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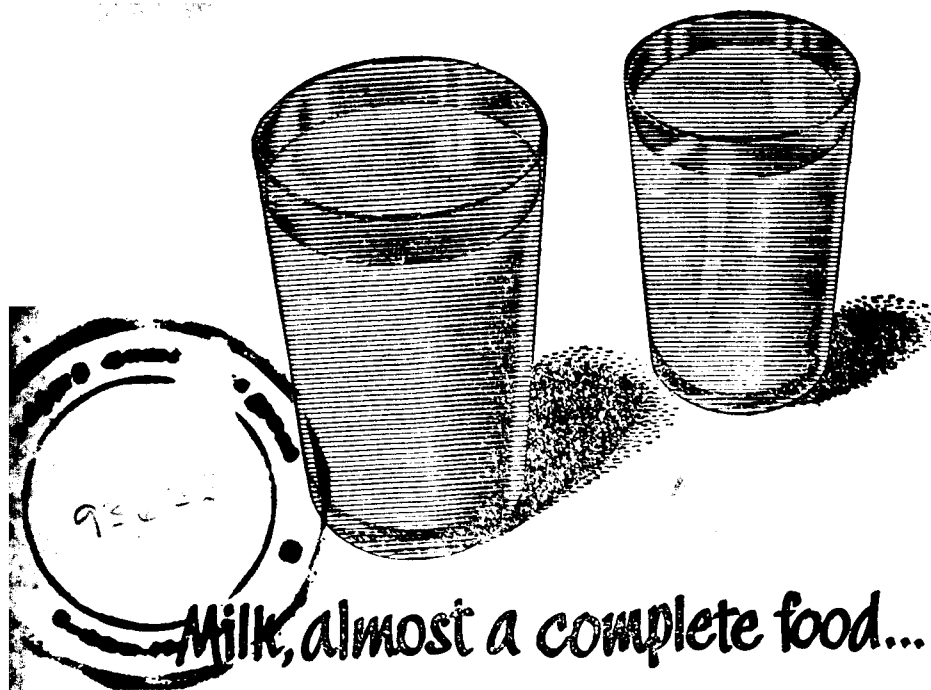
SWATANTRA



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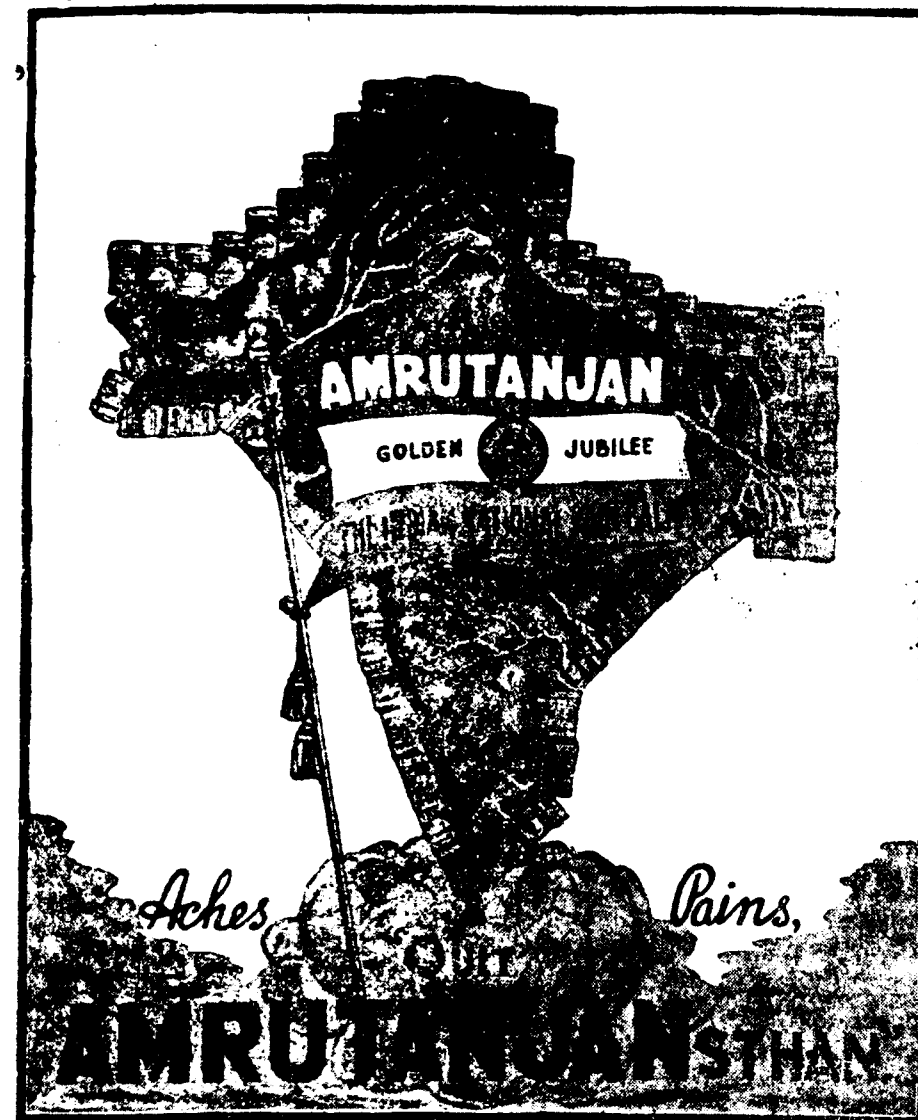
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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI. NO. 9.

SATURDAY APRIL 7, 1951.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 9

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

PRIVILEGE

ON February 5, the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly gave a ruling that an article published in *Swatantra* on December 9, 1950, amounted to a breach of privilege. The article criticised the behaviour of the Finance Minister Sri Gopala Reddi for having given to the House information diametrically contrary to what was contained in an official statement supplied to legislators sometime earlier. In his ruling the Speaker held, "As the article in question is a comment on the proceedings of our House that was pending and which might influence the voting, it is a breach of privilege." On February 8, when the Speaker was requested to clarify his ruling, he slightly shifted his ground, and said, "Influencing the voting improperly before the debate concludes can be taken as breach of privilege." The *National Herald* of Lucknow took note to this shifting of ground on the part of the Speaker, and said, "The addition of the word 'improperly' adds a qualification to his ruling and we do not know which version he wishes to be placed before the press.... By importing a new word into his ruling, the Madras Speaker may have sought to allay the anxiety of the press but he has not resolved the conflict which his ruling created."

The Speaker has returned to the subject again this week, and ruled that it is not every criticism of the proceedings of the House by newspapers influencing the voting, that would amount to a breach of privilege, but only that which is improper

criticism. He concluded his ruling with these words:

"Some may ask what I mean by the word 'improper.' Libel upon members, contempt of the House, attempt to bribe members, etc., will amount to improper criticism or influence. It is not every criticism of the proceedings of the House by newspapers influencing the vote before the House gives its verdict, that is a breach of privilege, but only that which is improper as explained in the previous sentence. I hope this will satisfy all."

After the Speaker delivered this ruling, Raja Sir Muthia Chettiar asked "what the newspaper article was which he had regarded as objectionable," and the Speaker said that "the member could look into the newspaper article himself." As, on an earlier occasion, the Speaker had stated in the Assembly that there was "nothing undignified or degrading" in the article, the implication of objectionableness conveyed in his reply to Sir Muthia Chettiar is unwarranted. Having given the ruling against the *Swatantra* article, not on any ground of impropriety in its criticism, but solely on the ground that it was calculated to influence the voting, the Speaker should have revised his attitude and cancelled the ruling. He owed it to himself and to the press to state definitely that the article against which he had given his ruling was guilty of no breach of privilege, as the question of improper criticism was not under consideration at all when he gave his ruling, nor was it a matter for interpretation by the Speaker. The Speaker's failure to do this is regrettable. We are cons-



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trained to say that it is not in conformity with the highest traditions of conducting parliamentary business, which the press and the public have a right to expect him to maintain.

Nation Double-Crossed

THE Madras Congress Legislature Party has announced its intention of putting up a fight for the Communal G. O. to the extent of even demanding an amendment of the Constitution. The anti-communal provisions in the Constitution represent the life-breath of Congress principles. The essence of all that the Congress stands for, the very basis of its national objectives, is embodied in them. To violate them is to destroy the foundation itself of the Congress. Under the leadership of Sri Kumaraswami Raja, what the Congress Legislature Party has done now is to insist that the non-communal character of the Congress should be formally changed to suit their tastes. When

time and again Madras Congress Ministers publicly avowed communalism, we urged that such communalists had no place in the Congress and should be made an example of by being expelled from the organisation. Pampered communalism has become rampant communalism until a stage has been reached when there is little difference between the Congress, the Dravida Kazhagam and the Justice Party. The whole of the Madras Ministry and its leadership are tainted by communalism, and they have no place in the Congress if its national traditions count for anything. It is because they are tolerated, without any attempt being made at discipline, that Congress rule is getting more and more rotten and degraded day by day. The Government of Madras is out of alignment with national objectives and the very spirit of the Constitution. A few small-minded persons have grabbed power. They have been abusing it with self-interest as the first priority. The Congress of Gandhi has perished. Only the name survives.

Sotto Voce

THE GODS GO SLIMMING



MARRIAGE registrars in Britain are having a hectic time of it. Couples come tumbling over one another to be tied up and the officials are doing quick work. At one place they are reported to have taken only seven and a half minutes over the splicing of each pair. Undoing the hymeneal knot is yet far from having achieved that pitch of mechanical efficiency. For all the generous

simplification of divorce procedure "Marry in haste and repent at leisure" has still some meaning. But repentance is not hard, with the prospect of wedding bells the moment the decree nisi is made absolute.

I see that I have unconsciously slipped into the archaic language of 'wedding bells'. Europeans have mostly got over the weakness for

ceremonial in marriages, though not in such prestigious things as regimental parades. Our emancipated couples, however, must have a sacramental marriage, too, though of the simplified variety approved by Dr. Ambedkar and Mr. B. N. Rao. The current epidemic in Britain is traced to the fact that the acquisition of a wife before the end of the official year would qualify a man for an income-tax rebate. Bachelors here prefer to take it out of the father-in-law. I am told the tariff for I.A.S. grooms has been raised to Rs. 20,000.

But we are very sensible when it comes to avoidance of waste. The officiating priest is given a lump sum contract for taking charge of the ritual. Clever bargainers, after the manner of the P. W. D., impose a progressive cut on this allowance on a percentage basis: if for your first daughter's wedding you paid the man Rs. 60 you pay him Rs. 40 for fixing up her junior on the sastric front. If he mildly urges that prices have gone up you tell him as gently as the fox told the stork that he should be thankful for being remembered. And he is too astute to press the argument further: he too economises—on the assistants and the mantras.

When such is the fate of *bhusuras* who can match their wits against their employers, it is not to be wondered at that the unvocal gods are losing their ration cards. The customary issue of thirty-eight maunds of grain to the "idols" at Okha and Dwarka has been stopped with the approval of the Government of Bombay to avoid "wastage of food grains". Let it not be doubted that the measure was dictated by an overwhelming sense of public duty. A Government which is spending millions of rupees on the renovation of Somnath and is anxious to mark the traditional site of the passing of Sri Krishna at Dehotsarga with a magnificent memorial would hardly wish to lay itself open to the imputation of melancholy meanness.

The erudite Mr. Munshi with a

lawyer-like flair for citation should find an apt defence of the food cut in the Ramayana saying, "The food of man is also meet food for his gods." It is only logic that, if man has to go without, so must his gods. But while our Prime Minister would put his foot down firmly on rice imports and teach us discipline through the stomach he will allow no niggardly nibbling at the provision of Rolls Royces for our High Commissioner in London. How, then, can Mr. Munshi, who is nothing if he is not a good chela, stint on brick and mortar when it is no less important for our gods to maintain appearances?

It was all right for Patanjali and Vyaghrapada to establish the Cosmic Dancer in the core of their hearts and give His effigy at Chidambaram a humble habitation suited to His ascetic instincts. But Somnath has a tradition to carry on. The story of Mahmud of Ghazni having turned iconoclast for loot may be apocryphal. But Mr. Munshi is an artist who has a way with History. Besides, the new Somnath must consider its world position. It is to be consecrated with Australian earth and flora, with waters sent in sealed metal containers from rivers in the Asian steppes where Mr. Munshi's Aryan ancestors bathed, and above all with pinches of soil from the sacred birth-places of the modern rishis of the West. The Lord has achieved diplomatic recognition.

Steadfast adherence to the international middle of the road is no easy thing. The Lord may discover, too, that He is no more exempt than mortal kings from the odium of political involvement. It is rumoured that the Afridis are wroth with Afghanistan for offering to restore the door of the old shrine (long denuded of its jewels though it is) which Ghazni took away. But Mr. Munshi will no doubt invite the tribes in due course to a culture conference. Meanwhile our gods can hardly do less than follow us and forget they have middles.

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INCREASE IN RAILWAY FARES

By H. RANGACHAR

THE Minister for Railways has urged, in justification of the increase in passenger fares, that the consumers of rail transport are "not contributing their legitimate share to easing of the burden of large increases in the cost of railway operation". In support of this, he has stated that "the price level in the country has now risen to over 400 as compared with 100 in 1938. This is fully reflected in the increase in the wage bill on the railways. The cost of fuel now stands at 471—against all this, the increases in average railway fares and freight rates are of the order of 46 and 73 per cent respectively." Thus presented, it may well appear that the price paid by the consumer for rail transport service is inadequate and disproportionate to the increase in operating costs. Whether this charge is valid or justifiable may now be examined.

If, as is contended, the consumers are not bearing their legitimate share of the cost of railway services, the operation of railways should have resulted in losses and not in handsome surpluses and profits, as has been the case year after year, particularly during the years following the attainment of independence. These profits have been realised, despite the abnormally heavy increase in working expenses. At present the Indian railways are financially in a most prosperous condition unlike the railways in the U. S. A., Great Britain and other Western countries. This could not have been the case but for the price paid by the consumer for rail transport being made above the cost of service. Thus, we arrive at the somewhat paradoxical position that while the increase in fares and freight charges is of the order of 46 and 73% as against an increase of 300% and over in wages, stores materials and fuel, the total traffic receipts are large enough to meet the increased costs of operation and still leave substantial surpluses.

What then is the explanation of this apparent paradox? The correct

method for assessing the adequacy or otherwise of the price paid by the consumer is not to take isolated items of abnormal increases in prices and compare them percentagewise with the increase in the unit basic fares, but to take into account the total price realised for railway service on the whole. It is realisations from the total volume of output or service of a business concern that should be taken into account to judge whether the prices paid are fair and adequate or not. It is the overall picture that is thus important.

Judged by this standard the position is as follows. The total gross receipts of the un-partitioned railways of India were Rs. 107.15 crores in 1938-39. For the year 1950-51, the revised estimates based on actuals and estimates for the last quarter place the earnings cautiously at Rs. 263.40 crores. If due allowance is made for the receipts attributable to railways transferred to Pakistan the revenue for 1950-51 will be of the order of 325% of that of the prewar year. This is for decreased number of trains and train mileage. In other words, for decreased transport facilities and for decreased quality of service the consumer is paying more than thrice the original price.

The working expenses on railways have been racing with increasing revenues. In 1938-39 the working expenses were 71.18 crores for the undivided railways of India against the Rs. 180.31 crores for 1950-51 according to the revised estimates. The increase in working expenses is almost of the same order as the increase in revenue. The working expenses include the increased wage bill, the inflated prices of stores material and fuel which, according to the Railway Minister, are of the order of 400% and more over those of pre-war years and account largely for the increased cost of operation. The revenue earned by the railways or the contribution by the consumer has not only not been sufficient to meet completely the increased costs of operation but has

also been large enough to yield substantial net surpluses over and above all this. During the three full years' fall owing to the attainment of independence by the country the railways have yielded a net surplus of about Rs. 63 crores, apart from paying Rs. 91.7 crores to meet the interest on capital, the contribution to the general revenues and the dividends. Generous contribution has also been made to the Depreciation and other Funds, the total amount to the credit of which will stand now at Rs. 150.94 crores. The contributions to the Depreciation Fund are not on the old scale but are on a higher scale enabling the Fund to meet not only the ordinary charges for depreciation but also the inflationary element in the cost of the capital assets to be renewed or replaced.

To sum up, the consumers of railway transport have made contributions large enough (i) to meet fully the greatly increased burden of operating costs including the inflated prices of stores, materials, fuel, labour, etc., (ii) to meet not only the legitimate charges for depreciation of the plant and equipment but also to bear the additional burden of the inflationary element in the replacement of capital assets, (iii) to pay the interest charges, contribution to the general revenues and dividends due under conventions and (iv) to leave surpluses to build up Development and Reserve Funds. And all this, for decreased facilities and decreased quality of service. How can, then, in any fairness or justice the charge be laid against them that they are not bearing their legitimate share of the burden and that railways have been "indulgent and acquiescing" for long in this state of affairs, unlike other producers? The facts and figures given above show, on the contrary, that the public are already paying more than a legitimate price.

In this, the passenger traffic has also been playing its due part. The increase in passengers has been proportionately at a larger rate than in goods. The passenger revenue now stands at more than three times that of the prewar years for the undivided railways of India. In the year just over, the passenger revenues have been over Rs. 7 crores in excess of the

budget estimates. In contrast to U. S. A., Great Britain and other countries the passenger traffic on Indian railways has been making a substantial contribution to the railways' revenue and profits. As stated by the Minister of State for Transport in the Parliament, the goods traffic on American railways is "subsidizing" the passenger traffic there; the average mile rate in the U. S. A. is about the same as ours and out of it, considerable losses in passenger traffic are made good, while in our country passenger traffic adds substantially to goods earning. There is therefore no reason or justification to say as the Railway Minister has done, that the passenger does not pay a fair price and that fares should be increased.

Fares In India And Other Countries

In view of what has been said above, it is hardly necessary to consider in any detail the point urged by the Government and the spokesman for railways that the Indian railway fares are very low, the lowest in the world. Figures have been given to show that basic fares in other countries vary from 18 pies and over per mile against 5 to 6 pies in this country. This is a time-honoured argument which was frequently put forth by the British Government in India and British companies. This used to be met by the equally time-honoured counter argument that if due account is taken of the comparative economic position and the per capita income of the people and of the comparative facilities and comforts provided by the railways, the real cost of travel in India is not low. The soundness of the bases suggested for comparing the level of fares was then accepted, though conclusions drawn from their application to actual facts were disputed. The remarks however which the Minister of State for Railways is reported to have made on this point in Parliament recently appear as though he does not believe in the validity of the argument based on the "capacity to pay."

Railway Fares And Economic Capacity

Mr. Santhanam is reported to have stated in the course of his speech in Parliament on 1st March 1950 that "it was not fair to compare Indian fares either with the standard of life

here...." When members interjected, Why not, Mr. Santanam continued, "Do you think that we can get locomotives on the basis of our standard of life? The only element to which standard of life has some relation is the wages."

It was never the contention of those who held that railway fares should bear some relation to capacity to pay that engines, waggons, rails and other materials could be got at prices based on the standard of life or the per capita income of the purchasing community. If this was ever possible, low per capita income would cease to have any significance and would be a matter of indifference and not of great concern to nations. Be this as it may, in urging that the level of transport charges should have relation to the economic capacity of the people concerned, it was only meant

that, subject to the limitations imposed by the prices of capital goods, stores, etc., the railways should be so operated as to render transport service at as cheap a cost as possible, based on the capacity of the consumer generally to bear the charges. It is a fundamental principle of railway economics that the basis for charge should ultimately depend on "what the traffic can bear." This depends largely on the economic capacity of the users of the transport service. With the present level of fares, which the Government consider "depressed", the railways have been able to earn well and work as prosperous commercial undertakings. The comparative low basic fare cannot, per se, be a justification for its enhancement.

Other grounds advanced in favour of the increase in the passenger fares will be considered in the next article.

London's bus "clippies" have the new look. The smart new uniform of the conductresses includes orange-piped slacks, a blue beret with badge, and a smart jacket. The jacket has half-inch orange cuff bands, a stitched-in belt for a smart waistline, and pouch pockets. A griffin (the London Transport device) is embroidered in orange on each lapel.... The uniform has a lot to do with the present rate of recruitment—the girls are joining at the rate of 50 a week.

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FIGURES, OR FINESSE

By P. N. S.

A news report published a few days ago stated that Godfrey Evans, Kent and England cricketer has taken over the title of the world's best wicket-keeper from the Australian, Don Tallon. In support of this conclusion the report cited that Evans had claimed ten victims in seven Australian test innings while Tallon claimed six in eight English innings, and the former conceded only 31 byes in 1935 runs to the latter's 74 in 1450 runs.

This statement is an example of the prevalent tendency to assess the worth of a player on the basis of figures without reference to quality. Evans is no doubt the greatest of present-day stumpers, but his unique position is in the main due to the excellence of his craft; and even if he had not taken as many victims as Tallon or had conceded as many byes he would still be the world's number one, especially since his rival, the Australian, has shown a decline in form. While Evans is behind the stumps the batsman is haunted by a secondary attack at his back profoundly affecting his movements, while his pair of hands has proved to be the widest graveyard of many a batsman. At first his acrobatic brilliance made one gasp and his efforts were called freaks. But when such feats became frequent these ceased to be so termed and were instead acclaimed as 'Evans catches' or 'Evans stumpings'. Oldfield was called the prince of wicket-keepers because he was matchless in the style and execution of his art—to be stumped by him was for the batsman like undergoing an operation under anaesthesia—and no one counted his greatness in terms of catches or stumpings. One searched in vain in the report mentioned above for a reference to this quality of the Englishman in awarding him the title of the best wicket-keeper in the world.

Likewise a batsman who scores consistently and in the best style possible is refused acclamation while another who scores a couple of hundreds in a far inferior style, and perhaps with as many chances in his

innings as fours, is hailed a star. And a bowler who, by the purest luck, gets wickets, hits the headlines while another team-mate of his, who probably paved the way for the former's success by his splendid length and accuracy, but is unfortunate not to bag a victim, fails to get sufficient praise.

Even the great Don Bradman has erred in this respect. In his admirable book "Farewell to cricket," the Champion after eulogising the left-hander, Arthur Morris states thus: On his 1948 form I rank Morris ahead of Woolley and Leyland. Supporters of Woolley will lift their eyebrows but only until I point out that Morris in his first season in England hit three test centuries. Woolley never made a century in England in tests against Australia despite his 25 innings. In fact Woolley only made two test centuries against Australia in his career totalling 51 innings." Nobody will dare to challenge this conclusion if Bradman had assessed the quality of Woolley's batsmanship and had stated that Morris was the greater artist. But the statement seems to rest on the ground that Woolley had failed to pass the three figure mark as many times as the Australian. (It is indeed a pity that Woolley failed to satisfy the statistician narrowly; twice in succession in a test match in England against Australia and against the redoubtable Gregory and Macdonald at the peak of their form, he played two glorious innings of 95 and 93 and was unlucky not to crown them with centuries.) Though Woolley did make many good scores during his career, one never thought or spoke of him in terms of centuries. To those who were fortunate to witness him in action, his batting will remain as a work of art painted in glorious hues and with the minimum touching up; it was alive with 'a gaiety, daring and spirit of sacrifice.' As one contemporary of his put it: "Now we come to the really majestic, the unforgettable part of the Pride of Kent. Records show that in 1928 Woolley, then 41, scored 3,352 runs.... that he was the first winner of the Lawrence Trophy for a century

scored in the fastest time, that he hit up over a hundred centuries, and so on. But no one who saw Woolley at the wicket ever bothered his head about records or figures. A witty critic, indeed, once remarked that he would rather see a duck by Woolley than a century by You-Know-Who or What's-His-Name.... I can genuinely say that it was a pleasure to have spent many hours fielding in the hot sunshine that he might show his paces."

Towards the close of the West Indian tour of 1928, the tourists were playing an England XI at Folkestone in the usual festival match. Unfortunately, because of the bumping (bodyline?) tactics by the speedmen, there was ill-feeling between the players, and the game proceeded in a tense atmosphere. The Englishmen, batting second, found it a hazardous job to save their bodies against the bumpers of Constantine and Griffith. Even the great Hammond turned green at the task of facing the malicious Learie and it is said he felt happy when he made for the pavilion after throwing his wicket away. And in such a charged atmosphere Woolley came to the crease and immediately proceeded to play the West Indians "as if they had been a couple of elderly spinsters genteelly throwing a ball of knitting wool. When Constantine bumped them over the wicket, Woolley uppercut the ball. When Constantine bumped them at him Woolley hit hard and gracefully to deep square-leg and long-leg". And it is recorded, as Woolley went merrily his way unfolding an audaciously brilliant array of strokes, the gleam of malice in the eyes of the West Indians was displaced by looks of admiration and rapture, and the sickening atmosphere was transformed to one of friendship revealing to friend and foe the purpose and spirit of cricket. Such was Woolley's batsmanship and he scored that day an almost faultless 150 in about three hours; his genius would surely have achieved the same purpose even if he had failed to reach his hundred. To conclude, therefore, that Morris was greater than Woolley on the basis of figures alone is a little unfair to the Englishman. It is



Lalitha and Nageswara Rao in AVM's
'One Night'

indeed, treading on dangerous ground to question the conclusions of Bradman. Perhaps the businesslike Don, the heaviest scorer in the game so far, measures all batsman by his own scales.

Averages and figures are surely relevant in cricket or in any form of sport. A player may be of brilliant parts, but if his skill is unproductive of any result he is of no value to the game or to his side. But when we judge the worth of a player we must give proper weight to the manner in which he achieves the figures. Otherwise Russi Modi's double century at Chepauk against the Australian Services XI is apt to be hailed greater than the hundreds by Amarnath and Hassett in the same match; or the innings of 2 by Joe Hardstaff against Madras will get precedence over the artistry of Cyril Walters against India in the test match in 1933. And the politician who makes the maximum number of speeches, albeit their burden be the merest piffle, will be hailed the greatest statesman; and the ignoramus who has lots of cash to throw about will be the greatest man alive!

RACE FOR OIL IN THE MIDDLE EAST

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

SHEPHERD'S is a famous hotel in the heart of Cairo. There is a saying about this hotel that whosoever sits on its corridor comes by men whom he has never seen before.

The fact remains Cairo is the meeting place of Egyptian Pashas and Arabian Sheikhs, Americans seeking oil concessions and individuals angling for private romances. Cairo is also the rendezvous of astute European politicians and veiled Arab religious leaders, beggars and camel drivers. In short, Cairo is the cockpit of Middle East politics.

When in 1933 the American oilmen first met Ibn Saud, they called him in chaste Arabic, "Hello, Abdul Aziz ibn Abdur al Saud", to which the tall, stoutly built, handsome, many times married King of Saudi Arabia replied, "I am just plain Abdul Aziz—that's how my people know me."

Then began the drilling of wells down into the arid sandy deserts, miles upon miles of sand. The oil concession came into effect in 1933, a concession to last for 60 years, and by 1939 the first tanker containing "liquid black gold" was shipped abroad beyond the seas. In 1940 the production figure was 12 thousand barrels a day... then it was 45 thousand a day... By 1948 the fantastic figure of 500,000 barrels a day was reached. The 1952 yield is estimated by experts to be 1,000,000 barrels a day!

The Arabian-American Oil Company, or *Aramco* as it is popularly known, is a gigantic concern. Before *Aramco* started digging in, the whole of Saudi Arabia had only one aeroplane. Today thousands of American planes are on the hangers of *Aramco* and other American air bases. The *Aramco* colonies are examples of Americans and Arabs moving in slacks, swinging arms, chewing gum!

And do you wonder Dhahran in Saudi Arabia is the largest American settlement east of New York and west of Manila? Small wonder, therefore,

Ibn Saud is today one of the richest individuals in the world.

Up in the north east in Western Iran oil was first drilled in the Middle East. It happened in 1908. The driller was a Briton, William Knox D'Arcy by name. The oil company is the company on fire today, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, the major shares of which are held by the British Government (55.9%). The rest of the shares are held by the Burmah Oil Company (26.30%), and a few other individuals (17.8%). An individual, an American, now a naturalised British subject living in Lisbon, owns as much as 5% of these gilt-edged shares. He is one of the richest men of the world. His name is C. S. Gulbenkian!

Iran's oil output today is over 300,000 barrels a day, the fourth largest in the world. Across Iran's western border the pipelines jam the underground soil. And in Iraq, up on the other side of the border, it is the story of oil once again. Oil is cash here. This "cradle of civilization"—the land between the two rivers Tigris and Euphrates—the old Mesopotamia of the Ottoman Empire is a happy hunting ground of the British. The Iraq Petroleum Company which started its work in 1925 on a 75 year concession has now been supplemented by the Mosul Petroleum Company and the Basra Petroleum Company. They are also owned and operated by British concerns most of which are heavily financed by the Government in Great Britain.

At Palestine, Cyprus, Lebanon, Oman, Kuwait, Qatar, Syria, Abyssinia... it is the same story of the "buried treasure"—oil. And this oil is drilled, refined, and marketed by the British, American, Dutch and French companies. The USSR tried to have some contracts in Northern Iran, "the soft under-belly" of Russia, but they had no luck there. They tried again in 1946 but because of Anglo-American pressure the Government in Iran turned down the Russian proposal.

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The whole of the Middle East underground is a network of pipelines, huge tunnels carrying oil to the refineries and sea outlets. The whole thing is a huge engineering feat, a marvel to look at and admire. But what about the oil? I was sitting in an American library adorned with a few picture posters of the series "Our America." Their captions read, "Oil makes a new world," "Oil gives a thousand benefits," "Sending oil throughout the land," and "From oil well to the refinery." The pictures portrayed marvels, just awe-inspiring, of what oil could do, and what oil does. But the funniest thing is, though so much of oil is produced in the Middle East, not much of it is available to the people of this region.

Though U. S. A. produces the largest amount of oil today, its capacity to produce oil is infinitely smaller than that of the Middle East. The following chart will show the relative production capacity of the countries producing oil:

Average output of oil well in:

	Ton per day per well
Middle East	1,000
Venezuela	25
Rumania	7½
United States	1½
Poland	½

Add to this the knowledge that the American and British oil experts estimate that the Middle East oil output by 1959 will far exceed the total pro-

duction in the United States itself! USA today produces the largest amount of oil in the world.

The land from Tel Aviv to Teheran, and the deserts of Arabia may lack the blessing of rain, hence corn may be scarce, but the luxuriant flow of oil that runs down under should make the people, if they are left to themselves and provided they are supplied with enough funds, technical knowledge and mechanical equipment, the richest in the world. But the "buried treasure" remains buried as ever to the people to whom the treasure of oil rightfully belongs. The Western powers take the oil away and in lieu of it the Governments of the countries from which the oil is sucked receive royalties. This is what they get:

Name of country	Amount received annually
Iran:	33 million dollars
Saudi Arabia:	22 "
Iraq:	7½ "
Kuwait:	4½ "
Behrin	1½ "

Not even 2% of the profit derived from the oil goes to the Governments of the countries from which oil is produced in the Middle East.

There lies the rub. That is one reason why a Prime Minister is assassinated in Iran. That is also the reason why an Iraqi Prime Minister is running up and down in London for an interview with Mr. Attlee. And that also precisely is the reason why the Middle East is at crossroads today.

The News Chronicle reports a story of courage, the kind of courage which makes civilisation tick. It concerns Andrew Robert Milbourne, a Newcastle man. The proposition which Life put to Milbourne was this: "Can a man make a go of things if he loses his arms, as well as an eye?"

Andrew Milbourne lost his arms and his eye on those famous days in 1944 when British paratroopers fought at Arnhem.

Mr. C. J. Simmons, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, put the facts before the House of Commons.

Briefly he said that Milbourne has now so recovered himself that he has passed an examination to become a permanent civil servant. This meant relearning how to write, learning how to use a typewriter, and learning how to keep books.

Andrew Milbourne had to prove himself as good a man as the next in these matters. And Milbourne, who at 21 was shot-up and crippled by a Tiger tank at close range, proved just this—that he was as good still as the next. There are many who will say he is better than most.

Milbourne, the Arnhem hero, did not come to his present choice of profession without experiment.

He tried, for example, working underground in a colliery. But in that he found his loss of limbs a handicap.

He has a wife and small son, Ronald, to share his triumph. They give him his daily cheer when he sets off each day to his job in the Ministry of Pensions office in Newcastle.

"THE FRIENDLY OCTOPUS" OR BRITAIN'S OILY DILEMMA

By ANDREW ROTH

"It is a rather friendly octopus," admitted my fair-minded Persian friend, "but it is an octopus just the same." We were discussing the tag of "friendly octopus" which someone had affixed to Company for which he worked in Abadan. In that Persian Gulf port there is no need to ask the Company's identity because the air is forever permeated with the unpleasant gaseous by-products of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's giant oil refineries, the greatest aggregation in the world and drawing on the richest oil fields in the Middle East, the fourth richest in the world.

The assassination of Persia's Premier, General Ali Razmara, and the subsequent rising demand to nationalize the Company are but the most dramatic and vocal incidents in a long struggle between the "friendly octopus" and its Persian host. The outcome of this struggle is likely to be decisive not only for strategically-situated Persia but for the whole of the Middle East, to which it is the Northern gateway.

A great and efficient private oil company, established in an oil-rich but otherwise under-developed and semi-feudal Middle Eastern country, almost inevitably assumes an octopus-like character. If it draws on a rich pool of oil its head automatically swells to a size far beyond that of any other enterprise or group of enterprises in the country. And its tentacles extend not only into the political, economic and social life of the country to which it is affixed but even back to the Foreign Office of its own country. And Anglo-Iranian is the biggest of the Middle Eastern octopi. Its 1950 production of almost thirty-two million metric tons surpassed its nearest competitor, American-owned Saudi Arabian; and it owns half of the third largest Middle Eastern producer, the Kuwait Oil Company. Its tanker fleet, containing nearly two million tons deadweight, is the largest of any company in the world.

Any set of statistics on Persia establishes the bloated vigour of Anglo-Iranian in contrast to the emaciated lassitude of its host, Persia. The £110 millions that have been poured into drilling wells, laying pipelines and building refineries in Persia completely overshadows all other modern capital investments. Anglo-Iranian's labour force of over 70,000 comprises more than half of Persia's total industrial working class. Oil comprises 90% of Persia's foreign exports by value and provides five-sixths of its foreign currency.

Indicative of the length of its tentacles is the fact that some members of the Persian Majlis who have shouted against the Company and voted to nationalize it are believed by reliable observers to be on its secret payroll. Many certainly are under its influence. Like every other great oil company, Anglo-Iranian attempts to protect its highly profitable investment by securing political protection. Part of that is provided by the British Embassy, which directly represents its majority shareholder. But the Company's own Political Section also manipulates with quiet effectiveness. For example, the Company's tremendous payroll includes several score ornamental positions paying over £20 a week, a very high salary in Persia. These—and many hundreds of smaller jobs—are allocated to the 'deserving relatives' of Persian politicians. Veteran observers, including Western diplomats, insist the Company also uses yearly a secret 'slush fund' of about 200 million rials (\$4 millions—£1.5 millions) to 'grease the ways.' It is indicative of its effectiveness that one observer after another repeats a variation on: "No Persian official is appointed in the South without being passed on by the Company," or "Nobody who has opposed the Company has ever succeeded in a government career." So powerful is the Company that Persians attribute virtually anything that

happens, including quite ridiculous things, to its machinations.

The attitude towards even a friendly octopus depends very much on the vantage-point from which it is viewed. Viewed from the top—i.e., from Britain—it seems a luxuriously soft cushion. Indeed since the British Government first invested in Anglo-Iranian in 1914 to guarantee fuel for its Navy it has never had cause to regret the return on its investment. In the first ten years of its partnership, when the capital it had invested was only \$5 millions, the British Government earned over £6.5 millions in dividends, apart from an almost equal amount it saved by purchasing fuel at preferred rates. And in the last 25 years it has earned several times over the additional £12 millions which it invested to secure 52% control.

This lucrative investment was one of the principle foreign assets that the Labour Government inherited when it took over. And it was to protect this strategically-situated asset that Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin took his first determined stand on foreign affairs in 1945-6. It was his fear of a Communist *coup* (Soviet-supported) in Persia then that decided him to ally himself wholeheartedly with the U. S. and enunciate in the House of Commons on February 21st, 1946, in the midst of the Persian crisis: "I am not prepared to sacrifice the British Empire because I know that if the British Empire fell...it would mean the standard of life of our constituents would fall considerably." At first he favoured a de facto partition of Persia to leave untouched both the Soviet-sponsored Azerbaijan regime in the North and the Anglo-Iranian's oilfields in the summer of 1946, he threw in with the American plan to oust Russian influence completely.

Even more striking was Britain's covert sponsorship of the late General Ali Razmara as Persia's Premier in 1950. The hope was that he would be strong and able enough to force through a new agreement on oil nationalisation. At the same time he was encouraged to avoid provoking the Soviets unnecessarily on the assumption that turmoil in Persia could only harm British interests.

Persia's importance to Britain's economy has declined not a whit. Oil is

dollar commodity. Almost all the oil sold by the AIOC is either sold for hard currency or used in the sterling area as a substitute for dollar oil. Explaining why Britain was able to balance its overseas payments in 1950, Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell said on January 10th that it was "mainly attributable to the bigger earnings of British companies in overseas, particularly oil companies...." And Anglo-Iranian is the biggest of the British oil companies.

An interrupted bus-ride from Azerbaijan enabled this correspondent to secure an insight into the Persian attitude towards the Company. Our rickety bus had been bouncing along for half a day on the incredibly pitted road from Tabriz to Teheran when it drew up before a stand of pumps bearing the initials "BP," the brand name of Anglo-Iranian's selling outlet. As we emerged from cramped seats to stretch our legs, a bitter argument raged between the attendant and the driver. It appeared that the driver had crossed the manager by ignoring a Company safety regulation and he had ordered that no more petrol be supplied to the driver. It suddenly dawned on me that Anglo-Iranian is the *only* distributor in Persia and these were the only pumps for upwards of thirty miles. After an hour the manager arrived and graciously relented—perhaps because foreigners were present—but had he not our trip and the driver's career would have been terminated.

Persian friends, when told of this incident, immediately produced dozens of similar tales. One told that in 1941, when the Allies decided to occupy Persia, Anglo-Iranian facilitated this by seeing to it that the Persian Army's fuel tanks were empty, thus preventing it from using its transport. Even the ovens which bake Persia's staple bread loaves are run on gas supplied by Anglo-Iranian. Foreign exchange rates depend less on government proclamation than on Anglo-Iranian's decision as to how much foreign currency to bring into Persia to meet its local expenses.

One of the aspects of this great 'state within a state' which Persians find most difficult to swallow is its hard-and-fast stratification on economic-national lines. The Company

operates a three-layer social pyramid whose top layer is predominantly British and the bottom layer almost entirely Persian. Top man in the pyramid, of course is Sir William Frazier who runs Anglo-Iranian, except for political decisions which are conveyed to him by the British Government's two nominees on the board. In Persia, too, the top layer of executives and technicians, who are called Seniors, are predominantly British. The Seniors have their own, top-quality shops, clubs, automobiles and housing. The middle bracket of junior executives, accountants and foremen—who are called Staff—are a mixture of Persians, Indians, Pakistanis and Armenians. They, too, have separated middle-quality shops, theatres, clubs and housing, and their own transport system. Only the broad base of the pyramid—Labour—is virtually purely Persian with its own low level of housing and transport. A Persian labourer working directly for the Company starts at 280 rials (£2—\$5.60) a week; those working for its contractors earn less.

This stratification is somewhat more flexible now than it was before the great Tudeh-led strike of July 1946. Apparently at the behest of the British Government, the number of Persians on the Senior level was considerably increased. Persians were, for the first time, allowed into the best clubs. But, at the same time, a more strict emphasis was placed on loyalty to the Company. Local Armenian and Assyrian Christians—who had not joined the strike—were rewarded. All Persians who had participated directly (but had not been jailed) were fired. Indians and Pakistanis who had participated were repatriated. Recruiting of Indians has virtually stopped because Indians apparently are likely to stand up for their rights. Elaborate precautions have been taken to insure that no new "agitators" are hired—including, for example, a finger-print-and-photo file in Karachi presided over by a retired Scotland Yard detective to check Pakistanis being recruited. "If a man even looks sour," said one Company man, "he is fired even though it costs £100 to repatriate him."

Despite this, it was not without cause that a fair-minded Persian friend admitted that Anglo-Iranian,

although an octopus, is a *friendly* one. As he himself admitted, Abadan, the town which it created, "is the only place where you can live a modern life in Persia." It has drinkable water which does not produce the "Baghdad Boils" or other diseases which disfigure and kill so many Persians. It provides food at low costs. It has a medical service far superior to that available in the rest of Persia, except to the very rich. It trains skilled workers in its own schools. It provides housing, which, although crowded, is good by Persian standards. It pays fair wages by Persian standards and has—in the upper brackets—the best salaried positions open to Persians in Persia. It contributes generously to Persian charities. It can afford to do these things, however, because it extracts, processes and sells efficiently—and at a considerable profit—Persia's chief natural resource. Despite moderate royalties a heavy overhead and the sale of considerable amounts of petroleum at below-market prices to the British Government its declared dividend has not fallen below 20% for almost a decade. In 1947 alone the Company earned a record profit of £33 millions, equal to the whole of its subscribed capital.

Although the Company operates an extensive training system, it is impossible to convince most Persian employees that they are not kept from getting ahead. Thus, one Persian charged that Company-employed Persian nurses are given prescriptions by British doctors by number, instead of name in order to limit their knowledge. Investigation showed that this technique is frequently used in British hospitals and dispensaries for common prescriptions as a safety and efficient precaution.

Although many Persian criticisms of Anglo-Iranians are similarly unfounded, there is no doubt that the very existence of this prospering and powerful British-controlled Company in the midst of a decaying and flaccid Persian hinterland grates on Persia's age-old national pride like sandpaper on an open wound. Persians cannot overcome their aversion to a foreign company with most top posts staffed by foreigners, which has established a foreign city, built in foreign style, filled with foreign institutions,

which echoes with a foreign language.

Apart from the threat of assassin's bullets, the existence of this inchoate but pervasive feeling makes it impossible for any Majlis even remotely sensitive to popular feeling to welcome a new agreement with the Company, despite sharply increased royalties. British commentaries have emphasized the "unrepresentative character" of the present Majlis, loaded as it is with representatives of the "two hundred families" of absentee landlords. But it is precisely these families that have maintained most intimate contacts with the Company. Similarly, British editorial writers have emphasized Iran's need for the increased royalties which virtually double Persia's oil income. The general Persian reaction: "If they can afford almost to double the royalties now, it shows how much they have cheated us in the past!" While Britons assert, with justice, that Persians could not operate the installations, an unnamed Persian official replied: "If we operated the Company 75% less efficiently than the British and keep all the profits for ourselves, we would still come out better."

The fact is that Persians can no more argue dispassionately about the Company than Pakistanis can about Kashmir. Almost every group in Persia has its own reason for disliking Anglo-Iranian. Even the most pro-British and dispassionate are somewhat antagonistic. The late Premier, General Ali Razmara, told an interviewer several weeks before his death: "It is nonsense for us to talk of nationalizing the Company—we cannot run a cement factory ourselves. So how could we manage Abadan, the largest oil refinery in the world?" But, he insisted, "we do want a better agreement." He wanted not only higher royalties but the effective Persianization of the Company in ten years. His now-silent voice was that of a British-sponsored conservative realist. To the assassins of Sheikh Kashani's "Fadaiyan Islam" (Those Willing to Die for Islam) it is an "infidel" company not only importing "infidels" but giving preference to local Assyrian and Armenian Christians. To the oratorical nationalists of National Front it is the overshadowing example of

foreign influence and the replacement of its two thousand British employees is the main target of its "Persia for the Persians" campaign. To the leaders of the pro-Soviet Tudeh Party, Anglo-Iranian is the principle base of "Western Imperialism." And in the Middle East it is always easier to attack an efficient foreigner than an incompetent and corrupt fellow countryman.

The hardest arguments to answer are those of the small minority of enlightened and fairminded Persian nationalists who want to see their country modernized. They point out that oil is Persia's chief natural asset and its principle target must be to power Persia's modernization, instead of cushioning Britain's economy. Every year Anglo-Iranian spends millions of pounds abroad importing practically everything from cement to ink-stands; but this really substantial market has not been used to develop secondary and supporting industries in Persia. They point out that Anglo-Iranian willingly spends \$20 millions with money made out of Persian oil to build a refinery in Kent to help Britain's balance of payments. The fairminded Persian nationalists admit Persia has neither a clean enough government nor sufficient technicians. But, they insist, this is largely the Company's fault because it has allied itself with the semi-feudal status quo and prefers the easy road of importing British technicians to the more difficult but nationally necessary task of training Persian engineers.

This inevitable struggle between the "friendly octopus" and its increasingly inhospitable host, exposes a whole series of dilemmas. Labour M. P. Emrys Hughes underlined the dilemma of Britain when he asked "How can the (British) Government agree to nationalisation here and oppose it when the Persians do it?" Britain can now take refuge in the fact nationalization by the present Persian administration would almost certainly be of little benefit to the Persian people. But that lays bare the even deeper and more painful dilemma. Most of those who might run Persia and its refineries honestly and efficiently might want to sell its oil on the other side of the curtain. —Copyright—N. P. S.

Short Story

THE REDRESSER OF PUBLIC GRIEVANCES

By **LONGBOW**

SOME days ago, I read a report in a newspaper of the proceedings of the Aliabad State Legislative Assembly. The Home Minister entered a most spirited defence for the Commissioner of Police and told the House that the allegation that he beat Rambushan with sandals and followed it with half-a-dozen cuts by his baton was false and mischievous. The Commissioner was one of the most loyal and efficient officers of the State. The story must have been concocted by someone who was inimically disposed towards him. The Minister rounded off his speech with an earnest appeal to the public to look upon the police as their friends and benefactors. With the dawn of August 15, 1947, the Minister averred that the police force has cast off the cloak of oppression and grown the wings of protecting angels.

I met Rambushan for the first and the last time on the platform of Banganallur railway station. Like many another, I cannot escape the lure of a station platform. The streaming humanity, a perfect cross-section of the world, the wheezing and puffing engines, the babel of noises of porters, passengers and vendors, the stiff, supercilious gait of railway officials, and the snappy authoritarian tone of policemen conspire to invest it with the atmosphere of a mad and merry fair. But what appeals to me more than all this is the quick, abrupt changeover you witness on a station platform. The hell-let-loose tempo brought about by the arrival of a train yielded place to a quiet repose with its exit almost within the twinkling of an eye.

Therefore, after the train had steamed out, I hung about, seated on a bench, gathering wool with keen delight.

Suddenly there burst into my presence an elderly gentleman, wearing a quarter-of-a-century old Alpaca

coat, whose pristine black shine had changed to dark brown with layers of dust, a shabby lace turban covering a shaggy lock of hair, a dhoti, which has not been handled by a dhoby for some months, and an old umbrella frayed at the edges under the armpit.

"Namaskaram, Sir, I do not know who you are!", he greeted me. He presented his visiting card "Rambushan, Journalist and Honorary Redresser of Public Grievances."

I was intrigued by his profession. I know a journalist, a ladder by which great men climb to glory, a fellow as omnipresent as a Brahmin purohit, without whose good offices neither a wedding nor a funeral can go off. But a "Redresser of Public Grievances"—that confounded me.

"I have not come across any with that high-sounding, poly-syllabic designation of yours", I observed. "What is the nature of your duties?"

Rambushan replied sententiously. "I have no master or servant. I am a self-appointed Honorary Redresser of Public Grievances. None pays me a salary. The public is my master and I work for human prosperity."

He added that he always kept his eyes and ears open, made note of the grievances of the public, and strained his every nerve to remedy them. He stirred the official conscience by writing letters, in newspapers. Sometimes he waited in deputation on the authorities to straighten out matters. He dug out of his pocket a number of newspaper clippings in support of his claim.

"But how do you make a living?", I asked him in all sincerity. "Pots don't boil without money."

"Oh, I don't worry about that," he replied with philosophic unconcern. "I am a widower. I have married off my only daughter in a good family. And behold the fowls on the air; they toil not nor do they reap."

Yet the Heavenly Father feedeth them."

I was of course impressed by his display of Biblical lore. But still I could not believe that a person will be able to fill the stomach by redressing other people's grievances.

Rambhushan finally revealed that he had something to live upon, a little patrimony, more than sufficient for a "single soul."

Rambhushan's free and easy manner was endearing. There was a sunny *bonhomie* about him which melted down any fridity in you.

"Well, Mr. Rambhushan," I said, "I am eager to know the *modus operandi* of your profession. Every profession has a *modus operandi* from the portrait-painter to the cat burglar."

Rambhushan enjoyed the joke. He burst into a guffaw.

Lighting a cigarette, and peering through the clouds of smoke with half-closed eyes, Rambhushan said that an Assistant Station Master had got into the habit of thrashing his pointsman three times a day. The poor fellow sent up seventeen petitions to the District Traffic Superintendent. But they were of no avail."

"What did you do for it?"

"I wrote a small paragraph in a newspaper", Rambhushan replied. "The Railway authorities ordered an inquiry and the Assistant Station Master was transferred to a far-off, malarial station, where I heard he took to thrashing his wife instead. The pointsman heaved a sigh of relief. He was so grateful to me that he gave a most satisfying repast of two iddlies, two vadas, and a cup of strong, steaming coffee."

"The same afternoon, Rao Bahadur Seshachalam Chettiar gave me a small lunch", Rambhushan added with great pride.

"What was your good turn for him?" I asked.

"That's a long, long story", Rambhushan replied. "In a neighbouring State capital the Government detected numerous cases of profiteering in the sale of broomsticks. To end that sorry state of affairs, they gave a prominent merchant, who was later to

be known as the "Broomstick magnate", the monopoly for the procurement and distribution of broomsticks. But the magnate succeeded in persuading the State Government to grant him an export permit to enable him to sell off broomsticks in an island near South America, where a sudden craze had come over ladies to make their hats out of broomsticks. Seshachalam Chettiar now found in the neighbouring State capital an excellent market to dispose of the stock of broomsticks he had piled up for the last one year in the sure belief that such a situation would develop in good time. The bundles of broomsticks had been lying on the station yard for the last fifteen days and the Railway authorities would not book them for want of wagon space.

Rambhushan added that he clinched the issue over a hundred rupees. Nothing turned in the railway so nicely as the silver key. And Chettiar made a profit of one lakh of rupees. "So a pointsman gives you a breakfast and a Chettiar a lunch and it is not God who feeds you, am I right?" I observed with the air of a person who has cornered him.

Rambhushan was not to be daunted thus. Pat came the retort "You are blissfully ignorant of Indian philosophy."

"Don't you know", he added, "that God always comes man-form. It is Providence that started the brain wave in the pointsman and in the Chettiar. If you give me ten rupees now, God will persuade somebody to give you a hundred later."

Rambhushan complained that his work had increased of late. For example, he added that porter Ramaswamy's wife had eloped with somebody."

"So you are not merely a Redresser of Public Grievances—you try your hand at private grievances too", I cut-in suppressing a giggle.

"Grievances are grievances", Rambhushan explained, "public or private. A public grievance is but an extension of a private grievance just as a nation is but an extension of the family. The line of demarcation between the two is thin and tenuous."

I could not agree with him. I wondered how a husband-and-wife

quarrel could be magnified into a national issue.

"An interpellation is put in the legislature", Rambhushan added, "why the claim of the Devandrakula Valsya community has been overlooked in the recruitment of deputy collectors. It is doubtless a public issue but if you go deep enough into the matter you will find that that a brother, brother-in-law or at least a distant cousin of the interpellating member would not have been selected for the post. You can always trace the origin of a national grievance in the grievance of a family."

All of a sudden Rambhushan unaccountably displayed symptoms of restlessness. He became fidgety. He half rose from his seat, sat down again, and looked all round. He had seen a smart-dressed gentleman advancing towards us. Rambhushan stuttered out that he had some urgent work and, hastily snatching his umbrella, he set off at a brisk pace.

The smart-dressed gentleman asked me where Rambhushan had disappeared. I frankly did not know. He complained that Rambhushan had borrowed fifty rupees from him six months ago and he had half a mind to tell him that he would get a good thrashing if he did not return the money.

"You don't thrash people who delay paying off their debts?" I observed quietly.

"No, the trouble with that man is that when I demand the money, he

inquires of me whether I have any grievance to be redressed," the gentleman replied helplessly. "It looks as if he has mentally written off the amount against a grievance I may develop in the future."

I did not meet Rambhushan later. But one evening I read a newspaper containing a report of the Home Minister's defence of the Police Chief on the floor of the Assembly. I also heard that Rambhushan was admitted into a hospital with some injuries.

"How could this happen, he was such a harmless old fellow?" I wondered.

A member of the Club, the local Sub-Registrar, told me that some days back Rambhushan had written a letter in a newspaper making a most vile allegation of corruption against the Commissioner of Police. That was in fact the third of his attacks on the officer. The Police Commissioner sent an Inspector of Police to summon him to his residence. The Inspector represented to Rambhushan that the Commissioner was greatly perturbed over his letters, and would gladly give him a thousand rupees if he kindly wrote another article in the paper, giving the lie to these allegations. It might appear under somebody else's signature.

The Sub-Registrar added that he did not know what happened subsequently. But a local paper published a report that the Commissioner of Police booted the doors and windows of the office room and gave Rambhushan a sound thrashing.

New York's television studios are bidding against each other so furiously for stars that the cost of a "big time show" is now over £25,000 an hour.

Pat O'Brien appeared in one programme and delivered this speech: "I am glad to be here." That earned him £1,250, or about £208 a word.

Marlene Dietrich was offered £3,750 to sit in a studio audience and take a stage bow at the right cue. She turned it down.

Angela Lansbury is reported to have got £1,250 and expenses when she was flown from London to New York for a show sponsored by a soap company.

Moir Shearer's rate for one dance was given as over £1,000.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF PAKISTAN

By Sir WILLIAM BARTON

The emergence of a great Moslem power in Southern Asia three years ago was an outstanding event in international politics. This article by Sir William Barton, of the former Indian Political Department, assesses the likely trend of Pakistan's foreign policy, particularly in relation to Pan-Islamism, Russia, the British Commonwealth, India and Afghanistan. Kashmir, says Sir William, is the point round which Pakistani foreign policy revolves, and on the outcome of the Kashmir dispute depends the future direction of Pakistan's choice of allies.

THE emergence of a great Muslim power in Southern Asia three years ago, was an outstanding event in international politics, especially for the people of the vast stretch of country dominated by Islam from Morocco on the Atlantic to Afghanistan.

Thus from the outset, Pakistan had many friends abroad. It is not surprising in the context of world politics today that she has shown leanings to a policy of Pan-Islamism. The partition of India placed heavy responsibility on her shoulders. On her arms depended the safety of the one great international frontier of the British Commonwealth, a frontier which stretches from the North-East corner of Kashmir adjoining Tibet along Soviet dominated Sinkiang; thence turning westwards round the Pamirs it skirts the Afghan borderland to the Persian frontier.

Under the British regime, the whole of the military resources of India, backed by Britain, were available for its defence; Pakistan has to rely on less than a third of what the previous Government of India had at its disposal.

Trouble With Afghanistan

Because of the strong appeal of Islam to the Afghans of the borderland, the Pakistan Government felt it could safely withdraw its regular troops from the trans-border outposts and from some of the frontier stations, leaving the protection of the frontier to the Irregular Frontier Corps, supported by the Pakistan Air Force. Thanks to the loyalty of the border people, the system has held, despite the strain imposed on it by

the unfriendliness of the Afghan Government.

In point of fact, the attitude of Kabul has been one of the major problems with which the Pakistan Government has had to deal. The ruling classes at the Afghan capital saw in the departure of the British and the splitting up of India, a heaven-sent opportunity to recover what they regard as Afghanistan *irredenta*, in other words, the country up to the Indus.

Despite the obvious fact that the people concerned preferred Pakistan, the Afghan Government has, throughout, carried on a campaign of vilification against its neighbour, at the same time endeavouring to suborn the frontier tribes and to incite intransigent elements, such as the group led by the Fakir of Ipi, to create trouble.

Patience Nearing Breaking Point

So far there has been no serious disturbance of the peace on the Afghan borderland. Despite the strongest provocation, Pakistan has maintained a friendly attitude to the Afghan Government; but her patience is nearing the breaking point, especially since recently there have been incursions from the Afghan side into Pakistan territory. The situation has grown still more dangerous as a result of Russian support in the campaign of calumny against Pakistan.

The Pakistan Government, not unreasonably, has looked to Britain, the U.S.A. and India to give it moral support against Afghan intrigue; it has received little, if any. On the contrary, India, a short time ago, con-

cluded a treaty of friendship and trade with Afghanistan. It is no exaggeration to say that public opinion in the Muslim world generally, strongly reprobates the Kabul attitude.

The foreign policy of Pakistan has, throughout, revolved round the problem of Kashmir. It has been, for her, a matter of life and death. Great disappointment is felt at the failure of the United Nations to solve it. At one time, about 18 months ago, when things had reached a crisis, public opinion looked to Russia for support. That is not the case now, seeing that Russia is taking sides with Afghanistan in her claim against the Pakistan Government and has insulted the Pakistan Prime Minister by describing him as a satellite of the West.

Might Again Look For Russian Help

However, Pakistan might again look for help from the Kremlin if a reasonable settlement of the Kashmir issue and the Afghan claim is not brought about, or if a crisis with India should ensue. Here again, it may be noted, that Pakistan has the support of the Muslim world generally in her quarrel with Kashmir.

Pakistan feels that her destiny is linked with the West: She has strongly supported the policy of the United Nations over Korea, and, unlike India, has approved the crossing by United Nations' forces, of the 38th Parallel. Further, she has agreed to be represented on the commission to be appointed to settle the future of that country.

Sir Muhammad Zafrullah, Foreign Minister of Pakistan, who has played an outstanding part at Lake Success, supported Mr. Acheson's plan to make it possible for the United Nations to deal with an inconvenient veto. There is reason to suppose that the Pakistan Government would endorse the proposal to build up an international force to be made available for the United Nations in an emergency.

On the other hand, like India, Pakistan has recognised Communist China and has endeavoured to obtain its acceptance by the United Nations.

Attitude To Communism

As regards Communism, Pakistan realises its menace to Asia. The best

method of dealing with it is, her representatives think, to give economic help to the undeveloped countries there. Sir Muhammad Zafrullah voices a section of public opinion in Pakistan when criticising western colonialism: at the same time there is some support in Pakistan for the view that undue haste in placing the destinies of backward people in the hands of a few untrained politicians might not always be to their advantage.

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, during a recent visit to Cairo, in a public speech gave out that Pakistan with its 80,000,000 Muslims, was standing by the Islamic countries of the Middle East. Obviously, as the greatest Muslim power in Asia, she should play an outstanding part in those regions. At present she is hopelessly handicapped by the quarrel with India over Kashmir and the hostility of Afghanistan.

With these troubles overcome, her help would be invaluable in setting up a barrier against Communist infiltration southwards from western Tibet to the Caspian. As relevant to Middle Eastern politics, it may be noted that public opinion in Pakistan criticises British policy in Palestine which has had the effect, Pakistan say, of driving a wedge in the heart of the Arab world. Pakistan would like to see an effort made to recover Arab friendship for Britain.

Disappointment Over India

There is reason to hope that Pakistan will stay in the Commonwealth as a full member. She was, however, bitterly disappointed that India, although she had become a republic and severed the link with the Crown, was allowed to continue her membership. Outside the Commonwealth, it was felt in Karachi, she would not venture to attack Pakistan. Britain's failure to intervene effectively in the Kashmir dispute is resented.

Nevertheless, the Governor-General Khwaja Nazim-ud-Din, eulogised the Commonwealth in a public speech on the occasion of the King's birthday on June 8 of last year. At Ottawa during his tour in the American Continent, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan spoke in much the same sense. The result of his tour was undoubtedly to

strengthen the link between his country and the western democracies. But Pakistan does expect more support from the West, especially from Britain, and the link may weaken if frustration follows.

India played a great part in the two world wars, especially in the second. Her influence in the international sphere in Asia, made for stability. Had conditions remained unchanged for a few years after the last war, her military competence would have been a deterrent to Soviet aggression and might have contributed to the building up of a permanent world peace.

Hope Of Neutrality

It is hardly necessary to comment that the splitting of the sub-continent and the quarrels of the two dominions have reduced the military potential of them both to negligible proportions. The feeling of military weakness doubtless explains their attitude in hoping to remain neutral should a third war develop.

It is generally recognised that the

two are economically inter-dependent. Pandit Nehru goes still further and recently expressed the view that their survival depends on their standing side by side, both in defence and foreign policy. This view is doubtless shared by the neighbouring dominion. One may comment that if Pandit Nehru really holds the opinion referred to, it is astonishing that he makes no real effort to solve the Kashmir dispute. With that settled, the two dominions might forge links of friendship which would make possible their standing together against aggression in Asia. It is hardly necessary to enlarge on what this would mean for world peace.

There is little hope that left to themselves they will be able to come to an agreement over Kashmir. That can only be brought about through the United Nations backed by the Commonwealth and the U. S. A. The moral pressure that can be brought to bear by such a combination should ensure the desired result.—P.T.I. Special.

CRISIS IN INDO-CHINA

By W. GORDON GRAHAM

AS the Korean fighting flickers at the 38th Parallel, gloom spreads over Indo-China. "Are we next?" is the question asked by the twenty-seven million people of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos as well as by the French who rule them.

To foreign observers it seems likely that Mao Tse-Tung will shift his superabundant manpower to Indo-China to grab another prize more within his reach than Korea has proved to be. The rich rice-growing deltas of Tongkin and Cochinchina, the rubber plantations, the coal, wolfram, tungsten and other ores developed by French colonial enterprise are just what China needs to help re-build its economy and boost failing morale.

Indo-China, as the name implies, is an outpost of Chinese civilisation and was, until a few centuries ago, a province of China. The people do not like the Chinese—no subject nation appreciates its masters, past or present. But to-day China is communist and so is the Viet Minh, the Vietnamese national movement against French colonialism. A year ago Ho Chi Minh, leader of the movement, signed a treaty of friendship and mutual assistance with Mao Tse-Tung.

Following the treaty China stepped up military aid to Ho Chi Minh. Small arms, artillery and mechanical transport came in plenty to supplement munitions captured from the French and purchases from international gun-runners in Bangkok, Hong-kong and Manila. Mao Tse-Tung even sent army instructors to train Viet Minh guerrillas to fight in formation.

Last October, when French garrisons withdrew under Viet Minh guerrillas' pressure from historic outposts on the Chinese border—Cao Bang, Langson, Lao Kay and others—the Peking Government issued warnings against French aerial bombing of Chinese territory and ill-treatment of Chinese nationals. In Peking itself public meetings were held to denounce the French "terrorism" in Vietnam and extend fraternal support to Ho Chi Minh.

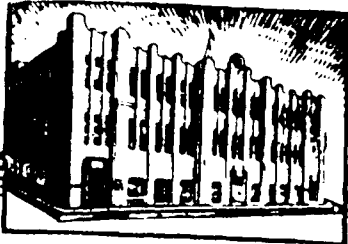
Inside Indo-China are half a million Chinese who love China more than they love either Chiang Kai-shek or Mao Tse Tung. Politically neutral to-day, their behaviour under pressure from compatriots across the border cannot be forecast. In internment camps live thirty or forty thousand Chinese nationalist troops who escaped in 1949 into Indo-China from their communist pursuers. If rearmed they might fight again under Chiang Kai-shek in a general flare-up.

But in a localized conflict will these Chinese fight under the French to secure Indo-China from the Communists? Or for that matter, will the people of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, whose "independence" 33 countries "recognized" last year, fall in under the old colonial banner to fight the new communist imperialism?

French appeals have fallen on deaf ears in Indo-China. For what is not yet clear to the Indo-Chinese is whether they should ally themselves with France against China or with China against France. Though all the democratic world denounces Ho Chi Minh as a Communist, the ex-Emperor Bao Dai his foremost French-sponsored rival, is silent on his iniquity. Not a word has Bao Dai uttered against the Viet Minh movement or its leader. For Bao Dai knows that if Ho Chi Minh fails there might be no need for him any longer.

To the Vietnamese France is the first enemy. They consider her record poor among colonial powers. While she built 83 prisons, the Vietnamese point out, she could find money for only 35 hospitals. Certainly by forbidding the right of association, of free speech and of public meeting France drove political activity underground. "Liberty, equality, fraternity" was purely a home slogan. By refusing to train their subjects in administration or business, the French colonialists prevented the growth of a middle class in a position to take over from them. If there are men of ability in Vietnam, the French cannot find them.

Nor can they put up a national lea-

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der to wean the people from Ho Chi Minh. Even in the few towns held by French garrisons, Ho Chi Minh rules the hearts of the Vietnamese. Bao Dai may be Chief of State by day but Ho Chi Minh is President at night.

Colonial rule, essentially power exercised by a handful of administrators, soldiers and business men over millions of unorganised people, depends for its success on prestige. World War II demolished the foundations of the white man's prestige in the East. Recognising this bitter truth, the British withdrew peacefully from India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma, transforming these subject countries into allies. The Dutch hesitated in Indonesia but under pressure from world opinion they also gave their subjects independence.

The French, however, failed to heed the signal. While they kowtowed to the Japanese during the occupation, Ho Chi Minh carried on an underground resistance with U. S. aid. When the war ended the French had to call in Chinese and British troops to relieve them not only of the Japanese but also of the Vietnamese nationalists who succeeded them. When they found the nationalists could not be eliminated, they signed a treaty with Ho Chi Minh in March 1946, recognising him as the President of the Republic of Vietnam in no way dependent on France.

French troops, however, continued to land in Indo-China, and hostilities broke out between France and the Republic of Vietnam in December 1946. The fighting has continued intermittently to this day. Four years and more after the outbreak France is in no better control of Indo-China. The appointment of Bao Dai as Chief of State and the "transfer" to him of various "powers" in the internal and external spheres have made no noticeable difference. Neither the "recognition" of Bao Dai by foreign powers nor the delivery of U. S. arms aid has discouraged Ho Chi Minh.

For a colonial power which has to buttress its unpopular rule with foreign aid cannot win anything but the contempt of its subjects. This is evident even in the streets of Saigon, the capital of French Indo-China, the Paris of the East.

The Vietnamese put no trust in

French promises because they have been broken in the past. They notice that the "transfer" of power to Bao Dai has left the control of affairs in French hands much as before. They, therefore, continue in their loyalty to Ho Chi Minh.

About 140,000 French troops hold 20 per cent of Vietnam against perhaps 200,000 Viet Minh regulars and guerrillas. A French military chief admitted recently that even 20,000 Chinese troops aiding Ho Chi Minh would force a French withdrawal from the north and ultimately from Indo-China. France's allies, the United States and Britain, anxious to preserve South-East Asia from Communism, cannot, however, put in troops with the ostensible purpose of opposing a Chinese invasion.

The United States indeed is now unwilling to risk troops in an Indo-China which might become another Korea. From the point of view of the democratic world, Vietnam is perhaps already lost to Communism.

Such a pessimistic view seems, however, unjustified. Strange and unpalatable as it may seem, Ho Chi Minh, the hope of Vietnamese nationalism, is also the hope of the free world. An avowed Communist, he could, if he wished, have invited Chinese troops to his aid to make short-work of French colonialism. But thus far he has not done so. Within his own Viet Minh zone his social and agrarian reforms do not suggest outside communist influence. The nationalists who help him know what they want. Head of a nationalist movement, he dare not imperil the independence of Vietnam by bringing in one foreign devil to drive out another.

The Vietnamese pay no heed to the propaganda abroad against Ho Chi Minh, for in their own minds they are convinced his aims are nationalist. Pained at the turn of events which has thrown their country into the East-West controversy, they live in the hope that the Western powers will leave Asia alone. Ho Chi Minh is their George Washington, their Sun Yat Sen, their Mahatma Gandhi. Calling him a Red does not shake their faith in him. This is true today of the vast majority of Vietnam's 27,000,000 people.—Copyright N.P.S.

TRIESTE, PAST AND PRESENT

By KEES VAN HOEK

I had flown from Villach in Austrian Carinthia to Udine, the plane taking good care not to trespass over Yugoslav territory. From Udine I motored to Trieste. Suddenly a huge sign bids "Alt, Frontiera." Here Italy properly ends, and the *Stato del Territorio Libro de Trieste* begins. What makes this State rightaway sympathetic to the traveller is that it does not demand a visa. Soon after having passed this artificial "Border" the road swings along to just above the Adriatic coast. This coast road all the way to Trieste City is fabulous not only as a feat of engineering but equally for its panorama. It needs d'Annunzio's pen to translate the incredible beauty of the Adriatic into words.

Two famous castles have been built to enjoy this view. The feudal family of Thurn and Taxis owned that of Duino over which now flies the Union Jack, for it is the residence of General Airey, *de facto* head of the "State" of which the most important part is under combined Anglo-American occupation. The next landmark is the square baronial tower of that white marble summer palace of which the name has been borrowed for hotels, villas and bungalows the world over: Miramar. The Archduke Maximilian of Habsburg had it built for himself: only an imperial exchequer could have stood the strain of transforming the barren mountain strip at its rear into a semi-tropical plantation, the very earth had to be brought from far away.

One has to start deep down in history to explain how the Triestine problem came about. All this part of the world is the old province of Venezia Giulia, thus named since it came to Rome in the time of Julius Caesar. The Slavs did not enter into the local picture until the Republic of Venice invited them—then "Displaced Persons" fleeing from Turkish terror—to settle here. "That comes from playing the Good Samaritan," as one Triestine succinctly put it. In 1915 Italy joined the Allies with no other purpose than to regain her old Adria-

tic provinces. In World War II Italy was on the wrong side. The Paris Peace Conference of 1947 awarded vast territories to Yugoslavia. Even the Italians admit that the interior is in majority Slav, but impartial outsiders agree wholly with them that the coastline is entirely Italian in character and population.

Trieste was not handed over to Yugoslavia, although Tito had occupied it during a month of stark terror. That would be carrying a wrong too far, besides Trieste is as strategic for South-East Europe as Hamburg for the North-West. It was decided that it should become a Free Territory to be ruled by a Governor under the Security Council of U. N. O. That may have seemed feasible at the time (though wise men, remembering Lanzig, shook their heads), but the monumental mistake had already been made. Here was a territory hotly contested by Italians and Slavs, pending the statute under U. N. O. it was divided into two zones. Zone A to be administered by the Anglo-Americans, but Zone B entrusted to one of the contesting parties, the Yugoslavs!

Zone A encompasses less than a third of the total territory but is by far the most important, with a population of 330,000, of which 270,000 are in Trieste City alone. Zone B is twice as large but has a much smaller population, estimated as 73,000, of which at least two-thirds are Italians. Article 21 of the 1947 Peace Treaty proclaims unequivocally that Italian sovereignty over the Free Territory would only end when the new U. N. O. statute is enacted. Since the Russians vetoed any candidate for the Governorship proposed by the West, the United States, Great Britain and France took the only logical step, and in March 1948 they proposed that the entire territory be returned to Italy. Russia ignored the proposition.

Meanwhile Tito has been running Zone B not as Trustee, as the Anglo-Americans rune Zone A, but as if he had already annexed it to Yugoslav territory. Matters came to a boil with this year's "elections." From what I

observed on that "historic Sunday" they were a proper trick: up to late in the afternoon it was quite obvious from the general apathy that the population ignored the "elections." Only after the foreign Press had been shooed away by threats and violence did the Tito police start clubbing the unwilling voters out of their houses to the polling booths and, to make doubly sure, truckloads of "volunteers" were brought in from far outside the territory. Belgrade promptly announced a magnificent electoral victory, but we know well by now that words have ceased to have identical meanings in East and West. Tito has undoubtedly violated the peace treaty with Italy, and Italy, now an Atlantic Pact member, has every right to complain that, in a stretch of territory which is still legally hers, democracy is being wiped out.

Until Tito's excommunication by the Cominform the Italian Communists in Trieste were pro-Tito. All that time the Kremlin's policy was that the whole territory should go to Yugoslavia. Now the Kremlin wants the U. N. O. statute (which it has sabotaged before) enacted and refuses, until this is done, to allow a peace treaty with Austria. The removal of all troops which would result from that enactment would mean that not only the 5,000 British and 5,000 American troops but that also the 5,000 Yugoslav troops would have to leave Trieste territory. The Kremlin loves nothing so dearly as the vacuum in which such withdrawal would result on such a strategic point.

There is obviously no comparison of the Allied Trieste occupation with that of Germany and Austria. Relations between the Allied Military Government and the Triestines are excellent. A. M. G. replaces in the territory the control which the Rome Government would normally exercise and follows entirely the Italian pattern of laws and usage. From the facade of the former "Casa del Fascio," a somewhat pompously modern, typical Mussolinian era building in the heart of the city, the Trieste flag—a white halberd on a red shield—flies between the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Right opposite lies the beautiful old Roman amphitheatre, the two thousand years'

old rose-red bricks of its spacious tiers of seats garlanded afresh with the young green of yet another spring. The Italian administration of the city is concentrated on the impressive Piazza del' Unità, one side open to the bay. In the "Palazzo del Governo" the Zone President, appointed by A.M.G., administers as the Prefect would have done under direct Italian rule. Dr. Cino Palutan, a public figure for years, is a much respected citizen, a Christian Democrat and a good middle-of-the-road man. A Doctor of Law, he was high in the councils of the greatest Italian insurance company, which originated in Trieste. The main wing of the great square, gay with brightly coloured cafe chairs on sidewalks and centre (Trieste averages 248 sunny days a year) is taken up by the City Hall. There I was received by Mayor Bartoli, whose position carries all the more weight since he is the first "First Magistrate" to be elected in Trieste for twenty-one years.

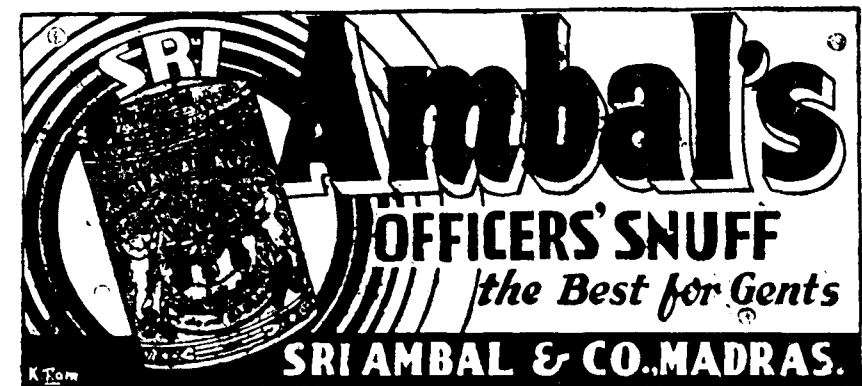
In last year's first General Elections, the first since the advent of Fascism, participation was very keen; close on 95 per cent of the electorate went to the poll, which was scrupulously conducted. Out of 60 seats 40 went to the Italian "block," 25 of them to the Christian Democrats, the other 15 being divided among the five other Italian non-Communist parties. This 40 out of 60 does not mean that the remaining 20 seats form a Slav block. On the contrary, of those 20 the Titoists only won one seat, one other seat went to a Slav Democrat, five are held by Independents who favour a Free "buffer" State between Italy and Yugoslavia, and of the 13 Cominform Communist seats the great majority are from Italian voters. They are now for a Free Territory, but only because Moscow dictates it in its present anti-Tito mood.

As the nominated Prefect and the elected mayor only date from last year, I had enquired who had been Trieste's mouthpiece, so to say, during the four earlier years of Allied occupation. Everybody mentioned at once the name of Bishop Santin. Monsignor Antonio Santin, Bishop of Trieste and Capadistrio, is by birth and career wedded to all this territory.

As his bishopric covers the Sea of Capadistrio, now in Zone B, as well as that of Trieste, he experienced at first hand the conditions prevailing in the Tito-administered part of the territory. "You foreign journalists who visited the Tito Zone and had to turn back because of organised rowdiness, you have now an inkling of the treatment I have suffered myself. I was stoned and when the local people spontaneously came to my rescue, the police threw a cordon round my car, not to protect me but to prevent the population protecting me from the demonstrators imported to molest me. If I started to tell you all I know, I would need a week. The West has no idea either of the Tito-terror or of the heroic loyalty of the terrorised people. Tito may not be a Stalinist any longer, but in his Church policy he remains the zealous Communist. As regards Yugoslavia, U. N. O. could plead that it cannot interfere in domestic policy; Zone B of the Trieste territory is not Yugoslav territory, but is under the protection of the United Nations. It is a scandal that U. N. O. is unable to guarantee, in a territory for which it is responsible by the Peace Treaty, respect for boundaries and for the most elementary human freedoms. That is all we claim from U. N. O. What it allows Yugoslavia to do now in defiance of the treaties in its Trieste Zone will in the end prove as

fatal for U. N. O.'s future as what the League of Nations allowed Japan to get away with in Manchuria, for that's where the rot started in the League. The Regime in Zone B is uncivilised, so inhuman that no decent man can have a conception of what it really means."

I mentioned earlier that the Allies have made a series of mistakes in Trieste, but in all fairness it should be pointed out that the initial mistake was probably inevitable, human nature being what it is. They arrived as the enemies of Italy and the friends of Yugoslavia—whereas, of course, the great issue should have been between democracy and totalitarian dictatorship. One of the first Allied personalities to recognise the true position was Field-Marshal Lord Alexander whose talk with Tito in Belgrade made him aware as early as May 1945 that the Allies were here playing on a far from proper card. Italy wants the return of the territory, and certainly the great majority of the local population want it too. All the same the Triestines are somewhat uneasy over the prospect of seeing the Anglo-American troops leave. As one of them put it realistically: "If ten British or American soldiers were killed, there would be hell to pay, but 1,000 Italians massacred would only mean a fruitless protest."



THE FASCINATING STORY OF RAILWAYS

By H. RIVER

THE story of the world's railways is fascinating. A train starting on New Year's Day and travelling non-stop at 60 miles an hour would have covered the length of the track in all countries by July the following year. The route mileage of track in the world is well over 800,000 miles—325,000 in North America, 258,000 in Europe, 105,000 in Asia, 65,000 in South America, 47,000 in Africa and 31,000 in Australia.

The longest journey possible in Europe without changing trains is by Simplon-Orient Express from Paris to Istanbul—1,882 miles, which are covered in 75 hours. It takes 24 hours through France, Switzerland and Northern Italy to Trieste, a further 24 hours to the eastern end of Yugoslavia at Belgrade, and at the end of the third day of travelling Europe's most glamorous train pulls up at the small frontier station of Mustafa Pasha near the 'Balkan Triangle', where Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey meet. Ten times *en route* there is a passport, baggage and money check. The proposed train ferry across the Bosphorus from Istanbul has never been built and passengers for near eastern destinations cross by steamer and board the 'Taurus Express' at Hydrapasa.

The longest non-stop journey in the world is London-Edinburgh. Such famous trains as 'The Flying Scotsman' and 'Capitals' manage the 393-odd miles in just over seven hours. Water is sucked up by the engine from miles-long troughs embedded in the middle of the track. In Britain, many postal expresses haul mail bags aboard without stopping. By means of a flexible hook on the rear coach, the pouches are torn from a steel contraption on the platform.

The most modern train in Europe, complete with observation car and movable Pullman seats, has recently been put into regular service in Spain. All the same, Spain is a country still backward in railway develop-

ment, due, chiefly, to the extraordinarily wide gauge of five feet six inches, which is six inches wider even than the Russian gauge, and also compares unfavourably with the standard gauge of four feet eight-and-a-half inches in the rest of Europe, North America and many other systems.

The new American-built Spanish streamlined luxury train shortens the 392-mile journey from the French frontier station of Irun in the Pyrenees to Madrid to seven hours against eleven previously.

One of the most peculiar trains in the world runs from Dublin to Killarney in southern Ireland. The train staff includes a combined tourists' guide and compere. Over an elaborate loudspeaker system he gives a running commentary on the landscape passing by, and now and again invites passengers to lend further colour to his broadcast by coming to the microphone to sing. All this entertainment aboard the train is free.

The absolute speed record is still held by the German Kruckenberg car, the 'Rail Zepp' as it used to be called, which, in 1931, reached a top speed of 141 miles an hour. The previous world record of 128 miles dated from 1903, the days before the first 'Flying Machine,' was also set up by a German train, driven by an electric engine. Before the Second World War, there were eight Diesel trains on the German State Railways with an over-all average travelling speed of 80 miles an hour inclusive of halts.

The longest journey in the world that can be undertaken in one single train is by the Trans-Siberian Railway from Moscow to Vladivostok, a distance of 6,500 miles. It takes nine days to reach the Far Eastern shores of the Pacific, and the most interesting part of the otherwise dreary trail through endless steppe and forests is the mountainous section of Lake Balkal with its maze of tunnels and hazardous viaducts.

The fastest train in Asia is the 'Asia Express,' which covers the 435 miles from Dairen to Hsinking in Manchuria in well under nine hours. One of the most famous trains in the Far East, apart from many adventurous lines in China, is the 'Honeymoon Special,' running nightly from Tokyo to the beautiful sea-side resort of Atami where Nippon's newly-weds of repute spend the first two weeks of their married life.

In India there is a railway resembling more than anything else the scenic railway at a fun-fair. It is the Darjeeling-Himalaya line, leading almost up to the frontier of remote Tibet. This toy railway, as it is appropriately nicknamed, is laid on the extremely narrow gauge of two feet. The coaches are box-like and tiny, the engine weighs a mere 14 tons, and the maximum speed is only 12 miles an hour. The line has some of the steepest gradients of any adhesive-type railway in the world and climbs 7,000 feet over less than 50 miles of track. There are hair-raising spirals, figure-of-eight loops, sharp curves, viaducts and tunnels, which are indeed frightening to all except, perhaps, the native season-ticket holders who are used to them and therefore are less shaken by the train's continuous rocking, rolling, heaving and squeaking.

The world's highest railway station on an ordinary-type track is Tielio, on the Peruvian line from Lima to Huancayo. Tielio station, although only 90 miles from the coast, is 15,600 feet above sea-level, but snow-free because of the nearness of the equator. The greatest altitude reached by any railway on smooth wheels is also in South America, on the Chile-Bolivia route—15,817 feet up in the Andes.

On some of the Andes lines, the trains are so often reversed and alternatively pulled or pushed by the powerful engine that travellers become easy victims of dizziness and mountain-sickness in spite of the oxygen breathing apparatus supplied by the guard. A compensation for these sacrifices, however, is the inconceivably beautiful view, from the carriage windows, of some of nature's most romantic scenery. The Lima-Huancayo line in central Peru leads through 65 tunnels and over as many bridges and viaducts, the longest of

which spans 250 feet with the river Rimac thousands of feet below. It surely is an exciting adventure to cross the Andes by train, and one marvels at the fantastic feats of the engineers—and also at the neck-breaking achievements of the locomotives on long stretches which virtually run over the roof of the world.

There are many curiosities about the world's railways: open roof double-decker passenger coaches in tropical Africa, special water-carrying waggons in Australia, Japanese fish trains bringing live seafood to the towns, Swiss Diesel engines pulling long trains with sleeping cars and dining cars up to a height of 10,000 feet. But most railway records are held in the United States, except, incidentally, for the density of the net-work, where Britain leads the world.

The American locomotives of the 'Big Boy' class are the bulkiest in the world. They stand on 24 wheels, including the front carriage with bogie wheels, measure 73 feet in length, weigh 340 tons without the tender, and develop up to 7,000 horse-power. The chassis is arranged to pivot for the purpose of enabling the negotiation of all bends.

America also holds all records for the longest train journeys in the fastest times. But coast-to-coast through trains exist in Canada only; in the States there is always an 'all change' at Chicago. Many of the ultra-modern 'Super Flyers' reach top speeds of over 100 miles an hour. The 'Twentieth Century Limited' does an average of 73 miles an hour over the 900 miles from New York to Chicago. The 'Denver Zephyr' covers the 1,040-odd miles from Chicago to Denver in 16 hours. 'Super Chief' and 'El Capitan' rate from Chicago to either Los Angeles or San Francisco, 2,300 miles away, in less than 40 hours.

In an international beauty contest of railway trains, Americans would easily outshine all others. It is delightful to catch a glimpse of the streamlined, glittering, pale coloured coaches of steel and glass, and of the elegant funnel-less engines—the last word in 20th century engineering and designing perfection. And what a pleasure to enter an American Pull-

man car, which might have been travelling for 30 hours or more: thanks to faultless air-conditioning, heating and cooling, the atmosphere is always clear and the temperature always just right, and thanks to double windows and a permanent attendant in each coach, the interior is spotlessly clean.

The most congested long-distance route in the world is the 225 miles of track from New York to Washington. The 67 express trains which daily run

over this line average an over-all travelling speed of 52 miles an hour inclusive of stops at Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore.

The busiest railway junction in the world, however, is in Britain. It is Clapham Junction, London's southern exit, where in a 24-hour period 2,600 long-distance and suburban trains either arrive, depart or speed past and where the station master's time table is divided into sixths of a minute. —N.N.F.

JUDICIARY AND THE LEGISLATURE

By V. SUNDARARAJAN

COURTS of law in England and America are shown proper respect and due deference, unlike in our Province where some of our legislators, because they are in a privileged position on the floor of the Assembly, criticise the judges in immoderate, if not indecent language. Perhaps they feel that a criticism of a particular legislation or an adverse comment on a certain act of the executive by the judges is a personal criticism, and begin to criticise the actions of judges who are, for all practical purposes, defenceless in this matter. "The High Court would be going too far, if they say that the Government did not care for the people," one legislator is said to have indignantly declared. Would such a statement, if it were made, be far too strong or wide of the mark when we examine the lot of the common man? Is it not a fact that for the three essential and primary needs of the common man, he has to pay dearly and heavily? Is it not also a fact that all that he earns is scarcely enough to make both ends meet? How far has his lot been bettered by the "Grow More Food" campaign or by the assignment of lands to selected political sufferers or by the various Utopian "schemes"? There has been wholesale migration of villagers, especially in the southern districts. One is rarely able to get any article of necessity, their prices having soared so high. The number and level of taxes which a citizen in a town has to pay normally are hardly commen-

surate with the corresponding amenities, which have grown fewer.

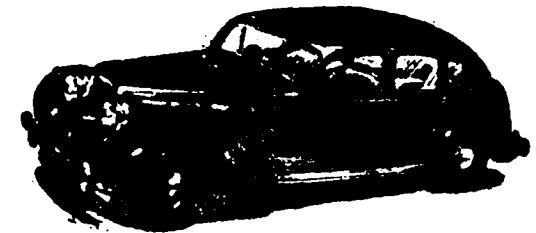
In this state of affairs, the legislators have hardly any reason to grow indignant. It is not realised that in infant democratic secular States, courts of law are the only certain bulwark against the incursions of the Executive or the Legislature. It is not fair for a Government to say that when faults are pointed out, or a legislation is declared ultra vires, that they will try to get over it somehow. Mr. K. Madhava Menon, the Education Minister, the other day said during the course of a statement regarding the Supreme Court's decision on Communal G. O. "However much we may say that we should be ... absolutely fair, it is impossible for us, living as we are in this State, not to face the realities".... As if there are separate standards of fairness for different States! The fact of the matter is that more often the so-called democracy, the man in the street, is voiceless and ineffective. Everything is done in the name of the party and the common man is left out of consideration. His only remedy is the court of law where the judges have to act within certain limitations, but are supreme within their own sphere.

Statutory law is a creature of the Legislature, but the interpretation of it has been wisely left to the judges whose role it is to expound and apply the existing laws. Our Constitution has advisedly provided that every action of the Executive or every piece

of legislation can be tested by any individual directly interested, in a court of law, so that under the principle of the rule of law, the balance may be evenly held between a possibly ill-disposed Executive or arbitrary legislation on the one hand and the citizen on the other. Of course the final word is not with the courts, for, as has already been hinted on the floor of the Legislature, there may be both desirable and sometimes undesirable amendments to the Constitution, with the result that what is illegal according to the rule of law today might become perfectly legal tomorrow. This does not mean that the power of the courts to declare legislation invalid is unlimited. The power of the courts in construing all other legislative enactments, as opposed to questions arising out of and relating to the Constitution, is something different. Whereas there are

well-recognised limitations in construing the Constitution, there are no such limitations in interpreting the other pieces of Legislation. Provisions of the Constitution have to be construed according to the existing progressive forces and ideas and not merely by a literal reading of the same; otherwise there is every danger of legal pedantry taking the place of justice; vested interests trying to keep down the popular will and reactionary forces barring progress. But this applies only to constitutional provisions. Other laws and enactments have to be construed strictly and literally. The Legislature or the Executive ought not to be too sticky when courts criticise law, nor should legislators seek to openly criticise the judges or their activities either "off or on the Bench"; for all the three of them are but limbs of the same body, none of which can seek to injure the other.

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By V. P. SATHE

AT last the film industry will have an all-India organisation known as the Film Federation of India. On 27th March representatives of the different film organisations met in Delhi under the presidency of Mr. Chandulal Shah and accepted the constitution of the Federation, which will be registered under the Indian Company's Act very shortly. The conference elected the national executive with Mr. Chandulal Shah as the convenor; the executive will meet in Bombay in the last week of April.

This is a welcome move. The industry has always been a house divided against itself; the producers, distributors, exhibitors for instance, have always been at variance with each other and the spokesmen of the Bengal film industry have held divergent views from the Madras film industry and vice versa. The proposed Federation will now provide a common platform for producers, distributors and exhibitors to meet together and discuss not only external problems but the internal problems as well. In fact, if the Federation's task is not to be reduced to just putting up the industry's case before the Government every now and then, its main task should be to bring about equitable relationship and co-ordination between the three vital branches of the industry. Today, the producers believe that the distributors fleece them and the distributors think that the exhibitors are exploiting them and vice-versa; if the Federation can induce a spirit of co-operation and equitable distribution of revenue between these three, it would have laid a sound foundation for the future progress of the industry. In fact, the

measure of the success the Federation achieves in this respect will determine its utility to the industry.

Incidentally, it is surprising that in his address Mr. Chandulal Shah laid more stress on the construction of new cinemas and rationalization of taxation than on the Film Finance Corporation and the Film Academy. Personally, I think finance is the crux of all the problems facing the industry and while even the construction of new cinemas can wait, the problem of finance ought to be immediately tackled. Delay would bring nothing but bankruptcy to the industry.

Man Of The Week

On 29th March Mr. Bhavnani, the Deputy Controller of Documentary Films of India, left by Air India International plane for London en route to Geneva to attend the next meeting of UNESCO expert committee on Films commencing from 2nd April.

For this honour conferred by UNESCO in inviting him to serve on its Expert Committee for Films Bhavnani has been rightly congratulated and it is obvious that he owes this honour to the fine record of the Film Division in producing documentary shorts during the last two years.

Yet, one remembers that when Bhavnani was appointed as the Deputy Controller, his appointment was severely criticized by many film critics on the ground that while Bhavnani had no experience whatsoever of documentary film production his record as a producer of feature length films was not in any way distinguishing.

The criticism was in a way right. For though Bhavnani was one of the first educated and foreign-returned youth to join the Indian film industry at a time when the film world was considered not respectable by society, he did not make any great films in his twenty-five years' career as a director and producer. I still recall two silent films of his, *Magic Flute* which bore a striking resemblance to a German film, and *Vasantsena* in which his wife Enakshi Ramarao made her screen debut along with Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya and Nalini Turkhad. Yes, to Bhavnani goes the credit of inducing educated girls and boys to take to a screen career; but as to his pictures, they were not outstanding in any manner.

In the talkie era, he introduced Durga Khote in *Kapatjal* and Bibbo in *Afzal* which was Bhavnani's most successful film and later he succeeded in persuading Munshi Premchand, the greatest Hindi novelist, to write a screenplay for him. But while *Mill* was banned by censors for years, the association of Premchand and Bhavnani did not prove happy and the former left Bombay completely disillusioned and disgusted with the film world.

When Ajanta Cinetone closed down, Bhavnani started making pictures under the banner of Bhavnani Productions. He experimented with a different kind of subjects and backgrounds in *Zumbo*, *Awakening* and other pictures, but his experiments failed to capture the public imagination. His latest experiment was *Ajit*, a picture in colour which flopped at the box office.

With rather this unhappy record to his credit, he joined the Films Division. No wonder, the critics were rather sceptical about his success in this new field; but to Bhavnani's credit it must be said that he has not done a bad job altogether. In his regime the record of the Films Division has shown a marked improvement. Apparently in documentary films, Bhavnani has found a real outlet to his genius; or, perhaps he has been lucky to get a trained personnel to assist him in producing really good documentary films.

Whatever the reasons, today nobody would grudge his choice for the

UNESCO Experts Committee on Films; by his work for the last two years he has belied the critics and won this honour. *Congratulations.*

Picture Of The Week

A very unusual foreign film was released in Bombay last week; it was *Harvey* and it mainly conceived an invisible six-foot three and a half inches rabbit called Harvey.

Based on a Pulitzer prize winning play of the same name, *Harvey* is a story of a 42 year old James Stewart and his invisible friend. James Stewart spends most of his time in bars standing drinks to all and sundry and introducing them to Harvey.

His sister thinks that he is crazy and tries to put him into a mental asylum; instead she finds herself locked into the sanatorium first and later discovers that the chief doctor also comes to believe in Harvey.

Told in a lighter vein, the picture abounds in hilarious situations and the calm and quiet manner in which James Stewart, who is in his best acting form, faces each situation, lends a human touch to his apparently crazy behaviour. In fact his character appears to be lovable and charming and one comes out of the theatre

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hoping what a wonderful place this world would be if everybody was so kind and good as James Stewart in this picture.

All this kindness comes from Jimmy's association with Harvey who symbolizes the goodness in man. Enjoyable as the picture is it becomes significant when one realizes the underlying spirit of goodwill symbolized by the fantastic invisible rabbit. The symbolism, however, is far fetched and lacks clarity and purpose, with the result that all goodness appears to be just as vague and fantastic as Harvey instead of being a practical pattern of conduct.

That is the greatest weakness of this picture; that is why at times even the humour appears to be weak and flippant.

The performances of James Stewart, Josephine Hull, lend an air of authenticity to this human fantasy which seems to be so refreshingly different from the psycho-analytical murder dramas which have become the common feature of Hollywood products.

News Of The Week

—There is a move to produce

Jhansi ki Rani in technicolour and at the moment both Keki and Sohrab Modi are busy finalising the arrangements. If the plan succeeds the technicolour equipment will come to India next October.

—As a result of the Star Festival Cricket Match over Rs. 60,000 have been collected for different charities.

—Entertainment tax will have to be paid on all complimentary tickets from 1st April 1951 in Bombay State.

—Gope Pictures' *Hangama* went on the sets on 26th March at Eastern Studios. Nutan, Nasir Khan, Gope and Yakub lead the cast while Ram Kamlani is directing the picture.

—Asian Pictures' *Sheesha* starring Nargis and Premnath will go on the sets by 16th of April. While Ismat Chughtai has written the screen play, Shaheed Lateef is directing.

—Chetan Anand is directing Nav Ketan's third picture entitled *Andhayan*. Probably the cast will include Dev Anand and Kalpana Katrik.

—Director Ramesh Saigal is playing an important role in his own picture *Shikwa*.

—The expected cast of Nanabhai Butt's *Sindbad the Sailor* is Naseem, Ranjan and Veera.



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AMERICAN LETTER: By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

LOAN TO INDIA DIES SLOW DEATH

NEW YORK CITY: The other day at a meeting of Republican Representatives cheerful, rubicund Minority Leader Martin told a political parable to illustrate the dangers of voting grants to foreign Governments. It was the shrewd politician speaking on the ward level.

The story was about a rich citizen of Massachusetts who decided he would cap his career by becoming Governor of the State. In pursuit of that ambition he went to the state convention to buy up the necessary delegates.

But he made the mistake, as Martin told the story, of paying different prices. One delegate was paid \$2,500, another \$1,000 and so on. The trouble with this plan was that they all got together and when they found that they had been rated at different price levels, the indignation was great and the rich man got scarcely a vote in the convention.

Up for discussion was the bill granting \$190,000,000 for wheat for India in order to avert mass famine in India's cities. Republicans, with the help of Southern Democrats, have killed this in the Rules Committee. Martin's point was that if you give one country so many millions, then you will have to give the next country more.

It concerns, above all, the request soon to be presented publicly for a grant to the Government of Israel of \$150,000,000. Beneath the surface there is considerable opposition to such a grant. One reason put forward for opposing the \$190,000,000 to India was that it would be a precedent that would have to be followed not only for Israel but for other countries that have been urgently seeking assistance.

Representative Dingell early in the session put in a bill providing \$500,000,000 for Israel. The House Foreign Affairs Committee has held

a preliminary hearing on the Dingell bill but no further action is indicated. Those privately hostile to the grant predict that, like the aid for India, it will never get out of committee.

In Martin's point about the competing demands of various countries and the serious drain that this can be on the United States Treasury, there is enough truth to make it persuasive with many.

Great political pressure is behind the grant to Israel. At a rally on Sunday in New York of the United Jewish Appeal, Mayor Impellitteri came out in favor of a grant. It is likely to be sponsored in the Senate by 27 or 28 Senators, led by Sen. Douglas for the Democrats and Sen. Taft for the Republicans.

The Government of Israel can marshal effective arguments in favor of a grant as a means of strengthening the Western position in the Middle East. Important in the "case" is the industrial and scientific potential of the new country. It is said to be the only point between Western Europe and the U. S. Air Command in Japan where the technical skill exists to provide for servicing modern aircraft.

Latin Republics Loath To Raise Prensa Issue

Once again Argentina is going into an international conference, slightly set apart from her twenty neighbours in the Americas. This time President Juan D. Peron's implacable fight against the newspaper *La Prensa* has had world-wide repercussions and touched off a battle of historic proportions for freedom of the press.

Moreover, as if it would have taken an atom bomb to distract attention from his suppression of *La Prensa*, General Peron has come up with just that: his own atom bomb, which according to his own version has considerable advantage over U.S.A.'s.

But even with such an aptly timed socker, the fact remains that the

protests against the Argentine regime's treatment of *La Prensa* have been recorded in virtually every other Latin country, as well as in the United States and Europe. But the essential accompanying fact is that on the Government level, while the leaders of the other republics may privately criticize General Peron and most of what he stands for, they are remarkably tongue-tied about him when it comes to speaking or acting on the record.

Thus, when General Peron's amiable young Foreign Minister, Hipolito Jesus Paz said in Washington that Argentina would not stand for any discussion of the *Prensa* issue at the hemisphere meeting he was flinging out a challenge that no one is eager to accept.

Old or Young at 60? New Test Will Tell

A new method for determining whether a man is old or young at 60 has been worked out by Dr. Irwin M. Murray of Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia, and State University Medical Center at New York.

Dr. Murray tests five physiological functions: 1. Range of visual accommodation, how well the eyes adjust at various distances; 2. Sensitivity of the dark-adapted eye, which shows how well the eyes can see in the dark after getting used to it; 3. Acuteness of hearing; 4. Systolic blood pressure, and 5. Strength of hand grip.

Age is expressed in terms of a combination of these five functions and their squares. The method was used on thirty-eight business and professional men between 21 and 84 years old. This trial showed that it can be applied equally well at all age periods, Dr. Murray told the American Association of Anatomists at their meeting here. The standard error of the estimated physiological age was close to seven years.

What's the 'Oscar'? \$40 Worth of Gold

The gold statuette about which the people in the film industry make so much fuss every year is ten inches high, weighs a little over seven pounds and, being made of bronze and two layers of gold plate, is worth about \$40 in the open market. Those that are in England—and it is estimated that 7 per cent of the total

number given out since the night of the first awards, May 6, 1929, are over there—are, of course, worth a bit more, because of the difference in the price of gold. Winners of the award do not have to declare its value on their income tax because it is a gift for achievement rather than for services rendered.

During the last war, when certain metals were hard to get, the Academy gave out token Oscars, made of gilded plaster. After the surrender of Japan, these substitutes were called in and replaced with real ones. The Academy was very strict about it, too, for it wants no more awards in circulation than have actually been given out. The famous story that Barry Fitzgerald, who had won a plaster award in 1944 for his supporting role in "Going My Way," had smashed his statuette with a practice golf swing in his living room was exploded at that time. The yarn turned out to be a press agent's release.

Similarly, the Academy doesn't want to have any Oscars fall into unauthorized hands. Winners this year will be asked to sign a pledge promising that, should they for any reason wish to dispose of the award, they will give the Academy first option on its purchase. This rule was made recently to discourage instances similar to the sale of the Oscar given Sid Grauman in 1948 for "outstanding contributions in the field of motion pictures." When Grauman died last year, his Oscar, along with the rest of his estate, was sold at public auction. The Academy raised an emergency fund of \$500 for its purchase and bid it in for \$450 plus tax.

Considering the fact that in the twenty-two years of its existence more than 600 Oscars have been given out, it is surprising that there aren't a few statuettes in the open market. A few stray Oscars have been reported in various places in the past—one in a bar in San Francisco, another in a pawnshop in downtown Los Angeles and a third in an ashcan in Brentwood—but the stories have never been verified. The Academy, which has investigated every one, denies their truth but it does admit that it is possible that a few statuettes have been picked up by private collectors.

On authorized uses of the Oscar, however, the Academy is the soul of co-operation. The statuette used as a prop in the current Broadway revival of "Twentieth Century", starring Gloria Swanson and Jose Ferrer, is a genuine award, and was lent to the company by the Academy. As a spokesman for the society pointed out the other day, it is only when the dignity and the integrity of the Oscar is threatened that the Academy cracks down on its violators.

The name Oscar, by which the statuette is properly known, has often been attributed to Miss Bette Davis, a two-time winner, but this is incorrect. The name actually came from Mrs. Margaret Herrick, the academy's secretary, who remarked one day that the statuette reminded her of her Uncle Oscar. (It later developed that the gent in question was not her uncle but her second cousin.) In any case, the nickname caught on and was used as a private joke around the academy for several years. Then it came to the ears of Sidney Skolsky, a movie columnist. He linked the scoop with Miss Davis's lips, to give the item class, and it's been snowballing ever since.

While in the course of the year many honorary awards are heaped on the motion-picture industry, the Academy Award still remains the outstanding prize. This is because it represents outstanding work as defined by the motion-picture people themselves. Although the final selections for all Oscars are made by

secret vote of the 1,981 members of the academy the nominations are made by the entire membership of the guilds or unions representing the various classifications.

The nominations for the writing awards, for example, are not made just by the 100-odd writers who belong to the academy but by the entire membership of the Screen Writers Guild, which numbers more than a thousand members.

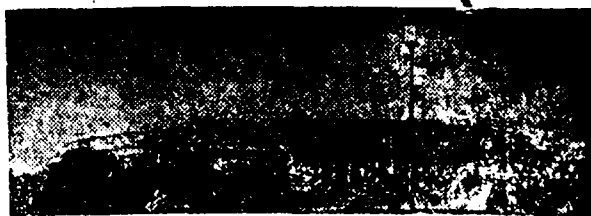
When the idea of giving an award for outstanding achievement first came up it was planned to give a plaque or a scroll. Cedric Gibbons, the art director, vetoed both ideas on the grounds that they lacked character. He suggested a statuette instead, and, to make his point, he sketched a design on a handy piece of paper. His rough sketch was adopted with enthusiasm, and a local sculptor, George Stanley, was commissioned to put it into the round. After his model was approved, it was cast and plated by the California Art Bronze factory. Now the statuette is turned out, under license, by the Southern California Trophy Company.

On the occasion of the first awards, which were presented at a dinner, eleven Oscars were bestowed. This year a minimum of twenty-one will be given out. (Some classifications, like "best screen play" and "best song", may be won by more than one person.) This proves that the motion-picture industry has grown, if nothing else.

The new-style debutantes wore short afternoon or cocktail dresses and small hats when they went to Buckingham Palace for the presentation party of the year. Nearly all of the 300 young women hurried from school or a job to make their curtsies to the King and Queen in the white and gold State ballroom. Among them was the head girl of a school, a hotel housekeeper, a West End mannequin, and a typist. It was the first time since the war that debutantes have been formally presented to the King and Queen.

Attendance at lessons is not compulsory at the Ainsford Place Hostel School near Winchester. The 30 children, who present "social behaviour, educational or emotional problems," work off their conflicts in imaginative play or creative activities—painting, dancing, cooking, woodwork, gardening, and making a swimming-pool. They enjoy "nature-walks," read considerably, and get individual coaching in basic school subjects. Housemothers play a valuable part in helping the children to feel less insecure. The staff do not punish, as there is a school council at which the children, guided by the warden, settle many of their own problems of discipline and organisation.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU confessed to the business community that he was not an expert either in politics or in economics. He was an expert psychologist, he said, as far as the Indian masses were concerned. The last time Panditji paid a visit to the North-West Frontier as Vice-President of the Interim Government, he told us that he understood mass psychology. But the tribesmen, who had no knowledge of his eminence in the field of psychology, tried to create disturbances. It is quite true that Jawaharlalji has his hand on the pulse of the nation; but his treatment does not go beyond examining the pulse.

While Pandit Nehru was advancing his claims as an eminent psychologist, Mr. Norman Thomas was psycho-analysing Pandit Nehru and coming to the conclusion that Nehru was an escapist. In an interview to the Correspondent of JANATA, Mr. B. B. Saxena, Mr. Norman Thomas (without being influenced by this Column) said that Nehru was an escapist who tried to escape from the problems facing him by making speeches about them. Thomas went to the extent of saying that the Prime Minister was really doing the job (of making speeches) which by right belonged to the President.

The Prime Minister's speech at the Federation of the Chambers of Commerce revealed him as a pathetic man, who has begun to realise the follies of the Government under his leadership. He seems to know that he is a weak man, who can be influenced easily. He has to come out of the clutches of the nefarious forces that have been surrounding him. He may make a heroic attempt, like an animal at bay. If he does, he will surely succeed. The trouble lies

in taking the horse to the pool of water, not in making it drink.

The presence of the entire Cabinet at the meeting of the Commerce Chambers Federation was the subject of much comment. There is, however, nothing strange in this. The Cabinet is but the Executive Committee of the business community in India, whether the Prime Minister likes it or not. Mr. N. M. Joshi said at the Hind Mazdoor Sabha that the Central Secretariat was the main office of the capitalist class in India. And there was no Cabinet Minister who thought it worth attending the Hind Mazdoor Sabha Conference. As between Capital and Labour, Governmental sympathy seems to be with the former. We can describe the present Government in many ways, but we cannot say that it is the Government of the Common Man.

The Prime Minister represents the most progressive elements in the Government, but he is used more as a cloak for the deeds of others than as an instrument for the betterment of the lives of the people in India. The torment in the soul of the Prime Minister can be gauged from the following statements in his speech: "You will permit me to say something which I ought not to do, and that is to confess that in the course of the last few years we have not been able to be clear as to where we are going." "We are not living in a balanced world; we are not certainly living in a balanced India. There is complete lack of balance here. The fault may be Government's; may be anybody's. For the moment let us forget whose fault it is." "Then I come up against this difficulty—public co-operation in what? What is the public? What are the people? You said 'people' repeatedly. Who are the people? Are those

eminent men and women sitting here who represent very important elements in our national life—are they the people you are thinking of and I am thinking of?" "I should like to do away with controls, but I am not prepared to see starvation and nakedness in large parts of India for the sake of some theoretical idea that without controls, gradually we will settle down. Gradually we may settle down, but gradually we may be dead too, most of us. It is not a prospect which any Government dare face."

There is a strange mixture, even a judicious mixture, of escapism, realism, Socialism, Communism, and Sophism in these observations of the Prime Minister. He gives the impression not only of being a Hamlet, but also of being a Stonewall Jackson at the same time. We have not yet given up our hope completely in Jawaharlal Nehru. We dare not.

Mr. G. D. Birla gave proof of his consummate skill as a public speaker and as a practical leader of the business community when he proposed a vote of thanks to the Prime Minister. If the Prime Minister is not prepared to dismiss his present colleagues and form a brand new Cabinet, consisting of a team of capable men subscribing to a Socialist philosophy, he should take Mr. Birla as Finance Minister, Mr. Tata as Minister for Commerce and Industry and a few other business leaders for other portfolios. The Government can then be run at least on business lines, and may prove to be a good deal more efficient.

Since the Prime Minister was upset because there was no reference to the crisis in the country, Mr. Birla assured him that the business community was more crisis-conscious than even the Cabinet. He made a skilful reference to the unidentified plane which appeared in the Delhi skies recently, and said that the business-community was more panicky as a result of it than any other community. "There is a larger measure of agreement between us and the Government than anybody else," said Mr. Birla. Both Capital and Labour are agreed that the Government sees eye to eye with the business community. It is only the Government which in-

sists that it is on the side of the workers.

Jaya Prakash Narayan had long ago coined the expression "Crisisism"—to describe the policies of the Government of India. What do we get by harping on the theme of the existence of a crisis today if we do not do anything about it? It is a good thing to recognise facts as they are; but it is inexcusable to convert facts into excuses. "There is a crisis in the country; therefore we are unable to do anything," says the Prime Minister repeatedly. Kashmir, Korea, Food, Rains, Controls, Decontrol, Partition, Independence, Pakistan, United Nations—all these are supposed to be standing in the way of the Government's efforts to maintain the standard of life (to say nothing of increasing the standard of life).

The Prime Minister thinks that he has answered this problem by saying: "It is really absurd to talk of high standards in India where sometimes the lowest are lacking. We must have those basic standards, basic necessities and then we may think of higher standards." He added: "Towards the end of your address, you referred to various objectives that we have in general terms and I suppose many of us would agree with that, some may go further, some may not go even so far. Nevertheless, it is true—or is it not—that there is agreement about the main social objective that we have in this country."

Swami Pantal, a Sadhu who has considerable political sense, understands the crisis that pervades the world of today. Pantal was a businessman before he became a Sadhu. He has undertaken several fasts in his life. Whenever Mahatma Gandhi went on fast, Pantal fasted too. Pantal's present fast is intended to keep France out of the war; it began in the precincts of the French Embassy. Ambassador Levi and other diplomats in the French Embassy obviously approve of the fast, because France has suffered terribly in the last war. Despite Plevin, who had the reputation of being the favourite of the American Government, the French people do not seem to be too enthu-

siastic about the occupation of France by foreign troops in a Third World War.

Pantal explained at a Press Conference that he had chosen France because he thought that France was the country that was most vulnerable to Peace in the Anglo-American bloc. He thought that America was too power-mad to heed any message of Peace. England, he said, was too much associated with the United States in the public mind, although England too was not immune to attacks of Peace. If France could be kept out of the next World War, Pantal believed that a war on a world-wide basis could itself be averted.

Pantal was asked whether he was fasting with the intention of keeping France out of the war because he thought that the Russians did not wish to have a war. He replied that he had not studied the question from that point of view. He could not answer the question unless he devoted several months to a consideration of it, he said. He added that his only contacts at present were with the French Embassy and the Netherlands Embassy. After the fast, he might establish contacts with other Embassies stationed in Delhi. He would also try to bring his spiritual force to bear upon them and thus persuade them to keep out of a future war.

There has been a wee little war going on among the Board of Directors of the Press Trust of India. But they have made two wise appointments recently. Mr. G. Parthasarathi, who becomes Chief Editor, is one of the ablest and most amiable journalists in the country. P.T.I. requires a lot of editing, since its staff all over the country is fairly inefficient. P.T.I. has not got a single outstanding

reporter either in India or abroad. There may be some bright boys here and there, but I believe they have never been encouraged. Most of those who are worth anything left the A.P.I. out of sheer disgust. I was one of those who quit the A.P.I. and Reuter in this manner.

Mr. Bharatan, who is the new General Manager, should have been appointed to this post as soon as the P.T.I. came into existence. But there was a lot of wire-pulling by those who wished to get rid of some of their own highly-paid hirelings by getting them appointed as General Manager of the P.T.I. Bharatan is one of the hardest-working executives in Bombay. He is a self-made man, and has risen from the position of reporter to General Manager. If he has a defect, he shares it with our Prime Minister.

John Turner, leaves the P.T.I. for good. I have seen him working in the Bombay Office. I can recall an incident which illustrates the stuff of which he is made. A member of the Delhi Office of Reuter and A.P.I., who was accredited as a Reuter's Correspondent at the headquarters of the Government of India, addressed a query to the British Expert, Sir Henry French, about the damage done to foodgrains by rats. Sir Henry went back to England from India, and sent the reply to the London Office of Reuters. Reuter forwarded it from London to Bombay. John Turner was upset that an Indian should be asking questions like that. He sent a stiff note to the Delhi Office, suggesting that Reuter letterheads should not be used by this Indian member of the staff. This Indian, who was at that time accredited as one of Reuter's Correspondents at the headquarters of the Government of India, was none other than the present Diarist.

INDIAN STUDENTS

Two Indian women who have distinguished themselves as British Council Fellows are now back in India. Miss Naik, Education Officer for Bombay, has been making a special study of sub-normal and defective children. Studying at the London University's Institute of Education, she has visited special schools in London and other centres, and has made a particular study of specialised training methods and administration. Dr. (Miss) Sabnis, from Poona, has been studying Britain's National Health Services, and during her travels in the country districts she was favourably impressed by the housing accommodation and other facilities provided for District Nurses. Dr. Sabnis specialises in midwifery and welfare work, and hopes to adopt many of the methods she has witnessed in Britain.

SIDELIGHTS :

There is a law of forces which hinders bodies from sinking beyond a certain depth in the sea; but in the ocean of baseness the deeper we get the easier the sinking.—J. R. LOWELL.

THE indication of disapproval of the Communal G. O. given by the Supreme Court has provoked Sri Madhava Menon to come out in his true colours. He said, on the floor of the Assembly, "However much we may say that there should be no communal-mindedness and that we should be absolutely fair it is impossible for us, living as we are in this State, not to face the realities." This realistic Minister was not content with enunciating his doctrine of the impossibility of being absolutely fair as a merely theoretical proposition. He has announced a practical plan of action. Hear him expound it: "Until all the communities are given opportunities to compete with each other, some protection is necessary. There is no doubt about that. If the law is against it, our attempt should be to try to find a way of doing things, which will not infringe the law. That is receiving our attention and we shall try to do it in the way we can."

Inspiration spreads to the State from Sri Madhava Menon in two capacities—for, he is Minister for Law and Minister for Education. When, presently, he gets into the full swing of his enterprise of finding a way of "doing things which will not infringe the law," every move of his will be watched with bated breath by the anti-social elements whose problem too is exactly the same, that of "doing things" without infringing the law. Coming to brass tacks what is it that the Law and Education Minister has set his hand to? Doing things without infringing the law can only mean infringing the law without being caught for it. The crooks will bless Congress for Sri Madhava Menon. For nowhere in the world is the creed of their order so helpfully grasped and put in a nutshell and pursued zestfully under such august auspices with the whole power and

authority of the administration behind it, from the very citadels of law and education, as in this paradise of Madras State.

Getting admission to colleges is no doubt important, but there are more urgent things these days. Though not all starvation deaths come to light, starvation is rampant, and the problem for hundreds of thousands is how to keep body and soul together. Side by side with mass hunger there has been no lack of sumptuous festivities with the Ministers themselves participating in them joyfully almost every day in the week. Dread of the law has hitherto restrained the hungry from laying hands on the food which they so badly need and the hosts of the Ministers so lavishly waste, but now they will be heartened by Sri Madhava Menon's teaching that the law need not be respected if things could be done without infringing the law, a euphemism for getting round the law taking care to evade the consequences. Evasion of consequences, however, is only the short-sighted wrong-doer's way of cheating nature, and it invariably provokes boomerangs in the very process by which he surrounds himself with a luxuriant multitude of pleasant delusions. What is the future of law and education, of government itself and the fate of the governed, in a State with a Law and Education Minister like this, publicly pledged to get round the law and get away with it?

Sri Madhava Menon is a fair specimen of the Congress ruler of our time. Formerly they dabbled in freedom, civil liberties, rights of the common man and similar high-sounding slogans. Now they are the architects of a regime in which nobody can assess the miseries of the people and the injustice they suffer from. Is it surprising if the Congress in whose name they have come to office and whose principles they have betrayed, has ceased to be loved, and has come to be hated?—SAKA.

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

FIGURES THAT REVEAL NOTHING

A few weeks ago, the Soviet Government issued some figures to indicate that there had been a considerable fall in the cost of living in Russia. Such figures always interest the people of Britain. From time to time one or other of the daily or Sunday newspapers will publish an article giving the comparative prices of foods in the different European countries and indicating, according to the politics of the paper, that the British are either better or worse fed than people of other nations, or that the cost of living is higher or lower in Britain than elsewhere. I am always interested in such figures and I read those put out by the Soviet Government at first with interest, then with disappointment, for they told nothing at all. They only gave percentage decreases in the costs of various foodstuffs and other essentials. The actual price was not indicated, nor was there anything to show the relation between the cost of goods and the income of the average worker. One wishes that the Soviet Government would lift the Iron Curtain so that not only would film stars, no doubt of the right political calibre, be able to travel the world, but newspaper men and economists could take an independent look at the situation as it is inside Russia. I am sceptical of those stories of how awful it is to live in Russia, but I am also sceptical of any claims that Russia might put out to be a Utopia. If independent people could be given the opportunity to see for themselves, with complete freedom, and to examine accurate statistics, then we might get somewhere, further, at any rate, than the Deputy Foreign Ministers seem to be able to get.

The cost of living is rising in Britain and no-one could very well deny it. Those who are able to afford the

time and money for travel in Europe, tell us how much better things are in France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Austria and Italy than they are in Britain. They forget that when one is on holiday, one is prepared to buy luxuries, to pay the extra that is required for butter, meat and cream. Holiday-makers seldom bother to find out how many of the people of the country can afford to pay the higher prices. A complete answer to these tourists, and to the Soviet claims of cheaper living in Russia, is found in the U. S. Bureau of Statistics' publication which analyses, from the data available, the work time required to buy food in 19 countries, comparing prices and earnings in 1950, 1949 and pre-war, that is 1937. America is taken as the basis 100%. Other countries are rated according to the purchasing power of the same amount of the worker's time. Only one country goes beyond the 100% of America, and that is Australia. In view of Soviet claims, it is interesting to find that the purchasing power of hourly earnings was lowest in the U. S. S. R. in 1950, where workers had to work seven times as long as the workers in the U.S.A., and four times as long as the workers in Britain, in order to buy a given quantity of food. And, as an answer to Continental travellers, Italy came second to Russia. Another important trend noticed from the figures available is that not only is Russia so low in the scale today, but, in comparison with 1937, the Russian worker has now to work seven as against four previous hours to hold the same relationship with the worker in the U. S. A. In other words, the purchasing power of earnings in Russia has consistently decreased.

Other countries show other trends. Sweden, Great Britain and Israel have

risen in relation to the United States in the thirteen years covered. The lowest countries today, after those already mentioned, are Hungary, Austria, France, Chile, the Netherlands, Germany and Finland. The highest are Australia, Norway, Canada and Denmark. No Middle or Far Eastern countries is included in the statistics.

Many factors have to be borne in mind, of course, and these have, as far as possible, been included in the charts provided by the U. S. Bureau of Labour Statistics. These charts all show the same trend, though, Britain and other genuine democracies are, to use an American phrase, "way ahead" of the Soviet countries when it comes to comparing the value of work. The worker gets more for his money in the democracies than in the Soviet. If the Communists claim that it is otherwise, let independent economists have the freedom to go and look for themselves. They can go to the democracies.

For those who are students of politics, there can hardly be two better books than two that have been written on the Alger Hiss trials in America. One of the books is called "A Generation on Trial" and is by Alastair Cooke, the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent. This suggests, through its title and Alastair Cooke's comment, that whilst Communism was the right thing in which to have an interest in 1941 and earlier, today it is the wrong thing, and there is a danger that those who did right in 1941 might be charged on that account in 1951. The other book is called "Seeds of Treason." This takes the point of view that Hiss was an important figure in American Communism, so important that he could not have left it if he had wanted, and, in any case, it is doubtful that he ever would have wanted. It is, to me, a much more satisfactory book than Alastair Cooke's, but it is also more frightening. In spite of all the ballyhoo that accompanied the trials of Alger Hiss, with the great names he brought out in his own defence, one is brought face to face with the power of Communism to get the people it wants to do anything that is required of them,



Nageswara Rao And S. Varalakshmi in Rajarajeswari's 'SOUDAMINI'.

in the name of the Cause. I was personally greatly relieved to read of Hiss's failure to win his appeal and even more relieved to read Alastair Cooke when he wrote of the diminishing minority who still believe Hiss innocent."

The various government departments in Britain have been publishing their estimates of income and expenditure in preparation for the budget. None of these estimates has aroused more interest than those which have threatened curtailment of the B.B.C.'s Overseas Service news bulletins and talks, and the proposed cut in money to be allowed the British Council. Exactly how the cuts in the incomes of the B.B.C. and the British Council will be applied, is not yet known, but certain indications have been made. The British Council,

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which has come in for considerable favourable comment in articles and letters in the British press, is cutting down on Latin American countries, and on the countries in Europe which are West of the Iron Curtain. In Britain, too, it is limiting some of its activities for students from overseas, and this has already been criticised. Everyone agrees that the British Council is wise in only doing those things which it can do well on its limited budget. I am thankful that there has been no hint in the Press of any reduction in the facilities which the Council will be providing in India. But there is a real need in Britain for hostels and meeting places for students from other countries. One of the great benefits of studying in a foreign country is that one can meet others, not only of one's own country, but also from the other countries represented amongst the students. I am sure that many Indian students gain a much wider understanding of Britain's colonial policy, through meeting the many African students working in the Colleges and Universities of Britain, than they ever would if they were only to meet British people or fellow-Indians whilst studying in this country. So others feel also, and from the protests already being made against some of the cuts which seem to be pending if the axe is used on the British Council's finances, it would seem that on this matter alone there is likely to be further fun and games when Parliament comes to discuss the Budget. Most of us are not looking forward to the Chancellor's speech, as an unpleasant Budget is anticipated. Smokers expect a rise in the price of cigarettes, motorists fear a rise in the price of petrol, the more convivial amongst us hope for a small reduction in the price of beer, as sales have fallen off considerably, and we all wonder what is going to happen to the income tax. Mr. Gaitskell has an unpleasant job in front of him. He can hardly hope to become a popular Chancellor.

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

CONGRESS DISCIPLINE

THE Congress Working Committee's resolution on Discipline exhibits a deplorable lack of understanding of the crisis in Congress affairs. In the simplest terms, the substance of the crisis lies in the fact that Congressmen in office have proved to be untrustworthy, quite different from what they appeared to be before opportunity came to them in the form of power and office. Formerly they professed to be lovers of civil liberties. Now their thirst for executive power to violate civil liberties seems unquenchable, and when the courts act as guardians of citizens unjustly treated by the executive, the idea of adjusting themselves to the injunctions of judicial tribunals finds little favour with Congress administrators. On the other hand, they want to change the Constitution itself so that their powers of illegal interference with the lives of people may be legalised, and remain undisturbed. Before the advent of freedom, Congress leaders used to indulge in exalted talk on the rights of the poor, and denounced the British in unmeasured terms for their high salaries and the heavy taxation they imposed on an already over-burdened country. But now under Congress rule, taxation has been raised to more oppressive limits than it ever was before in living memory, and the condition of the poorer sections has been brought to a more wretched level than it ever was under British rule. The British in their worst days were not so disliked as Congress Ministers are hated now. In three years' time the Congress Ministers have squeezed completely dry the last drop of enthusiasm of the people for the era of freedom, and turned them into a moody, mis-

erable, discontented, hopeless multitude, with no joy in life or zest for work, and looking upon Government with aversion and hostility. The Ministers no longer move freely among the people. Their houses are surrounded by armed guards to whom they look to for safety.

Every principle for which the Congress stood before office has been violated after it came to office, and yet the Working Committee wants to shield the betrayers by banning public criticism of Ministers' misdeeds. By passing this resolution the Working Committee has itself become a party to the guilt it seeks to cover. It has totally failed to grasp the meaning of discipline. The purpose of discipline is to promote organisational faithfulness in the pursuit of professed objectives, not to cover with immunity systematic violators of such objectives. Pandit Nehru who is a party to this resolution has a glamour for people that has survived many a shock felt by them as a result of the degeneracy of the administration surrounding him. But the leader who makes too large drafts on popularity without the replenishment of achievement will find himself before long driven to bankruptcy in things that matter most. Pandit Nehru will take the complexion of his colleagues in the Working Committee and be tarred in the same dye if he carries too long in the same environment.

Dismissal Of MacArthur

THE dismissal of General MacArthur has removed from active power a figure of perennial disturbance to world peace. He did a

splendid job of work in Japan. His personal bravery, power of organisation, aloofness and incorruptibility won for him a magic hold on that proud nation. As the General performed the tasks of occupation without destroying the halo round the Emperor, the Japanese, traditionally sensitive to the point of idolatry to the honour of the Emperor, learnt to discover recompenses for loss of freedom, and instead of chafing at foreign rule, began to co-operate with it without the need of coercion. By concentrating all supremacy in his own hands, narrowing its visibility, General MacArthur made foreign rule look like self-government. Above all, with generous economic aid, he made the post-war rehabilitation of the occupied country swift and complete. Industrialisation flourished as never before. Very few countries that emerged from the war as victors have had such a good government so efficiently run with so much of social and economic achievement to its credit as General MacArthur has been able to establish in Japan.

It was the war in Korea that drew out the anti-Communist passion in MacArthur and threw it out of all

bounds. General MacArthur was not capable of balanced reasoning in the matter of combating Communism. It was his pet idea that the Communist regime in China should be supplanted with the aid of Chiang Kai-shek. Repeated admonitions failed to dislodge this idea which had become a fixed obsession, from his mind. It was the involvement of the United Nations in the Korean war that placed General MacArthur at a disadvantage in his disagreements with the State Department. The Asian countries of the United Nations do not want to lose the chance of an independent foreign policy for China by throwing Mao into dependence on Russian aid, as the line of strategy favoured by MacArthur was bound to do, and Britain could not afford to ignore the wishes of these countries. Those who hope for no other remedy for their fear of Communism except military conquest will rate MacArthur as a great military hero wronged for having the right vision. But as the greater part of the world still hopes for political and diplomatic victories against Communism, relief over MacArthur's dismissal is general and fairly universal.

Sotto Voce

SON OF THUNDER

THE Maharaja of Baroda is not a particularly heroic figure. But in his bout with the Minister for States he has won hands down. Mr. Gopalaswami Iyengar's strong point has always been supposed to be his ability to rein himself in. He was, at least to those outside the circle of his intimates, the strong silent man of legend. I am merely echoing a universal opi-

nion when I say that his speech in India's cause at the U. N. seemed further to exalt his silence.

Neither skill in diplomacy nor the ability to speak persuasively can be acquired just by taking thought. Both are basically grounded in the depths of a man's psychology. They may be inhibited as much by excessive scru-



pulousness as by overweening arrogance. The successful administrator often fails in statesmanship by making too little allowance for the irrational in our make-up. Unlike an earlier generation of Dewans who found in the Princely States opportunities for initiative and for constructive imagination which the alien ruler denied them at home, Mr. Gopalaswami Iyengar could not be said to have found his metier in Kashmir. His best work had been done when he retired as a civil servant.

Fate played a scurvy trick by thrusting upon his prim shoulders the burden of Atlas. At the blast of the Sardar's horn the walls of Princely Jericho fell; his successors are overwhelmed by the debris. Patel mauling an opponent was not a pretty sight, but he had no more self-consciousness than the tiger that has fed. Baroda felt the weight of that formidable paw; Mr. Gopalaswami Iyengar was, however, wrong in supposing that the Maharaja's post-mortem tribute is mere ostentation. If the Maharaja would not have dared to cheek him, neither would the Sardar have bandied words with him or tried to frighten him with the bogey of avenging Congressmen. Our Princes are feudal enough to know who is master. For all his manifold efforts to ape Boanerges, son of thunder, the Minister for States does not fill the bill.

Let us suppose that the Princes' trade union was, like some of our rich men's Communist sons, playing at revolution underground. Let us suppose, too, that the sleuths of the States Ministry had got wind of a secret confabulation and had persuaded some of the Princely participants to peach. Was it necessary to parade this mouse of a discovery in Parliament and invite the terriers to worry it? Mr. Gopalaswami Iyengar poked laboured fun at those who met in secret conclave; he suggested they could not have done so "merely for saying their prayers together or negotiating marriage alliances between ruling houses." Why should unemployed Princes not meet any more than unemployed proles, even if they are so reactionary as to pray, or be

particular about whom they will take to wife?

Mr. Iyengar was perhaps thinking of that wise saw, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." In that case, why does not the Bright Archangel, forfend the danger by setting the Princes some useful tasks? They may not be paragons of virtue or wisdom; but their forced retirement has not brought the millennium to the States which it was the fashion to say they had misgoverned for centuries. Mr. Iyengar, when he theatrically cried out against the wolf in the fold, "I say, Congressmen, look out," forgot that he was appealing from Philip sober to Philip drunk; and if power is watered beer to the Congressman in the Provinces it is champagne to his brother in the States.

Mr. Iyengar thinks that the dispossessed Princes can have no grievances other than of a personal nature. And true to the paternalistic tradition of his upbringing he contends that these do not need a union to remedy. Petitions printed in gilt letters and presented with the appropriate genuflections to the Great Moghul of the day would no doubt be more in accord with past practice. But, strangely enough, Mr. Iyengar has no objection to the Princes contesting elections either by themselves or in combination with jagirdars and zamindars. Here seems to be a case of the greater excluding the less.

If there should be anybody, Prince or pauper, so foolish as to think of plotting against the State or disrupting the Constitution the law will draw his claws the moment he displays them. That is well understood and there is no need to proclaim the Government's resolve to scotch subversive movements. Mr. Gopalaswami Iyengar has hardly done a service to the Government by displaying a wholly unnecessary warmth. It might suggest to the ill-conditioned that our toddling democracy was squalling to keep up its courage. The Congress may ask to be saved as much from the intemperate zeal of new friends as from the active ill-will of old followers.

VIGNESWARA.

INCREASE IN RAILWAY FARES

By H. RANGACHAR

YET another argument advanced in favour of the enhancement of fares is that its incidence under present conditions is not heavy and that it falls on classes of population who can bear the increase. The Minister of State for Railways observed as follows in his speech in Parliament on 1st March in regard to this matter: "As regards the capacity of the Indian traveller to pay the increased fares, a peasant today would have to sell only half the amount of wheat which he had to in 1939 for travelling the same distance. Similarly, an agricultural labourer for travelling 32 miles had to pay a day's wages in 1939. Today he has to pay only half a day's wages. So in terms of real income, the incidence of the railway fares today was much less than... in 1939." Due to inflation, prices of agricultural products have, like those of other commodities gone up. But it does not mean that the farmer is better off than he was before. The prices of all articles required for agricultural operations have shot up much more; the cost of living has greatly increased and the Index records that it stands at present at over three times that of the pre-war year. The prices at which the food grains are "procured" by the Government leave a very small margin of profit. The farmers are therefore in a much worse position in terms of real income than before, as those who are in contact with them and have a direct knowledge of their conditions know. This is also borne out by the report on the economic survey of Vandalur village in the Madras State, one of the 800 odd villages in India in which enquiry was conducted under the auspices of the Central Ministry of Labour. According to a summary of this report given in *The Hindu* of 15th March 1951, the average expenses of an agricultural worker's family were Rs. 332.5 against an annual income of Rs. 322.6. "Agrarian employment left much to be desired with the agricultural labourer working for 200 days in the year, agricultural work accounting for 133.7

days and subsidiary occupations 66.3 days." The conditions disclosed by the report may be taken in a general way to be typical of the economy of the other villages in the country. In the case of other workers also, it is well known that the increase in wages has lagged behind the great rise in the cost of living with the result that in terms of real wages they are worse off. While the increase in fares represents a smaller proportion of the nominal wages of the farmer and the labourer at present than in 1938, it means a much larger proportion of their real income now than before. The incidence of the increase now is therefore really much heavier than before and not lighter as stated by Mr. Santanam.

Is The Increase Anti-Inflationary?

The Minister for Railways has stated that the increase in fares is anti-inflationary. While it may be deflationary in regard to the rich strata of society generally represented by higher class travellers, it cannot be so in the case of by far the largest bulk of passengers travelling in third class, contributing about 97% of the total passenger revenue to the railways. In their cases, the increase adds to the intolerably heavy and growing burden of inflated prices and high cost of living. It cannot but act as a great irritant and hardship as they have to pay more for one more item of necessity. In our country, the demand for transport is inelastic and in the case of third class passengers, travel is undertaken only when absolutely necessary. The element of economic activity and an increase in its cost cannot but have adverse repercussions on prices and inflation.

The Minister for Railways has claimed in his Budget speech that the increase in fares is "intrinsically" justified. This claim may now be examined in the light of what has been said so far.

There is some confusion in regard to the exact reasons which led immediately to this decision to enhance

fares. The general impression created by the Budget speech was that it was a temporary expedient solely necessitated by the need for additional capital which, in the present ways and means position of the Government and the condition of the money market, could not be financed otherwise than by raising additional revenue somehow from railways. It is not of course a correct principle nor one consistent with sound commercial or business practice to use revenue for capital purposes. Such a measure can only be adopted under unavoidable, compelling and extra-ordinary circumstances. It has already been shown in a previous article in *Svatantra* of 17th March that this was not unavoidable and that the additional sums needed could have been obtained from the normal revenues for the Budget year. In this and the previous article in *Svatantra* of the 7th instant, facts and figures have been adduced which, the writer hopes, show that the grounds advanced for the enhancement of fares are not well-founded or tenable.

The only justification that can, under the circumstances, be surmised seems to be that the Government felt that, with conditions as they stand at present, there is every likelihood of increased revenues being reaped by enhancing fares and that in view of the large requirements for funds for rehabilitating and modernising the railways and improving the ways and means position of the Government, as much money as possible may be collected from this source while the going is good.

There are however many weighty and serious objections to the measure now adopted. In the first place, in a public utility concern enjoying a virtual monopoly, the price charged should be fair and enough to cover the cost of service, including due and reasonable provision for depreciation, reserves, etc. This is a well-recognised fundamental principle as also its corollary that any revenue derived in excess of such reasonable returns should be ploughed back in the shape of decreased charges to the consumers. It is for this reason that the central authorities or the statutory corporations established by the British Parliament to manage the several nationa-

lised industries have the specific statutory duty cast on them of taking all measures necessary to "cheapen" the cost of service to the consumer as far as possible.

The operations of the British Electricity Authority afford a striking significant illustration of this principle. The latest report published by it for 1949-50 shows that while the price of coal was 272, weekly wage rates 182 in 1949 against 100 of 1938, the price of electricity sold to domestic consumers was 93 or 7% lower during 1949-50 than in 1938, a truly remarkable achievement. And this in a country where the cost of living has been so well and effectively controlled that the Index recorded in 1949 146 against 100 of the pre-war year. The report also shows that the Authority needed large capital amounts for extension and development. It could have obtained some of this by increased charges but apparently chose not to do so for obvious reasons. The Electricity Authority has been specially referred to as an example as it is a public utility undertaking earning adequate revenue though not on the prosperous scale of our railways; it had to incur heavy expenditure on account of the increase in prices of coal and wages of staff; it needed capital which it could have obtained in part by increased charges, especially when these were below prewar rates. Though placed similar to our railways, they presumably preferred to continue lower charges, unlike our railways. Incidentally it may be added that the principle of making the lowest possible charge for such public utility services is adopted in our country also. According to the Electricity (Supply) Act, 1948, the rates for the sale of electricity shall be so adjusted "by periodical revision" that "clear profit in any year shall not as far as possible exceed the amount of reasonable return." A principle like this should apply with much greater force to railway transport, the charges for which should not be increased to provide funds for future contingent improvements and amenities.

A more serious objection to the enhancement in fares is that at a time of acute inflation like the present when the prices and the cost of living are soaring high, the increase places

an additional burden on the large bulk of population whose economical condition is so critical. The Finance Minister of the Government of India has stated that the maximum increase in the cost of living of working classes as a result of increased taxes and rail fares would only be 1.15 points and 0.33 per cent in Bombay. It would be less for other centres, the cost of living index for which did not include rail fares. The percentage of increase may be small but coming as it does on the top of the high cost of living, the incidence is much heavier actually than the percentage would indicate. To the large bulk of our population, perched precariously on the very verge of the margin of subsistence, the cumulative effect of these increases, however small each by itself, is very great and is progressively taking them nearer and nearer the proverbial last straw which will break the camel's back! It was recently reported that the well-known British poll organization, Mass Observation, recording public opinion on current topics asked the members of the middle class "Given a one-tenth reduction in your income, where would you make your cuts?" A dismal country parson replied "Across my throat." The plight of the general bulk of our people is worse by far than in Britain and what is urgently needed is relief from the intolerable burden in all possible ways. The supreme need of the hour is to arrest effectively continually mounting spiral of prices and any measure having the effect of increasing the cost of living, in however small a degree, should be avoided. The putting up of fares was very inopportune and not justified.

Thirdly, the huge surpluses on railways will naturally lead, as it has already done, to demands for increased wages by workers who can urge the ever increasing cost of living and the handsome profits of railways as justification for their demands. With the nationalised railways under the direct management of the Government, the bargaining power of the labour unions has greatly increased. The result may be the vicious circle of increased wages adding to the inflationary tendencies, now scarcely under effective control. During the last few weeks, the workers on British Railways have been able to extract a pay increase of 7-1/2%,

costing an additional £12 million a year, though an increase of 5% was all that was needed to bring the railway wages in line with the general increase in other industries and though the Court of Inquiry had held this 5% "as the maximum amount which it was in the capacity of railways to pay." The 7-1/2% increase had to be given, even though the railways have been working at a loss which in 1949 was about £26 million. One of the points put forward on behalf of the workers was that the amount of £36 million due annually to compensate the ex-shareholders of the railways was not a legitimate charge. It need hardly be added that the very sizable surplus profits on our railways running to 25-30 crores are a strong ground for the workers to base their claims upon for increases. With such prosperity, the great incentive to economy would have been weakened, if not lost to some extent.

For all the reasons mentioned above, the increase in fares does not at all seem justified. Now that it has been brought into force, it is only to be hoped (it may be too optimistic a hope) that it will be treated as a purely temporary measure and that reduction in rates will be effected at the earliest possible time, in the course of the year itself. In the meanwhile, some relief may be given to the public by the revival and adoption of concession tickets for parties, return tickets, week-end tickets, etc.

In a speech in reply to the addresses presented to him at Visakhapatnam on 25th March, Mr. N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar is reported to have stated that the increase in fares was necessary to put our railways on a sound footing, comparing favourably with the railways of other advanced countries. It is with considerable reluctance that one feels compelled to differ from Mr. Ayyangar in this matter. As Minister for Railways in the years following the attainment of independence, he has rendered great service to the country by improving the railways, their working and their efficiency and thus placing them in a position to do better and better in future. It is a matter for regret that he should have felt justified in substantially increasing the railway fares now.

THROUGH THE EYES OF A BUBBLE PRICKER

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

I know a man who was confidential stenographer to Mahatma Gandhi for a number of years. With perfect lack of ostentation and enviable composure he used to tell how the Mahatma, who used to take to task any Ashram inmate who did not attend the morning prayers, would wink at him pulling the blanket firmly over himself, as he passed by. He used to add that poor Kasturba, who loved good coffee next only to her immortal husband, would depend on him to get it without the knowledge of her watchful master, and how in spite of all such care, the Argus would find it out and mention it in the prayer-speech. The Mahatma who was cruelly strict with some of his closest disciples was indulgent to him in a very large measure indeed. The shrewd old man would find out his tricks, but would generally desist from any chiding, and dismiss it all with a joke. Once he had written to his people to wire to him that his wife was ill, armed with which telegram he could get leave from Gandhiji. The wire came duly and was solemnly produced. The Sphinx of Sabarmati just smiled and said, "Anyway the idea seems to be to get you there. I have no objection to that now." He used to sum up by saying that it was an interesting and unforgettable experience in his life but he was never scared by the super-human greatness of his master. To him he was just a nice and good man, but not much more.

Probably my knowledge of this man has helped me to understand and appreciate Blanch Patch's memoirs of Bernard Shaw entitled "Thirty Years with G. B. S." Secretary for the Saint of Ayot for thirty years, the shrewd lady had seen him in his weakest as well as strongest moments, and the giant was visible to her, through her peculiar demagnifying glasses, as the simple man with human and often absurdly human failings. Shaw himself has certified

that she was the least affected by his reputation or personality. That is qualification enough in one way to write the intimate memoir of the great man, who delighted in self debunking.

But the merit of Blanch Patch's work consists in her realising her own limitations and the limitation of the scope of her work. One has only to take up the now little read but still most stimulating book on Shaw written years ago by that erratic genius Frank Harris. So punctuated with bubble pricking is the account that it is easy for the wary reader to see that the bubbles do not exist as such but are often blown to be pricked later. And since Shaw has given an introduction to the book himself the total effect, if exhilarating and even amusing, is nowhere near objective truth. All that Frank Harris has to say on Shaw is easily and indulgently redebunked by Shaw in his introduction.

Harris set out to throw mud-pies, but looks sheepish when caught in the act by Shaw in his introduction. In the hands of Blanch Patch however it is Shaw's turn to be patronized and petted, as if by an understanding godmother. Patch has no violent debunking attitude. Hers is neither the friendly chaff albeit deadly to its victim, of Frank Harris, nor is it the iconoclastic fury of some biographers, who go on listing the lies of other biographers about their victim. It is not the surgeon's knife but the nurse's stern pointed lower lip, that silences the complaining patient.

Was Shaw infallible? Never, says Patch. Many predictions which he made, but which had been forgotten by the admiring crowd are listed to clinch the argument. He said that Kitchner's prediction that the first world war would last four years was a general's fancy. Shaw was wrong and Kitchner was right. He said that Churchill would never come to power unless the party system ended.

Again he was wrong. He was equally wrong in his estimate of Lloyd George and many other men and events.

What about Shaw's knowledge of economics? Far from being the authority and artist he was claimed to be, Shaw was wrong in simple computations and understanding. He could never really grasp inflation or increased cost of living, and thought that with their slightly increased salaries and allowances, his staff were really on velvet, in the post-war period. He was very good at figures, as the testimonial he got from his superiors in the Bank in Dublin shows. But he never grasped the meaning of figures or simple economic laws. One of Shaw's hallucinations was that he would become a pauper if he gave money to all the importunate indigent. He retorted that he gave enough by way of taxes to the State, to be distributed among the poor. But he was deceived once or twice and Shaw was careful not to institute a suit. He could have easily satisfied himself on the point of his income if he had only looked up his figures carefully. He had no idea that he was spoiling the market by indulging in selling his signature too often. Signed copies of his books fetched good prices, even fancy prices when his agent sold them, but when Shaw began sending streams of copies so autographed the market fell. He had also illusions about the earning capacity of his work. Sincerely and seriously he used to claim that the producers need not grudge him the fabulous sums he often stipulated since they were going to make ten times over on his works. He would never admit even to himself that a play of his was a box office flop. He refused to believe that his "Buoyant Billions" really flopped. Shaw was equally bad with machines though he fancied them. He used only two fingers in typing.

He has been told off more than once to defeat. It was Einstein who squarely told Shaw that he had no business with pure science. And Shaw had to alter his plays slightly to suit the screen when the indomitable Hungarian came along and argued him into it. Patch herself told him off more than once. She

used to visit the local church regularly every Sunday. Shaw asked her once to tell him who were all there and what things happened. The second time she refused to oblige. Shaw, though a kind and considerate man, had never studied Carnegie's "How to win friends and influence people". He took good work for granted, and never praised his secretary till in desperation she once packed off to London and wrote a letter about his lack of appreciation and bad taskmastership. Shaw had to get her back on her own terms.

The way Shaw got rid of pests like admirers, journalists and the like is equally interesting. He had sets of printed cards telling people that he had little time to answer letters. Sometimes he went out of his way to write a line or two. On his journey round the world, he was made the victim of a flood of interviewers. At home, however, Shaw indulged in an innocent trick. He would slip out into the garden and work with his sunlamp on in the hothouse so that Patch could say with perfect truth that Shaw was out.

A thousand such little details that the Shavians would not be knowing except through the pen of Miss Patch crowd the pages of this memoir. Being herself, as Shaw himself certified, not a Shavian, the string of anecdotes is evenly balanced. Shaw is told off as many times as he comes out victorious.

It is probably good for Shaw's reputation that it should be so. In the teeth of a first cold and later blindly admiring world Shaw thrust all the acidity of his pungent wit so that neither he nor they should suffer by his lack of publicity. But this was indeed a pose, however cleverly stimulating sincerity. As Einstein so aptly put it, Shaw was an artist in mockery. Said Einstein summarily, "Mr. G. B. Shaw has succeeded in gaining the love and joyful admiration of mankind by a path which to others led to martyrdom. He even dares to mock at what to others appears unapproachable. What Mr. Shaw has done could be done only by the born artist. From his box of tricks he has taken countless puppets which while resembling men are not flesh and blood but consist

entirely of spirit, wit and grace. By holding the mirror before us, Shaw has been able as no other contemporary to liberate us and to take from us something of the heaviness of living." In fact Shaw who poured forth the vials of his wrath on Shakespeare-worship considered it an honour for his statue to be placed opposite Shakespeare. In private life, he took off the coat of cynic, revolutionary and prophet, and was a man with ordinary and absurd human failings. As time went on the opposite side of his personality assert-

ed itself. He called himself only a shadow of Ibsen, among a thousand other shadows, and his only wish was to be forgotten soon after he died.

What Blanch Patch has done by way of chronicling has neither the literary finish nor completeness of Boswell's masterpiece. But she has written down what she alone could write, without embellishment. That much of it makes Shaw a human figure far from the monstrous superman he portrayed, is a service for which Shaw and the best Shavians should be thankful to her.

THE ALL INDIA REPUBLICAN PARTY FIRST CONVENTION AT MADRAS ON APRIL 21

SRI S. Ramanathan, Secretary. All India Republican Party, writes:

It is proposed to hold the Convention of the All India Republican Party at Madras on the 21st and 22nd April 1951.

It is now clear that there is a landslide of public opinion against the Congress Party which has failed signally to meet the growing danger of economic conflicts and confusion in the country. What the people need is political action in the face of the stark reality of famine which threatens to overwhelm us. The Congress Party can no longer serve as the fulcrum for such action. It has no political convictions. It merely exploits the name and fame of Mahatma Gandhi. Its leaders act at cross purposes except when they combine to tighten their stranglehold on the Governmental machinery. Its outmoded policy of prohibition has bred corruption on a colossal scale. Its attempts at starting large scale industries have led to scandalous waste of crores of the poor tax-payers' money. Its food policy has made India an international beggar for alms. Its equivocal stand on foreign affairs has made India friendless in the World. These accumulating blunders are exasperating the people who want either to mend or end Congress rule.

All attempts to reform the Congress from within have failed. A new at-

tempt has to be made to consolidate the progressive forces outside the Congress so as to unseat the Congress Party in the coming elections. While the emergence of a new party may create a fear of splitting the forces opposed to the Congress it is necessary to have a party which will express the growing spirit of popular resentment against the Congress.

The country is in no mood to tolerate either an extreme right-wing conservatism which leads to theocracy or an extreme left-wing idealism, which is a leap in the dark towards totalitarianism. The All India Republican Party is not wedded to any 'isms' of the left or of the right, but would welcome within its fold every earnest worker, who would fight the battle for popular rights and for providing the bare necessities of life to the common man in the country. The party cordially invites individuals and groups in different parts of India, who may sympathise with the sentiments expressed above to send out representatives to the Madras Convention. Intending candidates to the State and Central Legislatures who desire a straight fight with the Congress may profit by the ticket of the All India Republican Party. Intimations from persons who intend attending the Convention may be sent to the Secretary, The All India Republican Party, No. 9, Broadway, Madras-1.

BIG BUSINESS IN CRIME

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Murder Incorporated was a gang of racketeers, with a sizable number of professional murderers on its staff, which operated in the Nineteen Thirties in Brooklyn. Its own members did not refer to it by that indelicate name: To the underworld it was the Brooklyn chapter of "The Combination," an informally organized but strong confederation of criminals who staked out claims to various areas of the United States. The late Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel ruled on the West Coast, the Purple Gang in Detroit, the remnants of the Capone gang in Chicago and Charles "Lucky" Luciano and subsequently Louis "Lepke" Buchalter in New York.

Despite the name, murder was not the Brooklyn organization's principal trade. Its income was derived from rackets-liquor distribution through dummy corporations; gambling; syndicated prostitution; muscling in on legitimate businesses; control of labour unions; ownership of night-clubs and roadhouses, and shake-down extortion in many forms—some crude, some refined. Murder was only a means toward an end. It was used to discipline the gang's personnel, to eliminate "competition" and to dispose of "troublemakers"—that is, law-abiding citizens who got in the way.

Altogether, Murder Incorporated and its Manhattan affiliates are known to have executed sixty-three men in and around New York between 1931 and 1940. About as many were probably wiped out in other parts of the country. This may look like a sanguinary record, but there is a paradox behind it. Flourishing as it did in the years immediately following the repeal of prohibition, Murder Incorporated decided it would be wise policy, in view of the danger of public outrage and police crackdowns, to exercise strict control over gang killings. Murder was performed purely for business reasons, not for personal hatred or revenge.

The leaders of Murder Incorporated were Joseph Doto, better known as Joe Adonis; Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, and Albert Anastasia.

These three top men took for themselves different spheres of enterprise. Adonis had the gambling concession and the political connections, and he fronted for the organization. Anastasia was chief of Murder Incorporated's own secret police, the man who controlled the execution of balky underlings or squealers as well as the murder of persons outside the gang who interfered with its activities. (Usually death sentences were handed down by "kangaroo courts" or top individuals in "The Combination," and word of the "contract" was sent to Anastasia. No murder was permitted without his direct authorization. It was he who assigned the men to do the chore.) Reles was the field commander who directed the operations of the killers, the revenue-collectors, the beat-up artists and other rank-and-file members, sometimes participating personally in the important or "special" jobs.

Below these three men in the table of organization were the "troops," who performed murder for recompense. Their activities were not restricted to murder. They also served as collectors. They were paid regular salaries, from \$150 to \$250 a week, but they also received little domains of their own—a slot-machine concession here, a string of brothels there, or the privilege of shaking down a limited number of bookies and legitimate business men for "protection."

In the lower echelons were the \$50—a week "punks," the generic rank given to young car thieves, toughs, hoodlums, strong-arm men and killers' apprentices.

Of all the gang's enterprises, the most profitable was extortion from long-shoremen. This was accomplished by acquiring control of six locals of the International Long-shoremen's Association, A. F. L., which had jurisdiction on the Brooklyn

waterfront. This aspect of the gang's operations was jointly managed by Anastasia and Adonis. By terrorizing the locals' officials, the thugs were able to force longshoremen to fork over a percentage of their daily wages just for the privilege of working.

The gang maintained its hold by the fear it inspired among decent citizens and timid hoodlums alike. Their crimes were often ferocious. Murder victims were garrotted, punctured to death with ice picks, hacked with cleavers, buried alive in sand or lime pits, or burned alive after kerosene was poured on them. One gangster was dumped into the East River with his feet encased in cement. Another was thrown alive into a lake, his body anchored with two slot machines.

The victims were most often members of the gang who had turned informer (or were suspected of squealing), men who wanted to "retire," members who embezzled organisation funds or non-member racketeers who were competing for business. But the hoodlums had no hesitation about wiping out law-abiding citizens too. Among these were Peter Panto, a young longshoreman who "made trouble" by trying to lead a revolt against the gang on the docks; and Morris Diamond, a teamsters union official, and Joseph Rosen a truck owner, both of whom opposed the gangsters in the garment industry. "Lepke" Buchalter was electrocuted in 1941 for the murder of Rosen.

For a long time the Brooklyn mob managed to stay free of the law, except for an occasional pinch on minor charges, through their patronization of lawyers with political connections, usually in neighbourhood Democratic clubs.

It was "Kid Twist" Reles whose defection led to the undoing of the gang. In 1940, at a hearing of one of the gang's kangaroo courts, he pleaded the case of "Pretty" Levine, a punk who wanted out.

Levine was permitted to live. He was one of the first of the gang to turn state's evidence when taken into custody by William O'Dwyer, then District Attorney in Brooklyn. Reles, realising that he could be sent to the

electric chair by Levine's testimony, made a bargain with Mr. O'Dwyer. He was promised leniency in return for informing on the rest of the gang.

On the basis of Reles' information Mr. O'Dwyer and his assistant, Burton Turkus, began rounding up the gang. One by one the small fry—including Levine, "Duke" Maffettore, "Blue Jaw" Magoon, Allie Tannenbaum—turned state's evidence and helped convict the professional killers.

Among those executed in the electric chair at Sing Sing were "Pittsburg Phil" Strauss, "Happy" Malone, "The Dasher" Abbando and "Bugsy" Goldsteing. Altogether, eight men were executed and more than fifty others were sentenced to long prison terms.

Reles himself was killed on Nov. 12, 1941, when he plunged from the window of a hotel where he was being held in protective custody as a material witness. His death holds, perhaps, the key to a major mystery about "The Combination" that remains unsolved: Why haven't Anastasia and Adonis been convicted? Their connection with the gang was never a secret to the police or to District Attorneys. In his testimony before the Kefauver committee, Mr. O'Dwyer said Reles was the one witness whose testimony could have convicted Anastasia, of the murder of Morris Diamond. As Mr. O'Dwyer put it, the state's case against Anastasia went out the window with Reles. The Brooklyn District Attorney's office has since been unable to find any other witnesses whose testimony could be used successfully against Anastasia. Nor has it been able to convict Adonis, who has been indicted at various times on charges of kidnapping, extortion and assault.

Anastasia and Adonis are still alive, active and affluent. Anastasia, now 47 years old, was excused because of illness from testifying at public hearings of the Kefauver committee. But in an appearance before a closed hearing in February he denied all the crimes attributed to him and said he was a respectable business man, with a dress factory at Hazleton, Pa.

Adonis, now 52, has been cited for

contempt of the Senate for his refusal to answer questions asked by the Kefauver committee. There is also pending against him a New Jersey indictment, charging him with operation of gambling establishments. Like Anastasia, he says he is a legitimate business man, his major enterprise being the hauling of new automobiles in the New York area.

The death of Reles himself adds a final touch of mystery to the activities of Murder Incorporated. Mr. O'Dwyer told the Kefauver committee he believed Reles fell as he was trying to escape. The police say he died in an attempt to play a practical joke. They say he tied some sheets together and let himself out of the window, intending to enter a window on the floor below. Then, so this explanation goes,

he planned to return upstairs, walk through the door of his room and surprise his six-man police guard.

But Senator Charles W. Tobey, Republican of New Hampshire, refused to believe the story of what he called the "peek-a-boo" gag. He offered the theory that Reles may have been thrown from that window to destroy the state's murder case against Anastasia. And last week Edward S. Silver, chief assistant to District Attorney Miles F. McDonald of Kings County, announced he had acquired some new information about Reles' death, which he refused to divulge. Police Commissioner Thomas F. Murphy already has begun an investigation into the circumstances of Reles' death.

Partially paralysed in both legs for the past 18 years, Miss Norah Naylor, of Bradford, Yorkshire, is a courageous woman who has not allowed her handicap to overcome her. After winning last year's News Chronicle £50 (Rs. 667) award for a sports cartoon, she has gone on to further success, securing an appointment as cartoonist to the London weekly *Liberal News*.

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AS I SEE IT: By BAROO

A WORD TO MUNSHI

ONE can understand the anxiety of men like K. M. Munshi that the deluge should not overtake them before their time is up, but it is difficult to appreciate the steps they are taking to stay the dreaded bogey of Communism. Brave words break no bones, and speeches of the kind that Munshi made at the so-called "Cultural Freedom Conference" which Nehru so appropriately banned in the Capital, will neither salvage any lost intellectuals nor put off the evil day of reckoning. If chaos is to be averted, something more solid than mere speechifying must be done.

Mr. Munshi and his colleagues could do worse than concentrate on their jobs and repair the fast disappearing confidence of the public in the administration. This is a task that requires a great deal of patient work, the ability to face facts and to take decisions that might be unpalatable to the party on whose support the Government depends. It is certainly not a task that can be performed by flourishing either the resounding phrase or the big stick—the two things with which our rulers are most familiar.

The need of the hour is the purposeful tackling of the basic causes of discontent which springs from the disappointment of the people with both the policies of the Government, as well as their actual implementation. Of the two, it is disappointment with the implementation of policies, or in other words with the day-to-day administration of the country which is causing the greatest discontent. For while few possess the gumption to criticise basic policies, everybody can discern inefficiency and corruption where it exists in the administration. The task of anti-Communist statesmanship therefore divides itself into two distinct parts. Number one, the administration must be cleansed and made more efficient. Number two, the reformed administrative machinery must be geared to implement policies that are really popular.

It will not do to waste time which, as Munshi and his friends are very

well aware, is running out on them. But can anything resolute be expected from men, who, however honest they might be in their persons, are inextricably bound up with a party that is steeped in graft and corruption? I fear not. What then, are the prospects for the future? Will the coming elections produce any amelioration? Or will they return ministers and legislators of the same kind as the present?

A great deal hinges round Nehru. If he lends his name to a Congress dominated by the present party bosses, these latter might be returned to power. There would in that case be no hope of averting the revolution which is Munshi's nightmare. But if Nehru stands away from the corrupt elements of his party and places men of his own choice before the nation, he would not only sweep the polls but also make possible an orderly progress towards the things that we want. If therefore there is anything that will save the "culture" whose passing away Munshi and his friends have been bemoaning in advance in Bombay recently, it will not be their gaseous speeches, but a firm and far-reaching decision by India's man of destiny. Mr. Munshi would do well in helping his chief at this critical hour instead of indulging in confabulations designed to weaken him. He should remember that he owes his present position solely to the prestige that Nehru has lent to an otherwise unpopular Government, and that it ill becomes him to abuse this favour. It is all very well to inspire messages to the American Congress from Indian legislators, and to hold political conferences under the cloak of "culture," but this sneaking way is not the way to fight such formidable antagonists as Communists. He should also know that whatever notice Nehru, in the infinite goodness of his heart, takes or does not take of his pranks, the eyes of the nation are wide open to everyone of his stunts, and that the memory of a hungry people is sometimes inconveniently long.

JAMMU AND KASHMIR

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

THE Kashmir question is boiling over once again in the Conference halls of Lake Success. Partition haunts the corridors like a ghost. Having partitioned the entire sub-continent, partitioning of this state seems a simple enough proposition. In a loose way people speak of Jammu State as Hindu and Kashmir Valley as Muslim. Jammu State is comparatively less known. Actually the Hindus number less than half and in barely two tehsils have any substantial number to lay claim to a "Hindu Raj."

The major community is of the Dogras. The origin of this word is commonly stated to have arisen from the fact that the cradle of the Dogra race lying between the two holy lakes Saroin Sar and Man Sar, became Drigartdes or the country of the two hollows and in its corrupt form became Dogra. They split into two broad divisions. The Mian Rajputs who do not engage themselves in either agriculture or trade but only serve in the army, and the other Rajputs who have stooped to work. The history of the State is practically the story of one man Gulab Singh, a Dogra Rajput of Jammu, who for capturing the Raja of Rajaori for his master, Ranjit Singh of Lahore, was made the Raja of Jammu.

To me a jaunt in Jammu region was an exciting voyage of discovery, for the guide books on Kashmir in their absorption in the valley say little of this part of the country and even fewer people have visited it. The ancient city of Jammu is a picturesque sight with its pinnacles and temple spiers, capped by golden balls and cones glittering against the ash purple of the hills. The city is made up of a series of crenellated heights each hill top representing the time when it was in the possession of a family who fortified it against aggression.

Jammu State covers an area of 80,000 square miles and facing South looks out on the Punjab districts of Jhelum, Gujarat, Sialkot and Gurdas-

pur all of which today form part of Pakistan. There is a fringe of level land along the Punjab frontier bordered by a plinth of lowhills country which is the home of the Dogras; and all who live here, Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, are Dogras. There is Padar on the Southern border where the exquisite limpid sapphire is found. Further east lies Zaksar, said to be rich in copper. While the Dogras hold this lowland between Manavar Tawi and the Ravi River the land between Tawi and the Jhelum is held by the Chibs and is known as Chibbal. The Chibs are mostly Muslims but there are Hindu Chibs too. Both claim descent from a Rajput, a doctor who got a Moghul princess for curing the Emperor, and acquired the name of Shadikhani. The children he had by his Hindu wife became the Hindu Chibs. Both repair annually to his tomb at Kali Dhar Hills in Nowshera, and both regard military service as their only career. After this country came under the Moghuls in 1856, Kashmir became the summer capital of the rulers and every year when the first whiffs of the hot desert air yellowed the air, the royal family and their entourage began the long trek from Lahore along the Pir Panjal route to Srinagar. Thus a splendid chain of sarais were built along this ribbon-pathway over the hills. For the country between the Jhelum and the Chenab is formed by a mass of mountain spurs running down the Panjal range, with parks rising to 14,000 and 15,000 feet.

As we left Akhnoor and the road along the Tawi to begin the ascent to Nowshera, time seemed to slip back and one saw the large caravans treading this steep ascent, winding in and out of the mountains. The loveliest spots were selected for the rest houses for the royal household and the long weary journey was made a pretty tale. The track became fragrant with romantic memories especially of the alluring personalities of Nurjehan and Jehangir. Full-moon time was usually chosen for this summer trek, so that the mountain scenery may be

viewed at its best. The party lingered at each Sarai to drink in the loveliness so lavishly spread out. Each stone, each wall of the rest house had a story to tell, of laughter and of tears. A picturesque couple stood at the top of a hill, strangely forlorn, a neat handiwork of man amidst this wild riotous confusion of nature. It was built by a Moghul emperor in loving memory of a faithful elephant in his caravan for a thoughtful service rendered. It had been sauntering along the trail with the summertime caravan with a box resting on its spacious back, when suddenly it rolled off to the ground. The conscientious animal came to a halt and refused to move while the others went by; and instead it went on loudly tinkling the large brass bells tied around its neck until the noise attracted someone who loaded the box back on its back and then the animal moved on.

There was the trellised window Nur Jehan looked out of. Here was the bath, cooled and perfumed, in which she dipped her tired limbs. The trail and the stories were long. At Nowshera people pointed to a spot in hushed breath as though in the majestic presence of death. In that rest house Emperor Jehangir had been brought from Kashmir and his fever-racked frame had collapsed and his proud undaunted spirit had given up the earthly battle. Here in these lonely mountains far from the kingly seat, pomp and multitudes, resting in that sanctuary for which he had paid a heavy price, namely Nurjehan's tender bosom, the story-teller tearfully confessed, Jehangir had breathed his last. The tragic news was kept a dark secret. In the dead of night the entrails were removed and put away in the ground and the caravan marched on to the Indian Capital. Officially the Emperor's death would take place only in the Capital.

The scene was rudely obliterated. New caravans filled the road with their noise and clang and menacing looking equipment. They were the modern army units. We now went along the Chenab. This river winds its way between steep and rugged banks, dashing over boulders, swirling and edging round corners. We had more or less been following the

U. N. Cease Fire Line. We had left the Punjab border and were now facing what is known as Azad Kashmir territory. Across the river we could see the enemy outposts, the lookouts in the hills, the camouflage mounds. As we left the river bank and pushed into the interior, this all important line became even more illusory. It was like a make-believe game little children were playing. The dividing line had no base, no logic, no purpose. It was wholly imaginary. Yet across it stood men with drawn gleaming arms. We sauntered into a village, just beside this strange hypnotic line. A few villagers were about, most of the people had fled and not returned. These few there looked harassed. We tried to get the story out of them. This was the village of Moila. It had a sister to it, Koila. Moila and Koila had been like twin sisters, grown up together sharing their joys and sorrows. Then suddenly war had overtaken them with its disruption and destruction. And now ran a fanciful line through these villages, dividing them. A line overnight had made two sister villages, two warring camps!

We drove over wide table lands and grassy downs, rich country that made one's heart leap. Today it lay like a waste land, not a blade of wheat, not a cob of corn. Hardly a man was to be seen. The tillers had abandoned their valuable fields and fled in the face of the artillery and the bomb. And the land lay like a mourning woman stripped of her ornamental trappings. While across the cease fire line, right up to the edge, stood tall crops waving in the wind.

Tens and thousands of these cultivators today sat languishing in the refugee camps, idling their time and agitating their listless minds. Yet they had once been free, sturdy men and women, that wielded their ancient ploughs to coax food out of a lavish, easily yielding soil. They had put under the plough even the narrow ridges on the hill slopes and made food sprout out of them. Today they were enforced into futility. The families had lost their base and broken up. Aged, destitute, unattached women lived in Homes, like helpless orphans, they who had but the other day been proud matrons in their

homes and presided over grateful families. So much beauty and more loveliness so generously strewn around us lay as under a pall of doom. The Chenab ran along its narrow tortuous bed, dashing against two almost perpendicular ranges, parallel to the road, so close at hand that we could watch the sunbeams playing with the froth and foam making it a wave of white stream and another moment a streak of burnished gold in the depth of a precipitous gorge. We skirted the hills and found ourselves in Rajaori, once the most prosperous town in this region, the centre of grain trade. Rajaori and all this area had a majority Muslim population. Several of these families too had been uprooted and had fled. When the Indian Army retook this territory, thousands from across the border from the Azad Kashmir territory had started streaming back. The majority of them were not fifth-columnists as is generally supposed, but the old inhabitants that had fled in the confusion of the raids, or those who found life on the otherside too burdensome and had heard life was a paying proposition here. The Indian Army paid and paid well for the stuff it bought from the villagers as also for services and labour. While the Azad Kashmir took what it needed and asked people to treat it as their precious contribution to the Holy Jihad. The Indian Army let them come and they came in their thousands—no one could say exactly how many, perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand. An equal number was still trying to cross over when the Cease Fire clamped down on them. We constantly read of this 'impending invasion'. The fact must not be overlooked that if anything in the way of normal conditions is to be established for plebiscite purposes, these people would have to be allowed to come back.

Poonch was a small feudatory State under Kashmir little known to the outside world. The peaks of Pir Pan-gal provide a majestic background. Approaching the town through pine-covered hills and the green torrent-watered valleys one sees the houses clustered on the hillside with the grim walls of the old fort. Rising in the

foreground is the Raja's new palace, dominating the town. The effect is so sudden and unexpected, it seems as though a genie of the fairy tales had created it in this solitary mountain region with its white stone walls and red roofs contrasting with the green below. To the right flows the Poonch River which has on the opposite bank Chanmukh—a lovelier setting could hardly have been conceived. The town is well laid out and well kept and is practically the only town that had motor roads before the advent of the Indian Army. The town slopes down to the river and the valley at the head of which it stands is charming. The grassy plateaux is bounded by walls of sheer rock that drop many hundred feet to the river below.

Poonch is the cruz of the Azad Kashmir movement, for here lies the key. When Gulab Singh made his conquest he really owed his victory to his brother Dhyani Singh whom he rewarded with the principality of Poonch. But the people always considered themselves distinctive and in their pride never reconciled themselves to their feudatory status. They had continued to make efforts to free themselves. Just as Hari Singh had ascended the throne, they had appealed to the British but they rejected it.

The Poonchis were thus biding their time. The Kashmir war provided them a golden chance. Pakistan wanted a Kashmir movement for independence away from the National Conference and its leadership. Sirdar Ibrahim of Poonch with his followers and the traditional yearning for independence provided it. But disillusionment was not long in coming. Pakistan soon made the Azad Kashmir government a part of its administration and expected Ibrahim to be their stooge and instrument. The inevitable clash came. Poonch—the area under Pakistan—rose in revolt. Sirdar Ibrahim was replaced by Chaudhri Abbas, a willing tool of Pakistan. The All Jammu and Kashmir Muslim Conference meeting at Rawalkote in that region came out with a pamphlet last October at its session titled: Murder of Democracy in Azad Kashmir. It accused Abbas of a coup to make himself the head of the gov-

ernment and impose his cabinet with embezzled funds given as subsidies. Protest demonstrations that were staged were fired upon and some areas were even shelled killing and wounding people. A hundred arrests were made. The pamphlet accuses the police of torturing prisoners, and when even this failed to have the desired effect, essential supplies were

stopped. The pamphlet also admits that this repression served to send thousands across into the Indian territory. It is evident that to talk of Jammu as a non-Muslim area that can be separated from the valley is misleading and unreal and merely playing the Anglo-American game.—
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THE SINNING STATE

By P. N. SAMPATH

AS in many other things, good and bad, the Madras Government leads the other State Governments in the sorry plight which its arbitrary and unconstitutional actions have brought it to. It has been receiving successive knocks at the hands of the Judiciary, both Provincial and Federal, during the past few months.

The courts are a sort of superlegislature or "third House," with authority to set aside any law which they deem unreasonable, arbitrary or capricious. The unthinking and mostly half-baked legislation of our present rulers has given rise to a spate of litigation—writs, petitions, appeals, and what not, the like of which has not been experienced before in a province such as ours where litigation has always been great. The most difficult Government job at the moment is that of the Advocate-General, who has to make out a case for the Government out of little, and more often, nothing. The new Advocate-General, ever since he came into office, has been shifting from one trouble to another, all on the Government's account. The sins of the Government have been visited on him. He has actually complained of sleepless nights in the recently heard Gopalan case. Nothing is more exacting and more exhausting than the task of devising a defence for Government acts and actions which are prone to give overt or covert offence to the Constitution and the people who are committed to it.

Detention without trial, often on

spite and suspicion, is a denial of the due process of the law. The Preventive Detention Acts, whether intended as such or not, operate as such. The abuses to which these Acts have been subjected far outweigh their use to the State. But for the strong Judiciary we are having, there would have been no end to Government repression. The privilege of the writ of Habeas Corpus is one of the greatest bulwarks of liberty.

While detention without trial is a declension from justice, the killing of political prisoners while in detention, is an outrage of decency. Such deplorable instances have been increasing. Justifying murder for public benefit, public benefit would soon be the pretext and murder the end. Again, the Government needs Lord Acton's warning: "Do not open your minds to the filtering of the fallacious doctrine that it is less infamous to murder men for their politics than for their religion or their money."

One would have thought that the series of Government failures at the law courts in recent months would have knocked the Minister in charge of Law and Education into sobriety. But we find him, on the other hand, pontifically reiterating his mistaken policy like a pinchbeck Daniel come to judge over the Judges of the country. His open hint about circumventing the law ill becomes a dignitary of a democratic State, that too one in charge of a responsible portfolio as Law.

THE LINES DON'T LIE

By MALATHI

A vigorous and healthy discussion was then in progress at the Ladies' Club. Susila was extolling astrology as the greatest heritage left to posterity by ancient civilisation, as it helped people to foresee their future. Lalitha said she did not wish to know her misfortunes in advance; for, however expert the astrologer may be, he could not avert or thwart Destiny and so it was better for mankind to take the troubles as they came instead of lying in wait for them. Ammani, however, thought differently. She argued that the veracity of the astrologer's predictions depended largely on the accuracy of the horoscope which in turn depended on the accurate recording of the time of birth. In the general hullabaloo that follows childbirth, the exact time of birth seldom gets recorded, and in the case of artificial delivery, the time, even if recorded, is of no consequence, as it is only the time at which natural birth would have taken place that decided the accuracy of the horoscope. On the other hand, palmistry was more scientific; the lines were there and no surgeon could alter them. The experiences of her brother were alone enough to establish the superiority of palmistry. Further discussion on the subject was dropped at the prospect of listening to the thrilling experiences of Ammani's brother and all present drew their chairs round before Ammani began.

Fifteen years ago, we were living in Kumbakonam. My brother, Mani, had failed in his Inter examination in March. He had to go to Madura for the September examination as there was no centre in Kumbakonam and father was against his going to Madras or Trichy and lodging in a hotel. Uncle was living in Madura then and Mani could stay with him.

On the last day of his stay, a palmist visited uncle's house. Uncle

had a fad for palmistry and astrology and any other -istry or -ology that would tell him that one day he would strike a treasure trove in the back-yard of his kitchen-garden. On the persuasion of uncle, Mani extended his palm to the seer.

"Young man," said the palmist, after looking at the palm from all angles, "You have a bright future before you. You will receive a good education and you will also secure a decent employment. All will be well for you, if you will take my cue and do not marry. The Almighty Creator has not destined you for a peaceful family life."

Mani took out his purse to pay him his fee but the palmist asked him to put the purse back saying that he would call on Mani in his fortieth year and collect his bakshesh. "With interest" he added jocularly.

It seems that before leaving uncle's house, the palmist called uncle aside and told him that despite his advice Mani would marry not once, but twice and unhappiness would result in each case. He will have peace of mind only after his thirtyfourth year and he would call on Mani then to verify the accuracy of his prediction.

Mani completed his degree in Engineering and without much effort got into the P.W.D. At this time, the proposal for giving him in marriage to Nirmala cropped up. Nirmala was Saptharishilingam's only issue and heir to all his property on the fertile banks of the Kaveri. Many richer families than ours were eagerly hoping to form an alliance with Saptharishilingam's family, if only for the sake of his property. Thus, when opportunity presented itself of its own accord without any solicitation, father did not want to lose it. He was feeling honoured and mother put on a couple of pounds of flesh. Mani, on the other hand, was very adamant and took refuge in the palmist's fore-

cast. Father and mother pooh-poohed his sincere belief in the tramp's prediction. Scoldings by father and coaxing by mother made Mani yield and pug-nosed I soon became the sister-in-law of Nirmala, at whose beauty, Rathi should have looked askance.

Nirmala and Mani formed together a lovable couple: they loved each other tenderly and everyone of us and our relatives were proud of Nirmala. A few months after his marriage, Mani was transferred to distant Ramnad. Nirmala accompanied him and mother too went and spent a month with them helping the youngsters to settle down. Letters came from Ramnad telling how wonderfully well and happy the young hopefuls were. Nothing used to buck up the spirits of father and mother more than these letters, and the day we received the happy news that Nirmala was on the way to motherhood was indeed a day of happiness and activity for mother who ran about with her portly weight telling all the neighbours that she would be a grand-mother soon.

The Valakappu and Seemantham functions were gorgeously celebrated and Nirmala went to her father's house for the delivery. A lady doctor who was known throughout the country for her uncanny skill in obstetrics was specially engaged by Saptharishilingam to attend on the occasion.

The eventful day approached, we were eagerly looking forward to the cycle-bell of the telegraph peon. When such was our anxiety, I could not imagine how much more anxious Mani would have felt in distant Ramnad. Father, mother, and I were in the midst of our meal that afternoon when the cycle bell clanged. The cook brought in the long-awaited telegram and handed it over to father. What was it—a boy or a girl? Father slit open the telegram with his besmeared hands and as he read it a gloom spread over his face and tears rolled down his eyes. He got up from his unfinished meal and washed his hands. He then reclined in the easy-chair and began sobbing like a child. Mother and I were petrified for a while by father's behaviour, but could conjecture that something was amiss. I picked up the telegram and it read

"Nirmala passed away; boy survived."

Father, mother and I took that afternoon's train and reached Ramnad. Mani had completely broken down. There were no tears in his eyes which were red and dilated due to excessive weeping. Probably, he had wept for once and for his lifetime on receiving the shocking news. On seeing him father and mother broke out into torrential tears, but strangely enough he did not shed even a tear. There was a stony vacant gaze in his eyes. When father and mother had composed themselves, he burst out, "I told you not to pester me into marrying. That palmist was no mean tramp. I had implicit faith in him because he took no money from me. By your pestering, you created a new attachment for me and that attachment has suddenly been wrested away from me by the cruel hand of fate. Into the bargain, there is yet the child to be brought up." On account of Nirmala's death, Mani cultivated a sort of hatred for father and mother arguing that but for them, Nirmala would never have crossed the path of his life. Father and mother grew dejected by Mani's attitude and were hoping that he would change as the grief wore out, but contrary to their expectations, it only deepened. The situation was aggravated when mother unwittingly hinted to Mani to marry a second time, at least to have his son brought up. Mani took long leave to recover from the shock, but how could he hope to overcome his grief, when his son served to constantly remind him of Nirmala. Father and mother engaged a special nurse to look after Sudhir, for that was how we named Mani's boy.

On the expiry of his leave Mani rejoined his duties. In the meantime, his father-in-law, as Nirmala was no more, had prepared a will making over his entire property after his death to Mani. Mani wrote back stating that he would not touch a single pie of his bequest and that the entire amount may be endowed for charitable purposes. He spent his leisure hours in reading and digesting innumerable books on palmistry and translating the lines on the palms of his friends and relatives.

Time gradually wore out his grief

and now to Mani, Nirmala was just a milestone in life. Of late he had developed a sort of philosophic resignation. In the meantime, Sudhir grew up into a chubby little imp and fitted into the void which Nirmala had left behind in Mani's life. To all external appearances, Mani seemed happy, but I thought that something deeper was weighing on his mind. After a great deal of cajoling, I found out that by his extraordinary studies in palmistry, he had learnt that Sudhir would be afflicted with a serious disease in his fifth year and then circumstances would lead to a second, unhappy marriage with a relative, willy-nilly.

It did not in the least bit shock him when Sudhir, in his fifth year was attacked with typhoid. Work at the office was heavy, and that being wartime, Mani could not get the leave applied for, due to scarcity of relieving officers. Sudhir's condition worsened, despite the attention of doctors and nurses. Mother went over to help and as I myself could not make the trip due to inevitable reasons, Kamala went with mother. Kamala was the seventeen-year-old daughter of one of our distant relatives and was brought up in our house ever since she had been orphaned a couple of years previously. The fever relapsed and Sudhir was almost given up. In a last bid, the doctors and nurses gave of their very best and under their patronising treatment, Sudhir rallied round and recovered marvellously. It was his convalescent period. Mother could not perpetually stay with Mani and had to return to look after father whose general health was by no means good at that time. Once again, at the risk of being rebuked squarely and severely, she implored Mani to marry again. Philosophically, Mani acquiesced, the bride being Kamala, partly because it would relieve father of the responsibility of finding a suitable bridegroom for Kamala who was under his protection now.

To the festive music of drum and pipe, Mani tied the thali round Kamala's neck. On the eve of their departure to their town, I called Mani aside and told him, "Mani, Kamala is a nice girl. Look after her well and I am quite sure that this marriage will not be unhappy. All your studies in

palmistry will be falsified by this alliance."

"That is what you think, but I think that this will be much more unhappy than Nirmala's death. The cruel hand of Fate will deal a much severe blow this time to me."

"Don't talk rubbish. Your idiotic studies have gone to your head. If only you take an optimistic view of life, it would make all the difference."

Mani and Kamala, accompanied by Sudhir, went away to their town, this time a town in Malabar. Wherever Mani's official duties took him Kamala and Sudhir accompanied. Life seemed to be gay to them and I almost came to the conclusion that Mani had overcome his pessimism, when the bolt from the blue appeared.

We were roused from sleep one night by the telegraph messenger. The telegram cryptically informed us that Kamala and Sudhir had returned to their creator. In unrestrainable sorrow, we rushed to Mani's town. Mani had completely broken down with grief. He had not taken food nor slept for three days then. We came to know that because of the squally monsoon weather, he had not taken Kamala and Sudhir to camp with him on that solitary occasion. After he had left, the monsoon had worsened and soaked the roof of their house almost to saturation point. It was rather an old house, not so very well-constructed. Due to the excessive soaking, the roof had given way and collapsed without any warning. Kamala and Sudhir were beyond all human help when the debris was cleared. It was sheer malignant irony of Fate that should have dealt this type of blow to Mani,—Mani who as an engineer, was constructing solid buildings and passing many more as such on behalf of the Government.

Still Mani has not recovered from the shock, and is counting the days for the palmist's return. He has to wait another three years at least for that day according to his prediction.

Many handkerchiefs went up to blot excessive effusion of lachrymose glands. I had to leave the Club to attend a reception to which I was previously committed, even though I longed to participate in the discussion that followed.

AMERICA AND THE NEW CRISIS

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

The author, formerly editor of the Statesman, Calcutta and editorial writer for the Manchester Guardian, has for the last 25 years been paying an annual visit to the United States in order to lecture and write on current political affairs.

FOR the Government in Washington the invasion of Southern Korea was an event without warning. To the American nation it brought the overwhelming shock of war from a quarter that not one citizen in a thousand had thought of as a possible threat to world peace. The demonstration of public support for President Truman has been most impressive. The American people recognise the truth that, under the principle of collective responsibility, some such challenge as this would sooner or later be delivered and would have to be resisted.

It was made known in Washington last month that the General Staff had been in favour of withdrawal from Korea. But, manifestly, no strategic judgment could be more directly hostile than this to the Truman Doctrine by which the American policy of containing the Communist totalitarian governments was defined in straight terms. The advance from the north amounts to a plain avowal of purpose. Soviet domination of the peninsula would complete the vast Communist empire in Eastern Asia, stretching from Mongolia and Manchuria to Southern China, with Tibet as a proximate objective of Peking.

This is the mid-term election year. Democratic Party prospects have been growing confused. The Republicans are almost convinced that with a strong candidate (who will not again be Governor Dewey) they can regain the Presidency in 1952. They are unable to believe that the long reign of their opponents will be lengthened to twenty years. Victory for their side, however, is impossible so long as the Democrats command the mass support of Labour. The recent compact between Senator Taft, leader of the Old Guard, and the alarmist

McCarthy faction implied that the party managers were relying upon the Communist scare to make good the absence of an alternative to the Fair Deal. It could be seen that candidates everywhere were preparing to outdo each other simply as anti-Reds. Korea, of course, has transformed the political scene.

The period since Mr. Truman's inauguration as President in his own right makes an interval for which there is no parallel in the annals of the United States. The election of 1948 was a personal triumph rather than a victory for the President's party. True, the Democrats gained heavily, and their success in the Senate was one of the surprises of the result. Mr. Truman had campaigned on his Fair Deal policy. He had spoken up stoutly for an expansion of the social services and the Civil Rights Bill aimed at the removal of Negro disabilities. He had denounced the Taft-Hartley Labour Act in terms drastic enough to satisfy the unions, pledging himself to repeal it. He had reaffirmed the Roosevelt international policy, as developed since the war by Mr. Marshall, with the aid of Mr. Dean Acheson, who was to succeed him as Secretary of State. Foreign policy having become fully bi-partisan, secure from attack save at the hands of diehard isolationists, and the Democrats having a majority in both Houses, the prospects appeared to be favourable for the President as legislative leader to a degree that had not been possible during the two preceding years.

These appearances, however, were illusory. The American presidential system is unlike all others, and in no respect is its singularity more marked than in the relationship between the Chief Executive and the party of which he is nominally the head. In

a parliamentary democracy the Prime Minister whose cabinet is backed by a decisive majority need not have any misgivings concerning his authority. The Government's principal measures are known in advance and solid party support is taken for granted.

Far otherwise is it with the President of the United States, and no occupant of the White House since Woodrow Wilson has in this respect encountered difficulties as formidable as those that have beset Mr. Truman since January 1949. Parties in Congress are not defined by labels. In election campaigns the machine governs the party, which is a voting host. But when the House assembles party lines do not hold. Groups form themselves and prepare to vote with their natural allies, not seldom in plain disregard of the party "floor-leaders," formally chosen by the two sides. Hence it is that the majority leader cannot assume that his men will support the Administration while his colleague on the minority side is rarely in command of a united Opposition.

This is invariably the situation in the field of home affairs. But war and world crises, in the days of Roosevelt's ascendancy, brought about a wholly different state of things in the foreign field. From Cordell Hull to George Marshall successive Secretaries of State could proceed in an atmosphere of general agreement. The singular and most regrettable fact of the present Congress is that the one member of the Administration who has been called upon to struggle against enemies from within is the Secretary of State whose province, foreign affairs, is understood to have been, during the past nine years, above the battle.

International policy was not an issue in the last presidential election. Isolationism continued to be active in both camps, but the Republicans were officially committed to support of the United Nations, to Marshall Aid and the Atlantic Pact. Mr. Marshall, carrying the unique prestige of a war-time Chief of Staff, had enjoyed an enviable authority in his brief tenure of the Department of State. It was impaired only through the growing evidence of failure in China. The appointment of Mr. Dean Acheson

was appropriate and generally approved. He had been a successful Under-Secretary of State. Indeed it was as holder of that office that he had moved ahead of Mr. Marshall in advocating Mutual Aid among the free nations.

The baffling complication has been China. The entanglement with the Chiang Kai-shek regime was the most trying portion of the Roosevelt legacy in Asia. It could be argued that Roosevelt's special envoys had either failed in estimating the forces at work among the Chinese people, or else, like General Stilwell, who was amply informed, were hampered by provocative personal qualities. General Marshall was outraged by his discovery of unlimited corruption in the Nationalist Government. During one brief period the American contribution had reached \$1,000 million, and the General found evidence to convince him that floods of money and material had gone down the drain. He was convinced that more aid to a Government incapable of resisting the Communist armies would be fatal to America's standing in Asia; but Congress refusing to believe in the final defeat of Chiang Kai-shek, could not be prevented from voting further sums. By the time that Mr. Acheson took hold of the State Department the situation had become hopeless for Washington; and it has to be added that since the outbreak of war in Korea, American action in Formosa has produced the threefold effect of intensifying the enmity in Peking, infuriating the survivors of the Chiang Government, and damaging America in Korean eyes by linking the Western forces of liberation with the futile business of salving a lost cause to the south.

The special reason for Mr. Acheson's difficulties is the atmosphere of fear and suspicion which, ever since last summer, has enveloped Washington, and the State Department in particular. There is a peculiar irony in the circumstance that their paralysing results should be felt most severely by the colleagues and subordinates of Mr. Dean Acheson, who is, beyond challenge, the best-equipped holder of his high office within recent memory, and a statesman of indisputably strong conservative principles.

Although the attack upon Mr. Acheson

himself are unrelenting, it should be borne in mind that the enemies of the Administration have directed their main assault upon the Department over which he presides. Early in his term of office, Mr. Truman gave his approval to a loyalty test for Government servants, doubtless in the hope that its purpose would be restricted to men and women whose duties touched matters of national security. The purge, however, has been anything but moderate or intelligent. The enlarged activities of the F.B.I., combined with the wild proceedings of the House Committee investigating un-American activities, have produced a terror such as Washington has never before known. Some hundreds of dismissals were ordered. The resignations reached a far larger total. Government servants saw that the label "un-American" was being made to cover connections of any kind, including membership of harmless progressive societies. The witch hunt was uncontrolled.

The agitation and the public alarm were vastly intensified by the extraordinary affair of Alger Hiss, formerly a high officer in the Department enjoying the esteem of many powerful friends. He underwent two sensational trials for perjury (actually, for passing confidential documents to Soviet agents) and received a prison sentence of five years. He is still under appeal. One direct result of this case, and that of Klaus Fuchs, was to spread suspicion to an intolerable extent. If such men could be condemned for treachery, how was it possible for trust to be reposed in any colleague? That is the question everywhere being asked or implied.

Here, then, was the situation when Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin entered the field, with a reckless indictment of the State Department. He asserted that he had the names of disloyal employees by the score, and he coupled with this a railing accusation against several highly esteemed public servants, including Dr. Philip Jessup, the President's roving ambassador, and Professor Owen Lattimore, a prominent expert on the Far East. Such aspersions, obviously, were too absurd for consideration, and as for his departmental list, the Senator failed to substantiate a single charge. This

however, made no difference to his tactics. He took no notice of the clearest dis-proof, but came on again and again, with abuse of the Secretary of State as the responsible Cabinet officer engaged in shielding foes of the Republic. All this was delivered under cover of sensational privilege, the accused being without means of defence, or knowledge of the evidence, if any.

For several years past, and increasingly since the challenge of the Berlin blockade and the announcement that Russia was in possession of the atomic bomb, the American people have been living in a state of fear. We may doubtless assume that the taproot of this feeling, deep below the surface, is anxiety concerning the stability of the existing economic system. The external evidences are heartening. The post-war period has not been marked by any positive warnings of depression. No signs even of a partial recession have been serious enough to arouse misgiving. American industry and commerce make a spectacle of wealth and energy beyond the wildest dreams of the 1920's. Productivity is seemingly boundless. Why, then, should the most powerful nation on earth be subject to fears? Can it be that the American business public is reacting to Communist propaganda by losing faith in the potency of the mighty structure of its own creation?

When we turn to political affairs there need be no difficulty in understanding why the record of the Truman Administration should be relatively barren in legislative results. Civil rights and organised labour have been most prominent as regards both trouble and disappointment. Congress and the public had every reason for knowing that Mr. Truman would go forward with the Bill for removing the worst grievances of the Negro. But although the Supreme Court delivers judgments in favour of equal rights, educational and other, the Deep South has still far to go before anything resembling the Bill now pending can be carried or even fairly debated. The President had no alternative but to accept defeat; and who would care to predict that success in this cause is possible before the day of his retirement?

Similarly, in the case of the Taft-Hartley Act Mr. Truman found that his promise of repeal was nugatory. Several major strikes last year made the President and his Secretary of Labour understand that legislation of the control of the unions brings unforeseen results. Once again it was John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers who provided the demonstration. In recent years the stoppages ordered by him, almost annually, have been more concerned with welfare schemes than with wages. Mr. Lewis accordingly has been able to appear as the pioneer on a new line of industrial progress, and so far he has escaped defeat. When last year the idle mines became a menace to national production, Mr. Truman was urged to forget his election pledge and enforce the coercive clauses that he had condemned. This he refused to do, but repeal was plainly out of the question. Taft-Hartley or its equivalent will remain.

Meanwhile American Labour is undergoing certain basic changes. It may or may not be possible for the

two great federations, the A.F. of L. and C. I. O., to merge, but the organic process will certainly go on under the pressure of giant production and full employment. Welfare schemes, with pensions in the forefront, have opened a new form of rivalry among the unions. Any gain for the minors by John L. Lewis makes certain fresh demands from Philip Murray of the C. I. O. and Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers, with results of startling significance. Public interest is at present centred upon Mr. Reuther's latest success. He has carried through with General Motors a comprehensive agreement that is not to be challenged for a decade. This is a landmark in industrial statesmanship, possibly a prelude to peace in the sphere of mass industry. With many other symptoms it implies a remarkable change in policy and in the attitude of the employer class. It may announce the dawn of an understanding that production and full employment are impossible in a state of latent war.—NNF.

FROM ARISTOTLE TO INGEN-HOUSZ

By R. L. N. SASTRI

MAN has long been using nature's invaluable treasures like hydro-electric power, coal, petroleum, etc., for his benefit. With his recent exploitation of atomic energy, however, he has been crowned with success in his pursuit after power. There is yet another important and inexhaustible source of power which has been responsible for the sustenance of the teeming millions of living beings on this planet, but, unfortunately, man has little direct control over it. It is the stupendous amount of radiant energy that comes from the sun. Like many other discoveries which are seemingly simple, yet of far-reaching significance, the discovery that green plants form the intermediary for the conversion of solar energy into potential energy of the carbon compounds and that they are eventually responsible for making it available to us, took thousands of years to materialise.

Aristotle believed that plants obtained their nourishment directly and entirely from the soil and that the earth elaborated the food materials for them. Our knowledge, in those days, of chemistry on the one hand and of plants and their functions on the other, warranted no better conclusion. In subsequent times a number of pioneers began to experiment, though with primitive and crude methods, and successively deduced divergent and often erroneous inferences. One experimenter concluded that soil had no part to play in the nutrition of the plant and that plants derive their nourishment entirely from water. Then in the 17th century the importance of leaves began to be recognised and the presence of small openings on the leaves was also demonstrated. It soon became evident that atmospheric air had an important role in the life of plants. But unfortunately the chemical composition of the atmosphere was still a mystery. It was noticed by an English experimenter in the 18th century, that plants had the capacity of

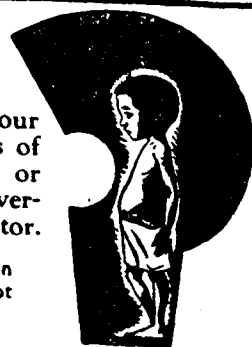
dephlogisticating or purifying impure air while at about the same time a Swedish worker found that pure air was rendered impure by plants.

While our knowledge was thus in a confused state, a glorious chapter in the history of science was opened with the appearance of Jean Ingen Housz. Ingen-Housz was born in 1730 at Breda in Holland. He was trained a physician and practised for sometime at Breda. Then he moved to London where he studied vaccination against smallpox. In 1768 he was called to tackle the menace of small-pox in Vienna. He succeeded in combating the epidemic and won the esteem of the Empress. He was then appointed physician to the Royal family on some annual allowance. Ingen-Housz had many other interests than medicine. Through a study of the earlier literature on the relation of plants to atmosphere, he became interested in the study of foul and impure air on man. He was reputed for his masterly experiments and was gifted with unusual powers of analytical thinking. His clear style of expression was also one of his assets. He had the courage to express even the most unorthodox views if he believed they were justified, and a flexibility of mind which enabled him to conform to changing trends. As a result of his investigations, he concluded that plants could purify impure air only in the presence of sunlight. On the other hand, he found that pure air was spoiled by plants in the absence of sunlight. The brighter the sunlight the quicker the plants could purify the air. In the absence of plants, sunlight itself had no effect on the atmosphere. He summarised all his ideas in his book "Experiments upon Vegetables" (1779) wherein he wrote, "The discovery that plants thrive better in foul air than in common and in dephlogisticated air and that plants had a power of correcting bad air has thrown a new and important light upon the arrangements of this world. It shows that the air

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spoiled and rendered noxious to animals by their breathing in it, serves to plants as a kind of nourishment." With the establishment of the composition of the atmosphere in 1784, Ingen-Housz could place his formulations on a strictly modern scientific basis. In 1790 he published "An Essay on the Food of plants and the Renovation of Soils," wherein he set out all his ideas in conformity with the newer findings. His conclusions are correct even to this day and very little has since been done to improve upon them. Only the finer details of the various chemical processes involved in the conversion of solar energy by the plants, have been worked out in recent years. Ingen-Housz died near London in 1799 but he will be remembered for ever as the founder of our modern conceptions of carbon assimilation and liberation of energy in the green plant.

Turning now to the quantitative implications of solar energy and its influence on our civilisation, it should at once be obvious that in the green plant we are only employing a large chemical factory in our agricultural industry. Although agriculture is the mainstay for providing the energy requirements for the human machine, the efficiency of the green plant as a converter of solar energy is very low. It is roughly estimated that only .13 percent of the total amount of radiant energy incident on the plant is utilised by it.

What is, after all, coal? Huge forests that thrived, some millions of years ago, with unrivalled luxuriance became in course of time petrified and were preserved in the earth's crust. The remains of their trunks constitute what we call coal which is also the backbone of modern civilisation. We are today reaping the benefits of a vast legacy of solar energy which is the result of the ceaseless activity of a green world of former ages. Petroleum is also a product of the past. But it must be realised that we are fast squandering our resources. The world's annual consumption of coal represents a few centuries' accumulation of solar energy in the past. There are, however, some attempts to produce synthetic fuels like alcohols. The production of alcohol ultimately turns round on plant sources so that there

is the danger of the interests of food production being adversely affected. For the total amount of arable land at man's disposal is limited, and the question immediately arises as to the proportion of land under food and industrial crops.

What of the gigantic under-the-sea kingdom of plants and animals? Here again plants are the primary source of food for animals. Man in his turn feeds on the sea animals like fish. It is therefore obvious that marine plants are no less important as converters of solar energy. It is unfortunate, however, that we know little about the total amount of energy available from this source.

Then there is the vast area of desert land extending over about 67,000,000 acres most of which is either altogether unsuitable for cultivation or is of low productive value. Little can be said of the fate of solar energy incident on these regions.

It will thus be seen that the greater part of solar energy on our planet is going to waste. The question of the direct utilisation of solar energy without the intermediary of the green plant has always baffled man and the prospects of his success are remote. The only other alternative before us in our attempts to raise the total quantity of available solar energy is to increase the efficiency of the green plant. But here again a thorough understanding of the processes taking place in the body of the green plant all day and night must be presupposed before such a step can be thought of. It is most unfortunate that it is here that our knowledge is most fragmentary. It is no exaggeration to say that our position has not materially changed since the time of Ingen-Housz when viewed from the point of view of the vast number of unsolved riddles the problem of carbon assimilation still presents. The British Association of Scientific Workers has recognised our backwardness and emphasised the need for more Governmental support for research in this branch. Incidentally it might also be said that whatever knowledge we may acquire here may also be helpful in our attempts in the realm of the direct utilisation of solar energy.

VARGAS: THE ELECTED 'DICTATOR' OF BRAZIL

By JOHN W. WHITE

GETULIO VARGAS' runaway victory in Brazil's latest presidential elections is something for philosophers to ponder, as well as historians.

In the long, sorry history of South American dictators, no one ever equalled Vargas in his contempt for and destruction of democratic institutions. After 15 years of his one-man rule, the army revolted in 1945 and overthrew him. Now, only six years later, the people have given him the biggest popular vote anyone one ever got in Brazil. And even the defeated candidates concede that the election was the most honest in the country's history.

When Vargas boasts, as he undoubtedly will, that he has a mandate from the people, he can show figures to prove it. He polled twice as many votes as Cristiano Machado, who was supported by President Dutra and the "ins." It is the first time anyone in Brazil has defeated a presidential candidate who was backed by the Government. It was an unprecedented victory. The victory was for Getulio Vargas, not a political party.

Getulio Dornelles Vargas was born nearly 68 years ago—April 10, 1883—at San Borja, in the far west cattle country of Brazil's southernmost state, Rio Grande de Sul. Nothing pleases him more than to be called a gaucho, or cowboy. But he looks and acts more like Spain's Franco than a gaucho. Like most successful dictators, he is a little man—a bare five-feet-four.

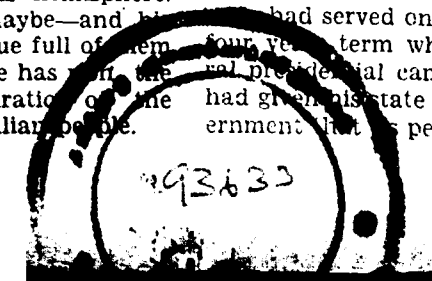
He is courageous, level-headed, methodical, calm and energetic. When it is good politics, he can be tolerant and conciliatory. But, like any gaucho, he is perfectly willing to fight if necessary. He is probably the foxiest politician in his hemisphere. Whatever his faults maybe—and his enemies have a catalogue full of them—the election proves he has won the confidence and admiration of the great majority of Brazilian people.

Vargas' father was a general who helped overthrow the Brazilian emperor in 1889 to set up the republic of today. As soon as young Vargas finished grade school at 16, he enlisted in the infantry, then went to military academy and eventually became a captain. But he was too ambitious for military routine, so resigned from the army to study law at Porto Alegre, capital of his state. He began his political career while still a law student by founding an opposition newspaper that he called O Debate. When he graduated from law school at 24 as class valedictorian, he was immediately appointed district attorney. Three years later, he was elected to the state legislature. Here again Vargas became restless under routine and resigned to return to law practice.

Vargas made a fortune during the next 15 years, and returned to public life in 1926 when President Washington Luiz appointed him minister of finance. He had served only a year in the cabinet when he was unanimously elected president of the state of Rio Grande de Sul for the term 1928-32. In those days Brazil was a loose federation of strong states and the governors were called state presidents.

Vargas is a hard working and an excellent administrator. He soon proved to be the best president his state ever had. Rio Grande had been disrupted by long years of political strife and revolutions. Vargas united the state, won the peoples' confidence and restored prosperity. He persuaded people to plant wheat instead of depending solely on livestock, doubled the number of schools, set up a mortgage and agricultural bank, built roads and greatly strengthened the economy.

He had served only two years of his four-year term when the 1930 federal presidential campaign opened. He had given his state so much good government that his people persuaded the



states of Minas Geraes and Paraiba to join them in running Vargas for the presidency.

The opposing candidate, Julio Prestes, president of Sao Paulo state, was backed by President Washington Luiz. Vargas was credited with only 700,000 of the 2,000,000 votes cast. He charged fraud, declared a revolution, overthrew Washington Luiz, and assumed the presidency of the republic on Nov. 8, 1930. That was the end of Brazil's democracy for 15 years.

The Brazilians did not surrender their democracy lightly. They knew it was faulty, but they didn't want a dictator telling them how to mend it. Congress and the state legislatures began a vigorous fight in defence of the constitution and democracy. Vargas countered by dissolving all elective institutions—congress, the legislatures and the city councils.

Vargas warned the people that the revolution was not over just because the fighting had stopped. His revolt, he explained, had been only the military phase of a nationalist social revolution. To prove it, he nationalized labour, the merchant marine, banks and railroads. He decreed an eight-hour day for all labour, and regulated the wages and working conditions of women and children. He created two new welfare ministries in the cabinet, one for labour, the other for education and public health.

As his first four years drew towards its close in 1933, Vargas felt he still had a long way to go. To ease the opposition to his regime, he had a constitution framed for Brazil, then had himself elected constitutional president for the four year term 1934-38. This by-play abolished the dictatorship and restored the form, if not the process, of democracy.

Under the new constitution, the states were still strong and Vargas got no nearer to his pattern for a united nation, a pattern for a strong centralized federal Government. So in 1937 he set up a fascist-type of

government he called the Novo Estado, or New State.

The Novo Estado was modelled on Mussolini's Italy. Its constitution was written for Vargas in totalitarian phraseology by one of his ministers and put into effect by presidential decree. The dictatorship was back.

All social life was directed by the state, which "guided the people for common good." The new unicameral congress, like its prototype in Italy, was elected by the labour unions and other organizations, not by the people directly. Vargas again fired all the governors except the one in his home state.

After Pearl Harbour, it was a common remark in South American diplomatic circles that if Hitler had got to Dakar first, he could have taken Brazil by telephone. Vargas had a satellite-style set up, ready for him. The Allies got there first, so Vargas clambered aboard democracy's bandwagon.

In the early months of 1950, this correspondent travelled 4,000 miles through Brazil, from Belem on the Amazon, down to Rio and Sao Paulo and across to Campo Grande, with various side trips. Everywhere, people wanted Vargas back. They were tired of President Dutra's colourless and ineffectual administration, and pined for "the good old days." When it was suggested that Vargas destroyed their democracy, the answer almost invariably was the same, as though it had become a national slogan: "Yes, but under Vargas things got done."

What of the future? Fascism and National Socialism are not as popular as they were in the 1930's. Vargas now promises Brazil a socialistic government modelled on Britain's Labour Government. He promises workers more pay and improved living standards, including a nation-wide programme for better nutrition. He'll finance his reforms, he says, by "measures against excessive profits" and a "better system for collecting taxes."

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LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

DIVORCE LAWS IN THE NEWS AGAIN

DIVORCE in Britain has been in the news this week. It is not really very long since A. P. Herbert managed to get the divorce laws amended so that they were more reasonable than they had been, chiefly, if I remember aright, in cases where one of the partners of a marriage had been certified insane and had been confined in a mental hospital for a long period of time. The latest attempt to "reform" the divorce laws comes from a woman Member of Parliament, Mrs. Eirene White. Mrs. White is mainly concerned about those married partners who have been living apart for at least seven years, have no intention of living together again, and who have quite separate lives. It is argued that desertion for at least seven years should be reasonable ground for applying for a divorce. There are arguments against this, as has been evident from correspondence in the Press and discussion on the radio. Some women would fight it because of the effect it would have on a woman who might not want to divorce her husband, or be divorced by him, even though they had been separated for a long time. Such a woman, if divorced, would not have the status of a married woman. Certain pension rights might be in jeopardy. The children also might find themselves in difficulties. There is also a feeling that divorce should not be made any more easy, and many people have said how important is the upholding of the sanctity of the marriage state. What has been perhaps most interesting in all the discussion, however, is the problem of how far a State should be tied in any way by the beliefs and practices of the religious people in the State. The two Archbishops, of Canterbury and York, have protested against the proposed change in the law. This has produced the rejoinder that if the Church wants, then might not Parliament so make the law that members of the Church can, on religious grounds, be exempt from it?

This, again, has raised the issue of the religious and secular marriage. One is reminded of Easter weekend, a popular time for marriages in Britain, when one read of Registrars having a wedding every five minutes. What meaning such a ceremony can have to the couple concerned, it is hard to see. Except in the case of divorced persons, the Church cannot refuse to marry a couple who are legally entitled to be married. Yet it is well-known that many couples attend Church only for the snob-value of having a "white" wedding in a church, with the organ playing and crowds outside.

In addition to the proposals of Mrs. White, there is also to be a Royal Commission on Divorce Laws. Whilst one would hesitate to quarrel with Mrs. White and those responsible for Royal Commissions, it would, to some of us, appear to be wiser to work the other way round from what is being suggested. Instead of making divorce easier, it might be more reasonable to make marriage harder. After all, it is easier to get a marriage licence in Britain, and cheaper, than it is to get a driving licence. One has to pass a test to drive a car!

The Economic Survey for 1951 has not had the favourable press that has been accorded to its predecessors. We had been warned beforehand that owing to the difficulties resulting from the shortage of raw materials in the world, the details would hardly be as precise as might otherwise have been possible. Nor does the Survey offer a very bright future for the people of this country. It points only to more restrictions and higher prices. The rise in the cost of foodstuffs is only to be 8½d per ration book, that is about 6 or 7 annas. What should be realised about this figure is that it is not an increase in the total cost of food consumed by one person, but an increase on the ration book, in other words, on the goods available by means of the ration book. The total cost of rationed goods per person is not more

If the Government and the legislators do not take the Constitution seriously, the people will not.—National Herald.

than five shillings, or Rs. 3 annas 6, each week. I leave mathematicians to work out the exact percentage, but I think that 8½d would be about 16% of the total value of food available on one ration card. Most of these goods are also subsidised by the Government, so one could expect non-rationed goods to increase more than the 16%. As the *Manchester Guardian* put it, "If Mr. Stalin were really in any doubt about the preference of the British Government for peace, he could set his mind at rest quite easily by glancing through the Economic Survey for 1951. It is about as far removed from economic "war-mongering" as anything could be. It is dominated—as it had to be—by the necessity to find money and materials for defence, but it shows the Government hoping against hope that it will not be necessary to call upon the nation to accept a full war economy."

Having recently acquired a motor car, albeit a very ancient one, I made a fairly long journey this week—my first as a car-driver since I left Madras. Naturally, I began to compare the experience with what I remembered of driving on a long journey in South India. I must say that I found driving here much more easier. There is, to begin with, nothing on the roads faintly resembling the bullock cart. There is no need to sound one's horn as one sees in the distance the cart being driven right in the centre of the road. In fact, I do not remember sounding my horn at all, nor hearing a horn sounded, though I had to travel through several large and busy towns. Although British roads are far from those wide autobahns that are reported to carry the streams of traffic away from some of Europe's and America's great cities, they are still kept in excellent condition and the roads are clearly meant primarily for the motor transport and the cyclists. Perhaps the great merit of British roads, though, is the signposting. Signs are now put at the motorists eye-level, not high up in the sky. In many cases, the signs are painted on the road itself so that if, for example, one was going up Mount Road in Madras, past Gemini Studios, one would find the left-hand half of the road divided by a white line with

"TO GUINDY" on the left-hand quarter of the road, and "TO T'NAGAR" on the right-hand quarter. Such signs are usually further from the point of division than in this example, so that long before the road junction is reached, the traffic has divided into that which is going straight on and that which is going to turn. On busy roads, where there are important junctions, this is most useful. Whilst the busy traveller might well appreciate such points, I would hasten to add that one cannot easily forget the charm of driving along some of the country roads of India. The hazards, in the form of bullock-cart or goat, are part of the charm, as is the distant cloud of dust, warning of a laden bus which, though it might now be approaching at great speed, is quite likely to be seen on the return journey being helped along the road by its patient one-time passengers.

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By V. P. SATHE

THE play is the thing. But in the case of our motion pictures it is the play or the story which is the weakest link. A minute analysis of the pictures produced during the last year would reveal that the majority of the pictures suffered mainly because they had no stories to offer, though in the matter of technique, acting and even music they were first rate.

And though it is obvious that unless the producers give up the old formulas to which they are still clinging in the hope of success, the producers do not seem to be at all anxious to experiment on new and original stories. At the most, they seem to be content with adapting a popular screenplay from one language into another or adapting the story of a Hollywood film with a few changes to suit the current formula. And in rare cases, even if they take an original story by the time it is filmed it is reduced to the usual formula pattern with hardly any originality left in the final product.

Thus the producers themselves are to be blamed for the present rut of screenplays; but if you meet and talk with them, they will on the contrary complain against lack of stories and show their helplessness in the matter. It has all become a vicious circle; the producers complaining against writers and vice versa with the formula still dominating the thinking and approach of both.

One way out is to select a published story—a short story or novel considered suitable for picturization. But this way is difficult since none of our producers is acquainted with Indian

literature; they do not care to read anything but synopses of Hollywood films. And even if they select a literary work of any great author, they are likely to ruin it by established formula. It is only when the producer does take an original story and presents it faithfully without any so-called box-office embellishments, that the screen story will come into its own. Till then, the formula will dominate and the films will continue to follow the same old beaten track which accounts for the failure of 90 out of 100 pictures every year.

Picture Of The Week

The producers are not yet prepared to give up the formula in spite of the fact that several formula pictures have flopped. So, it is but natural that when a well-known distributor like Roshanlal Malhotra turns a producer, he should bank on formula rather than novelty for the success of his maiden venture in production. As he himself told me, though a novel picture is likely to be an outstanding hit, it is also equally likely to be a miserable flop while in case of a formula picture, if it is well made, average returns are assured.

Made with this avowed purpose National Finance of India Ltd.'s *Kale Badal* has succeeded in its design. Lavishly mounted, bedecked with a star-cast and embellished with the usual entertaining features *Kale Badal* offers a formula story of a poor girl who fell in love with a rich boy with the usual twists and turns to keep the audience interested till the end.

A six year old girl is discovered by a poor man. He brings her home and

brings her up as his own daughter. In childhood, she falls in love with a rich boy who goes to England for study only to come back and enquire for her. The adopted mother of the girl wants to marry her to a vagabond at a price of Rs. 2000; the rich boy's parents want to marry him to the daughter of the family friend and when he does not agree they have a quarrel.

Meanwhile, when the adopted mother reveals to the girl that she is not her real daughter, the girl leaves the house on a stormy night and goes to the city and after trying to kill herself by stealing poison finds refuge in a rich man's house. The hero also comes to the same city to look after his father's work and stays with the same family friend. After the usual misunderstandings, the story reaches the climax when the vagabond kidnaps the girl who is none else but the younger sister of the rich girl to whom the hero is to be married. With chasing and fighting, comes the happy end.

A formula story, it is enlivened with good performances and music, though one must admit that Meena and Shyam fail to elicit any sympathy and Pushpa Hans is also a misfit. It is the supporting players like Gope, Jeevan, Raj Mehra and Gulab who enliven the story; and it is the tuneful songs that lend a charm to the whole thing. The slick direction and photography make *Kale Badal* a pleasing affair. But the most pleasant surprise of the picture is the new comer M. Rajan. Six feet tall and handsome, he has a striking personality, refreshing charm and an impressive voice. It is a pity he was wasted in a comparatively small role. Well-groomed, he will easily climb the top ladder of star-fame.

Indeed more than anything else *Kale Badal* will be remembered for the debut of M. Rajan who forms the only 'novel' feature of the formula film.

Star Of The Week

After reporting of the accident to Kuldeep Kaur, I met her the other day to get the details. I found that one of her hands was bandaged and still she was on her way to rehearsal of a dance for her new picture. Even the fever and shooting on the previous night did not keep her back. In fact,

inspite of the injury to both her hands, she had been working with, of course, her hands covered.

And how were her fingers cut? It was revealed that while working in *Baiju Banwara* she was asked to alight from a wall with the help of a thick rope. She did the shot; but the rope cut her hands badly! Obviously, the director should have used the double; but apparently Kuldeep's willingness and enthusiasm changed the director's mind.

Anyway, this incident manifests the dare-devil spirit of Kuldeep. Yes, she is quite a dare-devil. She is perhaps the only female star who is not afraid of moving about alone at any hour of day and night in her small car. She stays in Versova, a rather lonely and deserted place about fifteen miles from the city and yet she is not afraid to go alone in her car even after midnight to her home. In the same small car, she could scale the heights of Khandala without any 'male' aid.

Yes, she is the one woman who can stand equal to man in every respect. Not only that, she is so bold and frank that at times even her male friends feel shy and embarrassed.

For all that she is a very good artiste. Not only she can act well, but she is co-operative and has kept friendly relations with almost all producers. She was discovered by 'Shorey' six years ago when he starred her in *Rutrangli* and *Khamosh Nigahen*. But the riots and partition cut her career short and she migrated to Bombay. And the heroine of Lahore started playing the role of a vamp; it was her performance in *Grahasti* which gave her first real break. Since then she has been typed as a bad woman and a vamp. And yet she is perhaps more popular than many so-called heroines as is evident from the way she was mobbed a fortnight ago when she went to Delhi to attend the jubilee celebrations of *Afsana*.

Kuldeep is one of the first girls from the Sikh community to take to film acting as a career. She comes from Attari, which is just on the Indo-Pakistan border. She was married long before she joined the screen and has a son whom she adores. A true Punjabi she always professes Punjabi

costumes. Young, vivacious, she is absolutely free from the society complex and with her versatile talent she is assured of a long and prosperous career.

News Of The Week

—At last, Filmkar Ltd., have made up their mind to produce *Anarkali*. On Sunday, April 8th the muhurat of the pictures was performed in an informal manner. Written and directed by Kamal Amrohi, it will star Madhubala in the role of *Anarkali*. Meanwhile there is no report of any fresh activity from K. Asif and Filmistan on this subject.

—The news that Sohrab Modi is making *Jhansi Ki Rani* in technicolour is confirmed. With the shooting of *Jhansi ki Rani* postponed till October, Sohrab Modi has decided to produce a

social picture and entrusted the direction to Jayant Desai.

—All the stars who participated in the Festival Cricket match were given a "thanksgiving" party at Kardar Studios on Tuesday, 3rd April.

—Noorjehan's first picture since partition, *Chanway* was released in Pakistan on Friday, 30th March.

—M. B. Bilimoria was again elected as the President of the Indian Motion Picture Distributors Association.

—Samberwal's new picture starring Nargis and Raj Kapoor is entitled *Afsana* based on a story by Gyan.

—Nargis has been signed by K. B. Lal to play the lead in his new picture *Angrai*. Vanmala is co-starred in it.

—Nigar and Nawab have been added to the cast of Ojha's *Naaz*.



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THE RUDIMENTS OF INSURANCE

By C. M. SRINIVASAN

AT the end of nearly thirty years of insurance career, when I look back to the times when I started life as an insurance official and now that I am still continuing as a functionary in the same line, and a career in insurance opens a new era of life to fellowmen in this country, I am constrained to express conditions appreciable and also deprecatory, ruminating occasionally over the various stages of life through which many of us in this profession have had to pass.

Having taken to law in my twenties and after apprenticing in the office of a learned luminary in the profession, it looked strange unto myself that I should, even before entering the profession, be appointed an officer in a premier insurance company in its branch at Madras, without having learnt about the work I had to do.

I was a raw young man about the year 1921, having formed no ideas about my future with my eyes little open to the conditions of life and men in the world. No wonder my business knowledge was not wide and in the field of insurance business, I began lisping and learning. During my academic years, the subjects for young men in the halls of the University were none too wide and so varied as they are today.

In spite of the fact that I was, through the kind patronage of a venerable Parsi gentleman, appointed straightaway to a rank in an insurance office, I became day by day increasingly aware of my great ignorance of this vast subject of insurance and by degrees I began to slowly discover as to why our countrymen were behind others in the world in matters material.

Sitting in a big office in a respectable position, I had often to take quietly the onslaught of bold policy-holders who would confront me with questions on "surrender value," 'conditions for revival' and 'bonus to policy-holders' and such other matters. Each

time after the visit of a policy-holder who confronted me with a number of questions, I felt small and embarrassed. My colleagues in the office, older than myself and who had risen from smaller positions were somehow carrying on a rule of thumb method. But that would not satisfy me unless I got into the root of things.

I felt I must stay in this line of business only if it was good to the public, otherwise I must go back to my profession. This was my feeling during the first year of my service.

So, I began studying the fundamental ideas and ideals on which all the branches of insurance business are based. Though as a student of law I had learnt that insurance will not be void or voidable if there is insurable interest, and insurance cannot be constructed as gambling on life if an insurable interest in the contract is present, yet the deep rooted social ideals on which insurance is based were not discernible in the course of study of the law relating to insurance contracts.

It was not till one understands how the actuary works out the table of insurance rates and how by a mathematical process he arranges to collect by way of premiums from the long lived in a group of assured, to pay the short lived, one realises that life insurance is really a social welfare institution.

The surrender value theory is based again on the fact that if one out of a group gets out in the middle of the period of his contract, he naturally gets far less than what he had actually paid, because a portion of his money has already gone to pay claims and office expenses and so since the individual gets out of the contract in the middle, he has to make good the loss, and therefore takes less than what he actually paid.

The fact that life insurance is an unconscious charity if one lives long, not many of the policy-holders who

are insured yet know. They only say that "life insurance is not profitable to one who lives long." Nor do they see that it is only those who live long who really contribute to the benefit of the families whose heads die early. The social aspect in this line of business is not quickly perceptible to many. It is this aspect of the social ideal an intelligent agent will bring to the notice of his prospect, educate him regarding the ideal and then get him to insure. Further, the average insurance agent in India confines himself only to the personal appeal when discussing with his prospects about insurance and tells them that it is a provision for their family in case of their death. He must also tell his prospects how they help society through their insurance if they live long.

There are even today among those who are insured (1) a class of people who are totally ignorant of the rudiments of insurance but who have insured their lives to oblige a friend who said that insurance was good and a compulsory saving. (2) Another class recognise the fact that insurance is good as a provision for old age for the family in the event of their early death. (3) There is also a class of people among the assured who are few and far between who know that insurance is a social endeavour and though insurance may not be profitable to the assured in the same way as an investment in any other line of business, yet it is in the interest of the public to which this class consciously believe they too belong, they insure either as a protection to themselves or others in society, according as the contingency of death overtake them, individually at different ages in life.

A correct idea of the rudiments of insurance is got only when one enquires how the premiums are calculated and how the offices work and how the claims are paid. Even to-day there are many who believe that claims are paid by the company, without knowing that the company pays it out of the premiums paid by their brother-insured in the group and not from the company's capital, though the capitalist companies each have a small capital as a stand-by, which in the case of big companies are ridicu-

lously inadequate even to be shown as a stand-by.

Looking at the fact that 25 years ago when even the educated classes looked down upon the insurance profession as a kind of a mere canvassing job, the present position when very many of our country-men have come to recognise the economic value of insurance to society as a whole, is somewhat happy. The time I entered the profession nearly 30 years ago, there were practically no university men in the profession and the country had only two or three actuaries. To-day the profession is full of men from the colleges and we have a fairly good number of actuaries, a good many of them being Fellows of the British Institute of Actuaries.

That life insurance is based upon the highest ideal is well and ably expressed by our Guru Dev, Rabindranath Tagore in the following words:

"The most precious wealth that man has attained is the consciousness of his fundamental unity which is more and more impelling the human world to work together for the service of every individual born in it. The consciousness which is gradually gaining ground in our economic life, because it represents the highest truth of man, is the only means that can lead to the true wealth of the people, the wealth born of the fruitful meeting of individual wills."

"That is the reason why I hailed with enthusiasm the first early attempt by our countrymen to introduce co-operative insurance representing mutual economic help through a combination of individual resources."

Though satisfactory, the present position of insurance in this country is none too good to make us feel complacent. Young men, mostly the field-men in insurance, must be educated on the basic principles on which insurance stands and taught how all insurances are based on the law of averages and how since the long-lived pay the short-lived in a group of insured people, the whole fabric is a social endeavour and how they can look upon their profession with pride and justification, carrying the torch of the Welfare State all

over the nooks and corners thereof.

Our legislators, while trying to help our insurance work, often bungle with far reaching consequences due mainly to the fact that many of them do not have the knowledge of the rudiments and the actual practice of insurance in this country and elsewhere.

One thing, however, I am tempted to discuss often with my brothers in the profession who are actuaries and gain an initial status for being qualified as an actuary, is this. There are some eminent men who speak of insurance as an industry. From the insurance platform many highly placed men say "Insurance industry in this country"—and so forth. To me to call insurance an industry looks erroneous. To my mind, knowing industry as I do to some extent, being connected with some of them, industry necessarily involves (1) raw materials, (2) physical exertion including physical skill, (3) capital to buy raw materials and (4) production of something tangible of human utility. Insurance does not appear to

have any of the above and it is mainly a social endeavour as even capital is needless, as in insurance we do not require any raw material to be bought, and capital has little or no function in an insurance company except during the first two or three years.

In the present set-up of the insurance endeavour in the country, with some capitalists dominating over a great number of companies, the capitalists keeping the reins of management of the companies in their hands, they may not be easily willing to see eye to eye with the highest ideals for which insurance stands, they may not realise how our institutions can be liberalised, but times portend their having to condescend and learn to be precise in their form and keep their mind clear with regard to this scientifically evolved social service which can be practised in a greater measure and in a variety of ways for the welfare of the State.

The principles of insurance to my mind prove the economic tie which an individual has with the society amidst which he lives.

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BURMESE ELECTIONS

By S. CHATTERJI

BURMA, which has been governed for more than three years by a provisional administration, is at last to have a constitutionally-elected Parliament.

Following the general amnesty on last Independence Day, January 4, 1951, when many of Burma's diverse insurrectionaries laid down their arms, the Election Supervision Commission decided last month that general elections, repeatedly postponed on account of internal strife, should be deferred no longer. They are to be held on a regional basis beginning with Lower Burma and the Kachin, Shan and Karenni States. All the elections are to be completed by January 4, 1952, the fourth anniversary of Burma's achievement of independence from the British.

This announcement has stimulated intense political activity throughout the country. Pre-war parties have been revived, post-war parties are being reorganised, new parties are being formed.

Dominating the complicated political scene is the Anti-Fascist Peoples Freedom League founded by the late Major-General Aung San after the British reoccupation of Burma in 1945. The AFPFL is modelled somewhat on the Indian National Congress and was, after World War II, the only party capable of forming a government. This was done under the premiership of its president and founder.

Since General Aung-San's assassination in July 1947 his mantle has fallen on the boyish-looking Thakin Nu, his life-long co-worker. Thakin Nu, however, has not had an easy task. Soon after the attainment of independence in 1948 the Communists under Thakin Than Tun and the Peoples Volunteer Organization—remnants of the anti-Japanese resistance movement who had hitherto supported AFPFL—went underground. Now the PVOs have almost all taken advantage of the 1951 amnesty while Thakin Than Tun, operating from a secret hide-out in the Pegu Yomas, is determined to continue his armed resistance to the Government.

The PVOs are now, therefore, an election factor. They will be competing against not only the AFPFL but also the revived versions of the old political parties such as the Mahabama (Greater Burma), Dobama (We Burmans) and the Myochit (Lovers of Country). Meanwhile two new parties, the Union League under veteran politicians U Ba Pe and U Chit Hlaing and the Burma Democratic Party under Thakin Ba Sein, have been founded.

To make confusion worse confounded there has also been a rift in the Socialist camp (hitherto loyal to the AFPFL). The new Socialist ramification is known as the Burma Workers' and Peasants' Party.

It is perhaps only natural that so complicated a background should produce a final group who wish to be independent of any political affiliation. This group is known as the Peoples Democratic Parliamentary Front. Under the leadership of U Aung Than, they also will contest the coming elections on their own.

A few weeks ago this group staged a sit-down strike in Parliament. For 26 hours the group, comprising eighteen members of Parliament and including one woman, slept on their seats in the debating chamber. Food was sent in to them by friends while soldiers with sten guns stood guard outside the Parliament house.

The strike was in protest against the alleged rushing through, by the Government, of certain important financial grants. The Government obligingly allowed them lighting facilities and fans during their strike and the affair ended amicably with garlands, processions and vehement anti-Government speeches.

This incident typifies the election fever atmosphere now felt throughout the country. With a plethora of candidates in every constituency—some of them differing little from one another in views—a lively time will be had by all.

Perhaps partially as a result of this absorption in domestic affairs, most Burmese today discount any Commu-

nist threat to their country, whether from China or from within.

The Burmese maintain that the guerrilla activities of Thakin Than Tun's Communist Party (now said to be China-aided) and the alleged differences with China over border violations in northern Burma have been greatly magnified by foreign observers.

Yet this confidence emanates mainly from Rangoon, and does not extend much into the interior of the country. In the Karen hills, the Shan States, or the remote country between the upper Chindwin and the Irrawaddy, governmental control is still far from complete—hence the postponed elections in these parts.

Most Burmese are convinced that their country's staunch Buddhism is its most effective safeguard against Communist infiltration. They also point to the relatively high standard of living of the Burmese plainsman, and explain that the Communist affiliations of the Karens and other hill peoples are only a reflex of their desire for independence. Popular Communism in the Ho Chi Minh sense has, it is averred, no chance in Burma.

This confident outlook, even if somewhat localized, is a tribute to the administration of Thakin Nu during the past year. No such confidence existed a year or more ago when Government troops were fighting against

four different groups insurrectionaries. Since the amnesty date when large numbers of rebels surrendered from the PVO, the Karens and the Red Flag (Trotskyite) Communists, the military situation has undoubtedly been better. Only the Stalinist or White Flag Communists are determined to fight on. The fanaticism from this quarter is significant. Plainly Thakin Than Tun expects a successful outcome to his revolution. If he is justified in this expectation, then he must know something of which those in Rangoon are not aware.

But come what may, the AFPFL will emerge triumphant from the elections. There is too much disunity and confusion in the opposition groups to enable them to oust the present Government.

Meanwhile allegations, revelations and insults fly freely to and fro in the Burmese press, which has a happy impartiality towards all the contending parties. One Burmese columnist wrote disparagingly of the lady member of Parliament who sat in the debating chamber all night with her fellow-strikers. The lady in question, as she herself pointed out at a subsequent mass meeting, was the columnist's sister-in-law but this apparently did not prevent him from doing what he considered his political duty.—*Copyright—N.P.S.*

It should not be difficult for the Congress leadership to realize that discipline cannot be a mere matter of the big stick, particularly against big persons, and that a person like Mr. Prakasam, whether he is right or wrong, is so much the symbol of mass strength that, if he goes out of the Congress, a large part of its mass character goes out. No greater jolt has in recent years been given to the Congress than by the defection of Dr. P. C. Ghosh. If persons like Mr. Prakasam, Dr. Ghosh and Mr. Kripalani are not better exponents of the creed and principles of the Congress than most of those of whom the Working Committee is composed, it would be news to the country. The Congress leaders, should also make the organization realize whether it is true to itself in seeking to discount the advice of men like Maulana Azad. If ingratitude were compensated by accession of strength, Congressmen could afford to be forgetful. But grab and graft have become so widespread that discipline has ceased to foster unity. True discipline can be built only from within, by constancy of principle and loyalty to work.

—National Herald.

SIDELIGHTS :

Politics is largely governed by sententious platitudes which are devoid of truth.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

THE election of Sri Sanjivi Reddi as President of the Andhra Pradesh Congress Committee symbolises a phenomenon of our times, the erection as leader of an inconsequential person with no outstanding ability or achievement to his credit. The victory in the election belongs, not to Sri Sanjivi Reddi but to his sponsors, the entire Andhra section of the Ministry and their supporters, with of course Sri Kala Venkata Rao supplying the brain and the technique. Sri Kala himself must have been impressed with the unimpressiveness of his protegee. That is why, presumably, he went out of his way to make capital of his candidate's resignation of his ministership, glorifying it as an example of sacrifice of unprecedented magnificence in the annals of Andhra Congress history. Modestly Kala forgot that he himself had given proof of no less sensational an act of sacrifice when he ceased to be Minister to become General Secretary of the Congress. Or was it that he gave a foretaste on this occasion of the destiny in store for the prospective leader, of serving as a peg for reflected self-glory to his powerful masters cloaked as followers? In the case of Sri Kala at any rate, the renunciation of ministerial office was purely voluntary. But Sri Sanjivi Reddi at first strove to be both Minister and President of the Andhra P.C.C. His plan was foiled by the Congress Working Committee which ruled that at the time of his nomination for the Presidentship of the P.C.C., he should have resigned from the office of Minister. This information the public owes to Sri Kumaraswami Raja the Chief Minister, and neither to Sri Sanjivi Reddi nor to Kala. Their version was that the resignation of ministership was an act of voluntary choice and not of compelled extraction by superior organisational authority. If this is the scale of sacrifice of the victors in the Presidential election, it is for the public

to judge what they will be capable of in their normal mood, after exhaustion of the sacrificing impulse. The public is not without guidance, however. It is well known that on his own application Sri Sanjivi Reddi's services to the nation as a political sufferer have been rated at 12 acres of land, already gifted to him by the Ministry. With the cartloads of sacrifice that are being unburdened into the Andhra P.C.C. office, in the wake of the grandly propagandised example of the new President, there is the hope for the future that suffering will not go unrecompensed, and a crop of succulent prizes awaits patriots of approved pattern.

After the election of President was over, Sri Prakasam and Professor Ranga made a joint statement condemning the methods adopted by the Ministerialist group. They referred in their statement to the "use of Governmental patronage and powers of punishment in order to manoeuvre and achieve this unreal majority in today's P.C.C. election." Saying that they were unable to accept any more responsibility for the actions of the Ministry and its supporters through the Congress organisation, now that the P.C.C. also was being placed in the hands of the Ministerialists, they walked out. They should have walked out before the election and not after, as the reason on which the walk-out was based was no less valid then, and did not develop in the interregnum as the effect of their defeat. Everybody knows that the whole political set-up of Congress rule has been reduced to a vast system of touting in the hands of the present Ministers, but Professor Ranga's handling of the provincial Congress organisation has been no better. His has been the rankest of all varieties of communalism in Andhra. On occasions when it was in his power to select representatives for important public assignments, he conducted himself without the slightest tinge of a conscience. Provided one was his follower, that

was enough for him and outweighed all other considerations. He has rendered immeasurable harm by elevating uneducated ignoramuses from the ranks of his followers to high positions in the national and international sphere which they were not in the least qualified to fill. Sri Prakasam's association with him has pulled both Sri Prakasam and the Congress down. Distrust of the bonafides of Professor Ranga has undoubtedly contributed substantially to the success of Sri Sanjivi Reddi. Professor Ranga in office would prove to be far worse than any of the present Ministers.

In this year's Presidential election, according to accounts received, money was squandered lavishly, and the inducements offered (by either party) to secure votes were on a gigantic scale. In the case of the Ministerialists, State power was added on to cash power to gain support. The

other side could not employ State power, not having it. There is a reason for this extra-energetic canvassing in the Presidential election this particular year. Aspirants to seats in the legislature in the coming general elections seem to think that their prospects of success are assured if they secure Congress tickets, and the Presidential election has revolved round hopes of securing such Congress tickets on the part of rival claimants. Both Professor Ranga's followers and Sri Sanjivi Reddi's masters want to have a hand in the pie of office and power in the post-election set-up, and they imagine that through favour of the President of the P.C.C. they will get the key for fulfilment of their ambitions. The flaw in the plan lies in the fact that the Congress ticket, once an asset, has since become a liability, and conjures up now pictures, not of social benefactors, but touts, blackmarketeers, and thugs in various disguises.—SAKA.

LIN PIAO: GENERAL WITHOUT DECORATIONS

By THOMAS BALLARD

RED China's reigning hero is a slight, grave-faced, youthful soldier named Lin Piao—"The Man Who Beat MacArthur." Some of the claims made in Lin's name by exuberant Red agitators may be taken with a spoonful of salt. It is an undisputed fact, however, that at 43, Lin is the most spectacular, the most successful, and one of the most dangerous generals serving World Communism.

Looks and habits belie Lin's fame. He is modest and unostentatious. Unlike the Soviet generals, who ballast themselves with medals and gold braid, Lin wears no decorations. He is addicted to wearing the cotton-padded uniform, cotton slippers, and the soft cap of a common soldier. When at home, with his wife and young daughter, he lives simply. In the field, he makes a point of denying himself all comfort.

Lin's prime characteristic—attested to by both Western observers and his colleagues in Red China—is calmness. He is not ruffled easily, and he likes

to think things out. When asked of his life, he is sparing in words. His oratory is direct and forceful but, in tune with the times, he is loading it increasingly with the clichés of Stalinism.

In a way, Lin's spectacular rise has been against the grain of Communist doctrine. His father had been owner of a camel felt factory and some land which he rented out to share-croppers. This definitely put the Lin family in the middle class, which the Communists seek to liquidate. What saved the family must have been the fact that it had early gone out. One of Lin's brothers had been a member of a pre-Bolshevik revolutionary band. Another had helped to found the Communist party in his native province, on the Yangtze. A sister has been an early party member. And even Lin's father, now well over 70, eventually gave up his factory, and became a Red enthusiast.

In 1926—as a youth of 18—Lin graduated from the famous Whampoa Military Academy, set up by the

Russians with Chiang Kai-shek as its head. For China, this was a year of decision—the year when Chiang, with Russian arms and advisers, started his historic drive to power. One of the master-sergeants in his army was Lin. In 1927, when Chiang broke with Moscow, Lin—by now a full colonel—joined a Red putsch, failed, and led his regiment into the hills to join the small and ragged Communist army.

Red Boss Mao Tse-tung took an early liking to the youth. Lin kept rising in the military hierarchy. In 1934, when the Communists started on their "Long March" to the northwest, 26-year-old Lin was already an army commander. In that year of march and battle, he fought his way across nine provinces and 7,000 miles.

When Japan attacked China in 1937, Lin was ordered into the field. The following year, in a mountain clash, he was shot through the lung—his fourth wound. He was sent back to Yen-an to recuperate. Mao arranged to have Lin sent to Russia. There he remained for two years, shifting—according to his own story—through a series of Russian hospitals and sanatoria, studying Russian, and reading medical books.

In 1941, Lin returned to China, but he was still in poor shape. It was not until 1945 that the Communist politburo found a new top-drawer assignment for him. He was made commander and political commissar of the new "Manchurian United Democratic Army," and ordered to take over Manchuria before Chiang Kai-shek's generals got there. Manchuria is vast, and there was always territory where he could recruit men, get food, redistribute land. Chiang's generals helped, by looting the region and antagonizing the people. Red morale began to creep up. By 1947, Lin had begun to feel strong enough to launch three counter-offensives.

Late in 1948, worried Chiang himself flew to Manchuria to crush his troublesome ex-sergeant. Lin forestalled the offensive by attacking first. Chiang's campaign lasted 52 days. When it was over, he had lost 500,000 men and the entire Manchurian front had crumbled.

In January, 1949, Lin arrived before the great port of Tientsin. It took

him 29 hours to cross the moat and cut the city in two.

After this, Lin moved southwards in seven-league boots. Within a year, he had reached the border of Indo-China, and Chiang Kai-shek had taken refuge in Formosa. At least in size, his command was one of the biggest known to modern history. In one typical battle, his left flank rested on the China sea coast, on the 23rd parallel, while his right wing was fighting in the rugged mountains of the 29th parallel.

The wars briefly over, Boss Mao gave his favourite a choice command. As a military pro-consul, he now ruled an enormous swath running from the Yangtze river to Indo-China. At the same time, as the top party man in the area, he controlled the political destinies of more than 100,000,000 people. Even while directing the war in Korea, he never gave up these posts. And only a few weeks ago, a brief news item disclosed he had been given what he still lacked—supreme economic power in the area.

Last summer, soon after the Communist struck in Korea, Lin's rested armies were ordered back to Manchuria. By September as "volunteers" they began to filter across the border into Korea. The rest—the ups and downs of Lin and his men—is now known to everybody.

Lin is not the military genius the Communist agitators paint him to be. Nor is he inept as some Americans in Tokyo say. He is an able military leader, resourceful, ambitious and ruthless. He is also a Communist zealot, who will never be guilty of any party deviation—except by accident. At a recent breast-beating party congress, he was listed among the only four leaders (along with Boss Mao) as a Communist without a fault.

Lin's present whereabouts are uncertain. He may still be in Manchuria, directing his "volunteers." Or, as rumour has it, he may have been shifted to his old command, which significantly adjoins Indo-China. But wherever he may be, of one thing there can be no doubt. Whenever Red China makes another armed move, Lin will be in the headlines. He is too precious a military asset for Mao to leave unused.—Copyright NNF

THE CHANCES OF PEACE

A PSYCHOLOGICAL ANALYSIS OF U. S. ATTITUDE TO COMMUNISM

We reproduce below a very fine psychological analysis of the American attitude to Communism from Manas, an American journal of independent enquiry, "concerned with study of the principles which move world society on its present course, and with search for contrasting principles that may be capable of supporting intelligent idealism under the conditions of life in the twentieth century."

OUR reason for continuing to scan current periodical literature for unconventional approaches to the America-Russia question should by this time be sufficiently obvious. The fate of the world seems to rest upon the chance that the freest people—that is, in the last analysis, the people least bound by prejudice—will exercise their broader understandings as compensation for the hate and ignorance of the "less free". Therefore, any *simpatico* attitude toward Russia or the Communists, provided it is not meant nor taken to be endorsement, and all intelligent criticism of our own American failures to free ourselves from the authoritarianism of our own political dogmas, are to the good.

The Dec. 30 issue of the *Nation* enables one to approach the matter of Communism from an interesting vantage point. Jean-Paul Sartre, requested by the *Nation* editors to address himself to "The Chances of Peace," brings us the perspective of an intelligent Frenchman, caught, like his countrymen and most of the rest of Europe, in a gigantic pincers movement between East and West. The renowned Existentialist—famous, too, as playwright and novelist—does not mince words in giving his candid impressions of U.S. policy. The *Nation* asked for this piece of Sartre's mind, though we doubt that the editors expected a contribution quite like the one they received, for Sartre's psychological analysis of our attitude towards Communism makes nine-tenths of our propaganda and all our red-baiting equitable with the inanities of warped adolescence. Sartre's most

important contribution, perhaps, lies in his observations about the great psychological dangers of anti-communism. The first necessary condition for peace, obviously, is the desire for peace; but it is impossible to desire peace in relation to someone or some country one thinks is enormously evil, the personification of all that is to be feared. Having made this introductory point, Sartre continues:

Now your anti-communism is much more dangerous than ours—for a strange reason: that you have no Communists. Frenchmen who hate Communists or fervently condemn Soviet policy meet Communists every day and everywhere. Thus, however violent their antipathy, they have to recognize that their opponents are men and not devils; they know that it is possible to talk to a Communist. It is difficult and irritating and does not always give results, but it is possible. In short, for French anti-Communists, Communists are a civilian adversary. For Americans they are already a military enemy. And because the enemy is unseen and unknown, he is the devil and must be fought to the death. Moreover, he appears to be everywhere, just because he cannot be pinned down in a definite place; suspicion grows, infects everybody. Is this man a Communist? Or he? Or he? With us, if a man belongs to the party, we think him perhaps a fanatic; with you he is of necessity a traitor, because by definition he is ranged on the enemy side. And since communism is evil, all that is evil is Communist. In that way we try to explain the paradox that the United States, which has virtually no Communists and where there is not the slightest danger of a red revolution, is obsessed by fear of communism. It is because it fears treason much more than revolution. The American public, it appears to us,

has been so blinded and exacerbated that it has gradually acquired a war mentality.

This article should be read carefully and in its entirety. It can make one fairly happy for the existence of the *Nation* as a magazine, recalling to mind the principles of equal-mindedness for which the publication long stood under Oswald Garrison Villard. (Incidentally, an editorial disclaimer of agreement with M. Sartre does not vitiate the service provided by the publication of such an article).

Sartre sees political Americans as moralists, puritanical, sometimes hypocritical—and sometimes genuine. But because we are so given to moralisms we do little for the cause of world peace:

Your Manicheism leads you to divide into two groups: everywhere, in France, in Italy, in the Far East, you find the good and the bad. The good are those who take your side, the wicked those who do not, or only partially. But those who are on your side, even in countries where Communists really exist, reach that pitch of hysteria to which the absence of Communists brought you, and become the wildest reactionaries and even fascists. Citizens of the United States find in them a violence of feeling like their own, but that is the only common ground. These people are opposed to democratic liberties, to social progress—that is, hostile to the American spirit; among them are Greek monarchists, Chiang Kai-shek's corrupt minions, Franco's Falange. Your ethics are generous and puritanical, but you pursue a policy which contradicts them. Unfortunately, Soviet cunning leaves you no support but that of oppressive minorities. The Communists everywhere defend the exploited and oppressed—though they feel free to abandon them if Russian interest demands it.

To this you answer, and you are right, that in Russia there is a concentration-camp government. But what do starving peasants care about the Russian penal system? Or even undernourished French workers, when their just strike is being supported by the Communist Party? You cannot persuade people whose opinion is already formed. As a result, the U.S.S.R., without making any overt move, without compromising its position, can touch off or support uprisings, revolutions, or civil wars wherever it wishes. In many countries communism has won the sympathy of one-third to one-half of the

population. But your sympathizers are not numerous enough and are often not strong enough to defend themselves; they depend on your aid, and you can only help them by open intervention. If Franco is admitted to the United Nations and if the Spaniards try to overturn him, what will you do? Will you go so far as to defend him?

It appears obvious, also, as soon as Sartre mentions it, that the European feels he is being regarded primarily as potential material for buffer resistance against Russia. To those who wonder at the effrontery of this or any other so critical European—presumably once saved from the Nazis by our fighting, then saved from starvation by the Marshall plan, and now being protected against the Soviets—come a few sentences of explanation. Sartre writes that, "in the last few months your generosity, which a short while ago aroused our enthusiasm, has seldom appeared disinterested enough to be owed unmixed gratitude. The moment that you cease to regard us as soldiers, you will rediscover us as friends. As neutrals but determined to resist every aggression, we shall be more useful to the cause of peace than we could be to your war as partisans without resources."

While on the subject of *simpatico* feelings for the Communists, we should call attention to an article on Communist China by a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* (Dec. 7, 1950). Once again, this is not something written by a political sympathizer of the Soviets. But the *Guardian* writer apparently feels that the positive qualities of the Chinese Communists are things we need to know about, need to understand and even perhaps admire, to partially balance the very much in Communist policy which we cannot admire at all.

Communists are noted for their simplicity and austerity. . . . Communists and all those who work in the evergrowing bureaucracy receive only a subsistence allowance. Whatever they get out of their position, it is certainly not money. Observers have been looking for signs of corruption. Such matters as have come to light are not very serious. . . . One cannot but be impressed by the seriousness and sense of purpose in life which is about in democratic countries. All things must be made to serve one purpose—the creation of a truly Communist society.

This revision of the life of China is, of course, tyrannical, in that each bit of power acquired is immediately used to force compliance. Further, "On this country, with its emphasis on family life, on face and traditional courtesy, a new way of life is now being imposed, which if successful will sweep away every trace of Chinese customs and manners." Yet how can we blame the Asiatics for admiring those who live simply among them, tirelessly working for a cause that promises economic benefit for the masses? Often the Russian-inspired Communists have identified themselves with the poor classes in impressive ways. As Sartre remarked in his *Nation* article, "The Communists everywhere defend the exploited and oppressed."

The United States, on the other hand, while playing a game of power politics similar to that of the Russian bureaucrats, has not yet thoroughly realized the need for assuming the full responsibilities attendant upon political intrusion. An article such as that

by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas in *Look* for Jan. 16 ("We Can't Save Asia by War Alone"), is an exception. Few men of public name and influence see so clearly the immaturity of our approach to the basic economic and social problems of Asia, or that the U. S. often leaves Chinese, Koreans, etc., no really advantageous alternatives to identification with Communism. All that Douglas writes, incidentally, serves to make more understandable why Sartre does not think the U. S. approach to the problem of opposing Communism is in any way effective. He rather sees, in the countries over which the U. S. hopes to exercise patriarchy, the greatest potential strength of opposition to Communism in Europe, as coming from the now unfortunately decimated ranks of the Democratic Socialists—Socialists who struggled long in France, Germany, and Italy for a platform combining public representation procedure with public ownership, in the hope of eliminating want and insecurity for the peoples of Europe.

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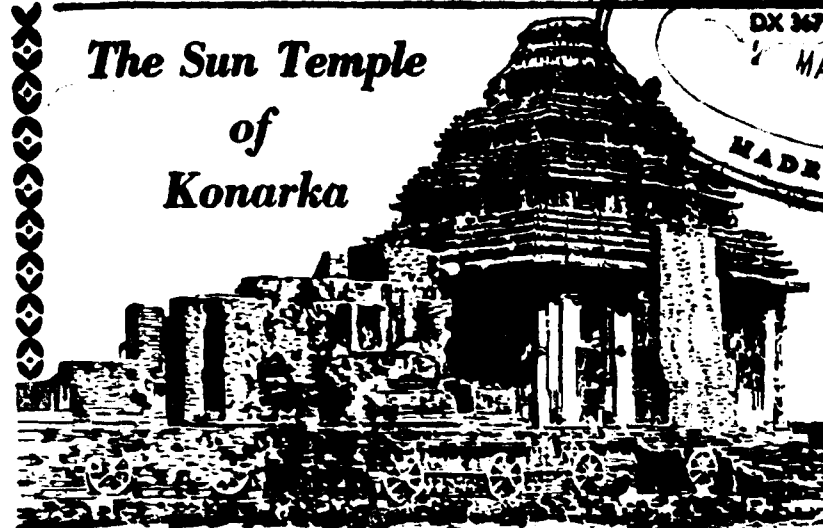
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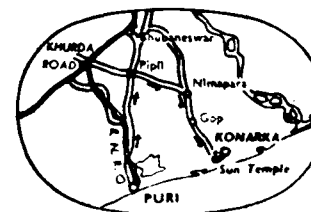
The Sun Temple of Konarka



Close to the sea-coast, north of Puri, stands the 700 years old Konarka temple. Legend runs that the Sun-god was once seen here rising out of the sea in his golden chariot. Where His shadow fell, devotees endeavoured to build a temple in the shape of the God's chariot, complete with twenty-four wheels and seven horses. Though now partly in ruins, this symphony in stone still ranks as one of India's greatest architectural splendours.

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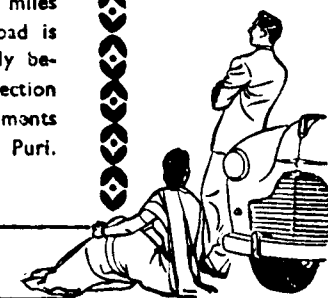
DUNLOP



24 miles out of Puri, the road leading to Bhubaneswar branches off at Pipili towards Konarka, which lies 29 miles away. This road is motorable only between

December and June. There is an Inspection Bungalow near the temple but no refreshments are available. Petrol may be obtained in Puri.

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SWATANTRA

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tea

the way you drink it

You drink it leisurely in bed, still half-dreaming, and you are a king or a god with the day ahead of you, bright and rich with promise.

You drink it over your morning paper, almost unthinkingly, but deep down you know that this is a good, satisfying beginning to another day.

You drink it hurriedly at breakfast before rushing off to work and it punches power into you: you are armed, you are ready to begin.

You drink it at work and fatigue drops off like a cloak.

You drink it when you come home and the evening takes on a glitter and a sparkle.

You drink it alone or with friends. It is always satisfying, always cheering, always refreshing.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 12

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

DYNAMITE

THE All India Republican Party is not even a year old. Yet the first convention of the party held at Gokhale Hall last Saturday, attracted a very large crowd. Large crowds gather nowadays to listen to denunciations of Congress rule, whereas ministerial meetings are puny affairs manned mostly by commanded employees and attended generally by contingents of police for protective purposes. Sri H. D. Rajah, the President of the Party, seemed to have correctly gauged the sense of the public, and his presidential address which was lavishly filled with vigorous attacks on Congress rule, elicited thunderous applause in proportion to their severity.

The Republican Party is one of several parties that have sprung to prominence lately on account of their ventilation of a stern anti-Congress spirit. The constructive purpose that will emerge from these parties is what will eventually decide which of them will forge ahead of the others in the competition for popular support. Sri H. D. Rajah's violent diatribe against the British connection will not be as helpful now to achieve popular favour as it was to Congress leaders when the British ruled. There are two reasons for this. The first is that the voluntary surrender of political power by the British removed the source of Indian animosity against them. It replaced illwill with goodwill. Secondly, these three years of Congress rule in the wake of freedom have led to many comparisons in the minds of the governed between their present rulers and their predecessors, generally to the detriment of the former. Experience of Congress rule by Con-

gress ministers has endeared the departed British administrators to the bulk of the people. The atmosphere is thus not propitious for any capture of political importance by platform assaults on the British. On the other hand, the British were never more esteemed in the country than they now are. Our Governments can do no better than profit by the British connection to learn those lessons in practical democracy that have made Britain the model Welfare State and the best governed country in the world.

Sri H. D. Rajah's condemnation of Prohibition suffers by the righteousness imported into it as though a precious social principle were violated by it. Our Prohibitionists erred when they mixed up their anti-liquor zeal with exemptions to drink conceded under executive discretion. The result was that some who could command the ear of the minister and fetch for an applicant a permit to drink could get any price for it, and this form of corruption, super-added to the old list, served to still further pull down the prestige of the Prohibition drive. There is something to be said for the view that virtue cannot be achieved through legislation. It certainly cannot be achieved when exemptions from practising it are known to be conferred as a privilege on the favoured and the influential, ranking amidst them, ministers, secretaries and the like. Prospects of success for Prohibition have been ruined by ministries lacking the moral energy to enforce it, to such an extent that, instead of proving to be a source of benefit to people, it has become a cause of harassment at the hands of a corrupt police. The cost of Prohi-

bition, too, is not a thing to cavil at, if the cost is shown worthwhile in the form of popular benefit. The objections to Prohibition are rooted in executive incompetence and in the official tolerance of patently worse evils. But there is no right to drink as a matter of principle any more than there is a right to commit suicide.

In his criticism of the industrial policy of the Congress regime, Sri Rajah is clear and specific. Accusing the Congress of playing with the word "Nationalisation," he says that talking big about nationalising all conceivable industries has created a scare and driven private investors from the share market. The constructive aspect of the Republican Party's proposed industrial policy is not however so clear-cut as Sri Rajah's condemnation of the industrial policy of the Congress. We are told that the chief obstacle in the way of agricultural production is the archaic system of land tenancy that still prevails, and Sri Rajah has no patience with the big landholder whom he wants to be eliminated. It does not seem to be realised that the elimination of the big holder of one kind of property will

not stop there, but will be followed by demands for the elimination of other kinds of property as well. The rich businessman who wants the big landholder to disappear will in time have to reckon with demands for his disappearance too from those who have no stake in business. Land is one of many types of property, and any attack on excessive concentration of land in single ownership is bound to be followed in the recoil by assaults on other concentrations of wealth in other forms. If dispossession of the too well placed is to be the basis of social reconstruction, the only safe people left will be those who have nothing to be dispossessed of, and of all parties, potentially the most formidable will be the one drafting its policies in the interests of the absolutely penniless. Even the Communal G.O. will have a short-lived duration, since the interests of millions immersed in absolute backwardness will have to take precedence over those of the less backward of the college education stage. The premium on backwardness that is being played with is dynamite. It will blow up all except those who have no asset of any kind to show.

Sotto Voce

PRIZEBOYS

THERE is something rather diverting about the indignation that has been snowballing up in the Congress Party since Dr. Ambedkar in a public speech declared that Swaraj has meant very little for the depressed classes and that in fact the British had done more for them. He claimed to speak as one with inside knowledge of Mr. Nehru's Government as well as of Lord Wavell's. He was in

particular severe on the Harijan M.P.'s whom he charged with not having said a word in protest against the pressure brought to bear on their community in the Punjab over the census. "As for me," he said, "my mouth has been shut since I am a member of the Government."

For one whose "mouth has been shut" the doughty Doctor has managed



ed to say a mighty number of things which no Government knowing its mind would have tolerated for a moment. A man who did not scruple to use the threat of mass conversion as a political leverage has been allowed to share the counsels and presumably influence the decisions of a Government whose nationalism is supposed to abhor the slightest taint of community or religion. More, he has been left to play ducks and drakes with the personal law of those very caste Hindus whose existence he resents. It is straining at a gnat for the Congressmen in the Government now to feel outraged by Dr. Ambedkar's mild sally.

The Britisher was the Greek bearing gifts. If he was good to Dr. Ambedkar and other bright young men of the Harijan community it was because he realised the value of having influential friends among a large block of humanity which might be manipulated with comparative ease to the despite of the Congress. Taking so realistic a view of his objective he naturally went about showering on the selected missionaries of the pro-British evangel the kind of favours that would give them a good conceit of themselves. He gave them jobs, positions and honours which were exactly the same as those lavished on the prizeboys of other communities.

And he did not make the mistake of imagining that what they yearned for was access to temples,—which most of their caste brethren who had prospered had long abandoned to the bats—or the honour of dining and wiving with the upper classes. The Congress, on the other hand, has concentrated on what it calls social uplift but what has struck the more sensitive among the Harijans as intolerable condescension. It is an undoubted fact that the spiritual gulf between the Harijans and the rest of the community has been widened by a policy which, for all its muddled good intentions, was a thoroughly bad piece of psychology. They asked for bread and were given a stone.

Irreconcilables like Dr. Ambedkar

have taken full advantage of this fundamental flaw in the Congress policy. The worthy Doctor no doubt thinks that his legal attainments and his very high abilities are sufficient justification for his presence in the Cabinet. There are many men who, judged by these tests, might be at least as fit for a cabinet post as he is. He is where he is because the Congress leadership thought it could use him as evidence of its right to speak for the Harijans. But he has never countenanced that claim. He regards himself not as a nominee of the party in office subject to its discipline but as a co-ordinate power.

It is ten days (as I write these words) since the speech was made. But, for all the hubbub in Parliament, Mr. Nehru remains mum, while Mr. Rajagopalachari has found even his adroitness inadequate for meeting the guerilla tactics of Mr. Kamath; Dr. Ambedkar himself sits in his seat and treats these verbal goings-on as if they were the chirping of the cicadas in the boughs. Contrast this with what has happened in Britain, the fountainhead of our democracy. Mr. Bevan comes out with a public denunciation of a crucial feature of the budget. And he does not wait to be asked to go. He goes and Mr. Wilson goes with him. Though he did not make a public speech criticising his colleagues he feels equally strongly on the budget issue and so quits.

Mr. Kidwai presided over the Ambedkar meeting and said never a word in protest. But then Kidwai has been always a law unto himself. His resignation is ever in his pocket—and never gets out. And there is Maulana Sahib who with infinite difficulty reconciled himself to the relinquishing of Urdu—only to launch upon a campaign to Urduise Hindi, on the plea that Hindi is a thing of yesterday. The Hindiwallahs are up in arms, but the Maulana knows he is indispensable. So he goes on serenely with his plans for resuscitating Indian culture. And why not, if Dr. Ambedkar can lay down the law for us?

VIGHNESWARA.



Sri N. Raghunatha Aiyar presenting prizes to the winners.



Madras Prize Winners in Shankar's Weekly Children's Number Competition.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD

AMBEDKAR was recently described by Mr. P. N. Rajbhoj of the Scheduled Castes' Federation as an incarnation of Bheema and of the Buddha. He is obviously regarded in this light by the Harijan community at least in some parts of India. Ambedkar is the brightest member of the Nehru Cabinet, but he has not much influence in the Government. His Congress Party colleagues seem to leave him severely alone; and he seems content to be left alone. He has been given the portfolio of law, which is regarded as the least important—commanding, as it does, no patronage.

A great reader of books, Ambedkar possesses one of the finest libraries in India. He is scholarly, intellectual, and brilliant—qualities that do not generally go with the occupants of seats in the Cabinet. The Nehru Government, however, abounds in men possessing these qualities. The Prime Minister himself is a distinguished writer; Maulana Azad has written the finest commentary on the Koran; Dr. Ambedkar has produced authoritative work on the untouchables; Rajaji is Gita Incarnate; Hare Krushna Mahatab is a playwright in Oriya; Munshi is the leading Gujarati novelist; Mr. Diwakar is an authoritative commentator on Gandhian philosophy; and Mr. Santhanam is the author of the *Cry of Distress* and *India's Road to Socialism*. Rajen Babu is one of the best writers in the Hindi language.

It is a pity that this conglomeration of literary personages has not been able to do any good to this country. Ambedkar is therefore unfair in accusing the Nehru Government of doing no good to the Scheduled Castes, as though the Scheduled Castes have been singled out for this

purpose. Ambedkar is, of course, justified in harping on the grievances of the Scheduled Castes. After all, he is the leader of the Scheduled Castes' Federation. With the elections coming, he has every right to ensure his Party's success at the polls. The Prime Minister could have asked for Ambedkar's resignation, but he has not chosen to do so. He probably thinks it is better to retain Ambedkar within the Cabinet as long as possible. Ambedkar outside the Government may be more dangerous than Ambedkar inside.

Rafi Ahmed Kidwai too will leave the Cabinet before the General Elections. As one of the leading lights of the Congress Democratic Front, he will be in charge of the electioneering on behalf of the Front. A bird has whispered in my ear that Acharya Kripalani has told Jawaharlal that the leaders of the Democratic Front have decided to come out of the Congress. If this is so, Kidwai may leave the Nehru Government in May.

Pandit Nehru has called a meeting of about a dozen Congress leaders, who are generally regarded as his supporters to consider his own course of action. Kidwai was one of the greatest supporters of Nehru. Nehru will be greatly handicapped if Kidwai leaves the Congress. It is obvious that Nehru is in general sympathy with the outlook of the leaders of the Congress Democratic Front; but it is not obvious that he will leave the Congress Party itself.

A report has been published in the newspapers that Acharya Kripalani has been offered the Managing Editorship of a newspaper in Delhi. The position offered is that of Editor-in-Chief, and the paper is the *Indian*

News Chronicle. The circulation of the paper will jump by leaps and bounds if Kripalani accepts the Editorship. Mr. K. Rama Rao will continue to be Editor. The Democratic Front will have a solid group of newspapers to support it. The Express Group is one of the two owners of the *Indian News Chronicle*. The Express Group has three daily newspapers in Bombay, and three in Madras. It has also got some arrangements with the Amrita Bazar Group in Calcutta and Allahabad for news-coverage.

The *Indian Express* of Madras may find its circulation going up as a result of its advocacy of the Democratic Front. Campaigns are likely to do a lot of good to newspapers. The reader will have a better opportunity to judge things for himself when different newspapers support different candidates and different policies. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai himself controls the *National Herald*, which is generally regarded as Pandit Nehru's paper. Under the editorship of Sri Chalapathi Rau, this paper has established a reputation for independence of outlook. It has never hesitated to criticise the Pant Ministry in U. P. Rafi's hold over the *Herald* may disappear when he leaves the Congress; or it may not. You never can tell. As William Vanderbilt said of Rockefeller and his men, "Yes; they are very shrewd men. I don't believe that you can keep such men as them down; you can't do it; they will be on top all the time."

Bevan is the sort of man you cannot keep down. He is a match for Churchill. He does not, as Bevin did not, command the support of the Labour Party intellectuals; but the rank and file of the Party adore him. He has been coming at the top of the poll in the election for the Labour Party Executive. It is not likely that the Labour Party would be returned to power under the leadership of Mr. Attlee. The pound has been slipping badly because of the internal deterioration of sterling in England. This, in turn, is due to the ambitious rearmament programme which has been resorted to. Mr. Bevan's protest against the proposed increase of four thousand and odd million pounds for defence is a true reflection of British

unwillingness to be wiped out of the map of the world. What is the point in being armed to the teeth when it is known that five well-directed atom bombs would be able to finish the country completely? Aneurin Bevan, who was a miner and the son of a miner understands the hardship of the working class in the face of mounting prices. His protest against the imposition of fees for spectacles and false teeth can be understood only by those who have had the advantage of obtaining them free in England. From different parts of Europe—and even Africa—people have been coming to England to undergo major operations free of charge. Such was the beauty of the National Health Service Scheme of Bevan. American papers reported in the first days of the Health Scheme that Marshall Plan funds were being utilised to provide false teeth for Englishmen. This was described as "putting the bite on the Marshall Plan." We, in India, who possess beautiful sets of teeth, do not understand the need for false teeth. There are several cases when people abroad have had all their teeth removed and replaced by a set of beautiful false teeth. The Labour Party has a good chance of winning the General Elections shortly only if it goes to the polls under the leadership of Bevan.

Several journalists have asked me to record in this Diary their dissatisfaction that P.T.I. had not given any indication of the impending Cabinet crisis in Britain as a result of Bevan's differences with Attlee. *The New Statesman and Nation* has been writing about it for at least a fortnight. Other newspapers too have been speculating on the possibility of a crisis. The P.T.I. has therefore signally failed to catch up with the trends in British politics. Bevan's desire for an early election has not even been hinted at by the P. T. I. We were under the impression that only Churchill and his men wanted General Elections immediately because they had lost the last Election by a very narrow majority indeed. Reuter was interested in creating this impression, because Reuter is hopelessly pro-Tory. There is no reason why P.T.I. should share the political prejudices of Reuter. Reuter is controlled by the

newspapers of England, which are overwhelmingly Tory. Reuter is what Mr. Norman Cliff says *The Times* is: It pretends to be non-Party, but you will find out which Party it is when the Elections are on. It invariably supports the Conservative Party.

Delhi Silpi Chakra has no pretences about it. It is a Society of Working Artists—as distinguished from the Societies of Arty people which are a menace to the interests of the true and struggling artist in our country. The recent annual exhibition of the Silpi Chakra was of the highest order. Delhi owes its artistic awakening to the exodus from the Punjab after

Partition. But the artists of Delhi—like Shankar and Kutty—have joined the Silpi Chakra, and it is now a cosmopolitan organisation. Bhabesh Sanyal, a Bengali who was Principal of the Lahore School of Art, is Chairman of Silpi Chakra, and P. S. Narayan, a white-collar worker in the Government of India, is the Secretary. Most of the active Societies in Delhi have as Secretaries men like Narayan, who are very talented and are more capable than some of their bosses in the Government of India. But they lack the influence which is wielded by their superiors. They have therefore to rot as clerks. Is there a divinity that shapes our ends?

THE RUST MENACE

By R. L. N. SASTRI

THE decadence of Rome,—the withering of a great civilisation—is sometimes attributed to the menace of malaria rather than to the consequences of battles. If the attribution is true, surely malaria has changed the countenance of history. The ravages of malaria are no less significant even at the present time. The rust disease of wheat is one of the many fungal diseases that attack our economic plants and cause untold damage to our crops. It may legitimately be compared with the malarial fever of man. The rust also attacks other cereals like barley, oats, rye and other economic plants. Every cereal-growing country experiences heavy losses due to this menace. Although the incidence of rust is known in all years, it assumes an epidemic form only in certain years depending on various factors. The year 1916 is regarded as the greatest "rust year" for the entire world, the losses in several countries due to stem rust of wheat alone being: Western Australia, \$10,000,000; Saxony, \$12,000,000; Western Canada \$100,000,000; Upper Mississippi Valley \$115,000,000. The average annual loss in cereal crops in all countries together is estimated to be over \$300,000,000. Wheat is one of the most important cereal crops in our country, the total area under the

crop being 24 million acres. Before the partition it was 33 million. The greatest damage to the crop is caused by rust, the total loss amounting to about 20 crores of rupees annually.

The rust problem is perhaps as old as that of malaria, if not older. Apart from quotations from the scriptures, that are usually interpreted as references to rust, it is generally believed that even during the first century B.C. the Romans were aware of the evil consequences of the disease, as one popular story goes. The annual worship of the Corn God of Rubigo was a prevalent custom in those days and was also accompanied by the sacrifice of a red dog. The red dog was symbolic of the red rust of wheat and the Romans believed that the God of Rubigo would thus be pleased and would, therefore, check the menace of rust. A sign of the disease is the importing of a reddish appearance to the attacked plant or crop as a whole. Red or yellowish streaks are found on the stem and leaves of infected plants which in the advanced stages turn somewhat black. The red dust that comes from the infection is blown by wind to great distances and thus the infection spreads. The inability of the attacked plant to meet the nutrient demands of the fungus which grows as an obligate

parasite inside the host tissues, brings about retardation of its growth and its disorganisation. Fall in the yield and a shrinking and shrivelling of the grains are the effects of the disease.

The animal parasite that causes malaria spends one half of its life in the human body and the other half in the body of the mosquito. Similarly, the rust fungus spends only a part of its life in the wheat plant and requires another host for the completion of its life history, and it is perhaps here that the most striking analogy between the two diseases lies. The other host for the rust is the barberry plant. This association between wheat rust and barberry, although discovered as a scientific fact only in the 1860's, attained great significance even much earlier. The Roman superstition of symbolising redness for the evil nature of rust, had extended to a number of things with a reddish appearance, besides the red dog. One of the victims of their superstition was the barberry plant with its red fruits. The belief soon gained ground that wheat could best be saved from rust by destroying the barberries. Laws were enacted in the 17th, 18th, and in the early days of the 19th centuries, in several countries, making the destruction of barberries compulsory, wherever they might be found.

It was only towards the close of the last century that the ancient belief in the connection between the barberry and rust was placed on a scientific basis as a result of the pioneering investigations of a host of celebrated men of science. Anton de Bary, a contemporary of Louis Pasteur, made the most outstanding contribution to the advancement of our knowledge in this sphere. His work is significant not only in the narrow realm of the rust problem, but also in the larger fields of biological science. He adduced evidence in support of Pasteur's opposition to the view of the spontaneous generation of life. He was thus partly responsible for giving rise to a great intellectual revolution and awakening of far-reaching consequences. It was thus established that the red form of the rust that prevailed in the spring and summer months was unable to withstand the severe cold of the winter and so changed over to

the black stage. The latter attacks the barberry plant. As spring approaches, the infection from the barberry spreads on to the wheat. Here is, therefore, an interesting but rather a rare example of how a belief that was based on mere superstition and accident was confirmed and strengthened by later scientific observations.

The barberry plant is an effective agent in the propagation of the rust. The early part of the present century witnessed the revival of the old campaign for the eradication of the barberry on a gigantic scale in many countries. Nearly 14,000,000 bushes and seedlings of barberry were destroyed in the United States alone at a cost of more than 3,000,000 dollars. This step is believed to have brought about a great reduction in the incidence of the rust.

But the problem is different in certain regions. For instance, in Australia and India, the barberry is practically absent from the plains. Yet, the wheat rust continues to recur from year to year. The late Prof. K. C. Mehta of Agra, as a result of his investigations for nearly 2 decades, reached certain valuable conclusions regarding the recurrence of the rust in our country, which helped him to formulate some effective means for its eradication. The rust in our country is unable to withstand the intense heat of the summer months whereas in temperate parts it is the cold winter that affects the disease. The whole of the rust in the plains disappears in summer. But the rust that is lodged by the cultivated cereals and other wild grasses on the hilly tracts of Himalayas and Nilgiris where temperature conditions are more favourable for its existence, survives the summer and serves to spread the infection, again with the onset of favourable conditions on the plains. It will now be obvious that the destruction of all those wild plants that are responsible for lodging the rust and banning the cultivation of cereals that are susceptible to rust, on the hills, should prove most useful in controlling the incidence of rust on the plains.

The destruction of barberry, or banning the cultivation of cereals on the hills as the case may be, is now-

ever not the only method of checking the menace. At best it is only precautionary in nature. For the possibility of the disease somehow surviving the adverse conditions at least in some areas where conditions are more favourable, cannot be gainsaid. We are, therefore, naturally led to think of other means as well. Spraying of fungicides is not useful. On the other hand, certain cultural practices like planting early-maturing varieties, avoiding poorly-drained locations and the excessive use of nitrogenous fertilisers are found to reduce the rust to a certain extent. Dusting with sulphur has been recently tried with success.

There is yet another method of attack that perhaps strikes at the root of the problem. It is well known that certain varieties of wheat are able to resist the attack of rust to a considerable extent while others are relatively more susceptible. The resistant varieties do not, however, usually possess other useful qualities like high yield and hardiness. But the discovery made in the early part of the present century that the quality of resistance to rust is conditioned by heredity paved the way for bringing together all the desirable qualities by crossing the different varieties. The possibility was soon exploited with success and a number of resistant varieties were evolved in many countries. It is these varieties that were produced at Cambridge that saved England from a great crisis in her wheat industry. It is unfortunate that in our country the greater part of the area under wheat is under unimproved indigenous varieties which are highly susceptible to rust. The area under improved varieties was

less than 20% of the total area under wheat in 1940.

Even this method is not altogether free from difficulties. It has recently been revealed that varieties that might at one time be seemingly resistant may break down in the course of a few years and turn out to be susceptible and that varieties that are resistant in one locality may prove to be susceptible in another. The explanation for such a phenomenon is to be found in the fact that the various species which comprise the rust fungus are further divisible into a large number of physiological races which differ in the nature of their infection. And it is not possible to speak of any one variety of wheat as resistant to all the races of the parasite present in a given locality. To add to this, the races are capable of continually changing and giving rise to new races. There is thus no finality with regard to the breeding of resistant varieties. An all-out scheme of breeding should always be undertaken at various wheat-growing localities in the country. The recent discovery of a number of wild species of ancestors of our present day cultivated wheat which possess an enormous amount of resistance to a good number of physiological varieties of rust, is gratifying and holds out promise of a great future.

It is regrettable that in spite of the great amount of attention that has been paid to the rust problem for ages in the past, we are still far from achieving the means of combating it effectively. It is however certain that our position today is much better than of our ancestors 50 years ago.

RAJAJI: THEN AND NOW

Presiding over the Tamilnad All Parties Peace Conference held in Madras on the 22nd and 23rd April, Prof. D. D. Kosambi narrated the following interesting sidelight:

"I find it hard to believe Rajaji when he sends me a verbal message through a close relative that I should stick to my mathematics, when once the same Rajaji spent an hour persuading me to join the Satyagraha! That was the morning of the Gandhi-Irwin pact. Dr. Ansari's house where we talked twenty years ago is only a few miles away from the Home Minister's bungalow which Rajaji now occupies, and where I was refused the favour of an interview last month in Delhi. So, I am forced to send my message to the honourable Minister through public channels."

SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

By KUTTY

L. T. SRIKUMAR was on his way home on leave.

On board the train, his thoughts were about Vijayalaxmi, his cousin, and her alone. To be back by her side—his beloved—after a lapse of two long years was exciting and exhilarating experience to him. In the sinking comfort of a first class lower berth in the train, he tossed about in itching impatience counting hours and minutes for the arrival at his home station. Dreams of the past and desires of the future danced before his eyes in varying visions of enchantment. His darling Vijaya....

Only a couple of months back, she was bed-ridden, stricken with an attack of virulent small-pox. The letter from his father conveying that sad news had sickened him beyond measure. Getting leave was then an immediate impossibility, and had not the wire from father and a phone message from brother at B—come the next day, father assuring Vijaya's safety and brother informing that he was going down home to be at her side, Srikumar himself did not know what he would have done.

And then he was going home on six weeks' leave to see his darling....

They were brothers, Rajan and Srikumar. Vijayalaxmi was their uncle's daughter and father's niece. She was an orphan. Delivering her into the safe hands of her brother, her mother had died and even before that her father had been killed in a car accident. In the fondling arms of her aunt and uncle she was brought up after that, brought up in smiles all along, along the rosy way of an easy life, in the company of her cousins, Rajan and Srikumar.

Rajan was the eldest among them and Vijayalaxmi the youngest. Srikumar was temptingly gay while his brother was pleasingly quiet. And Sri loved Vijaya more than his brother did. He believed there was some-

thing in him or her which could claim her more to him than to his brother. And ere long, in the wake of full youth, he knew what it was. He loved her. He observed his brother closely. He was glad that Rajan's was still a feeling of intimate affection towards her. He loved her like his sister. And Sri was satisfied. He had become the unrivalled lover. What remained was only establishing it.

After graduating, Sri was commissioned in the Army. Vijaya was in II U. C. then. Rajan was away at B—prosecuting his studies in electrical engineering.

Sri was pained to part with Vijaya. More so, for his love for her was still a secret within himself. The changing of hearts, to speak love's language, was not yet over. And then he had to do it.

"Vijaya" he said "I was longing all this time to tell you, what perhaps you already know. Don't you know what it will be? Can't you guess?"

She smiled sweetly striking more anxiety into him.

"I can't guess". She said innocently.

He looked steadily into her face. All his anxiety had not been able to disturb the calm of those silent pools of her eyes. Those were unruffled.

"Well, I'll speak it out then. I love you." He was able to put it that way plainly to her.

Contrary to his expectations she was unperturbed. She stood collected. She was calm.

"Perhaps". Thoughtfully and steadily she spoke after a while. "But, Sri, is this the time to talk of, and take such decisions having a vital bearing on our whole life? Can't you wait?"

"I shall" he said. "Then tell me you love me."

"You are embarrassing me, Sri. I have not thought of it so far. I had no chance to."

"Then just think it over now and decide." Impatience danced in his tone.

"How silly, Sri?" She cooed enchantingly. "Let me finish my studies first. And then I shall think over what you have said."

"And until then I shall wait. Never forget me."

"How could I ever forget you? You will be in my memories forever."

She was moved. And he was satisfied.

All that had happened two long years ago and yet it was still sweet and fresh in his memory. The mere thought of Vijaya and all connected with her to him was like yesterday—nonchanging! And then he was going to be united with her—never again to depart!

The train and the train of thoughts he was in raced fast....

Detraining the next noon at his home station, Sri was greeted by his father. His brother had gone back just a month back. Vijaya was rapidly recuperating, he was told.

They drove home.

"Hello, Vijaya" Srikumar flew up the flight of stairs into her room.

"How d..." Abruptly, his voice broke off. With his right arm outstretched to grasp hers, he stood there stunned before her, as in a portrait. Was it she—his Vijaya that stood before him? For a moment he disbelieved his eyes. Yet it was she—his one time vivacious Vijayalakshmi. She was a picture of ugliness in its abhorrent form. In her once slim and sweet face there was now a black layer of dark skin with scars and pores right round every inch on it. Only her white teeth shone out brilliantly. Small-pox had spoiled her beyond recognition.

"I am glad you have come, Sri" She said movingly.

Srikumar wept bitterly. For the first time in life he knew what dejection was.

Yet, he was not able to ignore the charming heart that throbbed behind her ugly exterior. To do so seemed bestial to him. Before the true altar of love it seemed degrading to him to bargain for a few pounds of fine flesh. Sri loved her more than

he had loved her so far. He was a success.

"Sri", she said one evening to him. "Do you remember you had told me two years back, that you will wait for me."

"I do" he said.

She looked into his eyes apologetically. Were there tears in them? He gathered her in his arms, while she struggled in a vain attempt to liberate her lips from his.

And so at last his dream had come true. His desire had taken shape. His dream was shortly going to be an everlasting reality. His Vijayalaxmi!

A week or more passed. Again it was an evening. Srikumar went in search of Vijaya to her room. At the point of passing the door he stopped. At her table with her back to the door she was reading something with rapt attention. He stood there watching her. It was a letter that she was reading. A sob escaped her throat. Presently she burst out into tears. She wept bitterly. A letter had made her weep. Sri thought, Whose could it be? That letter capable of taking a toll of tears from her! That letter....

He withdrew to his room stealthily.

Shortly afterwards he again went back to her. But she was not there. Opening the drawer of the table he took out the letter she had read. It was a letter written to her by his brother! With quickening breath, he went through it.

My Dear Vijaya,

I write this—my last letter to you—with a heavy heart. More than two years ago, when you confessed to me your love, I reciprocated it, though with hesitation and anxiety. I then was beginning to know that Sri was after you. That had pained me much. For, I loved Sri so dearly. Still I love him. And then I told you so. Nevertheless your assurance that Sri is emotional, lighthearted and sensitive, made me relieved. Let me also make it plain that I was much influenced by your charm. Yet, had not the initiative come from your side, I would not have loved you. Right up to my last visit home and to your sickbed I had

loved you. But not after that. Never.

Forgive me for my plainspeaking. I may be cruel. But I am frank. To me love goes hand in hand with beauty, to put it simply. To express myself very frankly, beauty is the essence of love. When the spring of beauty in you dried up forever, naturally the plant of love it had watered in me withered and died.

I have one supreme satisfaction. I was morally strong enough not to tamper with your womanhood. So far so good. At least try to realise my position, if not appreciate it. Viewed from my standpoint, am I not correct?

You need not reply to this. I won't respond. Hereafter, as was all

these years up to a short and unhappy break otherwise, you are my only and loving sister. Forget all that unfortunately has happened. Wishing you all the best.

Yours affectionately,
Rajan.

Srikumar sat aghast for a while, the letter in his hands, trembling. Then slowly he folded and put it in its cover and in the table. With a determined face he walked back to his room. Wiping hard his perspiring face, Lt. Srikumar soliloquized there, lighting a cigarette. 'I wonder how Rajan managed to play the game so quietly under my nose. I salute thee, chap. The woman will soon pay for her dangerous dual role. Though brilliant, her psychology is a failure.'

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CHINA'S HOARD OF 'HORDES'

By **ANDREW ROTH**

BBRITISH war correspondent Stephen Barber punched a huge hold in customary Western thinking on Chinese military strength when he asked in a recent *News Chronicle* story from Tokyo: "How many men are there in a 'Horde'?"

A whole series of legends has sprung from the word 'hordes'. When the Chinese offensive began in November we were informed that 'hordes' of Chinese Communists were involved—some of the estimates from General MacArthur's headquarters placing it as high as 450,000 men in Korea, with 1,350,000 men in reserve in Manchuria. The surrender of Pyongyang and Seoul were explained by the attacks of 'fanatical hordes' attacking with 'Asiatic disdain for human lives.' In January the West was cheered by reports that the Chinese 'hordes' were being decimated by the Eighth Army's 'meatgrinder' tactics—with top casualties being placed at 10,000 Chinese daily.

In Washington jubilant Pentagon strategists were reversing the old say about Chinese strategy. This ran: "I kill one American; you kill ten Chinese. By-and-by no more Americans." The American version is "The Chinese kill one American; we kill a hundred Chinese. By-and-by no more Chinese". On February 20th General MacArthur said recent Chinese "losses are among the bloodiest of modern times. As these are from Communist China's best troops, it will be difficult to replace them adequately."

It is almost certainly wishful thinking to believe that Chinese and North Korean 'hordes' can be decimated at the rate of 10,000 a day. But such illusions explain why so little attention has been paid to the full-scale mobilization which has been going on in China. In the last six months the number of Chinese troops in mobile combat formation—the so-called 'Field Armies'—has increased from 1,500,000 to 2,500,000. In other words, China's combat troops have been increased by a number exceeding the total number of troops in the British Army. During

the same time, China's territorial militia has been swollen by another two million or more men—the equivalent of all the troops in Western Europe. All this has gone virtually unnoticed by the expansive military spokesmen at Tokyo headquarters who seem to be too busy inflating statistics in Korea to notice the very real expansion of forces in China proper.

Equality In Korea

The significance of China's military expansion can be gauged from the fact that the Chinese have used in Korea scarcely more than one of the six field armies now at their disposal. Strange as it may seem, the contending forces in Korea have been rather equally matched in manpower, with about 400,000 involved on either side. The Communist force that attacked at the end of November almost certainly did not exceed 300,000 Chinese, with a maximum of 100,000 North Koreans. The official December 4th war communique from General MacArthur's headquarters said: "It is estimated that Chinese Communist forces presently opposite the United Nations forces in North Korea now total 268,000." This was confirmed by the military observers attached to the UN Commission on Korea and by independent British reports to London. Although General MacArthur's spokesmen tried subsequently to inflate the figures, on December 30th Washington columnist Drew Pearson published a Secret Tokyo despatch showing that General MacArthur's headquarters was sending the U. S. Defence Department substantially lower estimates of Chinese forces than those being fed the press.

The Chinese somewhat outnumbered the UN on the ground but were tremendously outnumbered on the sea and in the air. The forces under General MacArthur's command in November included 275,000 combat troops, (including 160,000 Americans, 100,000 South Koreans and 6,000 British) and 40,000 supply troops. In addition there were over 80,000 serving in the UN naval forces and 40,000 in the

air forces. In other words some 435,000 servicemen were attacked by some 400,000 Communists.

At the points of concentration the Chinese certainly attacked with superior numbers of infantrymen, but it was not this which decided the November battle. Rather it was the successful exploitation by the Chinese of their own opportunities and the UN forces' errors. In November's "home by Christmas" offensive, the 175,000 UN troops approaching the Sino-Korean frontier were fanned out over a 700-mile front. Most of them were under the Eighth Army commander in Korea, but the 10th Corp commander in Northeast Korea, answered directly to Tokyo. The two forces had loose liaison in the mountainous middle of the peninsula. The Chinese strategy was to allow General MacArthur's offensive to get rolling and then to attack it at its weakest place.

The attacks followed a fairly uniform pattern. Specially trained units, usually of 150 men, would silently infiltrate the UN lines, armed with light mortars, machine guns and armour-piercing grenades. Their mission was to cut supply lines, attack command posts and search out artillery positions. While they were attacking their objectives the frontal assault was begun to the sound of bugles and clashing of cymbals.

Under a pale moon in zero weather, the Communists hit the UN line in full force in the central mountains and other gaps. The UN troops could not cope with the Chinese night attacks or their "human sea" method of swarming over positions. U. S. bombers had little room to work in between the Sino-Korean border and the fighting front. The Chinese attack split the UN front in two and sent it reeling in retreat. The UN forces had little manpower in reserve and no prepared line to fall back on. When General MacArthur's forces tried to hold an arc thirty miles north of Pyongyang, the Chinese commander regrouped his forces and by another assault down the centre of the peninsula unhinged the right anchor of the UN defence line and forced the abandonment of Pyongyang on December 4th.

These initial successes were the handiwork of China's most brilliant tactician, 43-year-old General Lin Piao, who joined the Communists 24 years ago as a captain and subsequently commanded the vanguard of the 8,000-mile "Long March" made famous by Edgar Snow. One of his favourite maxims: "If proper advantage is always taken of geographical features—especially mountains and rivers—the destruction of the enemy will be easy."

His instrument has been his battle-tested 4th Field Army which started out under his command in Manchuria in 1946 and fought its way clear down to Canton in the extreme South in three-and-a-half years. (A Chinese Field Army is the equivalent of a Western army group and usually comprises 4-5 hundred thousand men). In December General Lin congratulated his troops on having "turned the tide of the critical military situation in Korea" and "made the enemy tremble." He exhorted them to the "total annihilation of the imperialist invader."

The Mysterious Interregnum

Between the fall of Pyongyang on December 4th and the end of the Chinese offensive on February 18th, the Korean war went through a mysterious interregnum. It was a period in which the Korean focus shifted to General Wu's talks in Moscow, the Attlee-Truman talks in Washington and the inconclusive efforts of the United Nations to secure a cease-fire at Lake Success.

Behind a curtain of misleading communiques and the toughest censorship yet imposed in the West, General MacArthur embarked on the new UN strategy. He abandoned Seoul and moved South under minimum Chinese pressure. He later explained this as an attempt to expose the lengthened Chinese line of supply to the overwhelming airpower of the UN forces. The purpose was to trade Korean space for Chinese lives.

On January 14th the UN launched a series of limited "meatgrinder" attacks designed to pulverize the Chinese further and kept them off balance. The Chinese withdrew slowly, apparently

recalling the couplet of Communist General Liu Po-cheng:

If you keep men and lose land, the land can be taken again;

If you keep land and lose men, you lose both land and men

On February 11th General Lin Piao launched another night attack on the peninsula's mountainous spine. But this time his force had been weakened by extensive bombardment. UN infantrymen had learned to cope with massed night attacks and infiltration. The air force had improvised techniques for spotting night movements. And the whole UN ground force had been reorganised and unified under the intelligent and aggressive leadership of General Matthew Ridgway. It had prepared positions to fall back on and strategic reserves. Within a week the Chinese attack had been brought to a halt and heavy losses inflicted, although nothing like the 10,000 a day claimed by General MacArthur's inspired communique writers. (The claim of General MacArthur's aviators to be able to count, while flying at upwards of 300 miles an hour, the precise number of Chinese killed recalls World War II when MacArthur's air force claimed 22 ships sunk out of a Japanese convoy which U. S. intelligence knew contained only 14 ships). In January and February the Chinese probably suffered three to five times the losses of the UN forces but they have twice the population for replacement by recruiting.

Stalemate

A fluid stalemate ensued in Korea with the end of the Chinese offensive. UN superiority in aviation, naval and armoured power counter-balances China's infantry superiority. Each side can make minor gains but neither side is able to drive out the other out of the peninsula without a tremendously increased commitment—probably double the present force. Even to maintain its present forces—which include more than half of American divisional strength—the U. S. is having to send in replacements at the rate of 15,000 men a month. Any greater commitment would seriously impede the raising of the four additional divisions scheduled for Europe.

China's ability to increase its commitment in Korea depends on several

factors which are still insufficiently clear. Do the strategists of China (and Russia) prefer to keep the UN forces bogged down in South Korea or to be pushed off the peninsula entirely? The Chinese are undoubtedly concerned about what they consider to be a threat to Manchuria—the industrial heart of China. But they are also desperately anxious to obliterate the hated Kuomintang's last stronghold on Formosa. It would undoubtedly favour their strategic aim if they could keep the bulk of the U. S. naval and air power pinned down in Korea while they attack Formosa. But their ability to do both—and still maintain enough forces to defend mainland China—depends on how fast they have been able to reach the military mobilization objectives set last September.

Away From Demobilization

When China decided last September to intervene in Korea if non-Korean forces crossed the 38th parallel, it also made the equally vital decision to expand and modernize China's armed forces. This decision was a reversal of a demobilization process which had begun early in 1950. By the end of 1949 the Communists had consolidated their hold on virtually all of Chinese territory except Tibet and Formosa. The securing of Tibet was considered primarily a question of political groundwork and road building. Formosa was the only remaining major military objective, and it was felt that this could be handled by General Chen Yi's 500,000-strong 3rd Field Army, if it could accumulate the requisite amount of sea-going transport for the amphibious assault course, trying to develop an air force and navy with the help of Soviet instructors and technicians. But there was little indication of any urgent priority for this task.

The emphasis last spring was on reducing the expenses of the newly-established State in order to bring inflation to a dead halt. Large numbers of troops were demobilized. The Communist retained a territorial militia of about two million men to cope with the approximately 250,000 local bandits and Kuomintang remnants that remained. They also kept the 1,500,000-man fighting core of their

army. This was organized into four field armies—the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th—plus a North China command based on Peking headquarters. Last spring General Lin Piao's 4th Field Army was sent back to Manchuria whence it had originally been recruited. Part of this (as well as parts of the 1st and 2nd) was semi-demobilized by assigning the troops to starting State farms, irrigation works and road building.

Since the North Korean regime was a Soviet creation, the Chinese Communists were not immediately concerned in its June offensive. They did not even have an Embassy in Pyongyang until after the fighting started. They were apparently assured that the North Korean attack would succeed in a fortnight because the U. S. National Security Council had written off the Korean peninsula. The Chinese Communists were happy to contemplate the end of the South Korean regime because they were concerned about reports that President Rhee was going to allow Chiang Kai-shek the use of Korean airfields to extend the range of the Kuomintang blockade operating out of Formosa. Koreans who had been fighting in the Chinese Communist armies were released to take part in the North Korean offensive.

The first Chinese reaction to U.N. intervention in the Korean war was primarily directed against the American decision to "neutralize" Formosa. The Peking regime broadcast the usual Communist propaganda about "imperialist aggression" in Korea but rather enjoyed the beating the U. N. forces were taking in the initial stage. Peking's reluctance to intervene was illustrated by the fact that it held back in August when a small contingent of battle-hardened Chinese troops could have readily smashed the constricted Pusan beach-head.

Last September, when the Inchon landings indicated General MacArthur's ability to make a comeback, the Chinese decided to intervene directly should non-Korean ground forces cross the 38th parallel. In a little-publicized speech on October 6th General Yeh Chien-ying, a member of the Communist Central Committee, laid bare Chinese Communist military thinking. He said that Europe was

the world's "decisive battlefield" but that Korea had become "the major battlefield of secondary importance in East Asia." "For this reason", he alleged, "before launching the great war, American imperialism must first seek the arming of Japan, aggression against Korea and the conversion of the Philippines and Vietnam into perimeters of its aggressive designs so that the foundations of the war in Asia may be laid well before it can proceed with ease of mind for preparations in Europe." On October 8th General MacArthur's troops crossed the 38th parallel and captured Pyongyang on 19th October. On October 25th the first elements of General Lin Piao's 4th Field Army were identified in Korea. At the end of October substantial elements of the 3rd Field Army moved north from Shanghai to go into reserve in Manchuria.

China's intervention in Korea strengthened the existing Sino-Soviet military alliance. The Soviets turned over political and military command in the Korean theatre to the Chinese. The Soviets also apparently promised to step up the delivery rate of aircraft and tanks and the rate of training for Chinese aviators and tankmen. The presumption is that Soviet artillery is also to be supplied because although the Communists captured some 54,000 artillery pieces from the Kuomintang with some five million shells, it is rather risky to be dependent on rapidly deteriorating supplies of predominantly American shells, only small amounts of which can now be captured. According to unconfirmed reports a joint Sino-Soviet staff headquarters was established in Changchun, former capital of Manchuria, in October, and Soviet technicians and instructors have been concentrated largely in that area.

The most striking, although unverified report alleges a Sino-Soviet agreement to expand the Chinese regular army to 4,500,000 men, to be supplied with Soviet equipment. Certainly China has been in the throes of a national mobilisation of impressive proportions since October. Upwards of two million men have been recruited for the territorial militia, boosting it to four millions. The 5th and perhaps the 6th Field Armies have been added to the four existing

last fall, raising the mobile combat forces to about 2,500,000 men. But even more significant has been the widespread recruiting in the universities of educated Chinese to add an effective air force and navy. Air defence headquarters have been established in every large Chinese population centre. First-aid teams are being trained. Some key industries equipment has been moved inland.

When General MacArthur proclaim-

ed several weeks ago that the Korean campaign is but the first stage in a "crusade" to "liberate" the whole of Asia, his action stung the British Government to complain on the highest level. It is serious enough that the "sleeping giant," China, has awakened and is putting on armour. It seems somewhat risky to hurl insults. Even if General MacArthur has been as successful as he claims in decimating the Chinese 'hordes' there is a lot more where they came from. —Copyright N.P.S.

FILMS AND PRE-CENSORING

By JAGANNATH

A proposal to scrutinize the complete shooting script of EVERY motion picture that is scheduled for production is at present under the active consideration of the Government of India.

This procedure has a twofold disadvantage without any essential benefit either to the producer or to the Government. Firstly, it is not an easy task for the Government to scrutinize about three hundred shooting scripts every year. Secondly, the producer who must have spent a considerable sum of money, by the time the story of his choice has been hatched into a shooting script, has to forego the investment in case the Government decides that the story is not permissible. The proper thing for the Government is to examine the story and treatment and not the complete shooting script. Previous scrutiny of the shooting script is, in any case, not going to make the final censoring easy or unnecessary. So this proposal will only create useless drudgery to the department and possible waste of money to the producer.

There are really helpful activities which the Central Censor Board (now that it is established) and allied departments (still in the offing), can pursue.

To begin with, an early declaration of the policy of the Government of India with regard to specific books and stories that may be produced as pictures will be very helpful, such as for example the classic novel "Ananda Math." Some enterprising producer

has announced the title as his forthcoming production. The time is now for the Government of India to clarify whether the producer can go ahead or wait or stop.

Approval or objection to a theme of this calibre cannot depend upon the shooting script. The question is whether the Government is likely to feel oversensitive to certain dialogues and action as described in the novel, as also towards certain scenes of famine, and the looting of the THEN Government treasury, or whether the Government will view the whole theme as a documentary belonging to a period from the remote past, describing the tribulations in the achievement of national freedom.

There are equally popular stories from province to province, "Ha Anna" in Oriya, "Prataparudriyam" and "Bobbili" in Telugu, "Life of Shivaji" in Marathi, "Shan-jahan" by D. L. Roy in Hindi and Bengali; and many more.

Instances have been many when Collectors and magistrates have refused permission for certain stage plays being played in certain localities. The climax of this sort of thing was reached when the Provincial Ministers, the Chief Justice of the High Court and other eminent men witnessed a specially arranged show of a popular stage play (that had been playing all over the province for a couple of years and was accorded great reception) and admired the writing and the production and the acting very highly, and soon after

came the announcement in the Gazette that the play had been banned in the Province. Such quixotic acts will certainly ruin a film producer.

It might be equally anomalous for the Central Board to ordain that *Anand Math* may be produced, and LATER for the provincial boards to declare the picture as uncertified in individual territories like Bengal and Hyderabad. While the entire Republic is supposed to be having a Central Censor Board and a Central Government enunciating policies on such matters inflections by lesser authorities are neither morally justifiable nor practically convenient. Insistence on the central Board assuring central direction of policy is necessary because of the instances arising out of the recent behaviour of the Madras Branch of the Censor Board which exhibited unparalleled incompetence.

(1) When it declared a film as uncertified because the film contained one shot of Stalin's photo (though the film was earlier certified by the Central Board)

(2) By refusing the certificate for

the Tamil version of a film, whose Telugu version was passed by the Madras Board itself.

Though such vagaries, when the department has not fully adjusted itself in the new saddle, may be passed over, the central authority must see that such things don't occur again and again and the producers must be helped to understand the feelings, preferences and the objections which the Government have on such classic themes as *Anand Math*.

A clarification of policy is the first of the precensoring activities the department may take up, and the second is to assure that the Central Censor Board is really central in authority, and that the regional boards will not dishonour the decision of the parent body and its decisions, without really justifiable reasons like military security, civil disturbance, or political revolution threatening any particular locality or district, where any temporary restriction in contravention to the central decision is sought to be imposed by the regional board.



MACARTHUR'S ADDRESS TO U. S. CONGRESS

(The following is an unofficial transcript of the full text of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's address on April 19 before a joint meeting of both Houses of the U. S. Congress.)

MR. President, Mr. Speaker and distinguished members of the Congress:

I stand on this rostrum with a sense of deep humility and great pride. Humility, in the wake of those great American architects of our history who have stood here before me. Pride, in the reflection that this form of legislative debate represents human liberty in the purest form yet devised.

Here are centered the hopes, the aspirations and faith of the entire human race. I do not stand here as an advocate for any partisan cause, for the issues are fundamental and reach quite beyond the realm of partisan consideration. They must be resolved on the highest plane of national interest if our course is to prove sound and our future protected. I trust, therefore, that you will do me the justice of receiving that which I have to say as solemnly expressing the considered viewpoint of a fellow American.

I address you with neither rancor nor bitterness in the fading twilight of life, but with one purpose in mind, to serve my country. The issues are global and so interlocked that to consider the problems of one sector oblivious to those of another is but to court disaster for the whole.

While Asia is commonly referred to as the gateway to Europe, it is no less true that Europe is the gateway to Asia, and the broad influence of the one cannot fail to have its impact upon the other. There are those who claim that our strength is inadequate to protect us on both fronts, that we cannot divide our effort. I can think of no greater expression of defeatism.

If a potential enemy can divide his strength on two fronts, it is for us to counter his efforts. The Communist threat is a global one. Its successful advance in one sector threatens the destruction of every other sector. You cannot appease or otherwise sur-

render to communism in Asia without simultaneously undermining our efforts to halt its advance in Europe. Beyond pointing out these general truisms, I shall confine my discussion to the general areas of Asia.

Before one may objectively assess the situation now existing there, he must comprehend something of Asia's past, and the revolutionary changes which have marked her course up to the present. Long exploited by the so-called colonial powers, with little opportunity to achieve any degree of social justice, individual dignity or a higher standard of life such as guided our own noble administration in the Philippines, the peoples of Asia found their opportunity in the war just passed to throw off the shackles of colonialism, and now see the dawn of new opportunity, a heretofore unfelt dignity and the self-respect of political freedom.

Mustering half of the earth's population and 60 percent of its natural resources, these peoples are rapidly consolidating a new force both moral and material with which to raise their living standard and erect adaptations of the design of modern progress to their own distinct cultural environment.

Whether one adheres to the concept of colonialization or not, this is the direction of Asian progress and it may not be stopped. It is a corollary to the shift of the world economic frontiers, as the whole epicenter of world affairs rotates back toward the area whence it started.

In this situation, it becomes vital that our own country orient its policies in consonance with this basic revolutionary condition rather than pursue a course blind to reality that the colonial era is now past and the Asian peoples have the right to shape their own free destiny. What they seek now is friendly guidance, understanding and support, not imperious

direction, the dignity of equality and not the shame of subjugation.

Their pre-war standard of life, pitifully low, is infinitely lower now in the devastation left in war's wake. World ideologies play little part in Asian thinking and are little understood.

What the people strive for is the opportunity for a little more food in their stomachs, a little better clothing on their backs and a little firmer roof over their heads, and the realization of the normal nationalist urge for political freedom.

These political and social conditions have but an indirect bearing upon our own national security, but do form a backdrop to contemporary planning which must be thoughtfully considered if we are to avoid the pitfalls of unrealism.

Of more direct and immediate bearing upon our national security are the changes wrought in the strategic potential of the Pacific Ocean in the course of the past war.

Prior thereto the Western strategic frontier of the United States lay on the lateral line of the Americas, with an exposed island salient extending out through Hawaii, Midway and Guam to the Philippines. That salient proved not an outpost of strength but an avenue of weakness along which the enemy could and did attack. The Pacific was a potential area of advance for any predatory force intent upon striking at the bordering land areas.

All this was changed by our Pacific victory. Our strategic frontier then shifted to embrace the entire Pacific Ocean, which became a vast moat to protect us as long as we held it. Indeed, it acts as a protective shield for all of the Americas and all free lands of the Pacific Ocean area. We control it to the shores of Asia by a chain of islands extending in an arc from the Aleutians to the Marianas, held by us and our free allies.

From this island chain we can dominate with sea and air power every Asiatic port from Vladivostok to Singapore—with sea and air power, every port, as I said, from Vladivostok to Singapore—and prevent any hostile movement into the Pacific.

Any predatory attack from Asia must be an amphibious effort. No

amphibious force can be successful without control of the sea lanes and the air over those lanes in its avenue of advance. With naval and air supremacy and modest ground elements to defend bases, any major attack from continental Asia towards us or our friends in the Pacific would be doomed to failure.

Under such conditions, the Pacific no longer represents menacing avenues of approach for a prospective invader. It assumes, instead, the friendly aspect of a peaceful lake.

Our line of defence is a natural one and can be maintained with a minimum of military effort and expense. It envisions no attack against anyone, nor does it provide the bastions essential for offensive operations, but properly maintained, would be an invincible defense against aggression.

The holding of this defence line in the western Pacific is entirely dependent upon holding all segments thereof, for any major breach of that line by an unfriendly power would render vulnerable to determined attack every other major segment. This is a military estimate as to which I have yet to find a military leader who will take exception.

For that reason, I have strongly recommended in the past, as a matter of military urgency, that under no circumstances must Formosa fall under Communist control. Such an eventuality would at once threaten the freedom of the Philippines and the loss of Japan and might well force our western frontier back to the coast of California, Oregon and Washington.

To understand the changes which now appear upon the Chinese mainland, one must understand the changes in Chinese character and culture over the past 50 years. China, up to 50 years ago, was completely nonhomogeneous, being compartmented into groups divided against each other. The war-making tendency was almost non-existent, as they still followed the tenets of the Confucian ideal of pacifist culture.

At the turn of the century..... efforts for greater homogeneity produced the start of a nationalist urge. This was further and more successfully developed under the leadership

of Chiang Kai-shek, but has been brought to its greatest fruition under the present regime to the point that it has now taken on the character of a united nationalism of increasingly dominant aggressive tendencies.

Through the past 50 years, the Chinese people have thus become militarized in their concepts and in their ideals. They now constitute excellent soldiers, with competent staffs and commanders. This has produced a new and dominant power in Asia, which, for its own purposes, is allied with Soviet Russia, but which, in its own concepts and methods, has become aggressively imperialistic, with a lust for expansion and increased power normal to this type of imperialism.

There is little of the ideological concept either one way or another in the Chinese make-up. The standard of living is so low and the capital accumulation has been so thoroughly dissipated by war that the masses are desperate and eager to follow any leadership which seems to promise the alleviation of woeful stringencies.

I have from the beginning believed that the Chinese Communists' support of the North Koreans was the dominant one. Their interests are at present parallel with those of the Soviet, but I believe that the aggressiveness recently displayed not only in Korea but also in Indo-China and Tibet and pointing potentially toward the south reflects predominantly the same lust for expansion of power which has animated every would-be conqueror since the beginning of time.

The Japanese people since the war have undergone the greatest reformation recorded in modern history. With a commendable will, eagerness to learn, and marked capacity to understand, they have from the ashes left in war's wake erected in Japan an edifice dedicated to the supremacy of individual liberty and personal liberty, and in the ensuing process there has been created a truly representative government committed to the advance of political morality, freedom of economic enterprise, and social justice.

Politically, economically, and socially, Japan is now abreast of many free nations of the earth and will not

again fail the universal trust. That it may be counted upon to wield a profoundly beneficial influence over the course of events in Asia is attested by the magnificent manner in which the Japanese people have met the recent challenge of war, unrest and confusion surrounding them from the outside and checked communism within their own frontiers without the slightest slackening in their forward progress.

I sent all four of our occupation divisions to the Korean battlefield without the slightest quails as to the effect of the resulting power vacuum upon Japan. The results fully justified my faith.

I know of no nation more serene, more orderly or industrious, or in which higher hopes can be entertained for future constructive service in the advance of the human race.

Of our former ward, the Philippines, we can look forward in confidence that the existing unrest will be corrected and a strong and healthy nation will grow in the longer aftermath of the war's terrible destructiveness. We must be patient and understanding and never fail them, as in our hour of need they did not fail us.

A Christian nation, the Philippines stands as a mighty bulwark of Christianity in the Far East, and its capacity for high moral leadership in Asia is unlimited.

On Formosa, the Government of the Republic of China has had the opportunity to refute by action much of the malicious gossip which so undermined the strength of its leadership on the Chinese mainland. The Formosan people are receiving a just and enlightened administration with majority representation in the organs of government and politically, economically and socially they appear to be advancing along sound and constructive lines.

With this brief insight into the surrounding areas, I now turn to the Korean conflict.

While I was not consulted prior to the President's decision to intervene in support of the Republic of Korea, that decision from a military standpoint, proved a sound one. As I say, it proved to be a sound one, as we

HOW TO SAVE INDIA FROM COMMUNISM

(By A Special Correspondent)

CAN the Left achieve solidarity?

This is the question which will dominate the Indian political scene in the six months between now and free India's first General Elections. Moreover, the kind of answer which the nation will evolve to this question may well determine the success or failure of the Communists' plan for India.

Usually pre-election days in any country are days of unification. Differences are buried. Hurried coalitions are built to lure the voters. If the coalitions crumble once the election is over, then no matter; the end has justified the means.

In India so far, however, the reverse is the case. Parties are not solidifying themselves but disintegrating—Right, Left and Centre. The great Congress, undermined by corruption and overlaid with love of power, is breaking into factions. The Hindu Mahasabha does not know its own mind. The Socialists have stumbled on doctrinaire rocks because they have tried to please workers, intellectuals and middle classes alike. The Communists also, embarrassed by the inconsistency of throwing bombs with one hand and holding Peace Congress with the other, do not know where to turn.

The shared characteristic to which the general political disintegration can be attributed is that, for the past four years, everybody has been trying to please everybody. And in an India and a world which is drawn in the strongest of blacks and whites, where rich and poor, Left and Right are contrasted as never before, these attempts at greyness can result only in ultimate confusion.

Nevertheless, the Congress believes it can mix Socialism and Capitalism at home, and abroad love totalitarians and democrats with a grand impartiality. The Hindu Mahasabha imagines it can mix religion with secular politics. The Socialists believe they

can combine anti-Communism with social revolution. The Communists are contorting themselves mentally in the effort to combine their instinctive go-slowness with Comintern instructions to get busy on the lines of Ho Chi Minh or Thakin Than Tun.

Perhaps the only party with an uncompromising, unconfused policy is the Revolutionary Communist Party of India which does not believe in solidarity with anyone. They know where they are going and what they want and their success in indoctrinating Bengal refugees shows that their policy, no matter how nihilistic and destructive, has one basic appeal—clarity.

The illogical attempts at compromise on all sides have as both cause and effect the absence of inspiring leadership in post-Gandhi India. There is only one great Indian alive to-day who can, by the power of his presence, superimpose some kind of unity on the multi-mindedness beneath him. Fortunately for the Congress Party he belongs to them. This, combined with the Congress's not-yet-forgotten role in the struggle for independence, will ensure for it a convincing victory in the coming elections, almost no matter what happens. But without Nehru this would not be certain.

But what kind of Congress Party will it be? Any patchwork unity among the Kripalani, Ghose, Ranga-Prakasam or Munshi-Masani groups which is fabricated during the next few months for election purposes, will not last long after the elections. The Congress Government of 1952 may find itself harbouring so many rebels that it will approach the same stage of importance that the Labour Government suffers from in Britain at the moment.

Yet unless this confused opposition crystallizes into some kind of Leftist solidarity, it will accomplish nothing. If it remains disunited it will serve

only as a significant but powerless index of the dominating trend in India today—namely that while the people are moving slowly but surely to the Left, the Government are being eased at the same pace, if not quite so surely, to the Right. If no constructive solidarity emerges in the Left the ultimate end can only be revolution.

Four years ago the Congress started out on a basis of social reform at home and neutrality in the world. Yet today India is patently a capitalist country—tolerating capitalism in its worst form—and its neutrality has lost its early dynamism and is degenerating into co-operation with the United States for frankly economic reasons and a merely lip-service friendliness towards Soviet Russia.

The key to the whole situation, pregnant as it is with possibilities for India's future, lies at the moment with the Socialist Party. Hitherto the Socialist Party has been the balancing factor in Indian politics. From the moment it made its Kanpur declaration in 1947 against Communism, it has stood as a bulwark against the solidarity of the Left which the Communists have always desired with a suspicious fervency.

This anti-Communist stand was largely the work, behind the scenes, of one man—M. R. Masani. None of the Socialist leaders had shown previously any marked antipathy towards Soviet Communism. Masani, however, influenced Jayaprakash and the other Socialists to steer clear of the Communists. His own anti-Communism has led him ultimately out of the Socialist Party and into the U.S.I.S.—in fact if not in name.

But how deep was the Socialist change of heart in 1947? Privately the Socialist leaders have all shown, and still show themselves pro-Soviet and sympathetic towards Communism. The recent split in their Party, hailed so jubilantly by the Communist Party and seized so promptly by Russophile Aruna Asaf Ali, must be causing Jayaprakash and his associates more pain than they are prepared to admit outwardly. If Masani talked them into anti-Communism in 1947 someone else of equal eloquence could talk them out of it with less

effort in 1951. And if the restoration of their Party's unity were held up as bait, they would be ready listeners.

For the Socialists are experiencing just one segment of the country's overall trend. The people are tired of waiting. They are hungry physically and mentally, and impatient of the continuance of social injustices which they had trusted would disappear with the attainment of independence.

This then is the great moment for which the Communists have been waiting. Communists never ride alone into power as a popular party. They always use the other forces of the Left as vehicles and stepping-stones to be absorbed or discarded when the end—seizure of power—is gained. This can be proven by studying the set-up of any Communist-dominated country to-day, including Soviet Russia. The Communists are always an oligarchic and absolute minority.

It is doubtless for this reason, because the psychological moment for Communism had not yet come, that the Comintern has shown itself up till now patient with the abortive amateurism of the Indian Communists. This patience will last no longer, for an important moment is approaching. The visit of 24 leading Indian Communists and Communist-sympathisers to Moscow later this month on a "cultural" mission may well herald a decisive change in the leadership and direction of Indian Communism. With the forces of the Left within the other parties straining towards them they now have somewhere to go. The Communists are ready to embrace all who desire a "democratic front", but for those who are not Communists in the Stalinist sense, it will prove in time to be an embrace of death.

Must India's Leftist solidarity be a Communist victory? Is there anything that can forestall this Kremlin-dominated solidarity of the Left which the Communists will now try to bring about?

There is only one thing that can do this on an effective scale with a body politic which is uneducated in the deeper issues involved, and that is a dynamic personal leadership. It

is only the leadership of Nehru which counterbalances, at the moment, the confused yearnings of the people for "action". Even this will not always be so, especially if the Left produces a leader of the kind which will arouse in the Indian breast any spurt of romanticism. If the Forward Bloc, for example, should ever produce—as it regularly threatens—Netaji's ghost, then this would be a counter-balancing lead of sufficient power to avert the Communist danger in the Leftward trend. It is also a role in which Mrs. Aruna Asaf Ali may well fancy herself.

But these are improbable or impossible alternatives. Failing any new apostle to arrest in this way the dangerous Communist drift of to-day, the only solution will be for Nehru to abandon his reactionary Rightism

and reunite his own great powers of leadership with the real direction of his people, irresistibly impelled by economic want. Nehru has always been a Socialist at heart. To-day he is consorting with people who are remote from his own convictions.

In brief, if a balance has to be held, Nehru is the only man visible on the horizon of to-day who can hold it, and in a land such as India, where the social awareness of the new Asia is combined with the still low standard of living, the only line on which he can hold it is on a line of Socialism in a pure, not a "mixed", form. If the Prime Minister were to abandon boldly the rump of the Congress Party of to-day and lead the democratic Socialists this would indeed give the Leftists solidarity and would one day save India from Communism.—*Copy-right N. P. S.*

FORE-RUNNERS OF MACARTHUR

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE dismissal of General MacArthur by President Truman has created the most sensational news of the day. Truman's stated reason for the dismissal was that MacArthur was making his own statements of policy instead of following the directives of policy issued by the President and the U.N.O. Policy-making is for the civil authority in a democracy, and the army is only to execute the civilian-made policy. That principle has been vindicated by Truman relieving MacArthur of his command.

There have been in the past, in other countries also, similar instances of conflict between civil and military authority.

The classical instance in India was the tussle between Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener. Lord Curzon was Viceroy, and Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army. The story of the conflict, as told by that famous journalist Gardiner is that there was a dispute between Curzon and Kitchener as to who really had full control over the army. On appeal to the Home Government, in

London, St. John Brodrick, the Secretary for India, almost decided in favour of Kitchener and accepted with insulting alacrity the resignation of Lord Curzon because, as Gardiner says, he was more afraid of Kitchener than Curzon. Gardiner adds that Curzon was right in upholding the principle that the civil authority was superior to the military, but he was tactless.

The real story, as told by the Dictionary of National Biography, is entirely different. In the Indian Army, fifty years ago, there was a clumsy dual control system. The Commander-in-Chief of the army was its executive and administrative head, but was subordinate to the Military Member in the Viceroy's Executive Council, who made policy but was inferior to the C-in-C in military rank. Both Curzon and Kitchener wanted to end this anomaly, but Kitchener was impatient. When Curzon was on holiday in England, Kitchener wrote to the Home Government about the anomaly. Curzon was consulted about it by Brodrick, Secre-

tary for India, and he advised him to call for a report from the Government of India. Curzon asked both Kitchener and the Military Member for their views. Kitchener, as expected, attacked the system, while the other defended it. Curzon finally decided in favour of retaining the dual control, but Kitchener made his own views known to the Home Government. St. John Brodrick in a dilemma called a committee, which produced a compromise, namely that the Commander-in-Chief was superior in his own sphere and the Military Member was in charge of the civil side of the army for supplies, etc. Strangely enough, Curzon and Kitchener fully agreed to the compromise with mutually agreed modifications. Curzon did not resign because of disagreement with Kitchener as it had been already composed. He resigned because the new Military Member was appointed without his being consulted, after he and Kitchener had agreed on the proper man.

Another instance in recent history occurred in France in the last part of the 19th century. The Third French Republic was weak and ministries were changing often. An Army Commander Boulanger was very popular, though he was once recalled from Morocco for political differences with Chambon, the French Resident there. Boulanger was made Minister of War in the Cabinet of Freycinet in 1886 and continued in the same capacity in the Cabinet of Goblet. He then resigned and was not taken in the next Cabinet of Rouvier, for he had become quite troublesome by then. He was sent out to a distant part of France. He was finally removed from command and the army list for indulging in politics and coming often to Paris without leave, in 1887. He then stood for a constituency and was elected on his slogan demanding a revision of the Constitution of France. The Chamber of Deputies threw out his resolution and then he resigned his seat and stood for re-election. Constituencies vied with each other in electing him and finally he was returned for Paris. He then became the centre of Bonapartist and other

intrigues, and when after much preparation, a warrant for his arrest was issued, he fled France suddenly.

The case of Lincoln, the American President, is interesting in many ways; he tolerated political talk and even insults from his commanders but he always asserted the superiority of civilian authority when the necessity came. His first commander McLellan was a self-conceited person, who often insulted Lincoln, even when the latter visited his house, but when at last McLellan failed to win battles Lincoln removed him from command and substituted Pope. When he failed, Lincoln gave the command back to McLellan; when McLellan finally failed, Lincoln tried Hooker, who also did not give good enough results. Finally, Lincoln pitched on Ulysses Grant and trusted him. When some of his traducers reported that Grant drank too much brandy, Lincoln replied that he would recommend the same brand of brandy to other generals who were sober but inefficient.

The principle of separating the civil and military authority with the former in supremacy, was evolved slowly. In the early days, the tribal chieftain was the commander, king and priest in one. After wars and controversies, religion was separated from the State and the secular State in Europe is just two or three centuries old. The King was for long the commander of the army. It was only when a small coterie of generals and the army began to make and unmake kings as the Praetorian Guards in Rome or the Janissaries in Constantinople, that it became evident that the army, with its great resources, should not be allowed to meddle in civilian affairs and must be kept subordinate. Even Hitler and Mussolini upheld that principle. If there are soldiers like Mao Tse Tung, good as administrators too, they are very rare exceptions. Anyway, the army as the army and the commander as the commander, must remain subordinate to elected and duly constituted civil authority. President Truman has vindicated that principle—rather obliquely.

POLICY-MAKING AND PEOPLE'S NEEDS

THE policies of any country can only be judged in the effect of its policies on the lives of the people who live in the country. It is not enough to have theories, planning, schemes for international goodwill, if they are not reflected in increased prosperity and contentment of the individuals who make up a country's population. Measured in such a way, can any country today be said to be governed wisely? From a distance such as I am from India, I would not presume to judge the success of government in your country. I am, however, like many people in Britain, seriously concerned at the reports we receive of the very real fears of famine in many parts of India, including Madras. I know that the problem is not a simple one, but I also know that as far back as last July or August, famine was forecast by responsible people, yet that forecast was ignored. I should have thought that the leaders of India should have enough experience of the fickleness of the weather, and the great increase of India's population annually, to regard famine as normal and a year of plenty as abnormal. There should be plans now for dealing, not only with the impending food shortage, but with that which is likely next year and the year after. It is no use waiting until such a calamity is immediately evident before taking steps to overcome it. Drought and famine should be regarded as normal and plans made every year accordingly.

In Britain, the policies of the Government are criticised or praised according to one's party loyalty. But over and above this, one can look around and see whether, in spite of the suggestions of politicians, Britain is governed wisely or not. Perhaps the biggest problem in Britain is that of housing. From an Indian point of view, this might seem all out of proportion, but it is the case, nevertheless. Every town has its new housing estates and there are thousands of

houses for sale, yet there is a shortage. The British people cannot live together in families in the way that you can in India. One of the commonest causes of unsatisfactory marriages is the sharing of a home by the young couple and the parents of either the wife or the husband. It is said in England that two women cannot share the same kitchen. So we have one cause of discontent in this country. There are just not enough houses to be let. There are plenty to buy, at fairly high prices, but none to be let except the new ones being built by the corporations, the towns. These corporation houses are allotted on points. Each applicant is given points according to his need. There are points for each child, for the length of time they have been without a house of their own, for the length of the husband's military service, for the length of residence in the town, preference being given to natives of the town, and the conditions of the present accommodation are also taken into consideration. The poor housing manager has a great problem, deciding who should have priority. There are also emergency cases. I knew of two such cases in a Midlands town. In the one case, the local authorities came across a case of overcrowding in which one family with tuberculosis was living with a healthy family in a very small house. The health authorities at once wanted to move the sickly family into a house of their own. In another case, within a few days of the first one, a husband neglected his wife and children and failed to keep up the payments on his rent. The landlord had little option but to order them out of the house. The husband left on his own, but the wife and children had to go in the local welfare home. It then became necessary for the housing manager to find a home for the wife and children, the wife having decided that she no longer wanted to live with her husband. I cite these cases to show that housing is a major problem

in Britain, and there are many people who say that all building schemes should be stopped except housing so that the problem can be settled quickly. As it is, schools are needed, hospitals and clinics are needed, factories are needed, and every housing estate brings its demands for cinemas, public baths, roads and all the other amenities that we have come to require in a modern town. The wise Government is that which can decide the correct order of priority of all that is demanded of it, and who would deny that food and shelter for the people are two of the highest priorities.

The main complaints about food in Britain is the high cost, for there is no denying that prices are rising. Meat is short, fish is expensive, tinned meat is plentiful but dear, vegetables are dear but will become cheaper in the better weather. People are finding it well-nigh impossible to live on an income of Rs. 250 a month, which is the highest pay that an unskilled workman can expect to earn. That people of other countries might have to pay more for food does not make one's lot any easier to bear. Yet there is no real gloom in Britain. The Festival has no doubt given an extra spice to 1951. Apart from a few of the old school of Toryism, everyone talks of the Festival with approval, and there are Festival dances, Festival agricultural shows, Festival productions in the theatres, Festival productions of books and goodness knows what else. The Festival is giving us the excuse for

putting a little more into everything we do this year. The gardens must be specially attractive, the paint fresh on the old, timbered houses, the shop-window displays must have a Festival theme, and so it goes on. This past week has helped tremendously by being sunny and fine for the first time since last October. So everyone who has a garden, and few in England have not, has been out digging and planting in the extra hour of daylight that British Summer Time has given to us. But even gardeners are finding things expensive. A next-door neighbour has had his lawn covered with new turf, this has cost him nearly two rupees a square yard, but I must say that it looks very nice and I have no doubt that the neighbours will all look with envy at the even greenness of the turf and wonder whether they too can afford the little extra for their lawns. In England, as in other countries, I suspect, there is always the desire to have the same as one's neighbour, unless one can go one better!

If we can have a good summer, if the harvest can recover from the exceptionally bad spring, if not much money is lost on the Festival and if the meat ration doubles, as has been forecast by the Minister of Food, then the people of Britain will feel much better governed than they have in the past winter, and an election in October, which I think is likely, will possibly give the Labour Party another victory.

DR. HANS EINSTEIN ON HIS FAMOUS FATHER

When Albert Einstein was asked how he felt about being called "the ruling monarch of the modern mind" by Nicholas Murray Butler, the gentle scientist said, "It was nice. I now feel exactly like a famous baseball player." Einstein is calm, humorous and sociable, his son, Dr. Hans Albert Einstein, 46, a professor of civil engineering at the University of California, discloses in an interview with Bela Kornitzer. A good-natured father, he "was not too good" at helping with chores about the house "but he tried his best." What's it like to be the son of Albert Einstein? "...I can almost see their minds working as they make a quick mental comparison of me and my father. Unfortunately, this isn't always complimentary to the poor son."

BIG RED DRIVE LOOMS BIGGER

Lt. Gen. Matthew Ridgway has become convinced the Communists are mounting their greatest offensive in the Korean war in May, during the rainy season.

In reports to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the UN battle commander bases his view on these ominous developments:

Thousands of Chinese and North Korean troops are working feverishly to reconstruct seven badly-damaged airfields, in the western coastal area from about 50 miles north of the 38th Parallel to the Yalu River.

AMERICAN LETTER: By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

INCENSED FARMER BRINGS WHEAT TO INDIAN CONSULATE

NEW YORK City: India, which has been trying hard to obtain 2,000,000 tons of grain from this country to avert the ravages of famine, obtained a small instalment on that shipment from an unexpected source.

A Massachusetts farmer who said he was "very indignant" at the failure of Congress so far to heed India's plea for aid drove here in a jeep truck with a gift of wheat. The gift consisted of twelve 100-pound bags, which he deposited at the Indian Consulate at New York.

The farmer, 53-year-old Nathan George Horwitt, runs a 400-acre dairy farm at Lenox, with the aid of his wife and two boys. Since the area is not grain-producing country, he bought the wheat from a local dealer. He estimated that the twelve bags were equal to twenty bushels and cost \$50.

"It is the duty of Americans, who have so much, to extend a helping hand to those who have so little," he said. "Our so-called representatives in Congress who have delayed so long in giving the Indians the grain they need do not represent me. I hope this little gift will start a grass-roots movement, particularly among the grain farmers of the Middle West, that will arouse the conscience of Congress and cause it to take prompt action to stave off famine in India."

R. R. Saksena, the Indian Consul General, accepted Mr. Horwitt's gift as "a fine, warm-hearted gesture that is typical of Americans" and promised that it would be shipped to India quickly. Until then it is being stored in the Consulate.

Mr. Horwitt, happy over the outcome of his mission, retired to the Vanderbilt Hotel for a little rest and some sightseeing. He will drive back to his farm and upon his arrival will write to Senators about the "urgent need" to do something for the people of India.

Impeaching Truman

President Truman will not be impeached, despite bushel baskets of

telegrams and letters being dumped on Congressmen.

The Constitution provides that the President, Vice President and all civilian officers of the U. S. shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors."

It gives sole power of impeachment to the House of representatives, which can act by majority vote. But that's only the start.

The accused man must then be tried before the Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment, with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court presiding.

A two-third vote of the Senate is required for conviction.

Rita Studied African Problems

Preceding General MacArthur to U.S.A. was another famous American, Rita Hayworth. American columnists had a field day when she arrived. Here is one story about her in U. S. papers.

Rita Hayworth differed with her husband, Prince Aly Khan, on politics, while they were on safari through Africa.

Aly's father, the Aga Khan, is head of the sect of Ismaili Moslems. There are 12,000,000 Ismailians through India, Africa, Iran and Madagascar. It was Prince Aly's job to get acquainted with his people, as he will one day take over from his father.

In British Africa, Rita got sore over the class and color distinction drawn by the British and the Moslems, themselves. The British draw the color line against brown Moslems and black Africans. The brown Moslems discriminate even more against African Negroes.

Rita said he should take the lead in breaking that down, urged his Moslems set an example. Aly was cold to the plan.

30 Newspapers Closed Down By Latin American Regimes

The uproar over the suppression of

Argentina's conservative *La Prensa* has completely obscured the suppression of some 30 other liberal and left-wing newspapers throughout Latin America during the past six months. Dictator Gonzales Videla of Chile alone has closed 12 newspapers since he came into power. *Hoy*, left-wing Havana newspaper, was shut down by the Cuban junta which has cracked down on all liberal expressions of opinion in the press and on the air as a result of pressure from Washington. The Venezuela junta simply changed the editorial policies and editors of half a dozen papers, President Laureano Gomez did the same in Colombia. The reason why Peron's dictatorship cracked down so hard on *La Prensa* is that the paper was the traditional arm of British and American capital which Peron is trying to oust and replace with Argentine capital. There are today over 50 underground newspapers and news services

throughout Latin America.

Foreign Students In U.S. Set Record

Enrolment of foreign students in United States colleges has now reached a record high of 30,000, the Institute of International Education reported. Engineering is the most popular subject among them, with the liberal arts and social sciences in second and third place.

About 13 per cent of the students are here, wholly or partly, on money furnished by taxpayers of the United States. A large factor in the growing influx of students from abroad is that young people are coming in large numbers for the first time from many countries of Africa, the Near East and Asia.

Distribution of the students roughly corresponds to the population of the various states, the study showed. New York State has 5,452 and Nevada only thirteen. Each of 1,400 institutions had at least one foreign student.



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By V. P. SATHE

ON Thursday K. Asif, one of the principal figures in the controversy over *Anarkali* called me to see him. Accordingly I went to his apartment in the afternoon; as I was waiting for him Dilip Kumar arrived on the scene. He seemed to be in an unusual mood and casually remarked 'Life is funny.' 'Yes,' I said, 'Life is like a car which going straight suddenly goes off sideways at a tangent.' Dilip smiled.

At this juncture Asif arrived, but before he could say anything to me, Dilip took him aside, and talked for a few minutes. When Asif returned, he postponed the interview with me. Both Dilip and Asif left to meet B. K. Karanjia, the editor of *Movie Times* as per appointment. I too joined them, hoping to get a lift upto Lamington Road. Dilip insisted that I should accompany him and have a ride with him.

Little did then I know that I was to be a witness to a very dramatic conference. After the usual greetings, the main topic of the day, *Mughal-E-Azam*, came up for discussion. Dilip, talking on behalf of his friend Asif, acquainted those present with the developments of this controversy between Kamal and Asif and held the opinion that he believed that Asif was right, and hence he supported Asif. He made a strong case against Kamal Amrohi. The editor of *Movie Times* had a front-page story.

But the real sensation was yet to come. After narrating all the side of this tussle and supporting Asif's claim, he sprang a shocking surprise.

He revealed that at 5 o'clock when he met Asif in my presence and took

him aside he asked his friend "Johny, Don't ask me reasons. But for my sake, will you give up *Mughal-E-Azam*? And Asif, after a strong puff of his cigarette, said 'Yes.' So for Dilip's sake, Asif who had put this case before IMPPA, abandoned the idea. He added that if Shapurji wants he can still make the picture with another director but at Dilip's behest he was out of it.

As he had already told the pressmen not to ask any questions the reasons for this sudden decision could not be asked. At best they could be imagined. This came as a greater shock to me since only at lunch time I had met Filmkar's producer Rajendra Jain and he did not seem to be aware of this surprising turn of events. Perhaps he will be able to shed light on this mystery.

But this event manifested the true character of Dilip Kumar as well as Asif's regard and friendship for Dilip. Whatever the reasons that prompted Dilip to make this decision Asif never bothered to ask them. A friend's word was enough for him to give up his life's greatest ambition.

Star Of The Week

All said and done, Dilip Kumar is a thoroughbred Pathan, a gentle, cultured and amiable fellow always detesting mud-slinging and scandal-mongering though he has been featured in some of them so prominently. He is one of those rare stars who take their art seriously and insist on hearing a story and role before signing a contract. Money alone could never tempt him; though recently out of sheer necessity he has signed some

contracts only for the sake of money.

That is why he has appeared in fewer pictures than other stars of his standing; that is why he had perhaps lesser flops to his credit. Though a Pathan, he has been brought up in Deolali and Bombay. If I mistake not, he was a student of Wilson College. During the college days he had differences with his family and he went to Poona and took a job in a canteen at Kirkee. Later he started his fruit business there.

It was during this period that Devika Rani spotted him at Dr. Masani's clinic and it was through Dr. Masani that Yusuf Khan joined Bombay Talkies and became Dilip Kumar in *Jwar Bhata*. He had to struggle hard in the beginning and it was the success of *Jugnu* and his superb performance in *Milan* that made him the great star that he is today. He has to his credit many first-rate performances in pictures like *Shaheed*, *Andaz*, *Jogan* and *Deedar*. Along with Asif he also shares the credit for making *Hulchul*, which unfortunately did not turn out to be the hit picture they had hoped it would be.

A man of rather serious disposition, he has a sense of humour too and enjoys sports—hockey and cricket. He has an aptitude for psychological subjects and a regard for spiritual values in life. But his ideas and values have not yet been crystallised into specific channels. The day they do he will be able to create masterpieces of art.

Picture Of The Week

During the last two weeks, three outstanding foreign motion pictures were released in Bombay, viz., *Sunset Boulevard*, *Bitter Rice* and *Three Secrets*.

Sunset Boulevard offers a striking portrait of a veteran and forgotten film star who lives in a dream world of her own, believing that the world is still anxious to see her on the screen, that she is still the most beautiful, the most glamorous and talented of film stars. She is always on the verge of starting a picture; and it is this hope that keeps her alive. In particular this tale deals with the adventure of a young struggling writer who meets her, is sort of maintained by her and is ultimately killed by her

when he shatters her illusions to pieces. This star of silent days appears to be half-crazy, self-centred, egoistic and unreal; and yet it underlines the tragedy that befalls many screen celebrities who refuse to change with the times.

A little exaggerated, perhaps, but the portrait is true and it evokes compassion and pity. The performances of both Gloria Swanson and William Holden are truly great. Made by the creators of *The Lost Week End*, it appears that if *The Lost Week End* was a penetrating study of one kind of obsession *Sunset Boulevard* is an equally penetrating study of another kind of obsession which has ruined the lives of many former glamour girls.

Bitter Rice is the first post-war Italian picture to be screened in India and it succeeds in giving a vivid indication of the progress made by Italians in the realm of the motion picture art.

Mostly produced outdoors the picture is remarkable for its refreshing realism and brilliant craftsmanship evident in composition, dazzling camera movement and the mounting. It is the story of hundreds of girls working in spring on a rice farm; it is the story of two girls who get involved with a criminal. The criminal is handsome, daring and selfish; the first girl accomplice dreads her association with him, is disillusioned about him and wants to get rid of him; the second girl is excited about him and hopes that he will take her away from the life of drudgery to the life of glamour and wealth—symbolised by the necklace he has stolen in association with the first girl. That this neckless turns out to be fake in the end is a symbolic illustration of the moral of the story.

Beautifully acted the picture is also noteworthy for the brilliant characterization of even subsidiary players. The plot is in a way rather hackneyed, especially the criminal and the second girl who falls for him seem to have been inspired by Hollywood films. The character of the ex-soldier-hero as well as the first girl comparatively appear to be more real and genuine. But for this flaw *Bitter Rice* is a memorable picture.

Warner Brothers' *Three Secrets* is worth remembering for its original idea. The idea has a social point which is divulged in the stories of three different women—a domestic girl, a journalist and a dancer.

It begins with an aeroplane crash followed by the revelation that the only survivor is a five year old boy still living on the mountain. It is further revealed that the parents were taking the boy home for his birthday and that the parents were not real but that they had adopted the child from a foundling home called 'Shelter'.

This brings three women to the spot from where a rescue party of mountaineers is going to search for the boy. All these three women had given their respective sons five years ago to *Shelter* and now wonder whether the boy is still alive and which one of them is his true mother.

The domestic girl who is happily married had an affair with a British soldier who went away without marrying her. From him she conceived a child; but out of fear of being exposed she gave away the child to *Shelter*. Later she married but could not have another child. She tells this story to her understanding husband and waits for the boy's return.

The journalist girl's marriage is ruined by her career. Her husband could not attune himself to her flights round the world; and she could not attune herself to domestic life, though she loved her husband. The marriage is broken. Later she discovers she was going to be a mother; but before she could convey this news to her husband she learns that her husband had married again. And being a working girl she thinks it better to give away her child so that it could be brought up by a family in a normal manner.

The third girl is a dancer. She falls in love with her boss; but the boss gets tired of her and refuses to see her. Worried, because she is going to be a mother she chases him from New York to Los Angeles and in a temper she kills him. She is sent to prison and while she is serving the term she gives birth to a child.

The boy is rescued and brought back alive.

And ultimately the journalist girl through the influence of her paper, discovers that the boy's real mother is the dancer. But in the interests of the boy both these girls decide to hand over the child to the married girl who is best suited to look after him.

The real brilliance of this picture lies in the screenplay; and told in the usual dynamic style of Warner Brothers it leaves an imprint on your mind giving a new slant in the problem of so-called illegitimate and unwanted children. The performances of Patricia Neal and Eleanor Parker are good but Ruth Roman who plays the dancer's role wins the acting honours.

News Of The Week

—The most sensational news of the week is that Asif has decided not to make *Moghul-E-Azam* at the behest of his friend Dilip Kumar.

—This has been a week of muhurats. On Sunday 15th (Ramnavmi Day) many pictures went on the floors. The most important was, of course, Filmkar's *Anarkali*, the muhurat of which was attended by over 500 people. On the same day at M & T Studios Munshi Productions' maiden film went before the camera. Produced by S. H. Munshi and directed by Arvind Sen, it stars Ashok Kumar, Nalini Jaywant and Ranjan in the principal roles. The muhurat of Partha Pictures Ltd.'s *Gangavataran* starring Ranjana was also performed on the same day at M. & T. Studios.

—On Wednesday 18th, Nakshab, the well known poet launched Filmco's maiden production *Nagma* starring Ashok Kumar, Nalini Jaywant, Shyama and Om Prakash. Based on a screenplay by K. A. Abbas it is being directed by Nakshab while Agha Jani has written the dialogue.

—On Saturday 21st, Shaheed Latif launched Asian Pictures' maiden production *Sheesha* based on a story by Ismat Chughtai at Famous Cine Laboratory & Studios in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering. Nargis and Premnath are playing the leading roles. Ghulam Mohammad is giving the music.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN—AN ESTIMATE

By R. J. VENKATESWARAN

THE dismissal of General MacArthur by President Truman appears to have won the approbation of the vast majority of the people of the democratic world. They see in this action an indication of the U.S.A.'s determination not to plunge the world into another global war. It is perhaps too early to assess the effects of this historic event on American politics but it has clearly demonstrated to the world that the President of the United States is a man of great courage and commonsense—one who can act quickly and calmly even in times of grave crisis.

When in 1945 Mr. Truman was suddenly called to succeed President Roosevelt, many wondered whether he would prove himself equal to the great responsibility he had assumed. The events in the last six years however have clearly shown that Mr. Truman has conducted himself with ability and success. Opinions will of course differ on the wisdom of the particular policies he followed at home and abroad but few would dispute his claim to be ranked among the great Presidents of the United States.

Mr. Truman was born at Missouri in May 1884. He came from a poor family. There was nothing extraordinary about his educational career. Between his 17th and 32nd year, he worked as time-keeper, as book-keeper in Kansas city banks, as farmer and as postmaster. In the first world war he served as artillery captain, and thereafter he did some business in the textile trade.

Between 1922 and 1935 Mr. Truman played a prominent part in local government politics. In 1935 he was elected to the Senate. On January 20, 1945 he became Vice-President and on the death of Roosevelt, he became President on April 12, 1945.

The American Presidency is the most powerful office in the democratic world. Unlike the British Prime Minister, the President enjoys security

of tenure—he can be removed from office by impeachment only for very grave offences—and he also possesses great power both over the executive and the legislature. He is moreover the Commander-in-Chief of the nation.

The importance of the Presidential office however lies not so much in the powers conferred by the Constitution but on the personality of the President himself. Mr. Truman does not possess the dynamic personality of his great predecessor. In fact, many were frankly sceptical about his ability to hold the highest office in the nation. "To err is Truman" was a popular joke in the United States in the early days of his Presidential career.

However, the fact that last year he was re-elected President for another term shows his tremendous popularity. The reason is plain. Mr. Truman is a friend of the common man. He understands his needs and difficulties and tries to ameliorate his condition. He is honest and hard working. He is loyal to his friends and faithful to his family. Power has not made him proud. He leads a simple, humble life.

Mr. Truman is not a brilliant man. He does not have the intellect or imagination of Roosevelt. He does not understand the intricacies of finance or commerce. In fact, he has been described as an economic illiterate.

But Mr. Truman possesses great courage and commonsense. And it is largely because of these qualities that he has endeared himself to his people. As an American journal put it, "All his life, Mr. Truman has been in contact with average people. He knows the struggles of common men. He thinks like the average citizen who wants to be free to provide for and safeguard his family. He is a common man and knows what the common man wants. He is not a great man but he is a good, honest, patriotic citizen."

FOUR YEARS OF OPPRESSIVE CONGRESS RULE

H. D. RAJAH'S ANALYSIS

THE following are extracts from the presidential address of Sri H. D. Rajah at the first Convention of the All India Republican Party held at Gokhale Hall, Madras, on 21st April:

The Congress Party has mismanaged the affairs of the nation and instead of serving the country and attempting to save it from the famine looming ahead, they have exploited the miseries of the people and have served only their own selfish interests. The rot in the Congress is so widespread and the stink has become so unbearable that steps have to be taken in the interest of general sanitation and carrying on of the normal healthy political activities. The very first step we have to take is the formation of a constitutional opposition and the offering to the people an alternative leadership to the Congress.

The Congress has misconceived its mission and has merely stepped into the shoes of the former foreign rulers, inheriting and keeping in full power the old bureaucracy with all its vices. In fact it is now generally admitted that we have less civil liberties in India to-day than at any time during the former British rule. The police have multiplied in numbers and have been vested with greater powers. It is not possible to secure publicity to any move to criticise Governmental policies. All the features of totalitarianism which disfigured the administration of Hitler and Mussolini have been reproduced in this country under Congress auspices. The press is either bought over or terrorised. The platform is kept the close preserve of the ruling party. No wonder no party of opposition has been able to build up an organisation which can in any manner threaten to displace the Congress. A feeling of frustration and helplessness has been created owing to the fear that the country will be under the perpetual domination of the Congress. The Congress is not committed to any political principles

or policies or measures. The Congress rules because the people are made to believe that it is destined to rule for ever. If Mahatma Gandhi was a saint and a great teacher of mankind, it does not follow that every Tom, Dick and Harry who struts into ministerial office with as much nakedness about him as possible, is as great as the Mahatma or that he is above all criticism. But it is this absurd notion that is actively cultivated and sedulously spread among the masses which is responsible for the continuance of the stranglehold of the Congress on the country.

We charge the Congress with having falsified ideals. A glaring instance is the declaration in the Constitution that India is a "Secular State." Simultaneously with this declaration of the secular character of the State made in the Constituent Assembly, a raging propaganda was started by Congressmen all over the country belittling the ideal of secularism. Congress propagandists were busy proclaiming that the ideal of secularism did not mean the withdrawal of religion from politics and that there was scope in the Secular State for the continuance of religious superstition. The idea was spread that secularism really meant multi-religion with the result that we see in the so-called Secular State of India every important state function is preceded by religious rites and mumblings of sacred texts. Ancient ruins that were once temples and mosques are being renovated and rebuilt. A straightforward declaration of theocracy, as has been undertaken in Pakistan or as is proposed to be undertaken by the Hindu Mahasabha if it comes into power in India, is any day preferable to the fraudulent secularism practised by the Congress.

The grand historical opportunity which the Congress had of attaining real sovereignty and freedom from the foreign yoke was missed and instead a bargain was struck with the former

British masters to continue in the Empire camouflaged as the Commonwealth in return for the exclusive privilege granted to the Congress to step into the shoes of the retiring British power.

Foreign Policy

Not only is our foreign policy guided by the Foreign Office in London but our currency rates, our import and export policies, our attempts to secure capital goods and technical help from other nations, our food policy are all subordinated to the interests of Britain. In fact we are slaves in these matters to British Imperialism. That is the reason why the so-called independent attitude in international affairs adopted by the Nehru Government is not taken seriously by anybody in the world. While professing in words to belong to neither of the power blocs into which the world is divided, the Nehru Government is so obviously linked up with British interests that its professions of independence are laughed at Lake Success. Even our alleged friendship with China appears as playing the British game as against America. India has no friends in the world because she is the slave of Britain. Our national self-respect demands that India should immediately sever connection with British Commonwealth.

While we deplore the division of the country which has resulted in the death of lakhs of people and the uprooting of millions of families, we cannot say the creation of Pakistan has not served a historical purpose. The vexed problem of Hindu-Muslim conflict has had at least a temporary solution though it was a costly solution. The fanatic Muslim is no longer a thorn on our side in India. The Muslim across our borders is in the foreign country of Pakistan and no one can say we are afraid of him. But the post-partition relationship between India and Pakistan has been badly bungled by Congressmen in power. They have been forced to eat the humble pie in regard to the exchange value of the Pakistan rupee and their British allies will see to it that the Congress eats the humble pie with regard to Kashmir.

There is no logical place for a self-respecting Indian in the British set-up. India will never breathe the air

of real freedom until India walks out of the British Commonwealth. India is big enough and, in spite of her poverty, is strong enough to maintain her independent status in the comity of nations.

Prohibition

A peculiar complication with the Congress Party is its fanatic advocacy of total prohibition of drink. Prohibition must be judged by the results it has produced in actual working. Any impartial observer can see that Prohibition in India is reproducing all the evils which it produced in the United States. While the revenue of the Madras State has been reduced by one-half owing to Prohibition, the consumption of drink has not in any manner decreased. Whatever quantitative decrease might have been achieved owing to the trade being driven underground, is being compensated for by the higher concentration of the illicit liquor which is not only impoverishing the people but undermining their health. All sorts of tinctures and nostrums are being consumed in lieu of the normal drink for which people crave. Methilated spirit, paints and poisons of various kinds are being consumed by desperate people who die in hundreds. Above all, the morale of the administration, especially of the police force, has been damaged beyond repair. As in American Prohibition days, the illicit trade in India is flourishing and therefore giant organisations are springing up, built up by high finance and safeguarded by private military force. Boot-legging in America created Tammany Hall. Even so in India, under the policy of Prohibition, the public will be dominated by the profiteer in liquor and we shall soon have gangster rule in this country. It is the menace of gangster rule which made legal Government impossible and compelled America to give up Prohibition. If public men will read the signs of the times, they should gird up their loins and take courage in both hands and fight for the giving up of Prohibition and save the country from gangster rule.

Industrial Policy

As regards industrial policy, the record of the Congress in the starting of large-scale industries is dismal. The fertiliser factory, the pre-fabri-

cated house factory, the tractor scheme and a host of other adventures have resulted only in administrative scandals involving loss of crores of public money. The time is not yet for the ushering in the era of allround Socialism meaning thereby the nationalisation of all means of production, distribution and exchange. We do not have the cadre, the personnel, to man the vast machinery such a policy involves. What little of talent we already have in this country has to be conserved and preserved from the corrupting influences to which it is now subjected under the obsolete and shortsighted policies of the Congress. The bureaucracy has been expanded without any regard to the capacity of the people to maintain it. *Everybody in office has roped in a son-in-law or a cousin to his entourage and has swelled the ranks of officialdom without adding an iota of service to the public.* This vicious policy should change and the bureaucracy must be purified from all its corrupting influences. While the British ruled, the bureaucracy was controlled and checked, whereas now the bureaucracy has become the masters of the land and are in control of the Government. What we want is more industrial-minded people who will do everything possible to add to the wealth of the nation. The time is now for the practice of rigorous economy and retrenchment and efficient administration of the industries like Railways which are already nationalised. Especially our agriculture should expand to the maximum and full scope should be given for free enterprise in that industry.

Food Policy

The main reason why the costly drive for production of food has failed in spite of all the fanfare of trumpets and the heroics of VANA MAHOTSAVA is that the agriculturist in our country does not find it profitable for him to produce food. The blame entirely rests on officials who have, by their numerous restrictions which amount to repression, robbed agriculture of its main incentive. The controls and the lop-sided scheme of rationing have worked hardship upon the peasant who has been forcibly deprived of his meagre savings in grain stored as food for the family,

as seeds for the next crop or as wages for the necessary labour of ploughing, transplanting weeding, etc. Food is rationed out at different rates for different sections of the population and for different parts of the country. The official prices at which food is compulsorily requisitioned from the grower vary in different States and produce heart-burning and an angry tendency on the part of the peasant to switch away from agricultural production and occupy himself with producing other commercial money getting crops. All these measures must be got rid off and a healthy spirit of rivalry must be infused among the agriculturists to produce more food.

One of the chief obstacles in the way of agricultural production of food is the archaic system of land tenancy that still prevails and the abolition of zamindaris has touched only the fringe of the problem. The main task ahead is the elimination of the big landholder who sits tight on the land, hindering land development and the equally merciless elimination of uneconomic holdings which cannot be cultivated except with the most primitive methods. Land reform must take the form of a two-pronged drive, one towards the elimination of the big owner, and the other the consolidation of the small and uneconomical holdings into co-operative farms run under proper control. The middle farmer, the owner of the family size farm, who is the salt of the earth and the main supplier of food to the nation must be encouraged and kept up in full vigour by the expenditure of all the energy the Government is capable of.

Congress party bosses are still dreaming at committee meetings about planning for the future. It is evident that the country cannot wait any longer for that drive. A series of five-year plans have to be put into operation on a war footing, utilising the entire resources of the country and its man power towards their fulfilment. The greatest impediment in the way of such fulfilment is the existence of the Congress Party with all its vacillations, its prevarications, its crocodile tears for cottage industries, village self-sufficiency, khaddar and other nostrums. A drive for the

industrialisation of India involves a preliminary cleaning up of the country's political life and genuine attempt to harness all the wealth of the nation by eliminating the foreign drain which has become more intolerable after Independence than before. All the vested interests left by British are having their full play and so long as we are not able to stop it economic betterment of the masses will be only a chimera.

We desire to be friendly with every party in the country that works in genuine opposition to the Congress because we believe that normal political life will be restored to us only

after this abnormal hold of the Congress is removed.

Real democracy allows fight between parties based on political principles and differences in ideologies. The Congress is not a political party but a theocratic totalitarian dictatorship. Such a powerful sway in the country can be removed only by a combination of all the political elements which strive for democracy irrespective of their being leftists or rightists. The distinction of leftist and rightist is relevant only when democracy comes into play, which will not be until the Congress disappears from the scene.

If you only tell people often enough that they must do such and such a thing, they will end by doing it, and never ask you why. And if you only tell people often enough that such and such a thing is right, they will end by believing you; and possibly they will believe you with greater readiness if you give no reason.—SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

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SIDELIGHTS :

Party spirit is a lying, vociferous, reckless spirit, a stranger to candour, willing to pervert truth, and to use underhand and dishonest means, so it may gain the victory.—C. SIMMONS.

FREQUENT appearance lately at Republican Party meetings has made some friends attribute to me a closer identification with that party than is really the case. If perfectionism be the objective, none can improve on the lead of Mahatma Gandhi. But instead of breeding a race of political saints, he has left behind only political humbugs. The utmost that the Congress has reached in the pursuit of truth has been to make falsehood appear like truth. The country has reacted to the deceit that has got enthroned in the name of Congress, by withholding from Congress ministers the trust and reverence that it gave to the Mahatma. The poor ministers do not seem to be unconscious of the change that has come about. For all the brave front they put on, they have adopted the police as a guard to look to their safety. The election campaign has begun. The ministers are found rushing about from place to place, of course at public expense. But rarely do they address public gatherings in the open air. Their confabulations are hole and corner affairs. Their election arrangements are with vote-farmers. The sale of support to ministerialists has become a very profitable occupation. The distinction between Party and Government is being obliterated, and the resources of the State are being employed in every possible way to strengthen the election chances of the party in power. Yet the biggest gatherings are drawn not by the ministers, but their critics.

There is, no doubt, Pandit Jawaharlal. As formerly Mahatma Gandhi's name was traded upon, Prime Minister Nehru's name is being traded upon now. Everybody wants him to continue as Prime Minister but there are few that are not discontented with

him on some ground or other. He is no longer a symbol of hope. He is clung to in despair. Four years ago he was acclaimed a warrior of freedom. Now he is looked upon as a wobbling Hamlet, cast on times out of joint, with every resolve sicklied over by the pale cast of thought. The peak of his influence is passed. At the height of his glory, he failed to deliver the goods. For the time being, he is the saviour of the Congress ministries from the wreck inseparable from popular disgust, but he may not remain so much longer.

That public feeling is incensed against Congress ministers, none can fail to perceive who has his eyes open. That the ministries cannot survive indefinitely against it is certain. But whether it will succeed in pulling the ministries down in this election is a different matter. It is not sufficient merely to be anti-Congress to supplant the Congress as the ruling party even with a public that has ceased to have faith in the Congress. Nor does mass support carry with it any assurance of a change for the better. If majority opinion is mobilised round communal rancour and passion as it might do easily with an electorate so vastly illiterate as ours, the exit of Congress ministries will bring no millennium nearer. A positive valuation as to which party is most deserving of support is not easy to arrive at. A journalist has to be non-party, tied to the apron strings of none, to be able to judge with detachment between the relative claims of parties and candidates for popular preference—and it will be the endeavour of this journal to maintain such an attitude.

Should Professor Ranga have resigned from the Andhra P.C.C. Presidential election before it was held, or after? The view that he should have resigned before the election has provoked an interesting comment from Sri K. Bhupal of Delhi. He writes:

I read with considerable interest SAKA's SIDELIGHTS in SWATANTRA

dated the 21st April. I am afraid the 'other side' has been missed by SAKA in criticising the decision of the Prakasam-Ranga group to contest the Presidentship and then quit the Congress. While a section of the public may feel that they did so because they were defeated in the election, it must not be forgotten that by contesting they have shown the very thin line that divided the majority from the minority, which latter would have actually become the majority if only the 26 votes had been polled. If Ranga had not contested the Presidentship, Kala would have gone about saying that Ranga had only an insignificant following in the P.C.C. and hence had run away from a straight fight!

The Andhra Presidential election has proved to the hilt the complicity of the High Command in the mal-practices that are being indulged in by a set of Congressmen in Congress elections. It is time the Democratic Front authorities realized that the Congress wind is blowing the wrong way and quit the Congress.

Prizes were presented to the Madras winners in the Children's Number Competition of *Shankar's Weekly* on Tuesday evening by Sri N. Raghunatha Aiyar, President of the Southern India Journalists Federation. There were six of them, three girls and three boys. The value of the prizes ranged from rupees thirty to seventy five. They consisted of such articles as a gold medal, a box camera, drawing materials and paint box and Parker pens. Sri Raghunatha Aiyar is not given to measuring greatness with success, and so he passed by completely the sensational business achievements of *Shankar's Weekly*. He spoke mainly on the central purpose of editing as such, the discovery of talent for the presentation of its finished work as an offering to the public. It might be said of some gifts that too much of them was not quite good, but there could never be too much of humour, the branch of journalistic effort in which Shankar specialised. In this none too pleasant world, humour was a quality as desirable as it was rare, and in seeking for it among the young more prone to be keen and fresh than their sophisticated elders, Shankar.

said the President, set up an innovation that deserved to be widely copied, and proved him to be a born editor. Sri Raghunatha Aiyar spoke first in English and then in Tamil and revealed himself a master in both the languages. His talk is as pellucid and pleasant to listen to as his writing is masterly—and the children that listened to it seemed to derive no less pleasure from it than from the prizes they had won.

This year the Southern India Journalists' Federation selected Sri A. G. Venkatachari to represent it on the Indian Press Delegation to England. The delegation left Delhi this week for London. Sri Venkatachari shifted to journalism from politics. His political beginnings were in the camps of Socialists and Communists. The Youth League was the forum on which these and every other 'ism' of the day were thrashed threadbare but there was no rancour in the debates of those days as the need of violence for revolution remained merely a debatable point and had not passed on into a practical programme. Later on the Youth League was wound up as the members felt they had passed the boundary of youth, and there were none they knew of the same spirit as theirs who could be trusted to carry on the traditions of the League. While the companions of his youth swerved a long way from the dreams and fancies of their Youth League days, Sri Venkatachari retained the freshness of a juvenile which was turned into enormous energy in the field of journalism. In journalism he was primarily a newsman and his capacity for sustained application to work was prodigious. He did not carry on merely from day to day but laboured hard for some surplus of knowledge and experience to be carried forward to the next day. He took a keen interest in trade union problems and has become an authority on labour questions. He is bound to impress greatly all who come in contact with him in the course of his five weeks' visit as an invitee of the British Government.—SAKA.

Letters To The Editor

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

Amendments To The Constitution

The move to amend the Constitution has come as a painful surprise to all lovers of constitutionalism in India. It is regrettable that such proposals should emanate from responsible quarters within a short period of the inauguration of the Constitution.

Those that are wielding power today seem to forget the provisional character of the Parliament and their regime. They have not only forgotten their earlier resolution passed by the Constituent Assembly of India to hold the elections in 1950 but are also attempting to perpetuate themselves with a view to implementing their pet theories and policies, by all possible means, irrespective of political morality and constitutional propriety. Let them not forget that the Constituent Assembly of India which is the provisional Parliament today was convened by a departing foreign power for the purpose of framing a Constitution. It is also a settled principle of Constitutional Law that those who were placed in office before the change of constitutional status are incompetent to continue in office after the change and fresh elections ought to have been held by this time. If at all, they are obliged to continue in office, presumably against their will, they should only function as a care-taker regime. They have neither the popular support nor the moral authority to enact measures of far-reaching importance.

The changes sought to be effected are not merely formal or procedural but are fundamental and far-reaching. While the constitutional amendments in U.S.A. were democratic and progressive, they threaten to follow a reverse course here. Article 19 of our Constitution, for example, which guarantees those aspects of freedom which are closely connected with democracy is likely to be maimed and mangled. Similarly Article 31 relating to right to property will be mutilated. It is not surprising that the present regime in the State of Madras is also anxious to see that the Communal G. O. is entrenched within the constitutional framework by amending the relevant articles suitably. Many more reactionary proposals may follow suit as the floodgates are opened.

Inconvenient judicial decisions or immediate necessity can never be an excuse to interfere with a permanent and an organic arrangement. In the fitness of things eminent jurists like the Rt.

Hon'ble Dr. M. R. Jaikar and Mr. P. R. Das deprecated the move to amend the Constitution at this juncture. The thinking public should now take the lead and see that the proposals are dropped once for all. Otherwise the cause of constitutionalism and democracy will receive a severe set back.

P. RAJESWARA RAO.

Eluru.

Nepotism In Harijan Welfare

Last year when the Provincial Harijan Welfare Committee was reconstituted, the only Malayalee member appointed to that Committee was Srimathi A. V. Kuttimalu Amma, wife of one of the Ministers. How this lady, though a Malayalee, living so far away from Malabar and being very busy with work in the Legislature besides accompanying her husband on tours throughout the length and breadth of the State and attending to numerous social functions consequent upon her being a Minister's wife, can understand and represent properly the day to day problems of the four lakhs of Harijans of Malabar forming about 15 per cent of the Hindu population, is beyond one's imagination. Before the Committee was reconstituted, the President of the Malabar Harijan Sevak Sangh was a member of that Committee for about four years. Why he should have been removed from that Committee and a Minister's wife appointed puzzles people here. If a change was necessary, could not the Government have made a better choice in the interests of the Harijans of Malabar?

To add insult to injury, this lady's brother, Sri A. V. Radhagopi Menon, an employee of Messrs. Pierce, Leslie & Co., is appointed a member of the District Harijan Welfare Committee. Here again, the President of the Malabar Harijan Sevak Sangh has been removed. What are the qualifications of Sri Radhagopi Menon to deserve a membership of the District Harijan Welfare Committee except that he is the brother-in-law of a Minister? What is his record of Harijan work?

It is a pity that nepotism has spread even to such fields of humanitarian work.

The record of the service of the Harijan Sevak Sangh is too well-known to be mentioned here. Such a body being not

represented on the Committee and a Minister's brother-in-law being foisted upon it betrays the motives of the authorities concerned.

L. N. RAO,
Member, Servants of India
Society.

Kozhikode.

The Constitution And Communal G. O.

From a purely legalistic point of view the suggestion of the Government of Madras to have the Constitution amended so as to permit the Madras State to apply the principle of the Communal G.O. appears to be an impossibility. An amendment always connotes that the object or preamble of the statute or rule of law is left intact. An amendment which would convert the objective or any fundamental of a rule of law or statute into another of a different and inconsistent character is no amendment; but will be in effect the repealing of the whole statute or law. Bringing in of a new principle or law cannot be done by the indirect means of an amendment. By the Preamble to the Constitution of India, equality of opportunity is secured to all citizens. Article 13 (2) prohibits the making of any law which takes away or abridges the rights confirmed by Part III, the Fundamental Rights. Discrimination against any citizen on grounds only of religion, race, caste, etc., is prohibited by Articles 15, 16, 17 and 29 (2). If the Constitution is sought to be made to recognise the principle of the Communal G.O., it not only involves the omission or recasting of the most important articles of Part III, but also the omission of the whole of the Preamble which secures justice, liberty and equality to all citizens. This cannot be called an amendment, but repealing. Further, a piece of administrative law or rule to be made applicable to a portion of the Union and recognising several classes and castes of people cannot be introduced in a Constitution, as the subject matter of a Constitution is different from matters of administrative law or private law.

K. CHENGALVARAYA AYYA,
Advocate.

Chingleput.

Ministers' Resignations

It is unfortunate that our Constitution does not provide anywhere for resignation of either Union or State Ministers or otherwise terminating their offices. The single clause bearing on this subject says that the Ministers will hold office during the pleasure of the President or the Governor as the case may be. The absence of such an important provision

is exploited by our Ministers and they tender their resignations whenever they like often leaving their portfolios in confusion. Laying down the reins of office and tendering resignation occur simultaneously. People repose confidence in these Ministers because they are elected by them, and expect them to be highly responsible at least in respect of their portfolios. But Ministers come into and go out of their office as and when they like as if they are cinema theatres. By such irresponsible "walk-outs" of the Ministers there will be enormous moral deterioration. Hence it is hoped that our Parliament and State legislatures will amend our Constitution by adding a provision that Ministers should give notice of their resignation to the Chief Minister some time earlier than they actually leave the office—say one or two months. This will help the Chief Minister to rearrange the Cabinet work and provide for smooth running of the administration. They should not be allowed to resign their offices whenever they like either to accept high position in their party or go elsewhere.

E. VARADA REDDY.

Chittoor.

Undue Delay

On the 14th of this month I sent a letter by 'Express delivery' to an address at Guntur and it was delivered there on the 16th instant. On the 16th instant my brother received here an 'Express delivery' letter posted at Vizagapatam on the 14th instant. In both the cases the letters were delivered over 24 hours after the time they should have been delivered and it is needless to mention that the object of 'Express delivery' was not served in both the cases.

If people cannot rely upon the certainty of the postal service the very object and meaning of the service are lost. The traditions of the postal service had been exemplary in our country till recent times. It is very regrettable that of late an unhealthy slackness and want of a sense of responsibility and duty is creeping into the service. Unless the Minister for Communications and others responsible for the efficiency of the service restore the service quickly to the confidence it should enjoy with the people, we will soon be reverting to mediaeval conditions of communications.

D. V. RAJA RAO.

Rajahmundry.

Income Tax On Joint Hindu Families

It has been suggested that in the case of Hindu undivided families which satisfy either of the two conditions mentioned in the Finance Act of 1949, no assessment

would be made on the family if its income is less than Rs. 7,200. That seems to be the only relief granted to the Hindu undivided families. But if a Hindu undivided family has an income of, say, Rs. 30,000 the tax payable by it comes to more than Rs. 5,000. If the family consists of six members and if they are divided, the total tax that would be payable by the members individually comes to Rs. 120 each—or Rs. 720 on the aggregate, while if the family is undivided, it has to pay about Rs. 5,000. Due to this disparity there will be a tendency amongst the members of such families to partition the family so as to reduce the burdens arising from heavy taxation. This tendency will ultimately result in the extinction of the institution of Hindu undivided families. The question of the assessment on the incomes of the Hindu undivided families should be considered, not on the basis of a unit, but on the basis of the members separately comprising the family. This suggestion may kindly be considered at the time of amending the Indian Income Tax Act.

T. NARAYANAMURTHY.

Bhimavaram.

Politics Or Poly-tricks?

Sri Kala Venkata Rao in a speech at Palakol.

Vijayawada dated the 12th April, strongly criticised Sri Prakasam for staying in the Congress and disrupting its unity. And he advised his "Guru" to get out of the Congress. When Mr. Prakasam announced his exit from the Congress on the 13th the same Venkata Rao, in a statement from Madras, bitterly complained that the decision of Prakasam and Ranga to leave the Congress and form the Praja Party will be detrimental to the Congress and the country. And he urged them to change their decision and accept the offer of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi.

Is it politics? Or Poly-tricks? I wonder! Vijayawada.

G. V. SUBBA RAO.

A Welcome Move

It is a welcome move that Sri Prakasam is starting the Praja Party. If the new party champions the cause of the common man, aims at uprooting corruption and eliminating the malpractices now so rampant, then the party will attain popularity in no time and, no doubt, it will have a bright future. May success crown Sri Prakasam's untiring efforts.

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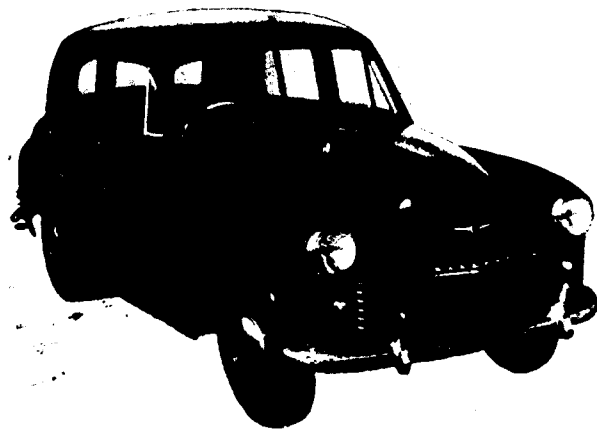
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