much about corruption while Chiang was doing all right. It was only when he began to totter that we heard about that.

Corruption in China is the by-product of the fixed and fervent Chinese tradition of family duty. That tradition makes it imperative for a Chinese to help the other members of his family. To tell him that he must not give jobs to his relations seems to him literally shocking nonsense. It is not nepotism that disquiets a Chinese, it is the absence of nepotism.

Family Duty

All that was true when the Americans began their honeymoon with Chiang. It was no more true when they turned against him. There will always be corruption in China—always, until the tradition that a man owes lifelong obligations to his family and his relatives is uprooted altogether. And that will not happen just yet.

American oscillations about Chiang helped Mao and the Communists very much. So did the Left-inclined atmosphere of the New Deal in the 'thirties, and the war-time alliance with Stalin. These things provided a fertile soil that was busily cultivated by the American Communists and by the fellow-travellers. From 1935 to 1945 Communism was the fashion with the

intellectuals and the makers of American public opinion.

So it was not hard for the Communists and their instruments to turn American opinion away from Chiang and towards Mao.

We know a good deal more to-day than we did a few years ago about the ways in which Communism is organised. It is orchestrated on a world-wide scale. The American Communists were and are, an important part of the orchestra.

They are the people who spread the stories about Chiang's corruption, and about Mme. Chiang's 20 fur coats, and about the millions that the pair of them had salted away; the stories about how cowardly and incompetent Chiang's armies were (armies that held off the Japanese for years). Mao owes a great deal to the American Communist Party.

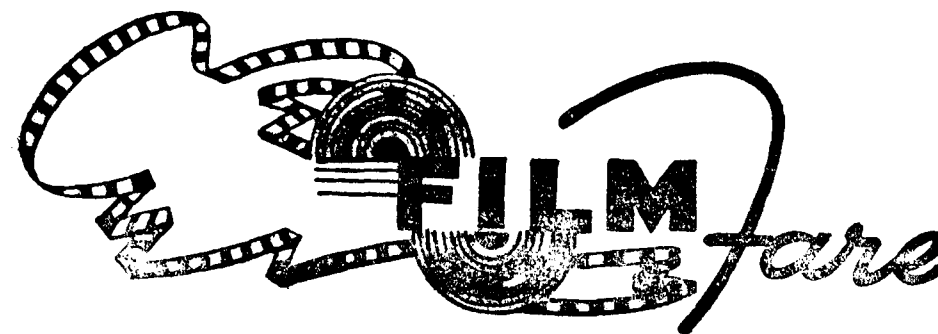
'Corrupt'

Henry Wallace (after all, he was Vice-President of the United States not so long ago) put the seal on this organised American disapproval of Chiang. When he visited Moscow during the war he came back via China; and Mao entertained him very pleasantly before he went on to see Chiang.

On his return to Washington Wallace knew just what to say to Roosevelt. Chiang, he said, was corrupt, and Mao was very, very honest. Besides, Chinese Communists were not Communists at all. They were simply agrarian reformers.

If one statement about Mao can be made with confidence, it is this: Mao is not an agrarian reformer. He is a Communist. We shall forget that at our peril.—*Copyright Lens.*

The main difficulty in the use of time lies precisely in the fact that, while every man knows that the total amount at his disposal is strictly limited, he does not know, and can by no means discover, where the limit lies. It is as if he were given authority to draw cheques against a credit at the bank, but were not told the figure of the credit. A great effort of imagination and will is needed to keep in consciousness a limit which is out of sight and at an unknown distance. For most of us the effort is too great.—*The Times.*



By V. P. SATHE

THOUGH the critics have always been urging producers to depict the stories of national heroes and bring literary masterpieces on the screen, the producers have always avoided such themes, not so much out of fear of the box office, but out of the fear of the fastidious and touchy critics who, far from encouraging such efforts, are prone to condemn them. The only reward Debaki Bose got for transcribing Bankim Chandra's *Chandrashekar* was that he was condemned for changing it to suit the screen medium. Similarly a critic went to the length of saying that Shantaram's *Dr. Kotnis* should be burnt in a public square—though the picture was made under the technical advice of one of the doctors of the mission.

And now Col. Dhillon joins such critics. According to press reports in a speech he delivered at Belgaum he said "Netaji Subash Chandra Bose was a true celibate. But in *Samadhi* it is shown that he is watching a dance of two girls and is shot at by an Indian. Both these things are false. No citizen of Singapore could have dared to shoot at Netaji; and even in his dream he had not seen such a dance. *Samadhi* is a defamation of a virtuous leader like Netaji and instead of banning such a picture our Government takes pride in exhibiting it. That is the greatest misfortune of our country."

Col. Dhillon is unnecessarily touchy. How on earth is the character of Netaji defamed just because he watched a dance and it is clearly indicated that a British agent tried to shoot at him. What's wrong with Netaji witnessing a dance performance? After

all, one can vouch that he had seen films and dances at least when he was in India and if a film director imagined that he witnessed a dance in Singapore, how has it damaged Netaji's character? It is however interesting to note that while Col. Dhillon wants *Samadhi* to be banned Gen. Bhonsle had commended it.

And why blame the Government? Blame it, if you like, for refusing to cooperate with the producers for picturizing war scenes. But why blame it for certifying an innocuous film like *Samadhi*?

Man Of The Week!

At last *Hulchul* has been released. K. Asif, the producer of *Hulchul* has dedicated it "respectfully to all friends and comrades who had implicit faith in him that the picture will never be completed."

This ironical dedication is typical of Asif who from a fervent enthusiast seems to have grown into a cynic. Asif has made only three pictures so far and yet he holds a position which producers of dozens of films cannot claim. Why? Because whatever Asif does, he does in a big way.

In the film industry he can claim to be a friend as well as an enemy of an equal number of people. Most of the people have not been able to understand him. For he is a truly amazing person. The first time I heard of him was when Hind Pictures' *Salma* was released. At that time distributor K. Abdullah told me that though Asif's name appeared as an assistant he was mainly responsible for the good points in the picture; and he had such a faith in Asif that when Abdullah became a producer he

entrusted the direction of *Phool* to Asif. *Phool* featured one of the biggest star casts and it took over a year to make it and it cost perhaps over a million rupees.

His second picture was *Moghu-e-Azam* which was unfortunately never completed. Yet, it had already cost about one and half million rupees and it would have perhaps required another five lakhs of rupees before completion.

When he decided to produce pictures on his own in 1948 he had hardly any finance of his own and though his original plan was to produce three pictures in one year he took about one year to plan his first picture and two years to produce it. Why? To answer this question would be to solve the riddle that is Asif.

Asif is not a very educated man; in fact, he has been often ridiculed as *Jahil* and *Darzi* (tailor). Before I came to know him I too thought that Asif was just one of the illiterate directors, though he had given ample proof of his intelligence and skill in *Phool*. He joined films almost as an extra in Gemini Studios, Madras; believe it or not Vasan was his first boss. Later he joined his uncle Nazir and worked for Hind Pictures. When he left Nazir he had secured Sitara and an assignment to direct *Phool*.

But later when I met him and discussed with him, I found that he had a very good grasp over films. His analysis of stories and directorial treatment was not only intelligent, but original and surprisingly correct; and there was hardly any important film he had not seen.

The other characteristic of him which impressed me was that he did not make films just to make a pot of money for himself. He was fired with the ambition of making truly great films; and it is this ambition that has been mainly responsible for the huge cost and time he takes for making pictures. His other weakness is that he changes his ideas about films often; there are certain scenes in *Hulchul* which have been shot seven and eight times in different ways. Several writers had worked on the script and during the shooting several changes continued to be made almost everyday. That is why *Hulchul* took such a long time to finish.

But his zeal was so great that nothing daunted him—neither lack of finance nor lack of other facilities. The financiers may complain that he spent lot of money on the picture; but none of them will say that Asif made a personal fortune out of it. There have been days during the making of *Hulchul* when Asif did not have any money; there have been days when he ate nothing but just a loaf of bread and an omlette and for days he did not stir out of the house just because he had no money to pay for taxi hire. But he is one of those persons who would either go in a taxi or would not go out at all; he would make a film in his own way or not make a film at all. Call him what you like, he would not change his way and in spite of all handicaps he did make *Hulchul* in his own ambitious way.

The day after the release of *Hulchul*, I saw his distributors; they expressed a feeling of relief, a feeling of a task achieved. But as far as Asif is concerned *Hulchul* has made no material difference to his life. For he will have to begin his new venture with a clean slate and it remains to be seen who will back this most ambitious, enterprising but unmethodical film maker who has no regard for time and money.

Picture Of The Week

There are certain pictures on which it is difficult to pronounce judgement at once; K. Asif's *Hulchul* is one of such pictures. It is one of those picture which neither satisfy nor disappoint you in the ordinary sense of the term; it rather intrigues you.

For while the story is not exactly new, its treatment is so different that the picture as a whole intrigues you. And if you agree with the expert opinion that it is not so much the story but the manner of presentation that matters you will acclaim *Hulchul* as a great motion picture.

It begins with Nanda, a confirmed pick-pocket, played by Yakub, being brought to jail and through him we are introduced to Kishore (played by Dilip Kumar), a young man sentenced to transportation for life for murdering a woman. It so happens that this day coincides with the wedding of the jailor who has to rush to break Nanda's revolt.

The revolt is broken, the jailor's life is saved by Kishore, and Nanda is severely beaten. It is then that Kishore starts narrating the story of his life in the flash-back manner. First he tells of his childhood when as an orphan he lived with Thakur's family. While the Thakur and his daughter Asha treated him with fondness and affection Thakur's son looked down upon him and no sooner Thakur died than he was made to live in a stable and work like a stable boy. The stable boy and Asha grew up and so did their love. But they could only meet in the absence of Asha's brother.

The story takes a turn when Kishore decides to go away to make a fortune and come back to marry Asha in all pomp and glory. He does make a fortune by joining a carnival but gets entangled with Neelum, the carnival-owner and her lover Pal played by Sitara and Jeevan respectively. The entanglement results in the murder of Neelum at the hands of Pal and the arrest of Kishore for it.

The flashback ends and the real story begins, with the audience discovering that the jailor's wife is none else than Asha. The jailor takes a liking for Kishore and believes him to be innocent; he takes interest in his emotional problem and requests his own wife to call his beloved when he comes to know that they come from the same town not knowing of course that she is his beloved. Asha cleverly manages to keep the pretext almost till the end; while the jailor never discovers that his wife is Kishore's old beloved. It is only in the last scene when Kishore is released, thanks mainly to Nanda's successful efforts to catch the real culprit, that Kishore discovers the truth, and the discovery shocks him so much that he loses interest in everything, has a fall, and dies.

Embellished with imaginative direction, brilliant photography, pithy dialogues, excellent performances by Dilip Kumar who proves in this picture that he can express himself as superbly through the spoken word as through facial contortions, the aforementioned story could not have been told with greater power than it has been in *Hulchul*! Had it been invested with a first-rate musical

score, it would have been even more appealing. As it is the music is the weakest link of the picture.

Though the ballet dance by Sitara is exquisite and Sitara deserves congratulations for the same it hardly goes with her character. Carnivals and ballet do not go together; nor does the palatial house in which she stays. The song-and dance number of Cuckoo and Geeta Nizami also appear to be superfluous. Then the other complaint one has to make is that the picture begins rather on a slow tempo; in fact, slow tempo is one of the chief shortcomings of the film, though one realizes that in an emotional treatment it is inevitable. Similarly the Sitara sequence as well as the childhood sequence seems to be rather long drawn out. That is why the first half of the picture does not create the same impression as the second half which is gripping and tense; especially the last three reels are outstanding in every sense.

All said, *Hulchul* will evoke strong comments, and that itself will prove it is a picture worthy to be discussed and debated. And out of this discussion will emerge its true artistic value.

News Of The Week

—By a special notification the Government of Bombay has announced that with the enforcement of the Cinematograph (Amendment) Act 1949 on 15th January the restriction on length imposed earlier has ceased to be in force. The producers are however asking why such a notification was not issued on 15th and why a fortnight's delay in the issue of this notification causing lot of inconvenience and even financial loss to certain producers. This notification is hailed as a great victory for producer Vasan who had challenged the Government order in the court of law. Now however *Mangala* and *Afsana* the two pictures affected by this restriction are being released in Bombay on Friday the 9th February 1951.

—Prithvi Raj has been signed by Filmistan in their *Anand Matth* being directed by Hemin Gupta. Female lead is played by Bhanumathi (of 'Nishan' and 'Mangala' fame.)

—The ban imposed on *Mahal* has been removed and the picture is now being shown all over India.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

PARLIAMENT started not with a bang but with a whimper. If the P. M. had started off with his observations on Foreign Policy, there would have been some liveliness. But Mr. Tyagi came out with an adjournment motion on the rather unpleasant subject of the Food Ration Cut. The Prime Minister promptly intervened, and the adjournment motion was put off. The suggestion was made that a Short Notice Question might be put instead. This procedure, which has become rather familiar to us, results in the prevention of discussion on the burning topics of the day. Parliament has been described as a Talking Shop. And a Talking Shop is a very essential institution. But our Parliament is reduced to the position of a Questioning and Answering Shop when it wants to be a Talking Shop. And when a long statement is made by a Minister in the House, the members lose the right of even asking supplementaries.

Rajaji, the Talking Sage, has demonstrated in Parliament his prejudices against the presence of women in the Services. To this exponent of the Bhagavad-Geeta, everything is unreal except the difference between men and women. He therefore must make some reference to biological phenomena as an excuse for his psychological make-up. The real reason behind male unwillingness to let women earn their living, either in the Administrative Services, or as teachers, is their fear that economic independence of women will put an end to the position of master which the male has usurped, taking advantage of female helplessness during pregnancy. The moment she has economic independence, the female will refuse the position of slave to which she has hitherto been resigned. That is the fear of all men of the old

generation as well as of most men of the present. Only a few men—like the present Diarist—know how to treat women as equals, and not as superiors or inferiors.

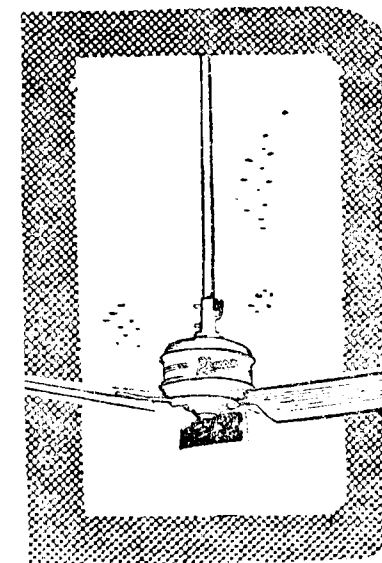
Law-givers, it has been well-observed, are abnormal fellows, who are mostly either childless people, or confirmed bachelors or men who have been unhappy in their married lives. They can hardly be expected to legislate with a view to creating a society of happy people. Manu was probably an exception to the rule, and his laws worked fairly well for a few thousand years. But those who set about to codify Hindu Law cannot claim the normality which may be assumed in the case of Manu. The times are different, and a modification of the law of Marriage and Divorce (not to mention the problem of Property which affects an insignificant fraction of women in this country) is definitely called for. But it is futile to get lost in the meshes of the sacramental aspect of marriage, which creates all kinds of complications which vary according to religion, caste, creed and sub-sect. The State, which claims to be secular, should regard marriage as a civil contract, and deal with it in that light. Mr. Sarwate pressed this point of view in Parliament, but nobody seemed to take notice of him.

One of our law-givers, surprisingly enough, has been speaking sense! He is Jagjiwan Ram. He told the Working Journalists of Hyderabad that if they organised themselves and voiced their grievances, "the Government would be of some help to them in preventing their being exploited." Mr. Jagjiwan Ram made the following observation: "At present the influential section of the Indian Press was under the capitalist hold, and persons

hardly knowing anything of journalism were directing the editorial policy of papers." Jagjiwan Ram should be made Minister for Information and Broadcasting so that he may bring about the necessary transformation in the Indian Newspaper World. There should be an enquiry into the ownership of the Press in India, and steps should be taken to transfer the ownership of newspapers to Trusts consisting of eminent professional men from the present tycoons of Industry. The Chain Newspapers today completely throttle the freedom of expression in this country. Those who are active in the suppression of news in the capacity of Managing Editors of newspapers happen to be Indian delegates at Montevideo and other places where International Conferences for Free Flow of News are held. As Jagjiwan Ram said, they are "persons hardly knowing anything of journalism," but "directing the editorial policy of papers."

A distinguished Indian economist, Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao, had also some hard things to say about the Indian newspapers this week. He was thoroughly dissatisfied with the way in which the Press in India has ignored the implications of the 25 per cent cut in the Food ration. The Prime Minister, for instance, had described the cut as equality in sacrifice. But the cut affected different Provinces differently. In Bombay and Madras, where rationing applied to 60 to 70 per cent of the population, the hardship was the utmost. (It could hardly be called sacrifice, since it was imposed and not voluntary.) In Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh the majority of the population was not under ration at all. In Behar, rationing applied only to about 5 per cent of the population. The Press simply does not bother about this, because the proprietors of newspapers simply don't care whether a man gets enough food to eat or not. Some of them would not even mind making a little money by creating an artificial famine.

When Mr. Jagjiwan Ram refers to "the influential section of the Indian Press," he refers to the section which has influence with the Government and not with the people. Readers of



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Indian newspapers have a refreshing scepticism about most news that is printed in them. When they read the editorials, they ask themselves, "What is the motive of this newspaper in writing in this particular way? Does it expect something from the Government?" And the newspapers are always expecting something from the Government so that the business of their owners may prosper. Dr. Rao is thoroughly justified in thinking that the Indian Press is completely oblivious to the problems facing the common people.

The tea party given on Ceylon Independence Day by the Ceylon's High Commissioner in India, Mr. C. Coomaraswamy, had a real Eastern touch about it—unlike even our own parties at Government House. The sprinkling of scented water and the application of *chandan tilak* on the forehead of each guest was something distinctive. Many of the guests told me of their appreciation of the personal touch introduced into the party by Mrs. Coomaraswamy, who went to each of the hundred and odd tables, to ensure that nobody went neglected.

The First Secretary of the High Commission, Mr. N. M. Perera, is a fine scholar of Samskrit and Pali, having specialised in the study of Buddhism. He is therefore in demand as a speaker on Buddhism by the cultural organisations in the Capital. The High Commission also organised an Exhibition of Child Art from the work of Ceylonese children in the Island which

reached Delhi just in time. The tropical island gives the children a wonderful eye for colour. "Children at Play" by B. Lily (12) is an admirable example of a fine sense of perspective and composition; "Sudden Storm" by Anne Cooke (11) is remarkable for the way in which it shows movement and life. Claudette's "Street" and Philomena Solomon's "Carnival" are remarkable specimens of work by two eleven-year-olds. The Exhibition includes embroidery work, designs, lace-work, coconut-shell work, and bamboo-work. Among those who did very good work are Soma Madurasinghe, Seela Balasooriya (14), Ursula Ragel (15), N. Vincent Silva (17) and Chandradasa (16).

The number of cocktail parties we had since the beginning of this year was very large compared with the corresponding periods in 1950 or 1949. I personally never attended such a grand dinner as the one given by the Afghan Ambassador, Dr. Najibullah Khan, in honour of the Prime Minister of Afghanistan. Mr. Muhardjo of the Indonesian Embassy gave a distinctive party to the journalists. The Escorts gave the hugest private party to the Engineers of the World. The kind of cocktail party which T. S. Eliot had in mind was given by Travel-Aids on New Year Day.

In America, it is said that there are three important parties—the Democratic Party, the Republican Party and the Cocktail Party. In India too, the Cocktail Party has come to stay.

THE UNITED FRONT OF KERALA WRITERS

By P. V. KUNNIL

IN 1948, Rama Dev and his colleagues had a vision from the Kremlin; it told them that the Revolution was round the corner. The result was the Calcutta Congress which took the decision to disrupt all United Fronts, and if that were impossible, to come out of them altogether.

Subsequently, all leftists who could not see eye to eye with the policy and

programme of the Communist Party were branded bootlickers of Anglo-American Imperialism, and Truman's agents! The ill-organised proletariat and the unorganised peasant were asked to fight the Government with what little prehistoric weapons they had. For, the time of the Mighty Proletarian Revolutions to establish the Dictatorship of the Workers, was

ripe, not only in India, but all over the world, they said. Terrorism was hailed as heroism, and "ultra-leftism, the infantile disorder" as pure Marxian Communism.

The Progressive Writers Association of Kerala was then in a flourishing condition, having in its fold all the leftists, and was putting up a gallant fight against all orthodox doctrines, religious, social, and political, under the leadership of Kesava Dev. Now the Communist writers who formed only a minority, prepared and brought forward a Manifesto to be accepted by the P. W. A. K. It was only a declaration of the Revolutionary Programme of the Party, just adopted at the Calcutta Congress. As might be expected, the shrewd Dev and his friends discovered the plot and refused forthrightly to agree with its clauses. The Conference which took place at Quilon simply rejected the Manifesto and formed a Committee to prepare a new one. Now the only alternative of the Communist group was to quit for good. And they did so.

A short survey of the progress of Kerala literature is necessary here. When the great Changam Puzha died, poetry had already reached its zenith of glory. He can be compared to Swinburne. Like him, Changam Puzha also was a great magician of words. Poetry to him meant music; his melodies have now become classic and no doubt he is the most popular of all poets to this day. Poetry in Malayalam is not behind that of any Indian language, and can claim a seat not much subordinate to even English. Recent times have failed to produce anything near to the works of Changam Puzha, although his disciple Krishna Kumar is making some headway in that realm.

Coming to the region of stories, the Malayalam short story is facing stagnation. The well known writers Basheer, Varkey, Dev, Pottekkatt, Karur, Thakazhi and others are almost spent up, with the exception of Kutty Krishna and Nagavalli. Basheer and Varkey are now connected with some producing companies. Pottek-

katt, Thakazhi and Rafi have turned to the novel, which still has a fine scope in Malayalam.

The critics, with Prof. Mundasseri (M. L. A.) at their head, have not done much work these days. It is interesting that the most prominent critics are ex-Communists, such as C. J. Thomas, M. Govindan, and the great Mundasseri himself, by far the best orator in all Kerala.

The Communist writers then began their onslaught on these and many other established Progressives. They were most severe in their attack on A. Balakrishna Pillai, the greatest living writer of Kerala. A parallel Writers' Association was sponsored at Trichur, and various magazines were published for this purpose of alienating "the Anglo-American agents" from the masses; and exactly the reverse happened. It was the Communists who were alienated and not the genuine fighters for Freedom and Socialism. The people of Kerala knew which was which, and the attempt miserably failed. Poor dears!

The tumult and turmoil of the "Revolution" is over by now. A new Party line is in the making. The Communist writers of Kerala have now issued an invitation to all lovers of leftist ideas to form a United Front. In 1921 Lenin advised the Communists of Great Britain to "support the Labour Party as the rope supports the man who is being hanged." An Englist Communist is said to have translated it as "taking them by the hand as a preliminary to taking them by the throat."

This tactical device is not at all a difficult mystery to the members of the Progressive Writers' Association of Kerala. Many of them have already given their verdict over it. If one writer believes that his only duty is to be a stepping stone to the realisation of the objectives of the Communist Party, how can another, who does not believe in it, but wants to create a society where Socialism flourishes along with Democracy, agree to form a United Front with him? This precisely is the question which faces the Progressive Writers of Kerala today.

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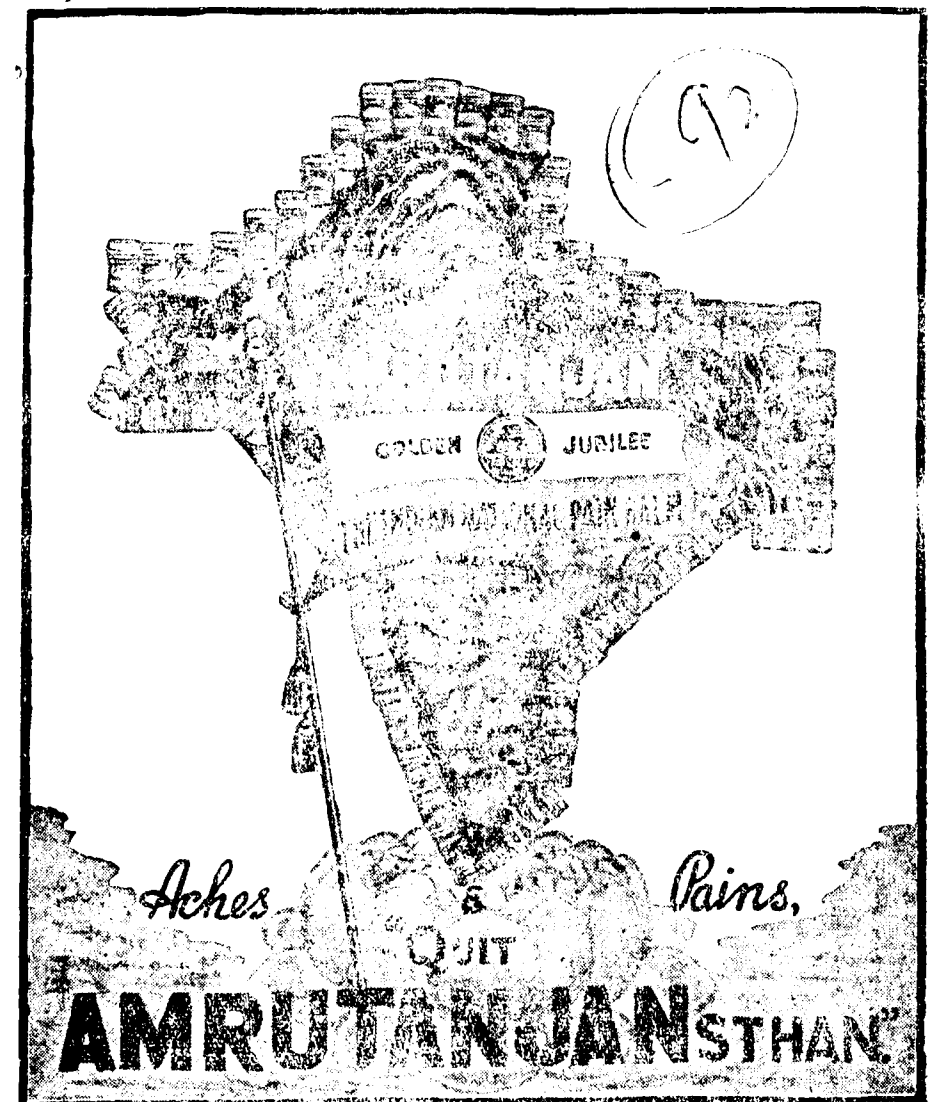
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ISSUED
WEEKLY

"TO BE HONEST TO OURSELVES"

SPEAKING at the Madras Christian College last Thursday, Dr. John Matthai said that "today the weak point of the Government structure is administration. What the country needs today is better administration in almost every phase of Governmental activity." Though outside observers are surprised at the "success we have been able to achieve in keeping things going in spite of difficulties," Dr. Matthai is of the opinion,— "to be honest to ourselves"—that "a very large part of the success we have achieved in maintaining the administrative machinery and keeping it going is due to the momentum started by the old administrative machinery." These words of the ex-Finance Minister should give a shake-up to our ministers who lately in this State have been combining bad administration with a prodigious amount of expensive publicity to make it appear good. The major flaws in the Congress administration have now become glaringly patent. The worst of them is illustrated in the questions recently put in the Bombay Legislative Assembly about the giving of a huge contract to a firm in which Mr. Munshi's son-in-law held an important position. "Should a person be penalised, Sir, merely because he is a minister's relation," is an argument of which great play is made, and our Madras ministers worked it to tatters with great airs of righteous indignation when Mr. Prakasam's charges came up for debate in the Assembly. Put that way the answer is obvious, but commercial transactions that lead to the making of big money do not conform to the syllogisms of logic that

ministers invoke to score points over critics. The fact is that the sons-in-law and other "in-laws" of ministers with the gift of patronage have been enabled to help themselves to the good things of life with such impressive frequency that people have ceased to look upon it as due to an accidental synchronising of merit with family interests. From a series of events of obtrusive significance the impression has gained ground that the general run of Congress ministers have not set a good example of probity in administration, though some of them may be clever in argument and in the avoidance of tell-tale evidence likely to provide proof of their misdemeanours. A curious case that has aroused a lot of unsavoury comment is in connection with the contract for building the new chamber of the Legislature in Government House. Madras boasts of engineering firms of established standing and national renown for skill and competence. All these were overlooked and the contract was given to a firm of which even the name is unfamiliar to disinterested engineers. We have no doubt, if the question were put, the nimble brain of the minister concerned would produce in no time a masterpiece of plausibility for public edification. And he would carry the day in the legislature where there is a comfortable majority. That would make little difference to public opinion which has ways of its own of propagating itself in thoroughfares uncontrolled by party majorities. It will not refrain from seeing something fishy in the selection of an unknown firm for a public work of great

importance costing lakhs to the exclusion of infinitely better qualified competitors. And it will be strengthened into firm conviction in the exact proportion of measures devised to stifle it.

There is no doubt that in the first flush of power our ministers have lost their balance, and fallen into the folly of imagining that they can do what they like with the administration as though it were some private property of their own. There is far too much of clannishness and of elevation of family interests over public interests. Standards of fair treatment to staff on the basis of the merit of work, have gone to ruin in the medley of ministerial manipulations, and intriguers and exploiters of communalism have a glorious time of it in most Government offices. Diligence and hard work have lost value as aids to recognition and promotion and have begun to go out of vogue. The ministers' habit of continual intervention with secretaries and heads of districts have robbed many high-placed officers of Govern-

ment of initiative and of the freedom of judgment and conscience necessary for taking right decisions quickly. These are fast sinking to the level of clerks, or else leaving service in disgust.

The ministers' answer to criticism is to resent it and seek to suppress the critic. Poor Hitler and Mussolini who in their time pursued the same tactics, thought themselves very mighty and secure in their thrones, but they prepared for their own downfall and the retribution to come with the very measures which they thought would maintain them in power, though they had not a hungry and starving population under half rations to reckon with, as our Governments have. Leadership in democracy belongs to the balanced and the restrained with a fair measure of concern for the public weal, and the fascist way of suppressing criticism and treating discontent as criminally liable to preventive detention, will not enable any Minister or Government to endure for long.

Sotto Voce

A WORD TO THE WISE

"POWER without responsibility is the privilege of the harlot through the ages." That was Honest Baldwin lashing out against the Rothermere press. The *Daily Mail* survived the onslaught and has flourished. But the Prime Minister who had achieved an unequalled reputation for personal integrity and leaped into fame thanks to the discreet publicity given to his patriotic war-time contribution to the

finances of his country, suffered an eclipse as catastrophically sudden as it was complete. He was only remembered at his death, and then as a prehistoric survival.

That, of course, does not mean that Baldwin was wrong and Rothermere right. But statesmen are judged by stricter standards than newspapers precisely for the reason that Baldwin mentioned, that they



exercise responsibility. Any mistake or worse on their part might be disastrous to a whole people. It is good for them to be kept on the *qui vive*; and a press which keeps reminding them of their duties and shortcomings still does a public service even if its motives are not altogether unmixed. It is human to resent such criticism when it is unfair, but it is wisdom not to put that resentment into words.

Righteous indignation is a dangerous form of self-indulgence. It is like the sudden flood that sweeps away the bund made of stick and straw which the peasant has laboriously put up athwart the river bed to conserve the meagre summer supplies. Mr. Nehru has got into a habit of coming down with a heavy hand on the bad boys of the press. But though he is never consciously unfair the cumulative effect of these periodical fulminations is definitely unfortunate. According to their personal predilections people may conclude that he is inclined to be intolerant of all criticism or that the press of this country is dominated by the bad boys.

It seems a section of the weekly press has been spreading unfounded rumours of "conflicts and intrigues" in the Government and Cabinet. Mr. Nehru is particularly riled by the thought that this "false and malicious campaign" relates "not only to the Central Government but also to some Provincial Governments." But surely some of the Provincial Governments have not exactly presented a picture of domestic felicity! At any rate Mr. Prakasam is not prepared to let us forget that in his opinion some whilom colleagues of his who are still in the saddle could with far greater propriety be in the dock. And Nasik with its echoes of warring Montagus and Capulets was not really a dream.

It is good to be assured that today there is ideal unity in Delhi and the Provincial Capitals. It might even be possible to offer a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the persistence of splinter groups, though poor Mr.

Tandon does not seem to think so. In any case, as there have been conflicts and intrigues in the past in some at least of the Congress Governments, the possibility of such discord in the present is not to be altogether ruled out. Why then should it be supposed to be "degrading" on the part of any section of the press to suggest that the conflicts continue? A simple denial should have sufficed, if at all a reference had to be made to the subject.

It is the big men who set the fashion, as the Gita pointed out long ago. Mr. Nehru's spectacular snubs to the press have unfortunately synchronised with assaults on freedom of expression from other quarters. For some of these it is difficult to find precedents even in the bad old days of British rule. The Speaker of the Madras Assembly has dubbed it breach of privilege for the press to comment on debates that are impending or proceeding. His confrere of Bombay has banned criticism on the floor of the House of any measure that has been passed by it. Thus every hole is neatly stopped through which the breath of public opinion might intrude on the pure vacuum which is apparently considered proper for the legislative function.

Challenged to take a referendum on the Hindu Code Bill Dr. Ambedkar declares that a sovereign Parliament with a mandate is not bound to consult public opinion in this fashion. His assumption that the Party caucus which in effect nominated Parliament is the country makes one smile. Even more diverting is the way in which State legislatures are thrust forward as sovereign bodies. But it would be nothing short of preposterous to claim for them prerogatives which the sovereign Parliament of Great Britain—that supernal sun whose glory our newly risen orbs reflect—never dreamt of asserting. At least one high authority—I hazard the guess that it is Sir Ivor Jennings—has been reported as of the opinion that the Speaker cannot commit the House in such matters. *Verbum Sap.*

VIGHNESWARA.



**CULTIVATE ALL FIELDS
AND FALLOW LAND**

GROW MORE FOOD

AC. 133

AN OLD MADRAS ROAD

By Capt. R. L. RAU

FAILURE, as Max Beerbohm once said, if it be plain, unvarnished, complete failure, has always a certain amount of dignity. Squalidity in such a failure, let me add, heightens its pathos.

The Luz Church Road in Madras, it seems to me, is a road that failed. Losing its individuality after over half a century of fame and content to end helplessly today as a mere street connecting Mylapore's Cutcherry Road and Mowbray's Road, its failure is complete. Its mute acceptance of its present status is a pathetic reminder of the inevitableness of things that befall men, women and roads.

But what chance can a stately old road or avenue like the Luz Church Road have when people have begun to prefer to have dwellings instead of residences, tenements instead of houses, terraced flats instead of comfortable, roomy houses and monotonous, six-foot high compound walls as they call them, instead of hedges? It can give only what it receives. Give it dignity, it will reflect it; give it a sense of quiet, it will give back a sense of repose. Leave it in peace, it will echo the spirit of deep solitude and the mellowness of age. Provide it with a stately avenue of trees, it will make the trees reach the stars; and when slumber and darkness steal over the landscape, it will make the stars peep through the leafy hollow of the trees gladdening the multitudes that pass under it.

I do not know who constructed the Luz Church Road and when. I do not care to know. Somehow it became a part of my childhood many years ago. Like all childhood's conceptions it had for me a permanence, a fixity of its own. The early memories I had of this pleasant old Madras road never faded. Fate took me to distant places, new pastures of endeavour and enterprise. I saw many roads, walked over them or past them in many countries. Many of them were statelier, grander, picturesque and better built than the Luz

Church Road of my childhood, but I never could forget the Luz Church Road and the sheer romance it had for me.

This road of my childhood began with Madhav Baug, the old family residence of Rajah Sir T. Madhava Rau on the left and that of Justice Bashyam Iyengar on the right as one entered it. The road forked into two as it approached the present park which was formerly a pond where lilies and lotuses grew in profusion. The fork on the right took one to the dingy old Luz Church, dingily built but with the peace of a century old sanctuary with a big wooden cross in front; the left fork ended in a lazy winding road with some more famous residences on its two sides and joined Mowbray's Road.

There was a little municipal water pipe where the road forked into two. It had a terrible looking metal lion's mouth for its spout out of which gushed forth an endless stream of cool water. It was enclosed by a lantana hedge and there used to be a boulder, slimp and covered with grass, which was a paradise of some of us small boys.

No shabby looking electric posts defaced the then long and stately avenue of banyan trees that bordered the old Luz Church Road. Modern, minute looking houses were still uncommon. The road went past lovely old brick and mortar bungalows mellowed by the hand of time. Lantana bushes with their brick red blossoms and evergreen shrubbery ran riot along the ditches.

Many men made this road famous. They were the finest products of the age they lived and flourished in. Most of their names too were household words in South India and the parents of young aspirants to fame and merit always mentioned these names as examples and for emulation. Most of them, the older among the lot had died already but they had left an abiding impression on the manner and life of intellectuals in South India. I had the privilege of getting

to know one or two of them in my time.

These men, great lawyers, great judges, great physicians, great administrators as nearly all of them became at some time or other of their lives gave to Luz Church Road the dignity and individuality it came to have in the last half a century. Each one of them earned great wealth too and did much in his way, to help build a kind of community life.

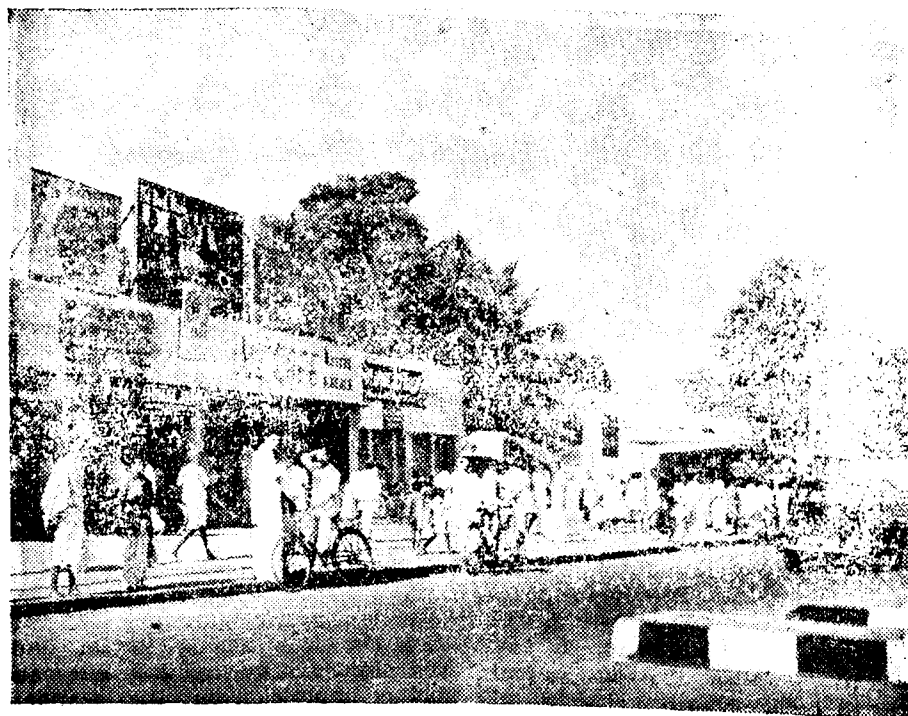
Having studied under a generation of British educationists and having imbibed the spirit of liberal British institutions and traditions, the outlook of these men was of a Gladstonian quality. They were all believers in British parliamentary government and could not imagine a destiny for India that was not connected with England. To the end of their lives they remained, therefore, staunch supporters of British rule and British traditions. They were not afraid to speak the truth as they saw it and stand for it besides, whether it had to do with a matter of local corruption in municipal admini-

nistration or Government policy. They said and wrote whatever they wanted to do with a great deal of restraint and dignity. To a man, nearly all of them refused to mix religion with politics or play to the galleries.

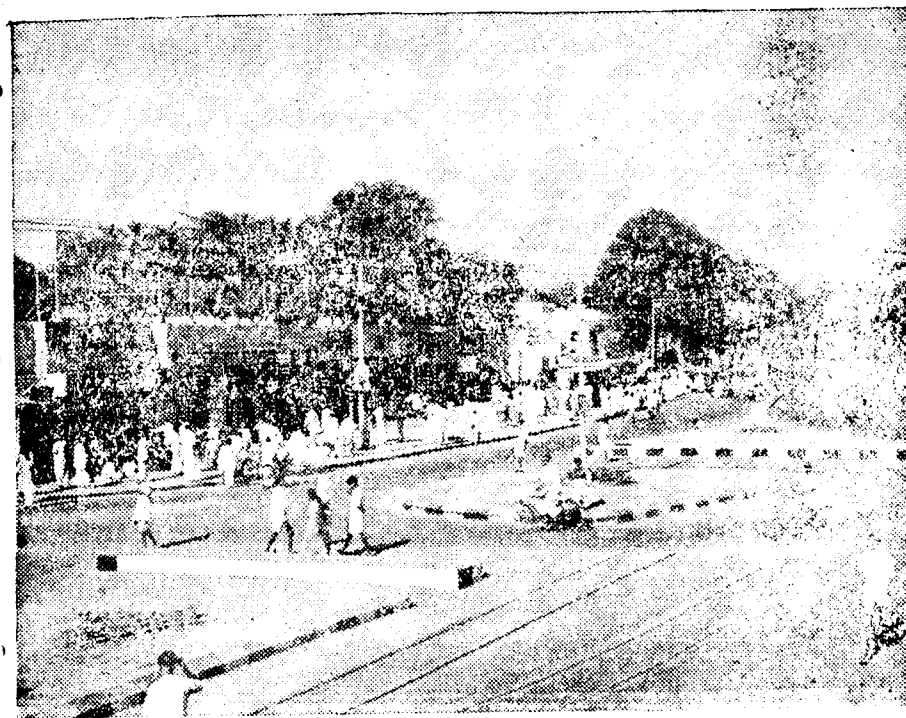
Some of them were deeply religious too in their own way and managed to give to their personal lives a spiritual background making at the same time religion and orthodoxy an intensely personal affair. They scorned loose thinking and were never prepared to make virtue of a necessity. Simple, leading dignified lives, they died as they had lived, in a splendour and dignity of their own.

What was the legacy they left to their children and progeny, these men who made Luz Church Road famous? Ask their descendants. They will tell you briefly this: One's life was not to be fritted away in useless pursuits. One's life was lived with dignity. There was no compromise between right and wrong. The spirit of human endeavour can never die.

I left Luz Church Road when I was



One view of the road as it looks today.



Another view. "Many of the old, aged bungalows had given way to new dwellings...."

a small boy. Thirty years later I happened to pass along that familiar road once again. It was a lovely December evening, pleasant and cool. All the old landmarks of my childhood had disappeared. The mellow atmosphere of content and peace I had always associated with Luz Church Road were things of the past. Instead I found a feverish, and what seemed to be perfectly unnecessary too, purposeless activity all along that stately old thoroughfare.

Government transport, as they called those shoddy looking motor vehicles with chattering loads of passengers, rushed along the road in an undignified manner. Men and women passed along accompanied by sickeningly modern brats. Many of the old, aged bungalows had given way to new dwellings, all uniformly and stubbornly modern, ugly and undignified. Along the road itself from vulgar looking pavement shops blared out the noise and clamour of many full throated singers and performers of the gentle art of music through their respective cheap radio sets. A newspaper kiosk defaced one corner of a

once stately mansion. Along its walls were six-anna shops where you could get or buy monstrosities of manufacture for six annas. Cinema posters stared you out of countenance, crudely exhibited, vulgarly displayed. Everywhere near that road was an atmosphere of a kind of cheap, shallow middle class life and its misery, its characteristic low comedy and snobbery. On the porch of another old bungalow undergoing a process of demolition, once the residence of a famous lawyer, I saw to my horror a bill board. It advertised in baleful letters the fact that it was a lodging and boarding house and that "meals" were ready!

The tragedy was complete.

I think Luz Church Road should be renamed now after a cinema "star" or a politician or a minister. This would be in the fitness of things.

As it is today I am afraid the Luz Church Road of my childhood is no more, it is dead. It is a thing of the past. I mourn its passing as I would mourn the passing of someone dear to me.

93631

UNDERSTANDING ASIA

By Dr. RANJEE SHAHANI

THE Anglo-Saxons, Colonel Lawrence used to say, have a marvellous capacity for seeing only what they wish to see. This is an excellent gift, but not always. There are times when it is essential to face the difficulties, however unpleasant they may be. The policy of drift, though it has its uses and can sometimes be the very peak of wisdom, can on occasion turn into an abyss of error. Then it is too late to do anything.

Well, the British and Americans must realise, and realise comprehensively, the fateful bearings of the late Fascist war on the larger problems of the earth. I am convinced that it is upon the *quality* of human life that all else depends, and that the keynote of the coming world politics will be, needs must be, the relation between what we are in the habit of calling Occidentals and Orientals. The importance of this must be grasped now. Forewarned is to be forearmed.

The Oriental-Occidental problem was bound to rise sooner or later, and indeed floated up to the surface before the rumpus of 1914-18. The fact is, the East has been changing with extraordinary rapidity, and has done in a few years what it has taken the West centuries to accomplish. I need not offer a catalogue-like list of things acquired or achieved, but will content myself with saying that a swift educational process has been at work among Eastern peoples, a process partly assimilative and partly critical of Western civilization, but in both aspects creating a mental and moral turmoil which has been further heightened by the Western world's arrogant superiority.

The noise of that superiority, though it annoyed, was put up with as recently as 1904, because there was a reality behind it. Then came the Russo-Japanese war. This produced a total change in the Oriental mind, almost everywhere. Its momentous character is not even now fully understood. With a few exceptions, the West, for many, many years, has been

producing nothing but political Rip Van Winkles.

Anyhow, before the Russo-Japanese tussle ideas of revolt and rebellion had been turning and twisting in millions of Eastern minds: but now they were defined and dramatised: a new dawn broke over the Oriental world, and the story of Western invincibility appeared like one of those lies that men to children tell. Yet it was possible, nay incumbent, to hold in high esteem Western civilisation and Western solidarity: but then, ten years later, came the so-called Great War, and the work of erosion was completed.

The Western peoples, supposed to be the torchbearers of humanity, were seen to be engaged in a fratricidal conflict of the most horrible and barbarous kind. The lesson was not lost upon the waiting and watching multitudes of the East. And it could not be lost since some of the most virile and aggressive among them were compelled by their hard-pressed and short-sighted European masters to take part in it. They were trained and equipped and exhorted to worsen and wipe out the European by his own up-to-date methods: they were brought over to Europe in growing numbers and thrown into the closest personal contact with Western civilisation. In a short time, they understood its shallowness and shams.

This disillusioning process repeated itself on a much larger scale between 1939 and 1945. No wonder Western prestige has lost much of its éclat. The West will have to work hard before it can astonish the East again. This time myths will not do. Western wisdom—tapping life directly, not by the circuitous path of thought—might accomplish the miracle.

However, that is a matter for the future. Meanwhile, the Oriental world has missed nothing of the sorry Western spectacle, the spectacle of Christian brother destroying Christian brother. Hindu-Muslim quarrels seem mere picnics compared with these largescale 'cat fights with cannon'. Why, argue many Oriental

thinkers and politicians, we are far less divided than these Europeans who at least possess a psychic unity denied to us. Naturally, they followed the Fascist war with amused and ironic interest.

But let that pass. What is important to note is that everywhere in Eastern countries we witness a real Renaissance. Senseless to deny that. This Renaissance is the outcome of the pregnant events of the last thirty-five years, and, whatever else it is, it is first and foremost a violent reaction against Western domination. It is the Yellow Races, at one time incited by Japan (already master of many of the scientific secrets of the West), and the Brown Races of India and Pakistan, indeed of the entire Orient, that are the protagonists of this political and cultural awakening. They need to be understood. As they rarely have been, I shall say a word or two about them here.

They are, these Asiatics, people of high mentality, subtle intellects capable of a depth of thinking unknown to Westerners, practical intellects capable of a high degree of production, inflammable intellects capable of terrific destruction. On the whole, however, always excepting Japan, which in many ways is even more thorough than Germany, they lack system, endurance, organisation. They are uncritical, at once sombre and passionate, instable like water, but—and here lies their hidden strength—with something of its penetrating and tidal quality. Moreover, they already outnumber the Occidentals by more than two to one, and at the present time they are expanding at a far more rapid rate. This result, it must be admitted, has been brought about largely by Western domination. The record of Britain in this connection, taken all in all, is not at all bad. Local wars were stopped, epidemic diseases were reduced, and food and supply were improved. (Things are not so good now). That this profound Oriental Renaissance will eventually eliminate almost completely Western political control from one end of the Orient to the other is a foregone conclusion.

Britain has understood this: it is important that America, too, should. The factors that face the Western

peoples are four: the peril of arms, the peril of markets, the peril of migrations, and the peril of intellectual superiority. The Oriental military peril, now that China has risen to her feet, is not something to be sniffed at. Indeed, the real object of Japan in China was to unify and militarise the country, and a relentless war achieves these objects more quickly and surely than any other method. India, too, is beginning to arm herself. Now China, it is hardly necessary to say, can fight, and though the Indians are pacific they have had their bellicose moments and might easily have them again.

The industrial menace to the Western world, already foreseen by Pearson some fifty years ago, is a more certain danger. It is likely to assume two forms: a systematic development of Oriental resources for the benefit of the Orient, and a deliberate boycotting of Western industrial activities. This would destroy the Western man's prime source of prosperity.

Migration is a still more formidable danger. For a long time the over-crowded and under-fed East has been casting longing eyes upon the domains held, but only partially peopled and utilised, by the European world, which in many cases is constitutionally incapable of making them prosper. Natural expansion and human justice imperatively demand such migrations. "Living space" does not apply merely to some White nations. Western barricades laid to hold back the Asiatic peoples are completely artificial and ineffective. The Western labourer, it has been said before, can nowhere, *absolutely nowhere*, compete with the Oriental labourer. The more we approximate to the democratic ideal—the supremacy of Labour—the more certainly will come about the Dictatorship of the Asiatic and his right to settle where he will.

Most potent of all these dangers, however, is that of intellectual superiority. This is hard to measure, but it is obvious that Asia has been gaining on the West mentally. Colonel Lawrence was worried about this, but if he were alive to-day he would have a fit. The diminishing value of the European racial stocks is evidenced—as never before—in the folly of their

statesmen, mindless that the crisis they have called forth is of their creation, reckless that the present European misunderstandings will make the whole of their civilisation and culture topple by the sheer weight of their own absurdity.

Is there anything to lament about this? I do not know. I am only aware that the earth is but a vast tomb. Many a brave race has held its brief hour upon this passionate planet and then gone, leaving not a wrack behind. It may well be that the European man may form but a tiny item in the story of mankind. Young, fresher, more clear-eyed races might well come to the top. Who can tell?

However, speaking for myself, I should say that the collapse of European civilisation and culture would be a calamity for the whole world. Why? Because Europe (and, of course, America) possesses a wisdom that the people of the East have not even glimpsed. But it is doubtful whether the West knows the value of its real trea-

asures. Today, it is puzzled. It has forgotten the meaning of the vital and vitalising words: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul...."

The late Fascist war sealed the doom of European hegemony. Therefore an amicable settlement must be arrived at between Europe and adult Asia. In saying this, I have in mind the European's tacit assumption of abandoning domination over Asia, and the Oriental's foregoing his desire of occupying Western lands, except perhaps Africa; for, in the absence of such a 'gentleman's agreement,' the world will drift into a gigantic race-war, which will be ten times more ruthless and inhuman than anything we have yet known or heard of.

America's responsibility is great. She must understand Asia and her secret impulsions. If not, everything will end in blood and chaos. And, above the din of clashing interests and ideologies, we shall hear the sounds of the Tartar drum.—*Copyright N. P. S.*

STORY OF A HOUSING SCHEME

By R. RAMACHANDRA RAO

AT the instance of the Government, the Registrar of Co-operative Societies organised a co-operative house building society for public servants of Nellore in 1947, after duly approving the lands selected by the Collector and the housing committee. But the land acquisition proposals submitted by the Collector in 1948 were rejected twice by the Government even in spite of strong recommendation by the Collector supported by the Board of Revenue. Dr. Gurubatham the then Minister for Housing, visited the place on 31-1-1949, inspected all the lands in the municipal area, and after having felt that he had done gross injustice to the members, made a very strong case and got the acquisition sanctioned by the Chief Minister Oomandur Ramaswami Reddi and finally published the draft notification and declaration in the Fort St. George Gazette. When the Minister visited the place, the landowners did not protest against the acquisition. But later, the landowners, under the guidance of an influential Congressman who is a member of the housing committee brought Minister Sanjeevi Reddi to Nellore and got the acquisition proceedings stayed.

Objection petitions were filed and the Collector was ordered to enquire into the objections. The Collector made an elaborate enquiry and submitted a strong report to Government stating that the objections were all false, baseless and deserved no consideration as most of the landowners are rich having landed property elsewhere with good financial positions. But to the utter disappointment of the members the Minister cancelled the acquisition saying that the land owners are poor people. It is for the public to understand what colour the Minister has given to the matter just to cancel the acquisition after once the acquisition was sanctioned by two Ministers of the previous Cabinet. Mr. V. Raghaviah, the local M. L. A. wrote several letters to the Chief Minister protesting against the cancellation of the acquisition but the latter did not care to interfere in the matter. The Chief Minister as well as the Housing Minister have, during their tours of several districts, stated most vehemently that they are prepared to do anything to secure land for co-operative housing societies but not for individuals. But there is apparently no check over this injustice.

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

FREQUENT DIVISIONS FORCED BY THE OPPOSITION

ONCE again the Government in Britain has had to face a motion of "No Confidence." Whilst one can appreciate Mr. Churchill's eagerness to take charge of the country's affairs, some of us are beginning to think that it is not so much the Government that is irresponsible in bringing important measures up before the House, but the Opposition, by its far too frequent division of the House. If the Government did not govern, then the Opposition might well criticise, but when it does try to, the Opposition should at least refrain from forcing divisions, which only result in all the Members of the House having to hang around Westminster, when many of them might be serving their country better in doing other work, which is just as much a part of their Parliamentary duties as is sitting in the House and casting their vote.

I would say, however, that there are not likely to be any more votes of censure for some little time. The most recent, on Defence, was undoubtedly Mr. Churchill's most serious attempt to bring down the Government. The motion was announced at short notice and was on a subject on which the Government is, by all accounts, divided. It is said that about 20 of the Labour Members of Parliament are inclined towards pacifism, and they might well have abstained from supporting any Defence measures. Also, at Bristol, in the West of England, a by-election was taking place in which the Labour candidate was a pacifist who, on account of his pacifism, had not received the customary supporting letter from Mr. Attlee. It was thought that some of the pacifist members of the Government might have been down at Bristol West to support the Labour candidate, and they would have had to rush back to London for the division, if they had felt so inclined. Mr. Churchill, shrewd Parliamentarian that he is, must have considered all these points and timed his motion to

make the fullest use of them. Once again, however, the Churchill firework showed itself to be a damp squib. His speech attacking the Government was not enough. It is always easy to attack the party in power, but the people in Britain today want something more constructive than that, and there is less policy apparent in Mr. Churchill's speeches than in the Government's. In addition, Aneurin Bevan made a sparkling and intelligent speech to wind up the debate, a speech which all the Press acknowledge as being a great speech, one which has probably given renewed life to the Labour Party. Mr. Gaitskell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, also spoke well and outlined the financial commitments of the new Defence needs lucidly and to the admiration of all. The cost will have to be met no matter what party is in power.

At the same time, this debate and the vote have raised again one of the difficulties facing a Parliament in which the Government has such a small majority as at present. If the majority were larger, one could see in the voting the differing shades of opinion both on Opposition and Government benches. Just how many of the Labour members are in full agreement with the present defence plans must remain a matter of speculation. I have suggested that 20 members might have pacifist inclinations. Whether they have or not, they all had to support the party in the voting, for if they had not they would have put the country into hands which they would have liked even less than the present.

I continue to find interest in India and its affairs amongst the people in Britain. Some years ago I lectured to Army units on various topical subjects and I remember speaking to a group of men on an anti-aircraft site. I spoke about Russia, mainly of its history and geography. One man present took a more active part in the

ing, every imaginable contrast and contradiction, which might yet coalesce into a plausible harmony, is the basis of all Maugham's characterization.

The Gaguin theme, typified by the sedate breadwinner who suddenly breaks the family bonds that restrain him, and goes off in quest of absolute freedom, recurs constantly in Maugham's stories. The most obvious example is, of course, 'The Moon and Sixpence', a dramatization of the life of painter Paul Gaguin himself, but in Rose Driffeld of 'Cakes and Ale', Maugham has drawn Gaguin's female counterpart. Philip Carey of 'Of Human Bondage', (probably Maugham's most significant novel), is conceived on the same lines. He can find no mental stability as long as he attaches a meaning to existence and sees himself as a responsible human being. It is only when he realizes the futility of absolute truth that he is freed from his 'human bondage.' In his capacity as Maugham's mouth-piece, he observes finally: 'There is no meaning in life and man by living serves no end. It is immaterial whether he is born or not, whether he lives or ceases to live....' This knowledge liberates Carey and he is absolutely free.

The implied moral nihilism of this conclusion never perturbs the all-embracing tolerance of the narrators of Maugham's stories. Characters like Ashenden, Doctor Saunders and Philip Carey, who speak for Maugham himself, are men of the world in the classic sense, and it is the first characteristic of the man of the world that he is never shocked. One associates him with the dinner-jacket, the boiled shirt, and the gold-rimmed monocle on the benevolent eye, dining off the panorama of existence, with philosophic calm. 'All things are possible' he seems to be saying; 'there is nothing new under the Sun'. And in 'The Summing Up', Maugham is at pains to salve the unease of his conscience at so quietist a view of life. After all, 'there is no reason and life has no meaning' and 'for nothing is there a why and wherefore; so why pretend responsibility or attempt to do anything more than record the human comedy accurately? And how

well the comedy. (should one say tragedy) is delineated. Maugham has seen life in London, China, Malaya, the South-Sea Islands and the Riviera. Rain lashes on mission-houses in the tropics, bored colonials handle fresh copies of *The Times* with nostalgia, and bright young things in holiday resorts learn of life and love all too easily! Maugham's portraiture is accurate—and ruthless. He studies and records, but never dares to comment and steers away carefully from the Himalayan blunder of even presuming to judge!

But sheer camera-work, no matter how exact and dispassionate, is not art; it is the raw material of art, and must be transformed by the impact of a principled imagination, which seeks to mould it into a coherent whole, and elevate it by informing its content with the reason, judgment and reflection of the human mind. Maugham has always been conscious of his limitations and in 'The Razor's Edge' he made a famous attempt to break new ground. The man of the world gave up this world for the next, and Larry Durrell, the hero of the book, gives up the polished mahogany of a modern apartment in New York, for a humble corner in the ashram of a Hindu mystic, near Trivandrum. But somehow, Maugham's powers fail him, and the book is an obvious flop. It flaunts its deism too obtrusively, and the hero's renunciation is unconvincing.

Philip Cary of 'Of Human Bondage' is a much more plausible character at his weakest moments, than Larry Durrell is at his most intense. Unconsciously, one desires the old Maugham flavour—the neat concoctions of the gentleman of the parlour, eaves dropping on happy-go-lucky characters, and regaling us with their confidences. For Maugham is too much a student of human character, to make the mistake of thinking that he knows all about it. When he commits himself to a formula, he only succeeds in being a moral dilettante. It dulls the appeal of the note he plays so well, that of the raconteur. And in so doing, it destroys his only claim to authority. For, it must be reiterated, Maugham is really that uncomplicated but rare phenomenon in the world of letters, an excellent story-teller.

THE LITTLE MOTHER

By RAJENDRA SHANKAR

LOVE is strange but no one is a stranger to love, for everyone falls in love—in childhood with dolls and playthings, in youth with blessed ones of the opposite sex, in middle age with money, family and fame and during old age with God and the visions of another world, and all of them, all time, fall and keep on falling in love with their own selves!

On a particular winter morning the fog was slowly lifting to reveal the flowers and weeds in sparkling tears, the stone pillars and iron railings of the boundary wall of the convent wet with moisture. A chubby little girl stood in her warm clothes waiting for the hawker of monkey nuts to come up during the recess. The girl had red apple cheeks and dark sparkling eyes. Everyone loved and patted her. But she loved ground nuts and the hawker always preserved a packet of the choicest nuts for her.

Thus Kumud studied at the convent, ate monkey nuts and grew more beautiful. But things never follow an even course, otherwise life would become too dull. To break the monotony cholera broke out in town. The mother at home got scared and cautioned her children against eating anything outside, the mother superior stopped all hawkers entering the compound of the convent. Thus Kumud began to miss nuts and the hawker the chubby girl whom he would tease before slipping in her outstretched palm the special packet he always brought for her. Then with a happy laugh Kumud would go and eat them up. But now it was all over.

One day while going to the convent she chanced to look on the side walk and quickly stopped the rickshaw. There sat the hawker whose face lit up to see the girl and he began to pick out the big and well fried ones to drop into a cone of paper when suddenly Kumud asked him to stop and began to turn back.

"What is it 'Little Mother'? I am making a special packet for you!"

"No, no. Mother says there is cholera!" said she and kept longingly looking at the packet.

"But the nuts are inside the shell, I am not giving you the exposed ones."

The girl's face brightened and instinctively her hand went into the pocket. And then her face twitched and she looked dejected.

"No, keep it—I can't...."

"But why?"

"Mother has stopped giving me the one anna for fear I will buy things."

The man laughed and quickly rolled up the packet.

"Take it, take it. Pay later on. I will keep a packet ready every day for you."

Kumud was once more very happy but her debts mounted. In about three or four weeks the menace of cholera disappeared but the new menace of mounting debts loomed even larger. She was in a quandary. How was she to pay nearly two rupees to the hawker? She was frightened to tell her mother for fear she would get a chiding. Her instinct told her to hide it. But then she could no longer go on accepting nuts without paying up the arrears.

One day she promised the hawker she would get the money next morning. It now stood at two rupees four annas. Kumud had made up her mind to tell the truth and in her imagination rehearsed how she would cry and promise never to do such a thing again and beg her mother to forgive her. She could even forego the pocket money till the sum was recovered. This final decision to tell everything somehow eased her conscience.

But things were anything but propitious for such a tender confession when she got home. Her younger sister, Paru, had broken the big mirror and the mother was furious and had given her a beating. The whole atmosphere was tense and Kumud instinctively felt that the occasion was not ripe for the delicate approach she had rehearsed.

Her heart beat with apprehension as the rickshaw rolled on towards the convent next morning. She cringed

at the back and felt almost sick. He was sure to see her. He had trusted her and she had promised—oh, curse Paru for breaking that mirror! And just at the forking of the road an idea struck her and she quickly called out to the rickshaw puller to take the other road. This meant a longer run but no hawkers sat there expecting payment! And thus a crisis was averted but Kumud could not help feeling something constantly weighing on her mind.

A week passed and the honest girl, freed from the pressing emergency of the case, went on postponing the resolve to confess to her mother till, what seemed almost in answer to her inner prayers, the matter solved itself.

Paru had been very sulky ever since the mirror incident. She was the mother's pet and so had taken the whole thing very seriously and wanted to be even with her mother. That afternoon when Kumud returned, Paru drew her mysteriously to the lonely part of the garden and told her how she had pinched a note from her mother's box. Then she held it out and Kumud's eyes popped. It was a real five rupee note!

That night while sleeping together they whispered and conspired. Kumud was to take the money and bring chocolates and they would eat them quietly in the garden, and if mother was to ask about the money they would look surprised and worried and even pretend to search! Kumud tucked the note inside the pocket and went happily to sleep.

Next day the rickshaw puller was automatically turning towards the longer route when Kumud stopped him.

"Why go by the longer route, go straight!"

She was cheerful and got out at the place where the hawker sat. But he was not there. No one knew where he had shifted to. Kumud, a little crestfallen, got into the rickshaw and went to the convent. The note seemed to be burning in the pocket, and during the recess Kumud with nearly a dozen of her intimate friends walked towards the gate. She scoffed at other things and went to the fellow who sold chocolates.

"Let us have some chocolates!" she exclaimed, hardly able to suppress her excitement.

Chocolates were cheap those days. A slab for an anna and quite a lot of it too. She presented a slab to each of her friends and then stuffed into her bag the rest of the eighty packets. She ate and distributed as much as she could and when she reached home forty packets were still intact.

Paru was jubilant. She ate till she felt sick. Then they opened all the packets, carefully smoothed out the silver foils and collected quite a thick sheaf of them. Then Paru had a bright idea to roll the remaining slabs into a ball and, lips and hands stained with the sticky stuff, they ran into the house only to meet their mother blocking the way.

"What is all this on your lips? Let me see!"

"Nothing! We were playing with mud—we will wash it...."

And they were going to slide past when Paru's hand knocked against the wall and out dropped the chocolate ball. The two sisters stood stunned and stared at it with horror as if it were a live bomb.

Well, there was a regular storm and they were sent to bed without dinner. They cried and blamed each other and went to sleep. But the trouble was not over. Next day her mother went and complained to the mother superior and Kumud received a long lecture and a humiliating detention.

A few years rolled by and a wave of patriotism swept over the country. Kumud was put in an Indian school. She had grown and become more beautiful. One day as she was walking back home from school it began to rain. She went under a tree and tried to shield her books from getting wet when a rickshaw pulled up. She hastily went to the rickshaw and the man held up the flap. She gave him a look as she was getting in. Their eyes met for a second and then she dropped inside on the seat and the flap was lowered to shield her from the rain. She was shivering—the rickshaw puller was no other than the ground nut seller!

At the house it pulled up. It was still raining. The man asked the girl

to wait and ran to get an umbrella, took her books and escorted her to the door.

"How much must I pay you?"

"Anything you like!"

Ashamed and yet relieved that the man had not recognised her, she paid him eight annas. The man looked surprised and then began to walk towards the gate when Kumud called out and asked him to come next morning at nine if it rained. She could not forget that she owed him money.

Next day while going to the school in the rickshaw Kumud asked the man if he owned the rickshaw.

"No. Little Mother!" he laughed, but her heart gave a frightened throb. "I have to pay a stiff hire and very little is left over. Life is very hard. I used to sell monkey nuts before but lost. A girl, very sweet girl, used to buy from me every day, and then she suddenly stopped. I hope she is well, because she was such a lovely kid. I used to call her 'Little Mother' also!"

With a smile she never saw, he put Kumud down at school and then went away twanging the bell merrily to attract people to sit on his rickshaw so that he might carry them in dry and safe through rain, wind and slush. Kumud felt intrigued but moved at the man's reference to herself—he never touched on the topic of her dues, only wished her well!

But she was soon swept off in the surprise move that events so often make on the chess-board of life. Kumud's family had gone through bad times and they were eager to marry her off. And married off she was, at sixteen, to a promising officer in the police.

A world of love and sweetness, of new responsibilities and duties opened out before her. And one day as she sat at the doorstep she heard a man hawking buttons, combs and ribbons. She called him and the man came and stood smiling.

"You live here—'Little Mother'?"

Yes. You have given up rickshaw pulling?"

"Oh, I have done several things since but life is still very hard and cruel."

She bought a pair of buckles for her husband and enquired if *avil* and *arsipori** were available in his village. He promised to enquire and parted.

Days went by and one afternoon the man popped up with two satchels full of fried rice and *avil*. Kumud was delighted, for these things were not available due to the scarcity of rice and had gone in the black market. When she enquired about the price he laughed.

"It cost me nothing—it is a present for you."

The girl protested but the man would not take any money. She thought he had brought it from his farm and thanked him profusely.

Time rolled on and Kumud had a baby. She was so happy. Another world of unfolding delight! And one evening as she sat on the door step up strode the hawker, this time carrying lozenges, coloured chalks, small plastic tops and rubber balloons.

Kumud showed him proudly her child and asked where he had been so long. He smiled and said he had been engaged and away from town. He tickled the child and took out a few lemon drops and hesitated.

"This is all kept open—I will bring something better. Here is a balloon for the young prince."

The child smiled with its toothless gums and they all felt happy. The hawker left singing a song and hawking his wares.

A week or two later he came up and had a packet of chocolate. But Kumud was not sitting at the doorstep. The man timidly called.

Kumud came out, hair dishevelled, eyes full of tears, very unhappy. The man who was holding out the chocolate withdrew his hand.

"What is the matter? How is the prince?"

"Oh, he is very sick! The doctor just saw him. My husband is out and I do not know when he will return. The child has been advised to take orange juice. What shall I do?"

"Don't worry, I will get it!"

The man disappeared before Kumud could say anything more. With a sigh of relief she turned inside.

**Avil*, Tamil for "cheura," crushed rice
**Arsipori*, Tamil for fried rice

In less than an hour the man was back. He had a huge big basket full of the biggest and best variety of oranges. Tears of gratitude rolled down her eyes. He placed the basket inside the house and then hurried out. Kumud forgot everything in the busy and urgent occupation of making the orange juice for the child.

The hawker was walking away singing to himself when he was caught by two policemen and taken to the thana. In front of the police inspector he confessed about stealing the oranges.

"Take down his statement. Any witness?" asked Inspector Sharma.

"No Sir, but he confesses and has been already convicted for stealing sacks of *avil* and *arstipari* and selling them in the black market" said the policeman.

"Lock him up and make out the case for tomorrow."

That evening Inspector Sharma came home and found his child better. Kumud offered him some lovely

oranges. It was delightful after the day's busy work.

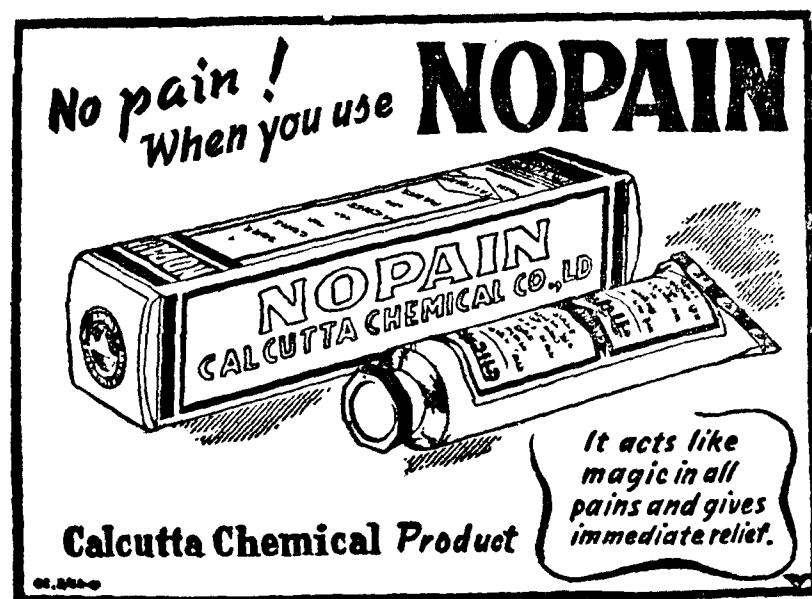
"These are lovely! Where did you buy them from?"

"I have not paid for them yet. See, the man brought a big basket. He disappeared while I was making the juice for the child..."

"What does he look like?" asked Sharma, feeling rather uneasy.

Then she described the man and told the whole story. The Inspector found the juicy orange pips choking him. It was too late, for the man had confessed and bore a previous conviction for the *avil* and fried rice which he himself must have helped in consuming.

The hawker lay on the hard floor of the lock-up, contented and smiling. Hadn't the 'Little Mother' tears of gratitude in those lovely large eyes? How happy she had felt! May God bless her innocent soul! Then he turned on his side to close his eyes and dream of seeing the 'Little Mother' again after the short but inevitable interruption.



MADRAS OFFICE: 5/149, BROADWAY, G. T. MADRAS.

FOOD FOR INDIA'S HUNGRY: AMERICAN REACTIONS

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: From President Truman to the ordinary man on the street Americans are concerned about food shortages in India and the threat of famine. A great debate is now going on in the U. S. A. as to what is to be done about it. The majority of Americans are chagrined about the role of Prime Minister Nehru's government on the questions of Korea and Red China. Even in rendering the much needed help to India they are reluctant to overlook this. We give here a symposium of their reactions.

A bi-partisan group of twenty-four Senators and Representatives was disclosed as the prospective sponsors of Administration-backed legislation to give 2,000,000 tons of food grains to India to avert a threatened widespread famine.

The group, equally divided between Democrats and Republicans has been using pressure on the State Department and the White House for action in recent days and is seeking an early appointment with President Truman to discuss the question.

The fourteen Senators and ten House members may decide to go ahead with introduction of the legislation even before the President publicly announces his support of the program. Presidential backing may come in the form of a special message to Congress or letters to the presiding officers of both houses.

The State Department study of the various financial, transport and supply problems involved in the Indian Government's plea for help, made on Dec. 16 now has been completed, and it is clear the stage is set for action shortly.

While there undoubtedly will be opposition on Capitol Hill to helping India at a time when she opposes United States leadership in the United Nations on the Korean war issue, the group backing aid to India has lined up an impressive group of sponsors for the bills. The list includes:

Senate: Democrats—Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota, Herbert H. Lehman of New York, William Benton of Connecticut, Warren Magnuson of Washington, Joseph C. Mahoney of Wyoming and James E. Murray of Montana. Republicans—Alexander H. Smith and Robert Hendrickson of New Jersey, Ralph Flanders of Vermont, Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Charley W. Tobey of New Hampshire, Wayne Morse of Oregon and Irving Ives of New York.

House: Democrats—Thurmond Chatham of North Carolina, Edna F. Kelly of New York; Mike Mansfield of Montana, Thomas E. Morgan of Pennsylvania and A. A. Ribicoff of Connecticut. Republicans—Jacob K. Javits of New York, Christian A. Herter of Massachusetts, James Fulton of Pennsylvania, Frances Boulton of Ohio and Walter Judd of Minnesota.

The support of Representative Judd is a political ten-strike because he is one of the foremost backers in Congress of all-out aid to the Chiang Kai-shek Government in China, which has not had the backing of the Indian Government.

Outside the group of active sponsors, Senator Joseph McCarthy, Wisconsin Republican, said that he would back legislation to make food available to the Indian people despite his strong disagreement with the course of action followed by their leaders in the United Nations.

"As long as there are people starving and we have a surplus of grain here, I think we should make it available to them," Senator McCarthy said. "I do not know whether it should be an outright grant or whether they may have some products such as rare metals that they could give us in return. But I do not favour any political conditions in meeting a humanitarian need."

Following are the opinions of repre-

sentative Americans from diverse sections on the issue:—

"One cannot help wishing, however, that India and other countries requiring American assistance would of their own volition come forward with proposals which would add long-term economic value to emergency relief.

India, for instance, has several million landless laborers who are unemployed for a considerable part of each year. Two-fifths of her farmers cannot get enough from their farms to keep alive, and must make up the difference by part-time work elsewhere.

Suppose India should say to the United States: "If we receive this wheat, we will use it not only to relieve famine but to help prevent famine from recurring. We will establish an Indian C. C. C. to build dams and irrigation systems and roads, so that we can grow more food ourselves and get it faster to where it is needed.

I think the American people would be surprised and excited by such an offer. I think it would give us a warm feeling to know that our good deed would keep on doing good long after the wheat itself was gone.

The Western world, because of conditions peculiar to it, lays its economic stress on dollars and machines. Much of the East, for equally inherent reasons, must lay its stress upon man power. Our horror of the Soviet Union's forced-labour policies should not blind us to this essential distinction. Man power is the greatest resource Asia has, and much of it is going to waste. If we do not use it today to strengthen the free world, the Communists may well be using it tomorrow to build a world of slaves."—*Willard R. Espy*.

"No real American could learn without a pang that we are withholding food from starving people who could so easily be relieved in their misery. A pang at the thought that our country, always so generous and compassionate, should show up as a bargainer where wretchedness calls for relief. A pang because as Christian she neglects a golden opportunity to 'turn the other cheek,' as it were, where in this case the value would be

not only spiritual but immensely practical as well.

Mischief has already been done; let us repair it quickly."—*H. Mortimer Stiefel*.

"Wouldn't it be possible for the fabulously rich rajahs and Indian princes to pay us for the food to be sent to India with diamonds and rubies if they have no other means of doing so? Why should these wealthy people sit back and hold on to their riches while America worries about their peasants? I am in favour of feeding starving people, but we can't feed, clothe and arm the entire world. We white collar workers in the United States are having a difficult time buying food for ourselves at present high prices and many, many poor families are starving right here in our own country."—*Jane Gray*.

"India's serious economic problems, above all of an acute food shortage, placed beside the story of an angry Senate sidetracking India's plea for United States grain because of Mr. Nehru's attempts to mediate in the U. N. presents a deeply disturbing picture. Can the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee honestly feel that by withholding food from desperately hungry people they can win the loyalty of our most important ally in Asia today?

Nehru's position, as well as that of the Congress party, is none too secure as a result of the difficult period India is undergoing. The alternative to such leadership, might well be the potentially dangerous Communist party. It is hard to understand how the action in the Senate can result in any course but strengthening the hand of the very elements to which we are most opposed. Where is the vision, the humanity or even the expediency in such a course?"—*Elizabeth P. Burnes*.

"Indians in U. S. A. make an eloquent appeal for American sympathies and help in the present crisis of India.

Judging from our past performances, the appeal will not go unheeded, but the average American is somewhat perplexed by irrelevant remark that it would be the 'most effective demonstration that the United States could make to the Asian peoples of its altruistic intention.'

Do they know of any instance when we have shown selfish motives in our relations with India or any of the other Asian peoples? Have they ever given the benefit of their advice to Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru or to Ambassador Madame Pandit on behalf of his second motherland? Have they drawn their attention to the inexplicable and unfriendly attitude of the Indian government to the United States stand against the Chinese aggression? Have they tried to demonstrate to them the absurdity of advancing the theory that Mao was afraid of an American invasion of China? China with a well trained and well-equipped army of several million men!

Turn about is fair play, and it is high time for the Indian nationals in the United States and their American friends to do a little missionary work among the Indian people and their representatives on behalf of the United States."—*Henri Jellrup*.

"India has a plan for peace in Korea. Whether we agree with that plan or not is one thing, but to threaten to starve the Indian people unless they agree with us is sinking pretty low.

Just because we are rearming former Nazis is no reason why we have to take on the Nazi way of thinking the "ja"-or-else manner of voting.—*Ed Lacy*.

CHIANG DAI-CHIEN OF CHINA: MASTER OF PAINTING AND COOKING

By V. G. NAIR

THE art of painting is a distinguishing aspect of China's ancient civilization. According to Chinese annals, pictorial art had attained perfection in China as early as the sixth century B. C. While travelling at Loyang, the ancient capital of China, Confucius in 526 B. C. saw a picture of the Duke of Chow holding his young nephew Cheng on his knees. But it was from the 1st century A. D. that Chinese painting began to develop into a fine art. Subsequently there arose two rival schools; one led by Li Szu-hsun known as the Northern School and the other led by Wang Wei called the Southern School. The Northern School was mainly confined to aristocratic features indulging in splendour and richness of colour, with heavily coloured portraits, and landscapes. The Southern School depicted realities. It aimed at illusive charm rather than mathematical precision. Its distinguishing feature is harmony of tone by means of soft touches. Wang Wei, its originator, developed an independent style. His paintings were executed with emphasis on the philosophical and poetical aspects rather than on the over-emphasis of realistic features. The art of the Southern School reach-

ed in the eleventh century A. D. a very high standard of simplicity and subjectivity. To the painter-scholars of the Southern School, any painting worthy of the name of art should aim at capturing the spirit and not merely the form of an object. In new China, the Southern School has become more popular as it depicted realities of life.

Intimate relations not only in culture, but also in the realm of pictorial art, had existed between India and China from the early periods of the Christian era. In the 1st century A. D. Khotan in Eastern Turkistan—modern Sinkiang—and Tibet were the meeting place of Greek, Indian, Persian and Chinese civilizations. During this period, an Indian Buddhist monk Kashiapamadanga journeyed to China through Central Asia. He carried with him a number of works of art including pictures. That Central Asian Chinese art had been greatly influenced by Indian art is an accepted fact based on the discoveries of Aurel Stein and Sven Hedin, both great explorers. Until the seventh century A. D., a stream of artist-priests had proceeded from India to China through the deserts of Central Asia. Some of these pilgrims settled in

China and engaged themselves in the work of painting Buddhist frescoes in monasteries and temples. This fact has been amply testified by the discoveries in the Tunghwan caves in China which contain Buddhist frescoes similar to those found in the Ajanta caves. Chinese pilgrim-monks, some of them artists who had come to India between the 5th and 7th centuries A.D., returned to China with collections of art, especially pictures. It showed that they had taken courses of study under famous Indian masters of painting.

According to Percy Brown, the 'Six Canons' of Chinese painting formulated by Hsieh Ho in the 6th century A. D. were originally borrowed from the much older system of India, the 'Six Limbs' of Indian painting classified by Vatsyayana three hundred years earlier. Some connection of Hsieh Ho's 'Six Canons' with the 'Six Limbs' of Indian painting is also suggested by Mr. O. C. Gangoly.



Firestone

BEST TODAY—

STILL BETTER TOMORROW

This age-old relation in the realm of art between India and China is happily in the process of revival today thanks to the efforts of Professor Chang Dai-Chien, a prominent artist and leader of the Southern School of Chinese painting. The professor came to India last December on the invitation of the All-India Fine Arts and Crafts Society, to make a comparative study of the celebrated paintings in the Ajanta caves with those of his findings in the Tunghwan caves situated in the North Western regions of China. He has already seen Ajanta and many other famous Buddhist art centres of India.

Chang Dai-Chien is not only a great painter, but also a poet of standing and a beautiful calligrapher. His proficiency in these three arts and his creative talent have raised him to the position of leader of the Southern School of Chinese painting. His speciality is landscape, particularly mountain and river subjects. He has visited nearly every river and mountain in China.

Besides being a great artist, Professor Chang is also a noted collector. He has collected the pictures of nearly every famous artist from the 8th century to the present day. Artist Chang is also a famous cook. His proficiency in the Chinese culinary art is so famous that even the biggest restaurant in Peking wants his recipes. The professor considers cooking as an art. A dish of good food must not only be nourishing, but must be good in colour, smell and taste. When he has cooked a good dish he feels as satisfied as if he had painted a masterpiece.

The artists of new China are groping for reform in Chinese painting. Previously they painted the gentle folk. Now they wish to express the people as a whole. Then there is a tendency to be conscious of three-dimensional form of light and shade. This movement for change might even be looked upon as a revolution occurring in Chinese painting in Communist China.

THE WOMAN WHO PURSUED BERNARD SHAW

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMPSON

TOWARDS the end of his life, Shaw developed something like an obsession about money. Believing that he was slipping into poverty, he did everything possible to raise cash.

So much appears from a sprightly Collins publication entitled A POSTSCRIPT by Hesketh Pearson in which the author provides not so much new light on Shaw as a series of brilliant sidelights. Here is much that could not, for one reason or another, be printed in Pearson's biography of nine years ago.

For example, the story as told by Shaw, of the famous dust-up in the Fabian Society. It was due, he said, to the fact that the Webbs warned Bland and Olivier to keep their daughters away from H. G. Wells who would certainly try to seduce them.

Emotional Life

When Bland mentioned this warning to his daughter, the girl told him that Wells had described him as a fearful rouse. Shaw declares that Bland was, in fact, an "incorrigible polygamist."

Shaw's own emotional life moved outside the Arcadian ambit of the early Socialists. He had to fight off a strong offensive by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who repeatedly tried to prevent him going home to his wife. "One of our fights did actually end with both of us on the floor fighting like mad."

Then there was Isadora Duncan, the famous dancer, whose face "looked as if it had been made of sugar and someone had licked it." Her first words on meeting Shaw were, "I have loved you all my life. Come."

Anxious Whispers

They sat together on the sofa for an hour and she promised to dance

for him undraped on a date agreed. He carefully noted the appointment, and forgot to keep it.

Believing that women visitors would almost inevitably try to make love to him, Shaw would be heard to whisper anxiously to his secretary when an ominously insistent lady arrived. "Don't leave me alone."

Among Shaw's bitterest enemies was the second Mrs. Granville Barker who he solemnly believed had bewitched him at a meeting in King's College, London. Just after making a speech which annoyed her, he suffered a sudden, inexplicable pain in the spine. It lasted for exactly a month. He did not doubt its source.

When he was over 90, Shaw confessed to a "shameful secret" which he said had preyed on his mind for 80 years. Failing to make any progress at the Methodist school he attended in Dublin he was sent to a Roman Catholic school. Instantly he lost caste among his young Protestant friends and, after a few months, went on strike until he was sent back among Protestants.

Pearson thinks that, in turning this story into a "confession," Shaw was simply making the dramatic-most of an incident he had just remembered. He was not above improving the truth: he would alter his private letters before allowing them to be quoted in other people's books. He called it "bringing the facts up-to-date."

Of his last days in hospital there is a pathetic, but characteristic glimpse: "I'm in HELL here. They wash me all the time; they massage me; when I'm sleep they wake me; when I'm awake they ask me why I'm not asleep. I want to die and I can't, I can't."—LENS (Copyright.)

The plight of a press which requires a minimum of 80,000 tons of newsprint a year, which cannot maintain its economy unless 50,000 tons at least are available a year, which must carry a minimum stock of six months' consumption even under assured regular supplies, which has now a stock of newsprint, both with the newspapers and the dealers, equivalent to three months' consumption only, and which is assured of only 25,000 tons for 1951 must be considered desperate.

—National Herald.

STORY OF U. S. AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

GREATEST JOB-MAKER IN HISTORY

IN a dusty corner of the U. S. National Museum, stands a fragile, buggy-like contraption, scarred with the initials of thousands of museum visitors.

It is the Duryea automobile—the first gasoline-engine automobile made in the United States and the modest beginning of an industry that has become the greatest job-maker in history.

Today, a little more than a half-century later, the U. S. automotive industry has ended a record-breaking production year of 8,000,000 cars and trucks.

Never before in automotive history had even as many as 7,000,000 cars and trucks been turned out in a single 12-month period.

Every U. S. car maker in the industry, with the exception of the Packard and Crosley companies, succeeded in producing more vehicles in 1950 than in the previous year. Even the Chrysler Corporation—idled by a 101-day strike last spring—built more cars in 1950 than in 1949.

Other new records were set during the year. A total of 6,672,700 passenger cars was built in 1950, a 30-percent increase over 1949 which was the previous record year. Trucks and bus production for the year totalled 1,343,050 units, 18 percent above 1949, but slightly below the record total in 1948.

Production employees in U. S. automotive plants increased 11 percent, averaging 715,000 persons during the year for a new record in a peacetime year. Salaried employees, numbering 125,000 persons, remained at about the same level.

The business of making, selling, servicing, and driving motor vehicles employed nearly 9,000,000 men and women—more than one in every seven persons earning a living in the nation.

Pay rolls for the industry's production employees jumped more than 22 percent, reaching a record total of \$2,700,000,000.

The year also saw the adoption of more worker pensions and other welfare measures.

A total of 46,484,000 vehicles was registered by the end of 1950, an increase of nine percent over the previous year.

Thus, in about every phase of the U. S. automotive industry, new high marks were set for the year.

This sprawling industry had its beginnings in the United States in a barn on a side street in Springfield, Massachusetts. It was there, in 1893, that Charles E. and Frank Duryea were credited with building the first gasoline-engine automobile in America.

When this first crude Duryea car was born, a number of European firms already were making hand-built cars of fine craftsmanship. All of the basic automotive inventions—engines, carburetors, ignition, transmission and others—came from Europe. Until 1906, Europe led the world in automotive production.

But European car makers were still using hand tools as late as 1910, whereas American companies were using mass-production machinery by 1901.

Scores of new American companies entered the field each year in the early part of the century. Each added some new ideas or engineering principles.

Most of these companies did not survive. Of the nearly 1,000 motor-vehicle companies that entered the field, only about 140 survived to 1916.

The first big step toward mass production began in 1901, when a car was produced with standardized parts and assembly-line methods. The car weighed 700 pounds and sold for \$650. The young industry was startled when production reached 425 the first year.

Henry Ford, the founder of the huge Ford Motor Company, carried the idea of using mass production still further. In 1913, he adopted the mechanical conveyor-assembly line, which cut the time needed for car

assembly from 14 hours to one and a half hours.

By 1916, this car, the famous "Model T," was selling for \$365. As a product, it was purely and simply a tool for personal transportation. It made no concessions to comfort. It ran and was reliable—and it sold by the millions.

All in all, some 1,500 recognized motor-vehicle companies have produced more than 160,000,000 cars of 2,500 different makes in the United States. Today, competition has narrowed the list down to 56 companies producing 21 makes of passenger cars, 39 makes of trucks and 20 makes of motor buses.

At the present time, the car buyer in the United States can choose from 175 different makes and body styles.

In cost, passenger cars fall within three general price groups. Lowest priced are Ford, Crosley, Chevrolet, and Plymouth, which sell from approximately \$960 to \$1,300. In the middle group are Nash, Studebaker, De Soto, Hudson, Dodge, and about six others, which sell for approximately \$1,800 to \$2,600. The most expensive group includes Cadillac, Lincoln, Packard, Chrysler and Buick, which begin at \$2,600.

The manufacturing end of the industry encompasses about 3,000 plants scattered over 45 states. There are 112 final assembly plants, located in 77 cities in 24 states and operated by 56 different companies.

The bulk of the industry is located in Detroit, Michigan, which calls itself the "Automobile Capital of the World." Here are the giants of the industry. General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler who produce 87 percent of the entire output.

Automatic transmissions, eliminating clutch and shifting levers, will be offered on almost all 1951 models, but buyers will be required to pay an extra fee for them. The trend toward more "hard top" models that resemble convertibles is continuing.

Emphasis in design is on the free-flowing, unbroken, streamlined pattern. Front and rear bumpers smoothly follow the contour of the body; fenders blend evenly into the lines of the car.

As often as not, the owner of an automobile in the United States also



Models of some outstanding passenger cars produced by the Ford Motor Company, which puts out a model each year.

owns a small interest in the company that produced it.

U. S. motor-vehicle companies have more stockholders than employees. In many instances, employees of an automotive company own a substantial part of the company's stock. In every company, many small stockholders, rather than single investors holding a large number of shares, own the majority of stock. One of the largest U. S. automobile companies found in 1948 that its 8,700,000 shares of stock were owned by 55,000 individuals and families, plus 5,700 institutions and firms. The largest single investor held just over one percent of the total stock. Among the investors were 220 educational and religious institutions, 151 insurance companies, 116 banks, 96 charitable organizations and 52 hospitals.

Evidence that America is a "nation on wheels" is seen in the increasing number of services offered by mobile units, and the increasing variety of services which may be obtained on

a "drive-in" basis. In addition to the popular drive-in theaters and restaurants, a church in California, the state with the largest number of automobiles per capita, recently arranged a drive-in, open-air church service, at which the congregation remained in their cars. Drive-in banks which allow a driver to lean out of his automobile windows to transact his business with the bank are also becoming popular.

Today, the American automotive industry is facing the possibilities of production restrictions and a scarcity of materials under the impact of defense planning. Manufacturers are going ahead, however, with their 1951 schedules. They estimate production of 5,500,000 automobiles for the year. This number of automobiles would be considered a boom if measured by any other standard than 1950.

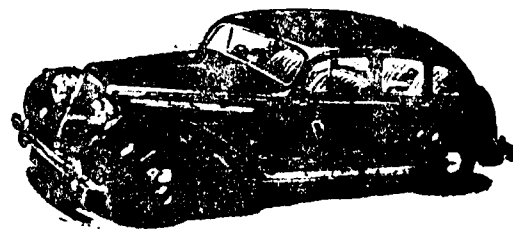
The research and productive power of the U. S. automotive industry,

which met its greatest test in World War II, stands ready again to resume production of arms for the free nations if that should become necessary, industry spokesmen have stated recently.

During the last war, the U. S. automotive industry alone accounted for one-sixth of the nation's war production: 26,000 bombers, fighters, and gliders; 450,000 aircraft engines; nearly 3,000,000 tanks and military vehicles; and 6,000,000 guns—a total of over 1,000 different products.

The United States has built 100 million motor vehicles in the past 55 years. During this period, the average American family's standard of living has more than doubled. And the motor-car companies are betting that by the time another 100 million vehicles have been made—in a much shorter period than 55 years—the standard of living will double again. —USIS.

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Short Story

THE PRINCE OF DHRUVANAGAR

By S. HANUMANTHA RAU

"DID you not hear my name mentioned just now?"

"No. Your Highness; there must be some mistake."

The Prince stopped short, and glancing towards a twinkling light proceeding from a small hut, moved towards it and took his stand with his servants underneath a window and listened.

He heard voices again—his own name mentioned in an unmistakable feminine tone.

"Ah, Prince Niranjan," he heard, "Cant you have an ounce of pity on me? Just one look, one word, or one shake of the hand, and I shall have accomplished my heart's desire, and shall be ready to die."

The words came between sobs, and appeared to be uttered with extreme difficulty, but they were clear enough.

Prince Niranjan was in private dress, and except for the extraordinary brightness of his face, he could hardly be distinguished from any other well-dressed citizen.

"Come on, let us go and see who it is," called the Prince, beckoning to the servant with a nod of his head.

They entered a small room dimly lit by a tiny lamp. At one end of it was a wooden bedstead on which was a sick girl, rolling about and talking incoherently sometimes, and now and again dropping into silence as if out of sheer weakness. Once in a way, she would talk clearly and sensibly just for a few moments, as if she were not ill. At the other end of the room was pacing up and down a tall and lean man, with a clean-shaven face bent down, his hands wringing together in agony. An old woman sat by the side of the bed on a chair, closely watching the patient. On a teapoy by her side were a couple of bottles, an ounce glass, and a thermometer.

Apparently, no one took any notice of the Prince entering. The servant stood by the door.

"Grandmother, dear, can't you get Prince Niranjan just for one moment, please?" begged the invalid. "I will only have a look at his beautiful face. I promise never to give expression to my feelings, never to let him know that I entertain even a tenth of the love I have developed for him."

"You are asking impossibilities, darling," remonstrated the old woman. "How can poor folk like us even dream of the Prince that way? He would imprison us if he came to know that a poor girl of our status in life conceived an affection for him. Bear up, dear girl, and keep yourself calm, and you will be all right soon."

"Who is the girl, and what is she suffering from?" asked the Prince loudly as he stepped towards the man.

The man suddenly woke up from his reverie and said, "Pardon my incivility, Sir. I wonder when you came in. Pray, sit down, Sir. You see, I was completely absorbed in the thought of how to get out of the misfortune and how to save the girl, whom I married four years ago. Till a few months ago she was all right and once when Prince Niranjan was parading the streets in his State dress, she saw him and ever since then she has been dreaming of him. I am sure the illness is due to the mental anguish. You know, Sir, how difficult it is for poor people like us to approach the Prince. I shall be pleased and my wife will be cured of her illness, if only she will be allowed to see Prince Niranjan once. I see no objection to it, considering that she has been faithful to me all these years. But how I am going to gratify her desire I do not know. The doctor also advises that the only cure for her is perfect mental peace."

The Prince felt flattered and moved. He said, "May be I shall be able to suggest a cure. May I see the patient nearer?"

"Certainly, Sir. I would pay anything in the world to get her relief and save her from death. Grandmother, make way for this gentleman."

The Prince sat on a chair by the side of the bed. The girl was restlessly tossing her head this side and that, now and then passing her fingers through her already dishevelled hair. Suddenly she stopped, and levering herself on her elbow, eagerly asked, "Has not the Prince come yet? When will he come?"

The old woman rushed towards her, crying, "Calm yourself, girl. He'll come. He will soon come to you. He has sent this gentleman enquiring after your health. If you grow a little better, he will come and talk to you."

A wan smile appeared on those thin lips and the poor girl sank back contentedly, murmuring, "Oh, he will come. He will come to see me. Thanks very much. 'Tis so kind of you, Sir, whoever you may be. Did you see the Prince? Did you tell him I wanted to see him? Was he offended? Did he say he would come? Thank you, Sir. Oh, how like the Prince himself you look?"

The patient appeared to have exhausted herself, and remained silent for several minutes.

The Prince left his seat, and taking the man by the arm, led him outside the hut, and said: "You do not appear to have seen the Prince well enough to recognise him if you see him now. Encourage the patient with the hope of meeting the Prince and that idea itself will cure her. Give her this as proof that the Prince has really promised to come and see her."

Saying this, Prince Nirranjan drew out a diamond ring from his finger, and handed it to the man. The dazzling brilliance of the ring and the royal insignia engraved on it appeared to have sent a thrill through the body of the man.

He suddenly paced back, drew himself up straight and bowed down almost to touch the ground, and said: "So you are the Royal Highness, of whom she is raving day in and night. Pardon our ignorance and our fault. I do not remember what indelicate things I said just now about Your Highness. I crave your indulgence for it all. Won't Your Highness come in

again and let me announce your august presence?"

"Not now, please, I will come again tomorrow. Besides she is not in a fit state to know that the Prince is already here. Her nerves may not stand the shock of the surprise. It is better that her mind is previously prepared for my coming. Also, I should like to come in the same dress that I wore when she saw me last."

"But the ring. Can Your Highness trust us with such a costly jewel as this? Will it be safe with me in this poor hut?"

"Don't you worry about that; it will be all right. Tomorrow I shall send somebody for that ring, and will myself come here in the evening. If nobody comes for the ring before ten in the morning, then you can bring it yourself and it will get you admission right into my presence. Good night."

Prince Nirranjan had succeeded to the throne of a small but very rich State after the death of his father. The State consisted of the City of Dhruvanagar and the surrounding dozen towns and villages. Within the territory, he was an absolute monarch, and his word was law.

Nirranjan's father was a patron of art. The Palace was full of fine paintings; a number of high-class musicians were on the establishment of the Palace. The Poet of Dhruvanagar was famous all over the country. Artists from outside were welcome to the State and were rewarded according to their merit.

Nirranjan was as much a hater of arts as his father was a lover of them. Music was to him nothing more than a confused medley of noises and was a veritable nuisance. Dance, he considered, was idiotic making of wry faces. Dramas were stupid unsuccessful attempts to represent what self-conceited people wrote for want of a better occupation. At best they were but a sorry attempt at throwing dust into the eyes of the audience.

Many musicians came to the State of Dhruvanagar as of old and went back disappointed. Painters and sculptors were given no admission into the Palace. Even the world-famous Indra Dramatic Association was not allowed to stage its plays in the State. The

whole population was disgusted with the King's want of aesthetic taste, and nicknamed him Nirranjan, "The Tasteless Prince." He continued to be named as Prince even after he ascended the throne.

The whole of that night Prince Nirranjan could not sleep well. The sick girl's eyes were constantly before his own. In spite of the illness of the girl, there was an unusual beauty about those large eyes of hers that haunted him. His imagination told him that before she fell ill, she must have been a very handsome girl. The thought that she had been pining away for the love she had conceived for him made her even more interesting. Prompted by his flattered vanity he made up his mind to return that love at least by giving her a pension for life. How else could he return that love? What a pity she was a married girl! Otherwise perhaps he could have even made her his Princess. But in that case what would the public have said? Such were the thoughts that engaged him in his waking moments, and his sleep was disturbed by dreams in which the sick girl was the principal actress.

The next day, after the usual morning duties of the Prince were over, he ordered a couple of chairs on the terrace in front of his private room, and took his seat dressed in his finest garments, and was turning over the pages of the morning's newspapers. He called the servant who had accompanied him the previous evening, and said to him, "Go and bring that sick girl's husband and ask him to bring the ring with him."

"Yes, Your Highness," he replied as he bowed low and went away.

Half an hour later, the servant came running up breathlessly and rushed into the Prince's presence and told him that the hut, the girl and all of them had vanished.

"Vanished!" exclaimed the Prince with open mouth, and as the thought of the ring rushed to his mind, he thundered, "What do you mean, you fool? Go and search in the right place. You have forgotten where we went last evening."

"No, not I, Huzur. I went to the very place. There can be no mistake about that."

"But how could the sick girl be re-

moved? She should have died if she had been disturbed. And how could the house itself disappear?"

"I don't know, Your Highness. It is a mystery my poor head cannot solve."

"Are you sure you are right?"

"Never surer in my life, Your Highness."

The Prince then ordered his cavalry to surround the city and not to allow a soul to leave the boundary. All the important gates were to be guarded by special armed men. A reward of a thousand rupees was announced to be given to anybody who could help in the detection of the culprits and the recovery of the lost ring. The news of the loss of the ring spread like fire throughout the State, and the discharged musicians and painters of the Palace said it served the tasteless Prince right for having stopped all encouragement to their professions.

About midday there came to the Palace gate a beggar who sought admission to the court. He was dressed in yellow robes and wore a long beard and whiskers that had got plaited and tangled out of neglect. The sacred ashes were conspicuous on his forehead and on his body. A small loin cloth covered his nakedness and another piece of cloth in which he carried a little rice was the only other apparel he had on. A small brass vessel he held in his hand and the wooden sandals he wore completed the picture.

"Jai Shankar" he said addressing the gatekeeper, "May I see the Prince?"

"The Prince? Oh, you can't see the Prince now. The whole Palace is drowned in sorrow and in fear, owing to the loss of the royal ring, and the Prince has ordered that no visitor shall be let in."

"Loss of the ring!" exclaimed the beggar. Oh, I may be able to find out who has stolen it. Go and tell the Prince that Swami Bhikaranandji has come from Dwarak to see him and may be with my mystic powers I may be able to tell the Prince how the ring was lost and where it is now."

The message was taken to the King, and the beggar was ordered into his presence.

"God bless Your Royal Highness," said the sanyasi as he took the seat offered by the Prince.

"You said, it appears, that you could find out where the ring is, can you?"

"Yes, Your Highness. I shall meditate on it for a few seconds, and see where it has gone."

The mendicant then took a quantity of rice from his stock in that half-torn cloth, and closing his eyes appeared to be muttering something to himself. After about a minute, still keeping his eyes closed, he said, "Your Highness gave the ring yesterday to somebody."

"Yes, yes, go on. All the world knows that."

A few minutes later, the sanyasi stretched his hand towards the Prince, and saying, "Hold this, Your Highness," emptied his hand into the outstretched one of the Prince.

Lo, there was the ring in all its blinding dazzle.

But the Prince appeared more enraged than pleased at the discovery of the ring.

"Hold this fellow fast, and bring hand-cuffs," he thundered.

"Not so soon, Your Highness. Give me a minute to explain."

Saying this, at one sweep he removed his crown of dirty hair, and with it came away his beard and whiskers, all stringed together, and revealed the clean-shaven face the Prince had seen in that hut the previous evening.

"How dare you play such tricks on the royal household?" queried the Prince, half angry and half amused.

"My life itself is one big piece of humbug and trickery. I am the proprietor of the Indra Dramatic Association. Optical illusion of the highest order, effected with the latest scientific appliances is my speciality and I have also gathered around me actors of superior talent. Yesterday evening's hut was only a sample. My hunting scene is the most-talked-of achievement in the whole theatrical world. Having failed to obtain through the usual channels permission to stage my plays, I had to resort to this joke, for which Your Highness will please pardon me."

For the first time after the Prince assumed the reins of Government, a dramatic performance was announced in the State.

FACING UP TO OUR PERILS

By *BERTRAND RUSSELL*

LIVING in this dangerous age entails upon men and women some difficult duties and especially certain kinds of mental self-control. These are more needed in some parts of the world than in others; they are perhaps most needed in Western Europe. You will remember the old riddle: "What is better in a railway accident than presence of mind?" Answer: "Absence of body." The same applies to an atomic explosion. But the atom bomb is, after all, only a symbol of our age; dangers and sufferings from older types of weapons can be just as bad. In all parts of the world, though not in all equally, the old security is gone. We all know that great upheavals and vast disasters are not improbable within the next ten years. We all have to learn to live with this possibility without becoming either hysterical or frivo-

lous. We have to live our daily lives and we have to ask ourselves whether there is anything that plain men can do which will make disaster less likely or less complete.

There are certain states of mind which must be avoided. The first and most deadly of these is despair. I know many people who feel that the world is doomed to march on to utter tragedy, that everything we have valued is rapidly nearing an end and that, if civilisation ever revives, it will be on new foundations, not on those upon which we have built. It may be that all this will turn out to be true but on the whole there seems a greater chance of something less disastrous. In any case, so long as the better alternative has any appreciable chance, it is our despair is the very way to make despairing forecasts come true.

Closely akin to despair is frivolity; let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die. I do not wish to sound like a Puritan. I have no objection to eating and drinking in moderation and, after all, bombs or no bombs, it is true of us all individually that tomorrow we die. What is amiss with such frivolity is that it cuts us off from the future. The life of an individual is part of the life of mankind. The man who lives for pleasure isolates himself and in so doing impoverishes all his thoughts and feelings. And the man who has been driven to frivolity by despair will not, in fact, escape from despair; at the most inopportune moment, spectral fears will arise out of the graves in which he has tried to keep them buried and the more he tries to ignore them the more terrifying they will become.

Another form of escape is fanaticism. Fanaticism consists in believing that some one thing is more important than everything else put together. Fanaticism on the issue of Communism is very common and very dangerous. A Communist is a fanatic if he thinks it worth while to make war in order to destroy capitalism. An anti-Communist is a fanatic if he thinks it worth while to make war in order to destroy Communism. I am not, at the moment, concerned with Communist fanaticism, because it is not likely to be in control of any Western government. It is anti-Communist fanaticism that I wish to consider.

The anti-Communist fanatic is a great danger, especially in the United States. He collects all the facts and pseudo-facts discreditable to Russia and tries to suppress those that are creditable. He does what lies in his power to inspire hatred of the Soviet Government. He objects to evils only when they are Russian and condones the very same evils elsewhere. If he is really extreme, he thinks (or thought while America had the atomic monopoly) that the aggressive designs of Russia justify an aggressive preventive war against Russia. He objects to the Russian denial of liberty and urges America to imitate Russia in this respect. The fanatic, whether Russian or Western, is a grave threat to peace, because he does not admit that

peace is more desirable than the possible fruits of war.

The fanatic is an escapist because he escapes from doubt and hesitation. He lives in his enclosed world of subjective certainty, he never has to weigh pros and cons, his inner conviction assures him of the victory of his cause and he is happy. But it is the happiness of a lunatic, since it is secured by detachment from reality.

There is a form of apostasy which is, in a sense, the opposite of fanaticism, but is equally a vice. This consists in ceasing to value good things which are difficult to obtain or to condemn evils which are difficult to eradicate. War is an evil, cruelty is an evil, deprivation of liberty is an evil. Sometimes, these things may be necessary, but that is no reason for pretending that a world which contains them is satisfactory. What we should do depends upon what is practicable, but what we should judge to have intrinsic value does not. When evil is powerful it is still evil. It is mere sycophancy to pretend that something is good merely because to say the opposite is to find yourself in opposition to governments or armies, whether those of your own country or those of foreign powers.

In difficult times, such as those in which we are living, certain virtues become difficult but in proportion as they are difficult, they are important. First and foremost, we must keep before our thoughts the kind of things of which we wish to see more in the world, and the kind of things of which we wish to see less. I think most of us would agree that we wish to see less of cruelty, violence, coercion, hatred, injustice and poverty and that we wish to see more of co-operation, friendly feeling, prosperity and free creativeness in art and science. If a regime promotes all the things we wish diminished and discourages all the things we wish to see increased, we shall judge it bad.

The next thing that we need if our existence is to be useful rather than harmful is truthfulness in our thinking. This is difficult, because much truth is painful, and because intellectual honesty makes it impossible to accept any easy nostrum. It is difficult also because it makes it almost

impossible to be a whole-hearted adherent of any party. There is a cosy warmth in being one of a herd who are all of one mind, and their unanimity quiets our own doubts. But if you think for yourself you are not likely to discover any large group with whom you can agree about everything, and you will find some degree of mental loneliness unavoidable.

What is needed above all is courage. In many situations which occur in many countries at the present time, physical courage of the very highest order is required. But for those of us who are more fortunate, courage is still required—moral and mental courage. We must face the dangers that confront mankind and we must not let ourselves imagine that there are easy or simple solutions. For example, some people will tell you that all would be well if we all underwent a change of heart. I think this is quite true, but it is not a very useful truth, since we do not know how to bring about such a change of heart. St. Francis of Assisi, who disliked the wars between Christians and Moslems, visited the Sultan in the hope of converting him. But, alas, the Sultan remained a Mohammedan. George Lansbury visited Hitler to explain how much better things were managed in Poplar than in Prussia. But Hitler remained a Nazi. And I fear that if a western saint were to visit Stalin, the Marshall would not change his opinion one jot.

Courage is needed to retain a rational outlook when reason can offer no certainty of a happy outcome. Many people, under the influence of fear, are inclined to relapse into some form of superstition, or to advocate on our side the very same detestable regimentation which leads us to condemn totalitarian regimes, not perceiving that this is to suffer moral defeat before the contest has begun.

Meanwhile, we must retain sanity, which is difficult if we brood too much over what is dark and tragic. What-

ever may be in store for us and for the world, it is well that our leisure should be spent in enjoying whatever can be enjoyed without injury to others. There are still dewy mornings and summer evenings and the sea and the stars; there are still love and friendship and music and poetry. And when we need some consolation nearer to the stuff of our anxieties, it is always to be found by removing our gaze from the immediate foreground. There have been earlier cataclysms but the spirit of man has survived. St. Augustine and Boethius lived in the very last moments of Roman civilisation but their work gave light and hope throughout the dark ages that followed. As geological time goes, it is but a moment since the human race began, and only the twinkling of an eye since the arts of civilisation were first invented. In spite of some alarmists, it is hardly likely that our species will completely exterminate itself. And so long as man continues to exist we may be pretty sure that, whatever he may suffer for a time, and whatever brightness may be eclipsed, he will emerge sooner or later, perhaps strengthened and reinvigorated by a period of mental sleep.

The universe is vast, and men are but tiny specks on an insignificant planet. But the more we realise our minuteness and our impotence in the face of cosmic forces, the more astonishing becomes what human beings have achieved. It is to the possible achievements of man that our ultimate loyalty is due, and in that thought the brief troubles of our unquiet epoch become endurable. Much wisdom remains to be learnt, and if it is only to be learnt through adversity, we must endeavour to endure adversity with what fortitude we can command. But if we acquire wisdom soon enough, adversity may not be necessary and the future of man may be happier than any of his past.

Leaders and individuals may come and go; they may get tired and slacken off; they may compromise or betray; but the exploited and suffering masses must carry on the struggle, for their drill-sergeant is hunger. Swaraj or freedom from exploitation for them is not a fine paper constitution or the problem of the hereafter. It is a question of the here and now, of immediate relief.—JAWAHARLAL NEHRU.

ANECDOTES FROM LIVES OF GREAT MEN

By K. SUBRAMANIAN

WHEN Winston Churchill's mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, exercising her functions as a great Edwardian hostess, asked the remarkable dramatic critic with the red beard to her house party for the week-end, the remarkable dramatic critic (Shaw) replied to the invitation: "Why this assault on my well-known principles about week-ends?" This communication being made on a post card, Lady Randolph seized a telegraph form and scribbled on it: "I know nothing of your principles but hope they are better than your manners."

A dull country magistrate gave Dr. Johnson a tedious account of how, exercising his criminal jurisdiction, he had sentenced four convicts to transportation. Johnson, in an agony of impatience to get rid of such a companion exclaimed: "I heartily wish, sir, that I were a fifth."

Dr. Johnson, having argued for sometime with a pertinacious gentleman, the latter said, "I don't understand you, sir." Whereupon Johnson observed: "Sir, I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

A doctor once recommended Charles Lamb to walk on an empty stomach. Immediately Lamb remarked "Whose?"

The French novelist Honore de Balzac loved the good things of life. So when an uncle, who was old and stingy, left him a substantial sum, Balzac wrote to his friends the good news in these words: "Yesterday at five in the morning, my uncle and I passed on to a better life."

Disraeli was at the height of his popularity. In almost all classes of society, women liked him. At a supper party of "Gaiety Girls" the question was asked: "Which would you like to marry, Gladstone or Disraeli?" All the pretty girls chose Disraeli.

Only one said: "Gladstone," and the others booed her. "Wait a minute" she said, "I'd like to marry Gladstone and get Disraeli to run away with me, just to see Gladstone's face."

Broadmindedness is highmindedness flattened by experience.—Saintsbury.

II

Johnson said that Pope's characters of men were admirably drawn; those of women not so well. He repeated to the friends assembled, in his forcible melodious manner the concluding lines of the Dunciad. While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured to say, "Too fine for such a poem; a poem on what?" Johnson (with a disdainful look) "Why, on dunces. It was worthwhile being a dunce then. Ah, sir, hadst thou lived in those days! It is not worthwhile being a dunce now, when there are no wits."

After a lecture, while getting his hat from the cloak-room, Shaw overheard someone remark: "The man's a fraud." He at once accosted him with, "Sir, allow me the pleasure of shaking by the hand the only man besides myself who understands the truth about Bernard Shaw."

Shaw once declared that all men over forty were scoundrels; asked by a lady whether this remark applied to her sex too, he replied that in the case of women the age was thirty.

The India House superior (Lamb was working in the India House) reproached Lamb for coming late. "You always come late to the office." "Yes, but see how early I leave."

When a Labourite made a personal attack on Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons, the former Prime Minister was impatient to reply. "Don't answer him, Winston," a colleague advised. "Just stand on your own dignity."

Churchill rose to speak, pausing only long enough to whisper to the colleague, "I know of no instance where a man added to his dignity by standing on it."

The Australian journalist Saphir met an enemy in a narrow passage, and on the enemy remarking: "I will not make way to let a fool pass," pressed himself against the wall and said, "But I will."

Mr. Coolidge, the ex-President of the United States, never wasted a word. One Sunday morning, when he came back from Church, someone asked him, "What was the sermon about, Mr. President?" "Sin," said Mr. Coolidge. "And what line did the preacher take, sir." "Against," said the President.

Johnson's dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was remarkable. However unfavourable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman?" "Why, sir," said Johnson after a little pause, "I should not have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman, what now I will say of him as a Scotchman, that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

When Boswell was first introduced to Dr. Johnson, he said: "Sir, I do come from Scotland but I cannot help it." Johnson immediately retorted by saying, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help."

As Shaw stood on the stage before an enthusiastically applauding audience to make his speech, an heroic youth in the gallery waited for the silence and then broke it with a piercing hiss. In a flash and not discomfited at all, Shaw fixed the interrupter with a broad smile and shouted back, "Sir, I quite agree with you; but what

can we two do to a whole houseful of the opposite opinion?"

Meeting an actress who had only a walking-on part in *St. Joan*, Shaw cheered her up by twinkling at her. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Asked one day whether she understood her husband's theory of Relativity, Mrs. Einstein hesitated a moment, then replied with a slow smile, "No, I don't understand it. But what's more important to me, I understand Mr. Einstein."

President Truman had very weak eyes as a boy and could not see well enough to play base ball.

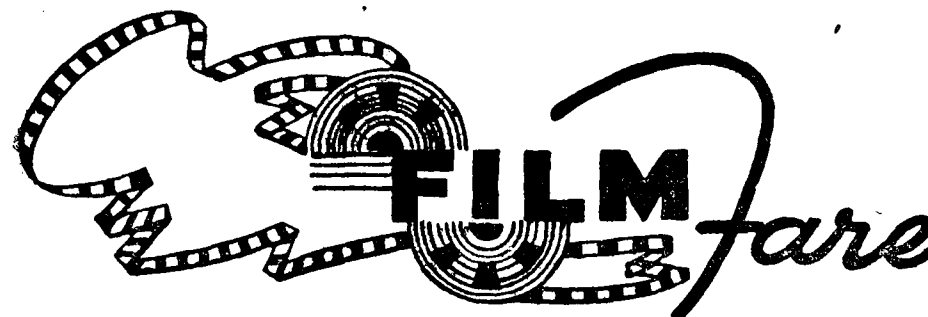
"Since I couldn't see the ball, they gave me a special job," he said.

"What was it, Mr. President? Cheer leader?"

"No," he replied, "Umpire."

A beautiful lady wrote to Shaw from Zurich pointing out that he had the finest brain in the world, and she had the finest body, and proposed for the sake of posterity that they should unite to produce a wonder-child inheriting her beauty and his brains. Shaw replied in a post card: "Ah, but suppose it were to inherit my beauty and your brains?"

In Shaw's description of his wedding, there is the familiar Shavian touch: "I was very ill when I was married, altogether a wreck on crutches and in an old jacket which the crutch had worn to rags. I had asked my friends, Graham Wallas and Henry Salt, the biographer of Shelley and De Quency, to act as witnesses; and, of course, in honour of the occasion they were dressed in their best clothes. The Registrar never imagined I could possibly be the bridegroom; he took me for the inevitable beggar who completes all wedding processions. Wallas who was considerably over six feet high, seemed to him to be the hero of the occasion and he was proceeding calmly to marry him to my betrothed—when Wallas, thinking the formula rather strong for a mere witness, hesitated at the last moment and left the prize to me."



By V. P. SATHE

THE negotiations for the resumption of trade between India and Pakistan have begun again last week in Karachi. And despite the currency problem, the press reports indicate that these negotiations will be fruitful and that in return of grains and jute, India will export cotton, coal to Pakistan. While one welcomes the proposed trade pact between the two countries, it is really surprising that the motion pictures are not included in this barter agreement by both the sides, though it is on record that India exports to Pakistan films yielding revenue of over a crore of rupees at least per annum.

But the problem of exchange of currency and enhanced customs duty have made the task of exporting films difficult and the producers are forced to resort to devious ways to export films to Pakistan. Would it not have been in the interest of both the countries to regularise the import and export of films also by including it in the proposed trade agreement.

Apparently, the motion picture industry is not considered important enough to be discussed on Governmental level by the rulers of both the countries; or perhaps the film industries have singularly failed to impress upon their respective governments the urgency of the solution of their problem. Or is it to be presumed that the film industries feel that this problem can be solved without any intervention on the part of the Government; for such an intervention may expose several irregularities prevalent in the film trade.

Whatever the reason it is a pity that another excellent opportunity to

settle this trade dispute has been lost. It is to be hoped, however, that at least in future the film industry will succeed in regularizing the export and import of films on barter system like other commodities.

Picture Of The Week

Tired of seeing the new pictures which seem to have fallen into a rut, I decided to see some old but famous pictures from Hollywood and England; and I must admit that the result was very refreshing.

It was, for instance, very refreshing to watch Ingrid Bergman in *Gaslight*. She is the best female artiste that has graced Hollywood screen during the last decade though she is now lost to Hollywood for good; and in *Gaslight* she gives one of the best portrayals of her career as an innocent, loving girl who is driven to madness by a cool, calculating husband who makes her believe that she is apt to forget things, lose them and imagine things which do not happen. In direct contrast to her, Charles Boyer who appears to be more at home in earlier love scenes and later in emotional bursts of temper, one finds it difficult to conjure him as a cold-blooded murderer who is trying to drive his wife mad just to possess some jewels. Indeed this obsession for jewels is rather morbid and far-fetched and yet it provides the dramatic motif for the entire story. But for this basic weakness which makes one wonder about the point of the whole story, *Gaslight* is a thrilling and enjoyable film.

Red Shoes on the other hand is a healthy, refreshing musical embel-

lished with colour and artistry worthy of highest bouquets. The conflicts between art and love, between career and private life provide an interesting dramatic pattern to the love story of a young composer and a ballet dancer; and while the story is handled with subtlety and restraint the real attraction of the picture is the exquisite music and dancing—the 'Red Shoe' ballet which is presented twice is a memorable number. The only weakness of this picture which is characteristic of almost all British films is that its tempo is inordinately slow and there are passages which for sheer boredom have no parallel. But such moments are very few, on the whole the picture provides the aesthetic pleasure which seldom one gets in motion pictures these days.

Louisa, though comparatively new picture from Hollywood may not be as great as the two aforementioned pictures but it is certainly more enjoyable. Without being vulgar, it is almost as funny as "Sitting Pretty." It is a strange story in which the grandmother behaves like a youthful being wooed by two men, her son behaves like the proverbial guardian who disapproves of the romance of his mother and her grandson behaves like a grandfather exclaiming every now and then 'What a family'. Yes, what a family—and every twist and turn in the romance of the grandmother who is loved by a grocer on one hand and her son's boss on the other is delightfully funny. Don't miss this comedy at any cost.

Personality Of The Week

The term "producer" is used quite in different contexts in India and Hollywood. In India, it generally means a figurehead or a person who arranges for finance or the financier himself. In Hollywood the producer is the man who is in charge of the production and has a right not only to select the personnel for the production but O. Ks. every scene as well as shot. In other words, the director, editor, script-writer are all working under him putting to shape the production designed by him.

Only few producers in India can stand this Hollywood test; and one of the most prominent producers in the

real sense of the term in India is Dalsukh M. Pancholi.

Pancholi did not join as a producer. Like his elder brother who brought him into line, Pancholi was first an exhibitor and a distributor. Later, he took fancy to production and launched the production of Punjabi pictures at Lahore. The success of *Yamla Jat* and *Chowdbary* later encouraged him to produce Hindi pictures.

It was exactly a decade ago that Pancholi came into limelight as an author and producer of *Khazanchi*. And for over five years, Pancholi held a unique position as the uncrowned king of the Punjab Film Industry. In 1946 when I was first introduced to Pancholi in Lahore, I was rather awed. Those were the days when he was not easily accessible and though I visited his studios number of times, I seldom came across him.

It was only when he came to Bombay after partition and launched *Meena Bazar* that I met him often and came to know him from close quarters. It was only then I realized that Pancholi was not a proud, aloof and haughty but rather polite, cordial and very sociable man—a man with whom one could discuss films for hours together. It also then became evident to me as I watched him working on script, sets and editing room that Pancholi is the producer in the real sense of the term; and the director is just a technician working with him. As such the credit as well as the blame for all pictures produced by him must always go to him. That has been the case so far and now that he has decided to direct the picture himself, there cannot be any doubt about it.

Will he succeed as a director? The question does not arise, since he knows every aspect of film making and has always taken part in the shooting of the picture itself. The direction will not be such a new experiment for him it will be just an additional burden on capable shoulders.

Incidentally, since he came down to Bombay, the gaiety of Lahore seems to have left him; perhaps the change of atmosphere as well as partition are responsible for it. Anyway he looks more aged, mellowed and sober and

sometimes it appears as if he is puzzled about his own future. This is perhaps inevitable; but as soon as Pancholi regains his foothold in the industry and succeeds in establishing a studio in Delhi or Punjab where he feels most homely, he will be the same old Pancholi again. For he has still the same zest, ambition and will to do things in a big way and to attain fresh glory as a showman. And it is always as a first-rate showman that Pancholi would like the people to remember him.

News Of The Week

—Nutan Samarth, the charming daughter of Shobhana Samarth was declared the beauty queen in a beauty contest held at Taj last week. She was presented with a gorgeous saree and a silver cup on the occa-

sion. Among the other contestants was Mrs. Sudershan Varma (Roopa Verman).

—Ranjan, the Gemini star seems to have migrated to Bombay. He is now reported to have been signed by Filmistan for a major role in *Anand Math* opposite Bhanumati. With these two stars in the cast the Tamil version is assured of a great reception in South.

—Sohrab Modi has been signed by Dalsukh M. Pancholi to play the lead in his next costume picture entitled *Lulera* which will be directed by Pancholi himself.

—Kamar the veteran artiste is launching his new production on February 25th at Tasveer Mahal Studios, Dadar. And it is learnt that he has signed Nargis and Raj Kapoor to play the stellar roles.

PROHIBITION

Mr. S. Krishniah writes:

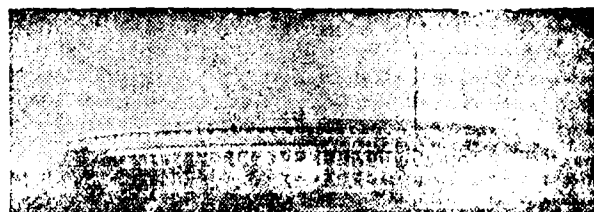
IN your Editorial comment on Prohibition you say: "The exemption given to some people to drink, the facilities provided for foreign residents, the disinclination of several high-placed officers in responsible positions to set the example of abstinence are some of the reasons that have caused the failure of Prohibition." While agreeing with you, I think that the fundamental cause for the failure of Prohibition is the lack of public support for the cause. That this reason is evident to the Government is borne out by the many frantic calls for public support made by ministers, the latest being that of the Prohibition minister in Madhurantakam on Feb. 12. It is common knowledge that Prohibition has failed and it is not a slur on the Police Department that they have failed to enforce the Act, since even the F. B. I. and Scotland Yard rolled together could not have eradicated completely the smuggling and distilling of liquor in South India. However efficient, the Police have to depend on the public, and if the public are apathetic and uncooperative, the Police cannot succeed in making Prohibition effective.

On the occasion referred to above the Prohibition minister also said

that the Government was committed to the Prohibition policy irrevocably. So your plea that the Government should re-examine the whole question of Prohibition realistically does not arise. Since the Government is in possession of all the facts concerning Prohibition I am confident that more than you and I, they are aware of its unworkability. Apart from considerations of prestige, I think there is one other reason why the Government cannot go back on its Prohibition policy. Much has appeared in the press these days about 17 crores of rupees lost by the Government because of Prohibition. What many people do not realise is that a part—a good part—of these crores has been lost permanently. The distillers and distributors of illicit liquor have reached such uncanny efficiency that, should Prohibition be called off, it will be impossible for the Excise department to eliminate them when the super-efficient Prohibition Police have already found it impossible.

It will indeed be a welcome gesture if the Government will divert all its ministerial and executive energies from enforcing this ridiculous Prohibition policy towards the eradication of hoarding and blackmarketing of foodstuffs for which active and even aggressive public support is readily available.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Prime Minister tells a Chinese story about a father who sent his competent sons to become engineers and lawyers and so forth, and obtained for the dullard of the family the job of a Minister. If we must do what they did in China, it is better to confine our attention to the past two years rather than to two thousand years. Ministers in China in the bad old days were awfully corrupt, and there is no reason why we should be so anxious to follow them in this example.

The last time Panditji narrated the story was soon after the appointment of Mahabir Tyagi as Minister of State. Tyagi is no nincompoop. But the Prime Minister's story indicates that his opinion of Tyagi is none too flattering. Tyagi is a man of spirit. He was one of the few Congressmen who ever dared to treat Jawaharlal Nehru as an equal. In 1945, we saw Panditji trying to push Tyagi from the A. I. C. C. microphone, and we saw Tyagi pushing Panditji back. At a meeting of the U. P. P. C. C., Panditji once hurled a little booklet at Tyagi, and Tyagi caught hold of a volume of Nehru's *Autobiography* and directed it towards the author at a certain speed.

Mr. Tyagi was an unsparing critic of the Government, if somewhat incoherent and rather woolly. To shut him up in the Ministry of Finance is to deprive the country of his criticism of the Government which is worth thirty times his salary of Rs. 3,000 as Minister of State. The Government should welcome criticism, rather than resort to this kind of "preventive detention"—as Cartoonist Laxman of *The Times of India* so beautifully characterised it. In order to encourage criticism, Government should promote some of

these people as Friendly Leaders of the Most Loyal Opposition, and pay them Rs. 3,000 per month.

Khurshed Lal, who was chosen as his Deputy by Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, was a man of exceptional personal charm. His death at the early age of 48 deprives the Congress Party of one of the very few men of brains it can boast of. His thirst for social justice was equalled only by his ability as an administrator. Since he was an able man, he was made a Deputy Minister instead of a Cabinet Minister. Some of us were talking to him on Friday, and he was as hearty as ever. One of the last activities of Khurshed Lal on this earthly abode was on behalf of this Diarist. As Correspondent of a Madras daily, I sent a number of telegrams to it, and all of them were promptly and prominently published. The paper, however, refused to pay either the remuneration of the Correspondent or the telegraphic charges! The Telegraph people were hot on my trail to realise the amount from me. We told the story to Khurshed Lal, who ordered at our suggestion that the money should be collected from the paper, that it should not be collected from the Telegraph Clerks who happened to book the telegrams, and that if the newspaper failed to pay, the Correspondent would be willing to pay it in instalments. Khurshed Lal tried to understand the human side of every problem which came to him on files. How I wish other Ministers did the same thing!

This is not the first time I had such an experience. *Prajatantra* of Cuttack also refused to pay the telegraphic charges for messages I had sent them. I promptly wrote to Hare

Krushna Mahatab who was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the paper. He admonished the staff for trying to play such tricks, and settled the telegraph bills as well as the remuneration of the Correspondent which was in arrears.

The utter unscrupulousness that has crept into the newspaper world can be tackled only by Governmental legislation. The smaller newspapers evade payment, and the bigger newspapers try to dictate what you should write. It should be illegal to run a chain of newspapers. No proprietor or management should be able to control more than one newspaper in India. And if a newspaper cannot pay its staff every month, it should be closed down without compunction.

There is hardly any freedom of expression in the larger daily newspapers of this country. A few small dailies and a large number of weeklies—good, bad and indifferent—manage to maintain some measure of independence. And yet it was the weekly press which drew the wrath of the Prime Minister in Parliament.

I wish the monstrosity which is sought to be perpetrated on Delhi as a memorial to Mahatma Gandhi meets with the ire of the Prime Minister too. It is quite true that the Mahatma's aesthetic sense was not particularly well-developed. But even he would have been repulsed by the architectural absurdity which has been proposed as a memorial to him. There is something grotesque in the model which has been placed for inspection at Parliament House. This is a case for rejection without hesitation.

Feliks Topolski gave us over a year ago a masterpiece depicting the assassination of Gandhi. Our Government bought it at a fabulous price. Our objection to it was that it was too expensive. We should have asked Topolski to give us a copy of it. And we need not have asked him to come all the way to India to hang his work personally on a wall in Government House (Ashok Baug). These originals should be bought only by Americans. We should try to buy the works of Indian artists, who are at present starving because we are mad about paintings done by foreign

artists. That does not mean that we should agree to waste lakhs of rupees on monstrosities like the one now on show at Parliament House.

These lakhs could be more profitably spent by donations to institutions like the Uday Shankar India Cultural Centre. At the Press Conference held by Uday Shankar, someone suggested that money could be found for Uday Shankar by closing down one of the numerous Embassies of India abroad. This, it was suggested by others, was the wrong approach to the psychology of the men in power. They should be told that they should open up some Embassies within the country, now that we have no more countries in the outside world to establish diplomatic relations with. That will be an extension of our foreign policy, rather than opposition to it.

Uday Shankar surprised Pressmen by his admiration of the value attached to art and to artists in the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. When Harin Chattopadhyaya praised the achievements of Soviet art and Chinese art last week, some at least of his hearers put it down to his Leftist tendency. But when they found that Uday Shankar was using almost identical language in praise of the Soviets, they have begun to suspect that it may not be Communist propaganda after all.

Uday Shankar has a swell audience in the United States as well. Amala Shankar (nee Nandi) explained how three generations of Americans told her that they were waiting to see him next year. In the U. S. there is a communion established between the artist and the spectator the moment the show begins. But in India, the artist never comes to know how he is being received. In the U. S. and other countries, people meet the artist backstage after the show is over. In India, this hardly ever happens.

The strong-point of Uday Shankar is his presentation. He has attained success in adapting Bharata Natyam, Kathak and Manipuri to ballet. He has no orthodoxy about him, and is only concerned with creating a pleasing impression on the spectator and with making himself understood when he tells a story through a dance-number. The choice of costumes and

the intermingling of different styles of Indian Dance are both happy. Uday Shankar depends a great deal on Kathakali because that is the only classical ballet dance of India. He makes himself understood even by audiences which have never seen an Indian dance before.

* * *

We in India find it easy to understand an article like G. D. H. Cole's on Korea and the Far East. He thinks remarkably like some of us, Indian political commentators. We sometimes wonder whether we are prejudiced in favour of Soviet Russia and China. But an article like Cole's convinces us that we are probably quite impartial. Writing in the *New Statesman and Nation*, Cole makes the following statements: "I was quite unable to regard their (North Korean) action as 'aggression' in any sense that could properly call for intervention by the United Nations. I did not regard the 38th Parallel as constituting in any sense an international frontier; and I looked on the war in

Korea as essentially a civil and not an international war." "Looking on the Korean War as a civil war, I wanted the North to win. The Government of South Korea appeared to me to be a hopelessly reactionary puppet affair." "When the Americans did intervene in arms, and appealed to U. N., I felt their action to be entirely wrong; and I held that other countries, including Great Britain, should have refused to support them."

Cole felt it to be a sheer misuse of U. N. to take advantage of the absence of the Russians from the Security Council and of the presence of the wrong Chinese Government to convert U. N. from an instrument of agreed policy among the Great Powers into an agent of one half of the world against the other half. He also felt that American action in Formosa put the Americans thoroughly in the wrong. When American forces advanced right to the Manchurian frontier he was quite unable to blame the Chinese from intervening. This is how a British Socialist sees it.

THE NEAR EAST DANGER

By THOMAS ANTIEM

IT will occasion no great surprise to competent and informed observers of the "hot and cold war" that what has happened in Korea, the Far Eastern periphery of the global East-West clash, should produce new convulsions in the Balkans—the very heart of the whole struggle and ferment. Yugoslavia, with Greece and Turkey, is an exasperating and very prickly thorn in the most tender part of the Soviet anatomy, and even if it be true, as Mr. Churchill holds, that Russia is deterred from marching across Europe because of the fear of America's stockpile of atomic bombs, the Balkans are notoriously explosive, and anything might happen to precipitate World War Three. One lesson learned from Korea is that modern weapons count for little unless backed by considerable land forces, and who can resist the thought that Stalin and his advisers frequently dwell on the fact (according to M. Paul Reynaud)

that they have 265 divisions, 100,000 tanks, and the biggest submarine fleet in the world?

Cool and cunning though the Soviet hierarchy undoubtedly are, they are more liable to be moved by the sudden impetus of events in the Balkans and in the Middle East than anywhere else; and whilst we may accept the general assumption that the Russians hate war and that Russia will avoid war if she can gain her ends piecemeal and "by proxy," let no one forget that Lenin has predicted, and his successors have never contradicted, that there must come "a final bloody clash in which either the Soviet Union or the capitalist democracies go down in ruins."

Greece, Yugoslavia, Turkey and Persia—all are under the threat of sudden aggression. Outwardly apparently quiescent, the Balkans volcano smoulders. Hopefully anticipating events in Asia, Bulgaria, Rumania and

Hungary have moved considerable sections of populations from frontier areas, and there are recurrent reports of troop concentrations on the Yugoslav and Greek borders. Meanwhile, over the satellite radio system and in the Press of the Cominform, Tito and the "Greek monarcho-Fascists" are tirelessly subjected to the utmost vituperation, and new charges are preferred against the "imperialist aggressors." Persia and Turkey naturally gaze with anxious eyes across the Aegean, and Turkey's application for membership of the Atlantic Pact underlines the dangerously weak position of the countries on Russia's southern border.

It is always possible that Russia would strike at Turkey and Persia first, instead of Greece and Yugoslavia, but it is the view of most Persians, and of Greek, Turkish and Western diplomats, that Russia would not march into Turkey and Persia unless she was intent on a full-scale world war which would involve simultaneous moves in Europe, the Middle East and Asia generally. Tension and uneasiness pervade the Persian towns on the Soviet-Persian border, where Red Army troops show up at intervals from behind the mountains in full view of the Persian sentries. A Persian army of 150,000 stands on guard all along the frontier. On their side, the Russians maintain their Caucasian Red Army at full strength, based on Tiflis, and supported by highly developed war industries in the Donbas and Turkestan and by local production.

America is now rushing more war equipment to Greece, but the Greeks may well be excused for asking if the United States and the United Nations are also going to send men to help man the guns, for as a Greek general put it bluntly to me during the early stages of the war against the guerrillas: "We are fighting 250 million Slavs, not merely the Greek Communists." This truth is more self-evident today when Greece is painfully attempting to recover from a struggle which bled her white, and when the defence of Greece, Persia and Turkey is seen to be but part of the general plan for the defence of

the whole Middle East. A joint United Nations force of substantial strength is now clearly called for in the Balkans. If Russia does not intend war, the presence of a United Nations peace-guaranteeing force in the Balkans incurs no risk; if the West intends to defend the Near and Middle East, and if Russia is really bent on aggression, then it is common sense to ensure that the Western forces are placed at the least possible strategic disadvantage from the outset.

It is one of the pitiful and tragic features of the East-West conflict that whilst the Communist bloc have a strong political unity and discipline marking all their activities no such thing is yet discernible on the part of the Western democracies. As in the Far East, so in the Near East. Whilst America strives to weld and consolidate the military arrangements for European defence the imperative need for political and diplomatic unity is childishly and hopelessly neglected. In Britain and America, Tito is applauded for his open defiance of Russia and the Cominform, yet though the Yugoslav dictator is no longer able to keep one foot in the Soviet camp no attempt has so far been made to induce him to settle his differences with Greece and thereby close a dangerous gap in the defence of both countries.

Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia are potentially the three strongest Powers, from a military point of view, in the Balkans or Near East. In terms of Soviet land power, that may not amount to anything formidable, but given the requisite United Nations military support, which, in view of the changed international outlook, must mean something more than arms and military missions; and given the political unity which at present is lacking, the recurrent ferment in the Balkans might be quelled, a greater feeling of security ensue, and Russia deterred from further aggression "by proxy."

The series of trials and purges in Bulgaria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia are symptomatic of "the tensions mounting within." The Soviet economic grip on the satellites has tightened, and the victims are now acutely aware that they are being drained of their oil, manufactured goods, raw

materials and produce in order to feed the Russian giant, who is feeling the tremendous strain of maintaining a vast army in a state of readiness. The revaluation of the rouble was an obvious move to get satellite goods at much less than export market prices. Excepting among a minority of fanatical Communists, enthusiasm for the Russians is on the wane even in Bulgaria and Albania, and discontent is growing.

The split with Yugoslavia left Albania's economy in a serious state, and now the Albanians find themselves isolated from the rest of the Cominform bloc, and have to further tighten their belts, while they listen to accounts of Marshall Aid pouring into Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey. The Russians, of course, maintain communications by sea, but the Albanians derive little succour or comfort from such shipments as arrive, for they are mostly military cargoes. New barracks are being built round Tirana, the capital, and repairs to the main Tirana-Durazzo road are at present being hastened by Russian officers attached to the Albania forces.

It would not be surprising if the inflammable Albanians in the near future revolted against the Soviet stranglehold. Such a defection would be of the utmost value to the West in their Mediterranean defensive system. Russia has sought to obtain strategic control of the Adriatic by fortifications on the Albanian coast. Soviet engineers have fortified Valona Bay, which commands the Straits of Otranto, as well as the island of Saseno, at the entrance, and the port of Durazzo. Yugoslavia's lapse robbed the Russians of good ports on the Adriatic; the loss of Albania to the West would be a shattering blow to Moscow, for it would eliminate the potential Russian threat to Italy, where there is a "fifth column" of more than two million Communists.

The retention of the entire Mediterranean seaboard by the Western Powers is of the utmost importance, for holding this inland sea and its

coastline means that the Russian preponderance of land forces is considerably offset. With the Dardanelles closed and the North African shores in their hands, the aircraft-carriers of the American, British and Allied navies could operate very effectively against Russian and satellite cities in the event of war. The advantages are not all with the Russians. Greece, Yugoslavia and Albania—assuming the defection of this impoverished and demoralised people—are mountainous regions, whose native forces are tenacious fighters in their hidden fastnesses and scrubby heights. Much depends, however, on how fast and skilfully the Western democracies work, and on the degree of political unity achieved in the Balkans and in the Middle East. In Greece, the urgent need is for the rehabilitation of the country's economy, so that the many thousands of workless and hungry may be employed. Otherwise the Communists may gain ground. It is a pity that disagreement has arisen with the Americans over the extent to which Greece should be industrialised. The Americans have vetoed a plan for the establishment of a steel industry on the grounds that the cost of production would be too high to be competitive with Western Europe.

My own view is that the Americans are right in insisting on light industries and a high concentration on agriculture, but Greece should be allowed to produce sufficient steel for her own needs. Greece has iron ore, but no coal, and it is cheaper to import coal than to import finished steel, which would be required for light industries. Above everything, Greece must have a healthy and balanced agriculture, and the Western Powers must help her to dispose of her tobacco production. In view of the new Balkans tension I think that both Britain and America will have cause to regret that they refused, at the Paris Peace Conference, to give Greece control of the mountain passes leading from Bulgaria into Greece. Russia scored heavily on that occasion, for appeasement was then the order of the day.

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO CREATED THE RANK EMPIRE

By SIMON WOLF

HOLLYWOOD, until a few years ago the monopolist of world film production, is now afraid of the competition of the Rank Organisation.

Rank is a businessman, of course, but not only a businessman. He was very rich even before he became the "film Rank," (his father owned Yorkshire flour mills which ground about one third of the flour Britain consumes), but he always has been a Methodist and a very religious man. Although rich, he remains austere in his habits. Now a multiple millionaire and film magnate, he is still a kind of missionary. He married the daughter of a former Lord Mayor of London.

It seems a far cry from Methodism to the glamour of the film world, but this has been Arthur Rank's way. One day he made the discovery that ten times as many Englishmen go to the cinema as to church. This seeming to him an anomaly, he became obsessed by the idea that religion needed dynamic presentation. As the film appeared to him the best medium for this, he extended his services to the Methodist cause by sponsoring motion pictures with a religious message, and by subscribing capital for the production of short films based on Biblical subjects or on contemporary stories with a moral purpose. They were meant to be suitable for churches and Sunday schools. This was in 1935.

After trying—not very successfully—his hand with the documentary "The Turn of the Tide," he went into partnership with the late C. M. Woolf and formed, in co-operation with him, the "General Film Distributors." In 1936 he bought a 25% share in Universal, thus gaining his first foothold in America. By 1939 he was controlling the Odeon and Gaumont circuits; 600 cinemas in Britain. Then he turned to production.

That was a decisive step, of immense importance in the development of the

British film. Rank acquired a number of production units and the majority of studios in Britain. His initial aim to sponsor films for the Methodist cause gave place to a broader one: to help in the battle for Britain's economic survival and to tell in films the story of Britain today. Thus he became interested in the film business in countries outside Britain and the U. S. Today he has an interest in the production and distribution of films in 60 countries apart from America and the United Kingdom.

The story of Britain! How well Rank's pictures tell it can be judged from the world success of his films "Henry V," "Brief Encounter," "Odd Man Out," "Great Expectations," "Hamlet," and many others. His achievement was praised by Eric Johnston, President of the Motion Picture Association of America, in these words: "He has given added prestige, respect and dignity and a new sense of deep-seated responsibility to the British film and the motion picture industry everywhere. To me it is a great pleasure to be associated in an industry with a man of his stature." These words were spoken despite Hollywood's alarm and envy....

Even before Rank appeared on the platform, the British film was quite distinct from the American; but Rank widened the gulf further—and this proved a blessing for the British production. He once said to an American journalist: "The great difference between the American and the British pictures is that we seem to go for reality while Hollywood tends to exaggerate whatever it produces. This exaggeration extends to scripts, make-up, lighting, sets and even acting itself. It is a case of reality on one side and artificiality on the other. If we are screening a scene that takes place in a small town our characters must look as if they belonged there, they must not have what is known as Hollywood glamour...."

The British films of today are as near to life as its artistic reproduction can be, and appeal to the public for this reason. Whoever has the opportunity of confronting Hollywood films with life in the United States must notice the divergence; but British films do not afford that disappointment: they are a mirror as true as possible.

It was Sam Goldwyn, the American film magnate who warned the Hollywood industry in these words: "The British have applied a broader and more international viewpoint than ours; yet they are getting closer to people by reflecting the intimate universality of everyday living. Hollywood has gone too far away from the average person. That comes of being too rich."

What is the secret of Rank's success? He is a good businessman, no doubt, but that alone would not be enough. The important point is that he knows whom to choose as his associates, that he is open-minded where their personal work is concerned, but does not tolerate any shoddy ideas, and that, despite his power, he allows his producers and directors complete freedom in the shaping of a picture, demanding from them only that they should put warmth and personality into their work, and should not be influenced by what is called a box office formula. As it happens, this disregard of the box office proved good for the box office. Rank films make money.

But the dynamo in Rank does not allow him to rest on his laurels as a British film magnate. In addition to his American activities he built up the Odeon Theatre chain in Canada in partnership with local interests, and has opened a new super-theatre in Cairo. He also engaged a former associate of Walt Disney, David Hand, to create cartoons, and is competing with "The March of Time" with his documentary series, "This Modern Age."

Is he himself very rich? According to rumours, he is one of the richest men in the world. Just how rich

nobody knows: the American magazine "Fortune" estimates his personal fortune at something between ten and a hundred million dollars. What is known is that the book value of all his film properties is well in excess of 200 million dollars.

Rank can certainly afford his fine estate near Winchester, his home at Reigate near London where he breeds pointers and Labradors; but he works harder than most men. Asked once why he rested so seldom, he replied: "It is a matter of time. We must catch up with Hollywood which has a 30-year start on us. So we have to do three days' work in one." He does.

He is also a diplomat. In Hollywood, he flattered the American film production. He wants to be on good terms with Hollywood—and is, despite his competitive drive. But he insists that British films are closer to real life—and he is not alone in this belief.

Thirteen years ago, Arthur Rank knocked at the door of the British film industry with a modest proposition to make short religious films and a burning desire to do something for Methodism. Nobody, outside mill-owners, knew him then. In these thirteen years he became so involved in the film production that today hardly anyone remembers that he was the son of a rich Yorkshire millowner. But today, as then, Rank still believes in the message which the film can carry, he is still faithful to his old cause, he still thinks that moral power should be the basis of each artistic creation. Let us quote him once more: "I see the film industry developing into a great art, an art which will bring peace to many and happiness to the world. For through pictures the people of one country will get to know the people of other countries and understand them better. And it is through understanding that peace will come to the world."

If these words sound commonplace, one has to bear in mind how he entered the film world.

Millionaire or apostle?

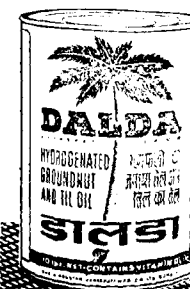
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