

to place—out in space—rockets carrying electronic relay stations, by which long-range missiles can be guided around the earth.

"Shortage of technically trained people, particularly in higher mathematics, electronics and related lines is about the only limitation I can see on even more rapid progress in these fields," Glenn L. Martin, manufacturer of certain U. S. missiles, said. "For there are much more fantastic weapons to come...."

Expressing fears of a different sort, a small group of Allied scientists foresee our self-destruction in the present experiments.

To escape earth's gravity (they argue), a missile requires a speed of at least 25,000 miles an hour. The best speed so far achieved with rocket motors is little more than 5,000 miles an hour. But the ultimate source of power in a missile breaking free of the earth will be atomic energy. And here, say the scientists, we run a dreadful risk. At 114 miles above the earth and some distance beyond, lies the Appleton layer, discovered more than two decades ago by a British physicist. This is nothing less than an envelope of hydrogen gas, wrapped around the earth for its protection against lethal sun radiations.

Hydrogen has the peculiar quality of "disassociation". That is, light and heat energy causes the molecules to split like the uranium atom in an atomic explosion. The divorced atoms fly around seeking a solid, cold material to which the stored energy can be transferred.

This is what causes a meteor, plunging towards earth, to glow in the night sky—what we call a "shooting star." An atomic-powered missile entering this belt would become incandescent in the same manner. The uranium or plutonium used to power the missile would explode and start a tremendous oscillation of the whole Appleton layer.

These scientists predict that, at some point, the Appleton layer of hydrogen would heave downward and

touch the earth's surface. At once, the dissociated hydrogen atoms would pour through this point of contact, releasing their energy on the earth. The break-through would perpetuate itself, like a short-circuit, and the Appleton layer's total energy content (equal to 2,000 atomic bombs of World War II vintage) would flood the earth.

Escape Or Suicide?

Winds of unimaginable fury would sweep the globe; soil and mountains would fuse; oceans boil and rise in steam jets to pierce the stratosphere. The world for a generation or more would spin in upheaval, wrapped in angry clouds that obscured all light.

Rockets have already brought back more evidence that conditions above earth are not as helpful as scientists assumed. Thermometers carried about aboard V-2's have shown there is a torrid zone of 170 degrees Fahrenheit between 30 and 40 miles up.

If catastrophe follows our exploration into these upper zones, astronomers say they know how the earth would probably look when it was all over. Venus, Jupiter and Saturn have been blanketed in clouds of "steam" for centuries. Mercury's surface is scorched, and between Mars and Jupiter there is thought to have been a planet which disintegrated in such an upheaval. "Were there once inhabitants of those planets," ponder the pessimists, "who also were lured into space exploration?"

No risk exists of this happening on earth, the U.S. air research and development command scientists claim, because their experiments are at present restricted to rocket and jet-powered missiles. Canadian and British researchers are inclined to treat the gloomy theory as altogether too pat, anyway.

Whether we see them as the key to man's escape from earth, or as the final step to suicide, the thundering monsters born of radar and the German-V-2 carry us into a new era of air transport that puts aviation back among the dodoes.—Copyright NNF.

ELECTION RESULTS—FIRST ROUND

By V. P. KRISHNAN NAMBIAR

THE results of the general election to the Madras State Assembly which have been so far announced will not come as a surprise to many. The defeat of the Finance Minister followed by that of the Minister of Public Health in his own place Amalapuram, with a stunning majority—and of the Chief Minister also—is an ominous portent of the fading strength of the Congress in this State. The results up-to-date have demonstrated that it is futile for any person, however high-placed he is, to seek the suffrage of the people in the guise of a Nationalist under the Congress flag when his political solvency is debatable, and the awakening among the electorate is sufficiently keen to weed out the undesirables. The voting has brought into bold relief the fact that the candidates win or fail more on their own past record and merit than by the supposed strength which a party organization might confer on them.

The defeat of the Chief Minister and two other Ministers, one of whom was till recently the General Secretary of the Congress, is a vote of no confidence more on the Madras Cabinet than on the Congress under whose banner they contested the election. The Finance Minister soon after his defeat was announced, in a press interview stated that there was nothing in the Constitution which compels a defeated Minister to resign, that he can continue in the Cabinet until he gets re-elected within six months from the date of dissolution of the present Assembly, if he so desired. The Chief Minister in another press interview before his defeat, confirmed the dictum of the Finance Minister, and added that there were various methods for a defeated candidate to get back to the legislature.

Both these press interviews seem to presuppose that (i) the Congress nominees will be returned to the State Assembly in sufficient strength to claim a comfortable majority over the other parties, (ii) that the Congress will therefore be able to form a

new stable Ministry, (iii) that the present incumbent will be re-elected leader of the Congress Legislature Party and will thereby become the Chief Minister, (iv) that it is open to the defeated Ministers to find accommodating sitting members who may be asked to resign for the defeated Ministers' benefit, (v) that in such a contest the "fallen warriors" can expect to get back to the State Assembly, (vi) that these moves will be countenanced by the Congress High Command and the legislators of the Madras Assembly, (vii) that the "unwritten law" of the Constitution is subordinate to the written text of the Constitution, and that the latter overrides the former.

It may be said at once that there is no foundation for the British parliamentary practice which the Chief Minister quoted in his support. He did not say specifically which were the defeated candidates included in the present Cabinet of Mr. Churchill, or that of Mr. Attlee when he was Prime Minister. No person who contested for a seat in the Parliament and was defeated at the polls, was included in the British Cabinet with a Cabinet rank in recent years or allowed retain a seat in a Parliament pending re-election. Unlike in India many members of Government are outside the Cabinet in Britain. In England, the unwritten laws of the Constitution have a more forceful impress on the people than the written, although no written Constitution exists. Thus it is a constitutional convention that a Cabinet Minister who is defeated at the polls has no place in the Cabinet but should go out of office, that a Minister who has forfeited the confidence of his Premier or Sovereign should resign his post, as happened in the case of Lord Palmerston in 1851, Mr. Montague in 1922 and Mr. J. H. Thomas in 1936. The forfeiture of confidence may also arise from a failure of the legislature to vote a grant moved by an individual Minister, although collective responsibility of the Cabinet is the rule.

Swatantra

1952 - January - 6 - 51, 52

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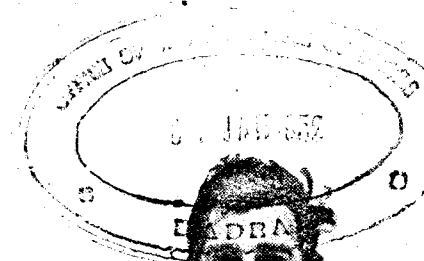
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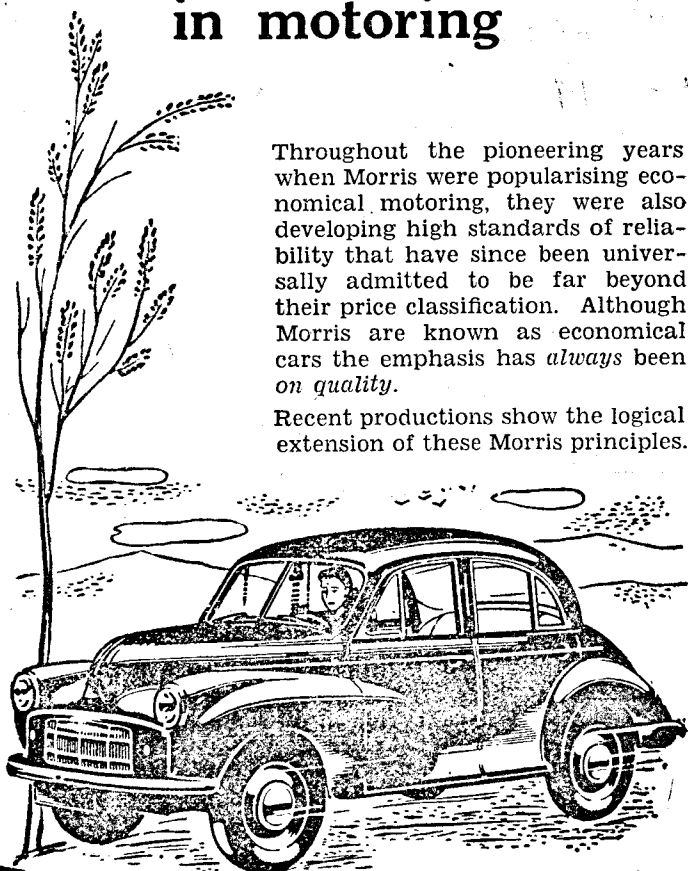
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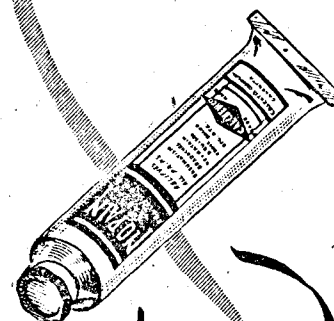
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FAREWELL, DESPOND!

By **MANJERI S. ISVARAN**

MY bed was a snake pit yesternight
whereon lonely I lay and lost,
for someone had spoken evil of me
who intended evil to none;
the dumb-bell darkness hit my head,
the silence was a slap on my face.

My bed was a snake pit yesternight.

The worm in the body began burrowing,
the worm in the body that never dies;
born under the sign of the zodiac—
the centaur with the bow drawn brave,
will I ever shoot the arrow?
was I doom'd to die in pain?

My bed was a snake pit yesternight.

In the silence, in the darkness,
I heard the clash of planets overhead:
such strategy!—ambush, skirmish, battle pitch'd,
to possess each other's house in heaven;
why weep? I and they were at loggerheads,
so someone had spoken evil of me
who intended evil to none.

My bed was a snake pit yesternight.

No more I wish'd to see the light of day,
deep in the clutch of the octopus night;
like hailstones harsh hurt the tears my eyes
that beheld as stricken with cataract
the bleeding purple of my anguish'd heart;
O, aren't malicious, slanderous lips
an abomination to the Lord?

My bed was a snake pit yesternight.

Then shortly I heard the crow of the cock
that spread like an arc over the morning sky,
and softly fade against the sounding wheels
of the celestial chariot of the Sun
coming to view in a crimson haze
and turn to mellow, yellow, burnish'd gold,
and in the glorious metamorphoses
all the east was an immense smile,
then in purest transports I forgot

my bed was a snake pit yesternight.

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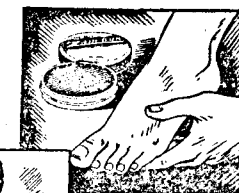
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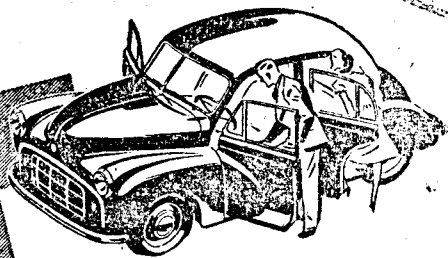
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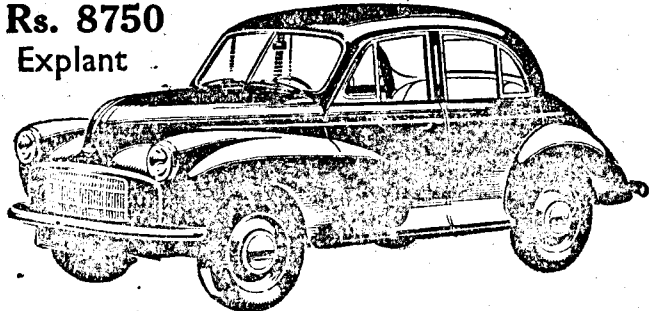
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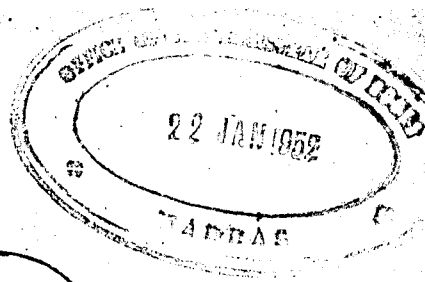
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY JANUARY 12, 1951.

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AT MADRAS:
SRI KRISHNA — CHITRA — SAYANI
AND
ALL OVER SOUTH

SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 49

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1952

ISSUED
WEEKLY

DEFEATED MINISTERS

CAN a Minister defeated at the polls continue to hold office? Sri Kumaraswami Raja, Chief Minister of Madras State, holds that he can, while Sri Tanneti Viswanatham, Leader of Opposition in the State Assembly is definitely of the opinion that he should not. Strict legality favours the Chief Minister, since there is no constitutional means by which the defeated Ministers can be forced out of the Ministry if the Chief Minister should choose to harbour them in his Cabinet.

Commonsense and the spirit of democratic propriety are not however on the side of the Chief Minister in this controversy. Why should elections be held at all if their results can be ignored and things can go on as if the elections did not take place? The lordly leisureliness with which the counting of votes is taking place in many constituencies, allowing a time-lag of a week and more between the polling and the announcement of the results, is suggestive of foul play and manipulations and is wholly unlike the practice in other countries where democracy has found bona fide expression in elections and administration. In England, within two or three days after polling, at the most, the entire picture of the new House of Commons is complete. Thereafter, within a matter of hours, the old Ministry goes out, and a new Government is formed in conformity with the verdict of the electorate as reflected in the polls.

There cannot be two sets of legislators simultaneously claiming the

right to rule on behalf of the same body of voters. A defeated legislator is a disowned one, and his right to represent the people passes on to his successful rival, and without such a right he has no standing in any cabinet claiming to be based on popular support. If Sri Kumaraswami Raja should persist in continuing to have such Ministers, his Cabinet will be to that extent discredited as it will be composed of an element demonstrably devoid of public confidence. No amount of special pleading that the Minister concerned lost his seat because of "over-confidence," will mitigate the fact of his rejection by the electorate. In spite of the assertion of the Chief Minister, it is not actually true that Sri Gopala Reddi failed on account of over-confidence. It was the very reverse of confidence that drove him to flee from his own native constituency to remote Udayagiri where evidently he fancied the opposition to him would be less strong. Our information is that over a long period there has been an enormous expenditure out of public revenues on the constituency of the Finance Minister's choice in order that local opinion may be bribed into his support. He made herculean efforts to win, and failed despite all efforts, and the theory of defeat through over-confidence may soothe his vanity, but it will not deceive the public. For the purpose of ministry-formation it is the result of an election that counts, and not the reasons ventilated by defeated candidates and their supporters for the defeat.

HE GOT CAUGHT
IN THE HANDS OF LAW!
HE ESCAPED FROM IT!
ONLY TO GET CAUGHT *Again!*
BUT THIS TIME,
IN THE ARMS OF A GIRL!



AT MADRAS GAIETY, THANGAM & ALL OVER THE SOUTH



Even the dull-witted cannot have failed to realise the significance of the rout at the polls of the two Andhra Ministers to whom Sri Kumaraswami Raja is so anxious to cling. One of them was sent out of the Congress Working Committee when Pandit Nehru became President, but our Chief Minister pitched upon him for promotion into his Ministry. The other acquired an unsavoury reputation through the Sudarsan Oil Mills deal. Flying in the air over the heads of people between Madras and Delhi, they got themselves established as Ministers in the teeth of public opinion in their districts, and when they had to come down to earth, very often their tours had to be conducted under police protection. On the very first occasion when the public got the chance, they disowned them, and in the case of the Finance Minister, the verdict was particularly striking, as

the rival at whose hands he suffered defeat was a novice in politics and comparatively unknown. The voters seem to have preferred anybody to Sri Gopala Reddi. What does the Chief Minister hope to gain by merely hugging legality in order to prolong for a miserable few weeks more the doomed tenure of the defeated Ministers patently condemned in no uncertain terms by the electorate at the very first opportunity when they could give effect to their judgment? The disastrous decline in Congress influence that has already been registered in the elections so far, despite Pandit Nehru's hectic whirlwind propaganda, will be further aggravated by it. The Congress President has been making spirited promises to get rid of black sheep in the Congress after the elections. Here is an opportunity for him to make a beginning.

Sotto Voce

NO CORNER IN LIBERTY

A stupid woman who used to take a sadistic pleasure in making life miserable for a dependant orphan, flared up if anybody mildly hinted that more gentle methods of correction might be equally efficacious. "As if one may kiss but not kick!" she would sniff; though in truth the poor boy very much preferred her kicks to her kisses. Mr. Nehru's jumping on Dr. Mookerjee for daring to suggest that the Congress is directly responsible for the Khan brothers' present plight reminds me of this querulous dame. "He has no right to talk of the Khan brothers,"

declares Mr. Nehru, "because he never had any relations with them."

It is as if the Devil's advocate said to the world outside Germany, "You never had anything to do with the victims of Buchenwald; so you have no right to talk of them." But the outside world was so little of this opinion that it went to the other extreme. The Western Powers constituted themselves at once judge, prosecutor and executioner and sent many "war criminals" to their graves,



perhaps with as little justification as Hitler had for his monstrous cruelty. They were, according to their notions, avenging outraged liberty which is the concern of free men everywhere. For the apostle of internationalism to resent another's interest in the fate of unfortunate patriots, as if it were poaching on his preserves—what could be more strange?

The Prime Minister with a despairing gesture appeals to history against the Jana Sangh leader's tergiversations. But I am afraid history can give him no comfort. The sanction of a dishonest referendum in the Frontier Province by the interim Government of which Mr. Nehru was Vice-President was rightly regarded by the Khan brothers as a betrayal of nationalism by the Congress. And it put Abdul Ghaffar Khan, that knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, in the power of Abdul Quyum, a reincarnation of the mad sultans of the middle ages. Mr. Nehru may have found it a pleasant salve to his conscience to rail against the despotism in the Frontier from time to time. But I am unable to imagine how it can alleviate the lot of its victims.

The Prime Minister cannot understand how anybody could reasonably cast Partition in the teeth of the Congress. He tells the Mahasabha, "Why, you too agreed to it, in fact you agreed before I did." But he cannot eat his cake and have it. He cannot claim that the Congress won Swaraj and none else, and in the same breath call upon the Mahasabha to take "half the profits" for agreeing to Partition. Partition was the hook in the bait that the Congress so greedily swallowed in spite of the misgivings of the Mahatma. Lord Mountbatten brought off the mango trick by exercising his famous charm to which Mr. Nehru showed himself particularly susceptible. In fact four years of sustained disillusionment have not served to abate that fatal fascination.

In any country where politics was

properly understood the responsibility for the catastrophe of Partition would have figured as the only issue in the first free election after the vivisection. The public memory which has been dulled by much propagandistic iteration of the Congress case requires to be refreshed. "Now, positively for the last time, we shall take a bid; it is going damn cheap, if you miss the chance you will never get it again"—it was by adopting such auctioneer's tactics that the British stampeded the half a dozen bewildered men who constituted the Congress High Command into acquiescing in that outrage. At no time did the people come into the picture.

The hand-picked Constituent Assembly was reduced to a rump. And the Parliament which succeeded it was nothing more than the Assembly turned inside out like a used coverlet. Neither had any pretensions to nation-wide authority. The Congress Government which ruled the roost cannot shuffle off its responsibility for error upon disastrous error that followed inexorably on that initial blunder. The blood-letting in the Punjab, the stark misery of the refugees, the agony of Kashmir, have turned into a festering sore what the amateur surgeons had fondly hoped was a clean wound that would heal rapidly.

"No more vivisection" swears Mr. Nehru. And we say, "Amen." But if political opponents persist in maintaining that at a pinch the Congress will agree to the partition of Kashmir nothing is gained by showering intemperate abuse on them. For what guarantee is there that the Congress will not bow once again to what it may come to regard as the logic of facts? In his Narcissus-like admiration for his own foreign policy Mr. Nehru wilfully refuses to learn a truth seared into the flesh of India. A country's foreign policy cannot afford to be partisan or contemptuous of the sentiments of the vast majority of the people.

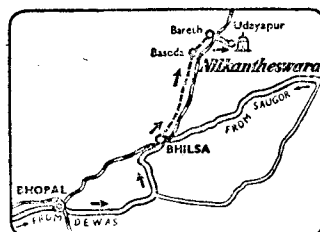
VIGNESWARA.



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The Face of Glory

Looking out of the tracery on the front wall of the 11th century temple of Nilkantheswara, near Udayapur, is the awe-inspiring Kirtimukha, or the Face of Glory. Shaped after a mythical beast, the Kirtimukha is also known as Rahumukha or the face of the Devourer. Legend runs that Rahu obtained by trickery a sip of the nectar of immortality. Before he had gulped down the nectar, however, Sun and Moon detected his disguise and pointed him out to Vishnu. Rahu was beheaded in punishment but his head remained immortal for having tasted the nectar. In revenge, Rahu tries to devour the Sun and the Moon whenever he gets near them...thus, the eclipses.



Bhilsa is located 27 miles N. E. of Bhopal along the road between Dewas, on the Agra-Bombay trunk route, and Saugor, on the Jhansi-Nagpur route. From Bhilsa, a track to the north leads through Basoda to Bareilly, roughly 30 miles away. 4 miles east of Bareilly by metalled road is Udayapur.

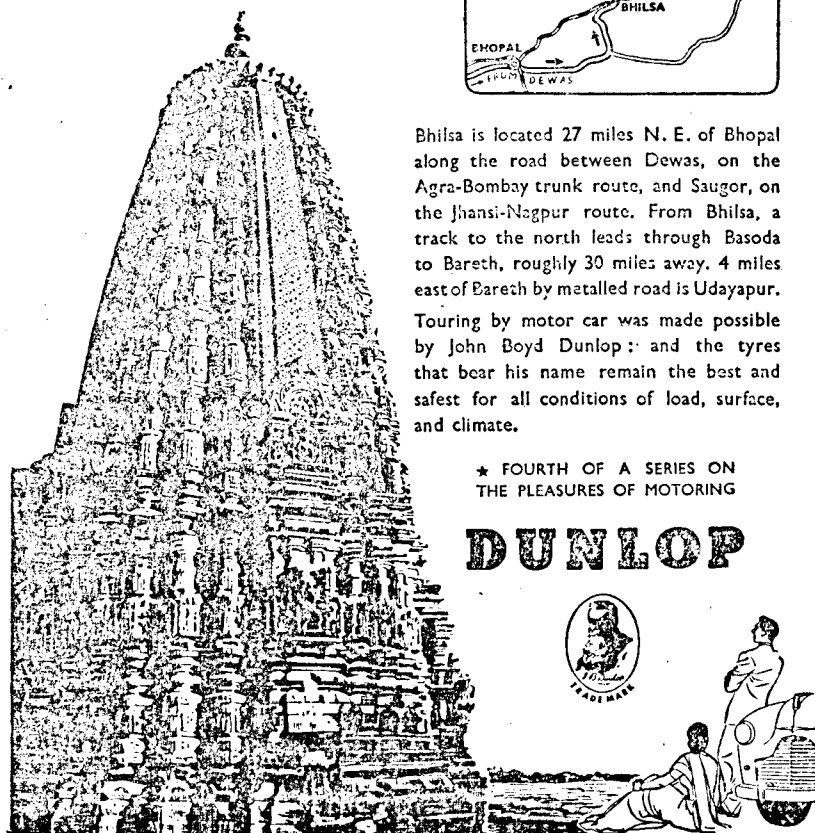
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CORRUPTION AND CHIANG KAI-SHEK

By MICHAEL STRAIGHT

(The author of this article is the Editor of the American "New Republic.")

SEVEN hundred million people live in the independent nations of Asia. Their governments need help and are due to share about \$900 million in U.S. aid. One in a hundred of these Asians lives under Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa. But he will get one-third of the aid.

How much of the \$300 million that we are sending to Chiang will be wasted? Can we afford to tie the destinies of the U. S. to those of Chiang? The revelations of General P. T. Mow and Colonel V. S. Hsiang describing corruption in the Nationalist regime force these questions upon us. This corruption, they claim, was countenanced by Chiang Kai-shek and will continue as long as he holds power on Formosa.

Conditions on Formosa two years ago are described by Chiang's Chief of Staff, General C. J. Chou, in letters turned up in the course of this controversy:

The efficiency of our fighting forces is inconceivably low...there is no discipline in our ground forces at all. All epithets that we used to describe the worst army are far from being strong enough to depict the true state of our present troops. Therefore our future, which relies only on a stretch of water, gives us no hope....

Our government is just as corrupt as it used to be, and our military strength is just as impotent: even if the anti-Communist campaign wins the final victory someday, I fear there is no chance for this government.

In these years the Nationalists were financed by U. S. wartime contributions, and by the \$125 million tacked onto E. C. A. appropriations by Congress in 1948. All procurement, however, was handled by the Chinese, without close supervision. General Mow, a deputy commander of the Nationalist air force, purchased air force supplies; Colonel Hsiang was his

executive officer. Whatever Mow's own role may have been, the documents he has released prove that he and Hsiang have struggled on for three years to end the corruption that thrived under Chou's command with Chiang's consent.

The distrust between Mow and Chou was exploited from 1949 on by an American company, Commerce International (China), Inc. Its president was an Armenian—Miran Apprahamian; its vice-president, a Greek—Satoris Galahad Fassoulis. It established itself on Formosa in the summer of 1949, selling millions of dollars worth of munitions for cash, and for American military equipment which it resold to other nations.

In the spring of 1950, Commerce International (China), Inc., working through Chiang and his wife, obtained a service fee of \$750,000 a year, paid for by American tax-payers. It organized an "American Technical and Military Advisory Group" headed by Admiral Charles Cooke, a former Chief of Staff to Admiral King. The C. I. C. by acting as an intermediary, by-passed a prohibition forbidding U. S. officers to work for foreign governments. They, in turn, helped C. I. C. by-pass the Nationalists' own procurement staffs.

On April 10th, 1950, Mow and Hsiang warned Chou that profiteers, offering useless equipment at outrageous prices, were working with the C. I. C. to exploit the Nationalists' need for arms. Chou's reply was an instruction to Mow to purchase "a large quantity of bombs located by the C. I. C. in Europe." The bombs were surplus American weapons, sold on condition that the metal be used for scrap and the explosives for fertilizer. C. I. C.'s price was double the cost of new bombs available in the U. S.

Later in 1950, Chou rejected a U. S. government offer of 50 Thunderbolt fighters and backed the C. I. C.'s attempts to foist on Formosa a pile

of junk, described as 25 Mustang fighters. The price of each plane was set by the C. I. C. at \$36,000, providing for \$9,000 profit for C. I. C. and \$8,000 as proposed graft for Hsiang. This bribe, amounting to almost \$200,000 on one transaction, Fassoulis proposed to transmit to Hsiang by way of Panama and Switzerland. "According to Fassoulis", Hsiang testified, "this is the safest way to keep money because U. S. authorities have no jurisdiction even to make inquiries about such matters."

In the course of its three-year history, C. I. C., as Alfred Friendly pointed out in the *Washington Post*, has engaged in forgery, fraudulent execution of the Civil Aeronautics Administration inspection reports, smuggling, misrepresentation of facts to secure export licences, slander of high government officials and widespread bribery. All this the C. I. C. has done as an official representative of the Chinese Government, favoured by Chiang. It was, in fact, the efforts of Mow and Hsiang to tear Chiang loose from the C. I. C. that led Chiang to denounce Mow as a traitor and Hsiang as a "Communist agent" and to demand that they be extradited to Formosa to face trial and probably execution.

Mow and Hsiang declare that they have released only a few of the documents in their possession. They insist that the corruption they have exposed is a fraction of the corruption that centres around Chiang. Long ago the U. S. White Paper on China declared that a good part of the \$500 million the U. S. gave Chiang to support his currency was placed in private bank accounts by grafting officials. Chiang's spokesmen claim that these transfers were made to avoid the freezing of government funds following U. S. recognition of China's new government. But where are these accounts, and how many are available today to meet Chiang's present needs? General Mow says he knows of many private accounts where millions in government funds are kept. Chiang's relatives by marriage in the U. S. have moved to silence Mow. And a clerk in the Chinese Purchasing Commission has reported a request to relay an offer of \$500,000 as a bribe to Mow and Hsiang to shut up.

Mow and Hsiang have punched a gaping hole in the facade of Chiang's prestige. Chinese in America, even in the Embassy, while they regret Mow's action believe that he is right. Congressmen are impressed by his story. The China Lobby is shaken. Our continued backing of Chiang Kai-shek, and therefore his future, turn on the reactions of the conference committee on foreign assistance, where aid to Formosa is up for a decision.

Those who oppose a change in our Formosan policy argue firstly that there is nothing unique in the revelations of corruption on Formosa. There is widespread corruption in Indonesia, Burma and India. There is universal corruption on the Philippines. That is true; yet the responsibility of the U. S. varies in each case. The total military and economic aid we are granting Indonesia amounts to little more than 11 cents per person; total aid to India amounts to 15 cents. In contrast the military and economic aid we are granting Formosa amounts to more than \$40 a head each year. We are granting more than twice as much aid, per capita, to Formosa than to any other nation in the world. Economic aid is only one-third of our total help to Chiang's regime; and yet if economic aid alone is considered, Formosa stands apart in Asia, as the accompanying table shows:

	Per-capita ECA aid (in dollars)	Ratio of Aid to National Income	Ratio of aid to Govern- ment Ex- penditure
Formosa	\$12	19.5%	58.9%
Philippines	1.77	1.6%	11.6
Burma	.78	2.3%	8.3
Thailand	.38	0.8	4.2
India	.15	2.8	6.8
Indonesia	.11	0.3	1.0

The importance of our intervention varies, of course, with the size of the nations we aid. But, in general, we have treated the new nations of Asia more harshly, in economic terms, than they were treated by their former colonial masters, while in Formosa we ourselves have taken on colonial responsibilities.

In Formosa we inherited a prosperous economy and a literate people, advanced far beyond most of Asia under Japanese rule. We continued to support the 300 farmers' co-operatives established by Japan. We helped to introduce tenure rights and to force reductions in rents. Americans and Chinese, working as equals in the Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction, have progressed far in bringing modern techniques of agricultural production and rural living to Formosans.

Under the administration of K. C. Wu, Formosa has probably the most efficient bureaucracy of any government in Asia. Formosans have been given a share of responsibilities. Economic policies are shaped under the guidance of American and Chinese experts on the Economic Stabilization Board. In contrast to Burma, where civil war makes progress impossible, and to Indonesia, where the Communists are smuggling in heavy machine guns, Formosa enjoys order. "Formosa," Allen Griffin, the E. C. A.'s Far Eastern Director, told the Congress, "is the one country where you can go, on foot or on horseback, in perfect safety day or night."

Order, however, is imposed by dictatorship. Formosa is a police state, administered by Chiang's son and apparent dynastic successor, Chiang Ching-kuo. This man, one of the most ignorant and bigoted of the Nationalists, is head of the secret police. His men, according to Philip Potter of the *Baltimore Sun*, "exercise a potent thought control" over Formosa. Potter notes the case of a Chinese major-general, reduced to a "cringing wreck" after "indoctrination" at a secret-police school, who no longer dared to be seen with American friends.

Through the secret police and the army, Chiang Kai-shek retains dictatorial control over Formosa.

Under the guise of liquidating "Communists" he has executed outstanding men, including the general manager of the Taiwan Sugar Corporation and the managing director of the Taiwan Power Company, who dared speak out against him. "Chiang fears to relax his grip on the army," according to Potter, "and trusts no

one other than his own family and those who have held his confidence down through the years of Kuomintang rule." "The army," Potter concluded, "is a Kuomintang Party army rather than a national army." It is paralyzed by political domination and by a supply system which an American general described as a "can of angle worms."

Nominally, Formosa's ground forces are under General Sun Li-jen, China's one non-political general who served under Stilwell and who retains a great following on the mainland. In fact, Sun is little more than a prisoner at large whom Chiang would execute in a moment if he could. Sun, an outspoken critic of Chiang, retains his position through British and American support. In fact, according to Potter, "The island is divided into four military districts whose commanders pay little attention to General Sun... He has not the authority to move troops from one military district to another, nor the transports to do so if he had the authority." Supply is completely beyond Sun's control. Even the training of troops is directed by Chiang Ching-kuo. American advisers, according to Potter, declare that "ability is rated at the lowest priority in the advancement of an officer. His political orientation comes first."

Chou controls the four district commanders. Chou is the instrument of Chiang Kai-shek. Every aspect of the government of Formosa is controlled by Chiang. The People's Political Council, on which Formosans sit, is his tool, rigged by an adventurist named C. C. Huang, who narrowly escaped conviction while he was Consul General in San Francisco on charges of smuggling narcotics in the U. S. Chiang is beyond redemption. He remains, as always, feudal in outlook, stubborn and gullible in character. Under his protection, the C.-C. clique, the most evil force in Nationalist China, retains its influence and corruption spreads.

There is no ducking this fact. It poses a basic question for the U. S. In theory the E. C. A. by supervising supplies from the moment they are ordered until they are used up, hopes to minimize graft. Yet new charges of black markets in drugs appear as the

E. C. A.'s appropriations are discussed. In theory, General Chase is building up a thousand-man mission in the Military Assistance Advisory Group which will send men down to divisional unit levels to see that U. S. supplies are properly used. In fact, as Mow has proved, Chase recommended purchase of \$1 million worth of aviation gasoline, entirely ignorant of the fact that Chiang had cached a million dollars for the same gasoline in New York. We may watch the detailed administration of Formosa at lower levels. But as long as Chiang remains our toy, every action we take will be part of Chiang's pattern and his plans.

The plans of Chiang Kai-shek raise a still more grave question concerning the purpose of American aid to Formosa.

Why are we given \$300 million a year to Formosa, six times as much as we are giving India, and more than we are giving several European nations? Government officials answer that our purpose is to save China from falling into Communist hands. But Formosa is not a critically important base. The Chinese Communists won all of China without holding Formosa. The Japanese lost all the Pacific while possessing Formosa. Other nations which are more important suffer from relative neglect.

We are in Formosa, our officials argue further, so that when the Communist regime crumbles on the mainland we will be ready with a government to move into the breach. Is our purpose, then, to restore Chiang Kai-shek?

We began by renouncing all claims to influence on Formosa. Under military pressure we neutralized Formosa to protect our forces in the Korean War. We undertook to "fill out the corners" of Chiang Kai-shek's armies. Now we are entirely re-equipping them. For what purpose? We say to defend Formosa, but any army is both defensive and offensive.

Chiang's army could not attack China without U. S. air and sea support. At the same time it is larger than the force needed to hold Formosa and can never be supported by the Formosan economy, even when it is re-equipped. We have considered a

diversionary move by Chiang's army against the mainland. Chiang himself, who has never had it better, is in no hurry to help us out in Korea. Chiang hopes, however, to march back to Chungking.

Our purpose in Formosa may be to prevent Formosa falling into Communist hands. Chiang's purpose is to use Formosa as a base for his own military reconquest of China. As long as we work under Chiang, our actions form part of his plan.

Under any commander, the military reconquest of China would be a hopeless enterprise for the foreseeable future. China can be liberated but not reconquered. And it cannot be liberated by Chiang Kai-shek.

There is growing resentment against the Chinese Communist Government. So far this resentment has taken no organised form. The principal reason is that while the Formosan regime calls itself "Free China," it is not, and never can be under Chiang Kai-shek, a focal point around which the movement for a free China can take shape. There are men on Formosa, notably General Sun, who could provide that much-needed focal point. If they held power, they could give political significance to our military and economic aid. But as long as Chiang rules Formosa our aid must be frustrated.

In addition, it may well be that as long as we back Chiang we will prevent the re-emergence of nationalism on the mainland and perpetuate the subordination of the Communist regime to Stalin's domination.

The Nationalist regime is broke. Ninety per cent of its imports from the U. S. are financed by American taxpayers. To argue that we are not responsible for Chiang or that we cannot do anything about him is foolish hypocrisy.

We have taken responsibility in Formosa up to the level at which police rule by a gutted clique mocks our ends. Either we should get out of Formosa or we should accept the logic of our actions and follow them through, giving up the fiction of Chiang's dominion over China and helping freedom-loving Formosans and Chinese to end the reality of his dominion at Taipei.—*New Republic*.

THE COST OF LEISURE

By S. R. SARNA

A British team of industrialists, which recently toured the U. S. A. to study high productivity there, put three reasons for higher output in U. S. industries, viz., production-mindedness, novelty-mindedness and research-mindedness.

It was found that in the American foundry, annual production per man is 41 tons, in the British foundry, 24 tons. In the cotton mills, 100 American workers produce the same amount of cotton yarn as do 238 workers in Britain. It has been figured out that to earn a packet of cigarettes in the U. S. A. takes 12 minutes' labour, in Britain 90 minutes; a pair of nylons takes one hour in the U. S. A. as compared with six hours in Britain; a man's suit three days as compared with three weeks.

It may be that the English operatives work just as hard or even harder for their lower output. Still, as the *London News Chronicle* commented, "Britain rates security and leisure more highly than a better standard of living." And, if this is the case in Britain, where does India, and its workers, stand?

We, in India, have got a very heavy list of holidays. First comes 52 Sundays. Then 4 days go under for national holidays, 29 for communal holidays, 30 days for earned holidays and 20 for casual purposes. Thus 135 are days lost out of 365 days, *ipso facto*. Still further, about 25 per cent of the working population goes without any work at all round the year. Then comes disguised unemployment and under-employment.

It is estimated that 70 per cent of the Indian population is engaged in agriculture and allied trades. This work normally gives seasonal employment for nearly three to four months only in a year. Where there is irrigation, agriculture can be practised perhaps for six to eight months. But the irrigated area in the Indian Union covers only 18 per cent of the cultivated area.

In organized industries, the disease is more appalling though in different

form. In 1948, it is estimated that 1,259 labour disputes afflicted the industrial output, involving 10,59,000 workers, and thereby 78,37,000 man-days were lost. Absenteeism in the industries is on the increase; sickness and social or religious causes accounting for less than half the period of absenteeism.

All this has contributed to falling productivity. It is figured out that the pre-war level of output in the iron and steel industry was 24.36 tons per worker. It had fallen as low as 17.66 tons per worker in 1949-50. Same is the case in textiles, jute, coal and perhaps every other industrial group. Labour costs have gone up, but output has fallen.

Prof. B. P. Adarkar has calculated that, at the present level of efficiency, the loss due to unemployment in India is of the order of 1,000 crores per annum 'in terms of wealth which might have been produced, if there were full employment'. But the matter does not end there. The cost of idle man-power including unemployment, under-employment and idleness, is liable to shoot up very high. According to official estimates, the magnitude of national production in India is Rs. 4,841 crores, as under:

Agriculture	Rs. 2,545 crores.
Animal Husbandry	Rs. 521 crores.
Mining	Rs. 61 crores.
Industry and Trade	Rs. 671 crores
Rural Income, including cottage industries	Rs. 1,043 crores.
Total	Rs. 4,841 crores.

This total, however, can be raised to its double, and even treble, if we work as hard as a nation undergoing a crisis should. This means that we are losing between Rs. 5,000 to Rs. 10,000 crores every year due to national leisure.

The Indian Fiscal Commission (1949-50) placed on record that "in almost all the places we visited,"

industrialists and commercial interests complained of deterioration in labour efficiency that had taken place during the last few years, and argued that the margin for increase in efficiency, even under existing conditions of plant, equipment and management, was considerable.

Of course, there are causes for this state of affairs. Nutritional deficiencies, climatic effects, absence of adequate opportunities, lack of vocational education, all have a story to tell. There may be many other factors also. The Indian Fiscal Commission, commenting on this aspect, said: "The characteristics of Indian labour, its migratory nature, the high degree of preference it attaches to leisure, its resistance to high pressure efforts and rigid discipline, are well-known and have their origin in the agricultural character of the labour force, climatic conditions and other causes."

It is possible that the misuse of leisure is a more important symptom and cause of apathy than we realise. And the rot, when once started, spreads like wild fire. We may not like to see the obvious. Maybe, we are touchy about the weak spots; maybe, we are more optimistic than others. But all this cannot hide the real facts, cannot change the hard facts. The "don't care" attitude, the decrying of every activity which is not the pub and pool, the brutally stupid attempt to laugh at and debunk away what others are doing—this spreads from work to leisure, from leisure to work, gradually turning both into a hotch-potch, throwing every responsibility to the winds.

Luxury Vs. Leisure

The fundamental difference between Indian working population and their counterparts in the West is that whereas an Indian worker is inclined traditionally towards "Purchase of Leisure," a worker in the West on the other hand is inclined towards "Purchase of Luxury."

The average American prefers to produce more to earn enough. He will work hard, nay harder, to own a house, to buy a new car, to instal central heating, to purchase a radio or television set, to pay an insurance policy, to avail modern luxuries, and so on. Nobody in America believes

that he will work himself out of a job; if output goes up. Mill hands and company directors, both believe that low output means high cost that drives customers away. Producing more, at lower cost, means that customers buy and buy again, keeping men and machines busy.

But an average Indian will work only to such an extent as to keep his body and soul together. Rest of the time, rather most of the time, goes in leisure, in gossip, in games, in quarrels, in intoxicants. And the result is tragically before us—lower production on high costs, shrinking standards of living; rising imports, low national income, shattering national economy.

To our shame, we find beggars and mendicants and many others who don't work, who don't want to work and live like parasites on others' pockets. We find gamblers, card-sharpers, satta-wallahs who trade in cheap money, tea shop gossips, street corner discussions, and many other back-water groups flourishing in this country.

To add fuel to the fire, we are told that "enterprise is nothing, everything depends upon fate." Another concept, or misconception, is the renunciation of everything worldly, that is Maya, for the world beyond. And this church of laziness is abounding in numbers, while the nation is struggling to avert a famine, to check the adverse balance trade, to stem the cost of living, to build up a modernized economy.

All this is disgusting in the face of a national crisis. But how to change the current of the tide? Professor Jean Fourastie, Chief of the French Inter-ministerial Commission on Productivity says: "we had been thinking that the problem of raising our standard of living was political or legislative. Actually we have come to see that it is a problem of producing." And what is true in the case of France, is true in the case of India too. We need a big movement to reform a deep-seated *laissez-faire*.

Dose Of Energy Required

We should not forget that man is a highly charged bundle of nerves, energies and abilities, including the powers of mind and emotions. If

these powers are denied expression, blunted and frustrated in work, the outcome is a feeling of discontentment, which makes it harder to start any creative activity. On the contrary, the more these powers are used, the more they lead to enjoyment and to further activity. In short, the dejected becomes more and more dejected; the energetic becomes more and more energetic. And we need energy very badly.

Therefore we will have to do something and do it quickly. In the words

REN NAILER

By P. N. S.

THE Pongal holidays are always associated with festivities and a sense of exultancy pervades the atmosphere. And upto the early thirties the cricket enthusiasts of our State looked forward to these holidays with eagerness as the annual encounter between the Indians and Europeans, familiarly known as the Presidency match, fell on these days. After completing a sumptuous feast at home we flocked in numbers to the Chepauk grounds and went to berserk cheering, and shouting at, our heroes. And what heroes we had! The Buchi Babu brothers—Ramanujulu, Baliah and Ramaswami, N. N. Swarna, Sivasankaran, C. K. Lakshmanan, Manickam and Yoganathan of Bangalore, C. R. Ganapathy Pillai—the Sidney Barnes of Madras, C. K. Nayudu and his brother C. S. Nayudu, Mahomed Hussain and S. M. Hadi, and youngsters like Copalan and V. Jagannathan; and in the ranks of the Europeans H. P. Ward, C. P. Johnstone, R. B. Carrick, R. D. Denniston, Richmond, Shattack, R. C. Summerhayes, P. N. Miller, J. W. A. Stephenson, A. G. Penfold, Howlett, G. Aste, and Ren Nailer. There was as keen rivalry between the teams as exists today but the movements of the players were uncurtailed in a carefree atmosphere which is absent in the highly competitive cricket of the present day.

After the advent of the Ranji Trophy Championship and the Test matches, the Presidency match lost its pride of place and became a desul-

of Shri Gulzari Lall Nanda, Vice-Chairman of the National Planning Commission, "The neglect and misuse of many past years and the ravages of the recent war make progress painfully slow. All suffer, but this suffering must end soon. It will, if the workers in rural occupations, in factories, mines, docks, railways, everywhere make up their minds to give their best to their work, whatever it is, without wasting a moment of time or a grain of material. There is no other way."

tory affair not always played during Pongal. If in the old days to secure a place in the Presidency teams was considered a hard job and a high honour, today the match has been converted as a sort of training ground for youngsters. And this year's match, which fell on January 5 and 6, Saturday and Sunday, was no different, and would have passed unnoticed but for the presence of one player in the European team—Ren Nailer. Many of us wended our way to the familiar Chepauk grounds with the sole object of witnessing Nailer bat. The whole of Saturday was spent in monotony as the youthful Indians battered a ragged European attack to the tune of 381 runs, and Sunday found us back at our places waiting eagerly for Nailer to reveal his glorious art with the bat.

Nearly ten years ago we had seen Nailer play the grandest innings of his career and the memory of that day still burns vividly. Madras were playing a strong Maharashtra side in the final of the Ranji Trophy Championship. Nailer did not make his mark in the first innings and Maharashtra had also secured a lead. After C. P. Johnstone and J. A. G. C. Law had given Madras a good start Nailer came in and immediately proceeded to play the innings of his life. He littered the field with magnificent drives and cuts and sent the multitude delirious and shouting hoarse. One still remembers A. F. S. Talayarkhan in the commentator's box, unable to contain himself, pouring

his eulogies on Nailer sometimes sitting and sometimes standing. One also remembers a gentleman, who refused to turn up to the match with us at the beginning of the day, dashing feverishly into the gallery, shouting that he could not remain at home after hearing over the radio Talayarkhan's ball by ball praise of Nailer's batting.

It was lucky for Nailer that his batting attained stature in the care-free atmosphere of the Presidency match days. No conventional bonds were wound round it and the batsman blazoned forth his way from the very first ball he received. No half-volley went unpunished; the only question was whether the ball would scorch its way to the boundary through the straight field, or extra cover or cover. No limp hanging of the bat in half-cock style disgraced Nailer's play; any ball short of length was cut with a magnificent swing of the shoulders and the crack of the bat practically coincided with the crash of the ball on the gallery steps—so bewildering was the speed with which it travelled to the boundary. Nailer's onside strokes suffered in comparison with the grandeur of his offside play, which was the acme of power and grace; but his leg-glances and pushes to square-leg were made with stately nonchalance.

The secret of Nailer's greatness is his mental outlook which cared nought for the game off the field. It is said, and can be believed, that he never possessed a kit or even a bat of his own. He would saunter into the pavilion, borrow bat, pads and gloves from some friend of his to enthrall the spectators by his strokes. And in the process he enjoyed himself immensely and brought immeasurable happiness to his admirers round the ring. No wonder that those of us who had seen Nailer play in days gone by waited impatiently for his appearance at the crease when the European innings began on Sunday.

The Europeans were out once for only 180 and odd runs and played again, and this gave us the opportunity of seeing Nailer twice at the crease. He emerged from the pavilion in familiar brisk manner, but we could discern a slight stoop of the shoulders, bringing to us, with a shock, that Nailer is no longer young

but nearly fifty years old. We crossed ourselves and prayed that no cruel ball should take advantage of his age and bring about his dismissal before he had given us glimpses of his ageless art. In the first innings, much to our mortification, he was out early, and during his stay he brought off a few strokes, good enough for the other players on the field, but not one of them heightened by the Nailer touch. During his second venture he stayed a little longer and scored nearly thirty runs; but we did not care to look at the score board as Nailer transported us back over the years by a cover drive, a drive to mid-off, a lofted shot over the bowler's head and a couple of leg glances and leg pushes. The cover drive was the best of the group; body and bat were exquisitely poised and the ball reached the boundary ere the fieldsman could comprehend the stroke. The drive to mid-off was the next best; the ball scorched the earth and the fieldsman who unknowingly put his hands to it wrung his fingers in agony. The lofted drive drew a big applause, for this stroke is rarely attempted these days; after the stroke Nailer stood like a lord at his place sure in mind that the ball would reach the ropes. But the Chepauk field is not so perfect now and the heavy grass balked the certain four; and realising this Nailer disdainfully ran a single. The leg pushes and glances were things of beauty; the batsman gracefully leaned on the ball as it crossed him and sent it flowing sweetly to the deep.

As Nailer was bringing out these strokes we forgot his age and the slight stoop of the shoulders and thought that he would go on in his regal manner till dusk. But the cry of 'Howzat' of the wicketkeeper shattered our hopes and we saw the batsman sorrowful wending his way back to the pavilion.

Our two day vigil at Chepauk had not been in vain; for Ren Nailer once again did not disappoint us. For the youthful aspirants who took part in the match, the two days of cricket would not also be in vain if only they had learnt from Nailer the secret of the cover drive; no amount of coaching at the nets can impart to them the beauty and power of cricket's most glorious stroke.

BRITAIN TIRES OF KOREA

By ANDREW ROTH

ALTHOUGH it takes a stretch of the imagination to think of Pandit Nehru and Winston Churchill working together, Indian efforts at the UN General Assembly in Paris and the British Prime Minister's trip to Washington have one element in common. Both are aimed at an early end to the Korean fighting and, if possible a general Asian settlement.

Annoyance with Washington's publication of a detailed agenda including Korea as a separate item was thinly disguised in the Churchill entourage as the Prime Minister embarked for his fateful discussions with President Truman in Washington.

Mr. Churchill has a strong preference for a world-ranging presentation of a grand strategy and dislikes the country-by-country type of analysis. He has a particular desire to avoid becoming too deeply involved in a discussion of Korea in isolation. Mr. Churchill has long felt that the game in Korea is not worth the candle and would like to see all but 100-200,000 UN troops pulled out of Korea and transferred to Western Europe and—more especially—the Middle East. But he seems reluctant to push this strategy too bluntly in the U. S. in a presidential election year.

Mr. Churchill has long made clear that—like the U. S. National Security Council until June 25, 1950—he does not think Korea strategically of major importance. As he told the House of Commons in July, Korea "is not a place from which things can spread in a physical way against the main interests of the United Nations." He went on: "The moral and strategic importance of Persia and Egypt, on the other hand, and the relations of those countries to the Atlantic pact system profoundly affect American interests and the success of their world policy in which Great Britain and the Dominions of the Commonwealth are all joined."

There has never been any difference in principle about the importance of the Korean war. The Liberal News

Chronicle's political commentator A. J. Cummings described it on December 28 as "the first realistic attempt of the free world to resist aggression, (and one) which has done more to prevent an open large-scale totalitarian challenge to peace than anything that has happened since the Russian mask came off." This evaluation would be accepted by the leadership of all parties but the minuscule Communists.

Mr. Churchill's Korean worries are admittedly small ones compared with those which beset Mr. Attlee a year ago. Mr. Attlee was jet-propelled to Washington last December by the fear prevailing here that the Korean war would spread to a general conflict with China. A "Peace With China" movement flared up in the Labour Movement. This fear did not evaporate completely until the dismissal of General MacArthur, an action which earned President Truman many British accolades for courage and good sense. Dean Acheson was also given high marks for political courage for stating in the MacArthur hearings that the restoration of the 38th parallel could be considered a UN victory. When the Soviet delegate, Mr. Malik, responded to this in June, hopes rose here. To strengthen the hand of the Truman-Acheson team against their MacArthurite detractors, the British restrained their natural desire to be included among the negotiators.

In the months which followed the initiation of negotiations last July, the conviction began to grow here that all the trouble did not come from the Communists. This belief was not restricted to leftwing weeklies like *The New Statesman*, although they were among the first to voice it. Most of the so-called "responsible" papers in Britain are responsive to Foreign Office desires. On Korea, official opinion, according to *The Economist* of December 15, was that "silence is golden and that any unsealing of ministerial lips would only disclose and thereby exacerbate, basic differences

of policy between London and Washington."

The Times finally "broke ranks" with a forthright editorial on October 1: "The ostensible aim of the United Nations is still... to create a united, independent and democratic Korean Republic. If that was ever possible, which many observers seriously doubt, it is no longer possible today. Korea cannot be united without first defeating the Chinese Communists, a task which no one except General MacArthur wishes to undertake... It would be more reasonable to expect to find roses growing on a garbage heap than a healthy democracy rising out of the ruins of Korea. Once that is admitted... it is obvious that there is no real alternative to the *status quo ante bellum*—that is, to the position between 1945 and 1949, when Korea was divided between the Russians and the Americans with each half taking the colour of its protector. The Chinese would no doubt take the place of the Russians and the United Nations of the Americans, but the reality would be the same... If it is logical to accept the division of Korea as the only practical solution, it is also logical to accept the 38th parallel as the dividing line..." This should be done, *The Times* added, only if the Communists agreed to an armistice and mutual safeguards were worked out.

Few people in Britain followed Korean events carefully during the next weeks, which encompassed the climax of the election campaign. Korea was not an election issue since both major parties supported the UN action there and expressed hope for, and belief in, an early armistice.

It was not until mid-November that a storm began to brew. British correspondents then echoed the few American reporters who, like George Barrett of the *New York Times*, reported the feeling, widespread even among the American troops, that "their own commanders, for reasons unknown to the troops, are throwing up blocks against an agreement." The *News Chronicle's* Tokyo correspondent, Stephen Barber, cabled his doubts about "just how much sincerity there is here." The Reuters correspondent complained that "the progress of the

talks is largely a matter of guesswork and speculation... hidden behind a veil of secrecy."

One of the things that touched the British correspondents to the quick was an unnecessary month-long suppression of the news of the gallant fight of the Kosbies and the Leicesters, two British regiments, in October. This blow at British national pride really hurt because British correspondents and the British press had swallowed a lot in order to be good allies. How much has been swallowed was disclosed in November by the publication of the dramatic "Cry Korea" by Reginald Thompson, who covered the Korean campaign from the Inchon landing in September 1950 to the disastrous retreat three months later for the Conservative *Daily Telegraph*.

In print he repeats what most of the British and some of the American correspondents tell their colleagues here privately. He criticizes the "grandiose" and "grossly inaccurate" information fed to the press by the U. S. press officers in Korea, particularly about the size of opposing forces: "It is an undisputed fact that the total enemy forces did not outnumber the United Nations, and if air, artillery and the great naval power deployed around the coasts with many vital targets well within range of its heavy guns, is taken into account, there could be no comparison in fighting strength." He reflected the British disapproval of obliteration bombing for every village from which a few shots are fired: "The business of troops was to follow in the path of desolation the long-range weapons should clear for them. It was our lot to watch this 'rehearsal' against an almost unarmed enemy unable to challenge the aircraft in the skies, or to bring counter-fire to bear upon the great mass of artillery. It is far from certain whether these methods save the lives of soldiers, for their lack of soldierly training and road-bound habits lead them frequently into death traps. It is certain that it kills civilian men, women and children indiscriminately and in great numbers, and destroys all that they have."

The first serious expression of British official concern about the way

things were going in Korea came when, in mid-November, the American negotiators reacted very unenthusiastically to the major Sino-Korean concession accepting a line north of the 38th parallel and then, to cap it, Lt. Col. Hanley blurted out his atrocity story on November 14. On November 16 Britain spoke up at the meeting of the 16-member committee representing the nations fighting in Korea, which meets twice weekly in Washington to be briefed by the State Department—the only official link, incidentally, that America's allies have with the Korean fighting. The British representative as well as others asked on what authority Col. Hanley's statement had been made. Apparently not satisfied by the answers, the next day Britain presented an urgent memorandum to the State Department containing several searching questions about the actual state of the Korean truce negotiations. It was on this same day that Washington ordered the presentation of new proposals which accepted the demarcation line as the ultimate truce line if an accord were reached in the next thirty days on the exchange of prisoners and inspection. This stopped the fighting.

Having helped secure this shift in the approach of the all-American UN negotiators, London was doubly anxious to smooth over any signs of controversy. Foreign Minister Anthony Eden went out of his way to smooth down American feathers two days later, during the November 19th foreign affairs debate: "In General Ridgway, the United Nations have a commander in whom His Majesty's Government have the fullest confidence. He has been responsible for maintaining the morale and fighting efficiency of his forces through a series of hard-fought engagements and in... difficult conditions... At the same time, he has been conducting delicate and difficult armistice negotiations in a glare of publicity." He rebuked Mrs. Barbara Castle, leading Bevanite Labour M. P. as being "unfair" for saying: "Is not one of the real difficulties the extraordinary mental reaction which our Allied negotiators show every time?"

While supporting the U. S. position in Korea publicly, Mr. Eden has not

concealed his desire to see the Korean fighting over as soon as possible. "If that is achieved" he told the Commons, "the way will then be open for discussions on the Korean problem, and then, perhaps, for a wider settlement of other problems in the Far East." Messrs. Churchill and Eden received unexpectedly strong support for a general Asian settlement when they visited Paris before their departure for the U. S. They found that the French Government feared that a Korean settlement alone might mean increased Chinese aid to the Vietminh. As a result the Quai d'Orsay now speaks in favour of a general settlement even if it means recognizing Communist China and talking to Ho Chi Minh. On December 23 Plevin also told the National Assembly: "We desire to improve our relations with China." And on the next day his Minister for Indo-China said "We must first of all seek a political solution for Indo-China." France simply cannot afford to go on spending a tenth of its budget for the Indo-China war.

Economic considerations have helped convince British Conservatives that the Labour Government was right to recognise China, although initially many thought the Conservatives would de-recognize China to appease the U. S. Britain cannot afford to lose the China market and even today British firms are openly flaunting the UN—and American-imposed restrictions by shipping goods to China through neutral third parties such as Portugal; Even more important, Britain wants Japan to recognize Communist China and trade with her. Japan must either trade with China or push Britain out of many of its badly-needed South Asian markets. Britain's textile industries—already operating at half-time—cannot afford to lose more outlets. Furthermore, both Britain and France have been coming around to the viewpoint that the only short-range defence for South-east Asia is good relations with Peking. But that is rather difficult to explain in the U. S.—particularly in an election year when no one wants to lay himself open to the scorching breath of Senator McCarthy.

Mr. Churchill apparently hopes to expedite the end of the Korean war

—and thus make an Asian settlement possible if not feasible—by stressing the more important demands of the Middle East. Britain is irritated with the United States for not contributing troops to that strategic trouble spot. Lt.-Gen. H. G. Martin reflected this feeling when he complained in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 29 that the Middle East is Washington's "blind spot" because it "has yet to

give any indication that it intends to contribute even token forces to the Middle East Command which it has sponsored." Virtually all British strategists—and Mr. Churchill foremost—feel that American troops are guarding the wrong segment of the 38th parallel. They should like to see U. S. troops on that segment of the 38th parallel which runs along the Northern border of Persia.

HOLLYWOOD FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE

By LON JONES

THE motion picture industry has never been so close to panic as it is today. Movies may be better than ever, according to Hollywood's own slogan, but if they are, the American people don't know it, or just don't care, for they're staying away from theatres in millions, creating the worst box office slump in history.

This box-office slump has, in turn, caused the most serious economic depression this town of luxury and wealth has ever experienced. In recent months, for instance, stars have had their palatial homes sold over their heads for back taxes, while studios have fired hundreds of workers and slashed the salaries of many players, producers and directors in half.

Twentieth Century-Fox, for example, recently startled the industry by ordering 25 to 50 per cent. "Voluntary" salary cuts for all employees earning \$500 a week or more. These cuts are to remain in force for 30 months, as one means of reducing the company's production loss. But while it was imposing these "voluntary" salary reductions, Fox was paying one star the highest salary in the history of the screen—\$29,000 a week to appear in one picture. The actor is Cary Grant who, despite slump and depression, demanded and got \$290,000 to star in the film, "Dr. Praetorius." He also insisted that his role be completed in 10 weeks, which meant the studio had to hand him a weekly pay cheque of \$29,000.

While Fox was paying Grant this incredible salary, it turned around and

suspended two of its veteran contract stars, Betty Grable and Tyrone Power. Betty, who has given the studio the best 10 years of her glamour and whose pictures have earned an estimated \$30,000,000, was deprived of her \$5,000 a-week salary when she refused to start a new film immediately on completion of another.

Power lost his \$4,000 a week when he rebelled against appearing in another costume picture, "Lydia Bailey." He complained that four of his last five films had been in costume and claimed the public was sick of seeing him in knee-breeches and ruffles. He felt such roles were harming his career and demanded a modern dress-story. The studio had nothing ready for him and took him off salary until a suitable story is found.

Work is scarce in Hollywood for all but the big box-office names and young newcomers, for studios are determined to scale down salaries to a point where films can be produced profitably for a dwindling box-office. Because of this newcomers are being given a fast build-up to replace established and expensive favourites. Warners, for instance, surprised everyone by choosing completely unknown Marie Aldon, Canadian beauty from Toronto, to be Gary Cooper's leading lady in "Distant Drums."

Just a few months before, Marie found herself broke, missing meals and behind in her rent. She had just about decided to forget her screen ambitions when out of the blue came a call from a Warners casting director. In this, her first real movie role,

Marie has the kind of part even experienced actresses dream about. But Warners were being budget-minded and wanted a low-salaried unknown to offset Cooper's large stipend.

Because of this emphasis on placing new comers in top roles, many stars have not worked in months and are becoming heavily in debt, so much so, in fact, that the Federal Government is grabbing the homes of some stars and selling them at public auction in order to collect back income taxes. Veronica Lake and Joanne Dru suffered this fate.

Hollywood has managed, in the past, to weather every box-crisis and come back stronger and wealthier than ever. But top studio executives are gloomy about this one and are warning the industry that this is no temporary setback. This is borne out by the fact that hundreds of theatres in the U. S. have closed because of lack of business. In Los Angeles, for instance, it is reported that 134 movie theatres, most of them neighbourhood houses, have shut down in the past year, while some 150 have been shuttered in Chicago. It is claimed that more than 800 theatres throughout the U. S. have gone out of business.

But to keep the record straight, it must be pointed out that most of the theatres that closed down were old and outmoded, and that new ones, plus drive-ins, have resulted actually in only a small net loss of audience capacity. A U. S. Government survey showed that, despite of dive in the domestic box-office, an additional 474 picture theatres were built and the number of drive-ins spiralled upward from 933 to 3,323 in the past two years.

But there's no denying that things have slumped in the U. S. movie industry. Theatre owners blame three things: television, high cost of living,

and dull pictures. The last seems hardly true, however, for the past year has seen some of the finest films Hollywood has ever produced. But not even good pictures, with few exceptions like "The Great Caruso," are doing first-class business.

Privately, Hollywood is admitting that the real cause of the box-office crisis is television. Studio heads now realize that the new medium is there to stay and can get only bigger and better, especially with colour T. V. coming up. Hollywood has fought T. V. all the way, trying to save theatre business but the big boys who run the industry are said to have had a change of heart and now are waiting only for the chance to jump on the T. V. wagon and take over production.

The only thing keeping Hollywood out of T. V. at the moment is the fact that studios cannot get enough money out of it. They are only waiting for a foolproof system that will allow them to exhibit their films on television on a subscriber basis, the only way, they think, they can make a reasonable profit from the medium.

Indicating the T. V. trend in Hollywood, Paramount has acquired a controlling interest in a gadget called Telemeter, a coin-in-the-slot attachment which would be fitted to each subscriber's set to keep the pictures and sound from one particular station scrambled until the subscriber inserted the necessary coin. This system interests Hollywood more than any other at the moment.

In the meantime, while it waits for the perfect T. V. subscriber system, Hollywood is seeking ways and means to make films faster and cheaper to meet existing box-office conditions. Major studios have ordered producers to trim budgets of class A films to \$1,000,000 or less, compared with the recent average of \$1,600,000.

In short, Hollywood is coming down to earth.

In modern civilization individuals whose conduct is inspired by a moral ideal are very seldom encountered. However, such individuals still exist. We cannot help noticing their aspect when we meet them. Moral beauty is an exceptional and very striking phenomenon. He who has contemplated it but once never forgets its aspect. This form of beauty is far more impressive than the beauty of nature and of science. It gives to those who possess its divine gifts, a strange, an inexplicable power. It increases the strength of intellect. It establishes peace among men.—ALEXIS CARREL.

MALAYA: BRITAIN'S LAST COLONY IN ASIA

By MADAN GOPAL

MALAYA, the evergreen country of perpetual summer, occupies a unique place in South-East Asia.

Nowhere else in Asia do so many distinct racial groups in such large numbers mix so closely. The Chinese, who numerically are the strongest community, the Malays, who come next, and the Indians and Ceylonese, who are the third important group, rub shoulders with each other and complicate the political, economic and social set-up.

The Malays form the bulk of the peasantry and fishermen and the Chinese and Indians provide labour on the plantations or in the tin mines. The Indians and Chinese, with Europeans, have a complete grip on the economy and trade and commerce of the country.

Malays is the only oversea country, where the Chinese form the largest single community. In most of the important towns and cities they are present in considerable numbers, and have the trade and petty business in their hands. Two-thirds of the population of Penang, for instance, is Chinese, and the Chinese temple, Ayer Itam, is reported to be the biggest Chinese temple outside China.

Although Chinese immigration into Malaya started about the beginning of this century, large numbers of Chinese came to Malaya after the Sino-Japanese clash in 1937, most of the immigrants being from the "radical" areas. Wartime events made these Chinese politically conscious, and today they are leading the "national liberation" movement, and any hardship they have to undergo finds an echo from Peking Radio, which has made it clear in unmistakable terms that new China is vitally interested in the welfare of its nationals in Malaya.

Slightly larger than England, with a population half that of London's, Malaya, for its size, is one of the richest countries of the world. It produces 40 per cent and 30 per cent

respectively, of the world's total output of rubber and tin, and has ores like tungsten, iron, manganese and gold. Its resources in timber are enormous.

Malaya today is the British Empire's biggest dollar earner, contributing nearly \$200 million every year to the British earnings for the dollar pool. And Malaya does not claim any portion of this figure for its own development.

Since the end of World War II the production of rubber has increased 60 per cent and that of tin 1,000 per cent, most of these goods going to the USA which, under the Marshall Plan clauses, has priority to make purchases of some 27 items of strategic interest, of which Malaya has nine.

Malaya has considerable strategic importance to the British ties with Australia and New Zealand; during World War II, the Japanese control of Malaya made the position of these two dominions untenable and they could not have been defended but for American help. It is because of these considerations that Britain is anxious to hold on to her last colony in Asia.

What amazed me in Malaya was the British complacency which would be reminiscent of the Victorian era. The Britons in Malaya, particularly in Singapore, where they are in large numbers, feel that British domination of Malaya would continue for a considerable time.

At Least 100 Years More

An Irish businessman of Singapore told me that he believed that British rule in Malaya would continue for at least a hundred years.

"But, surely, you are joking," I said. "No," he said, "I seriously mean it. Very seriously."

"What about the so-called national liberation movement?"

"You mean the Chinese bandits?"

"Call them bandits, call them Communists or whatever you like. The plain fact is that for the last five

years you have been fighting them, and they are sufficiently dangerous to your position in Malaya even today. How do you explain that?"

"Oh, that. That is simple. We have faced such troubles before; and we can take it. We have got their measure now, and the Briggs Plan is making satisfactory progress. Their supplies of ammunition cannot last long. They are already feeling the pinch."

"But for that we would have eradicated them long ago," he added, pointing towards the thick tropical grass, called Lillian, which rises to some six feet, affording good cover.

The British in Malaya think that, by separating Singapore from the Federation of Malaya, they could set the Malays against the Chinese. These two groups, they feel, would continue opposing each other, like the Hindus and Muslims in India before partition, and the minorities—Indians and the Eurasians, etc.—could be used as pawns in the game.

The British Colonial Office, however, would not entertain any complacency. The Island of Singapore has been separated because, should the worst come to the worst, Britain would hold on to Singapore, lying athwart the lifeline to Australia, in the same way as she is holding on to Hongkong—a check to Chinese expansionism.

Singapore is often called the paradise of the East. The scene of the worst defeat in British history, it has no war scars. Except for a few parts, the city is clean, the roads are wide, the traffic well regulated, extremely comfortable and commodious buses, and there is little litter, nor do the dustbins smell evilly. Shops are full of reasonably priced luxury goods and food and places of entertainment are in plenty.

From the architectural point of view, Singapore is a queer mixture. The waterfront area is a part of London placed in an equatorial climate: the Cathay, rising like a monster, appears to be an American conception, and the slummy Chinatown provides the contrast. The Indian businessmen's shops are a part of Northern Indian bazars, with a six-foot—pavement—cum—verandah.

Singapore is a great business centre; Even now it is almost a free port. It is a Chinese city, three quarters of the population being Chinese. The eating houses and places of entertainment are Chinese. The Malays do small jobs, gardening or driving cars.

There is peace in Singapore, and one does not see any signs of the Emergency, which is another word for rebellion, existing on the mainland, except, of course, when the "bandits" appear suddenly, throw a few handgrenades or blow up buses or organize hold-ups, indulge in arson and looting and disappear as suddenly as they appear.

Before World War II, Malaya was Britain's most peaceful colony. There was no politics and there were no political parties. The country was divided into the Straits Settlements (Singapore, Penang and Malacca); five unfederated States (Johore, Kedah, Kelantan, Perlis and Trengganu); and four federated States (Perak, Selangor, Negri-Sembilan and Pahang). These States were ruled by sultans who were like the princes in our own country.

Britain was interested in the maintenance of law and order in the States, which the princes kept, and she carried on her trade and commerce. The needs of defence were never felt, for it could never be imagined that any power could challenge the British might. Only Singapore was developed. It was proclaimed to be the strongest base, "an impregnable fortress."

The Empire Topples Over

The sudden Japanese action came as a rude shock, and before Britain had time to think, the empire in South East Asia had toppled over. All that the British could do was to release the Communists from the prison cells and distribute arms to the local inhabitants, hoping that they would resist the Japanese, particularly because every Chinese hated Japan for what was happening in China.

Under the leadership of the Communist Party, Indian, Malay and Chinese partisans organized resistance to the Japanese. They had the arms, the local people supported them and the vast jungles protected them. From their hideouts, where they received their military and political

training, the guerillas would emerge, inflict losses on the Japanese, and disappear into the forests. The Allies encouraged them, dropped arms and money, and promised freedom after the cessation of hostilities with Japan.

The sudden surrender of Japan saw these guerillas emerging from their jungle hideouts and taking over the administration in the towns and villages in a most orderly fashion, which evoked praise from the returning British forces. The guerillas paraded through the streets with their three-star (representing Malay, Chinese and Indian communities' co-operation) head dress, rounded up the collaborators, blackmarketeers and informers who had helped the Japanese, held public trials and shot them.

For two months the guerillas were the de facto Government of Malaya. They had the support of the masses, and they had the arms—given them first by the British to fight the Japanese and later by the Japanese to fight the British—to keep law and order.

The British brought a reforms plan prepared in London during the war creating a Malayan Union of the nine federated and unfederated States. Throughout the country there were demonstrations against the plan which was being imposed upon the people and the sultans. The plan was withdrawn.

The British Government then set up a committee, representing itself, the sultans and the Malays, to put forward proposals. The Malays were represented by the UMNO, the United Malay Nationalist Organization, a combination of local Malay bodies in the peninsula, who believe in close collaboration with the British in safeguarding their interests as against those of the Chinese. The UMNO, it was believed, had the support of the British.

The plan adopted by the committee was accepted by the British Government and became the basis of the Federation of Malaya and the Crown colony of Singapore, after Britain had entered into separate treaties with the sultans. Meanwhile, the parties of the Left coalesced and drew up the People's Constitutional Proposals, which were, however, rejected by the British Government.

Under the plan accepted by the British Government, the Malaya sultans gave written constitutions to their subjects and Britain provided that the federating sultans would have certain powers of a "fundamental nature". The sultans' prior approval was, and is, necessary before any changes could be made either in the constitution of the Federation of Malaya or in the immigration policy. In their own States the sultans agreed to have British advisers whose advice, except in matters relating to religion or local customs, is binding.

The People's Constitutional Proposals, drafted by the coalition of the Left groups, called for the immediate establishment of a democratic fully self-governing Federation for the whole of Malaya, including Singapore, with a cabinet responsible to a full elected legislature. The Federation was to stay within the Commonwealth, but the British High Commissioner in Malaya was to have no say in the internal affairs of the Malaya Federation which was to have its own foreign policy and its own defence. The Malays were to have a majority in the legislature for nine years, after which period their preferential position was to be ended. The immigrants who had stayed in Malaya for eight or more years were entitled to citizenship, if they renounced allegiance to their mother country.

Disillusioned by the British proposals and the rejection of the People's Constitutional Proposals, the parties of the Left dissolved themselves or went underground. And in April, 1948, came a wave of terrorism, led by the Communist Party which had gone underground, aiming at driving the British from Malaya, taking over the mining and rubber industry and setting up a workers and peasants republic. The terrorists—who have been called "bandits"—consist of wartime guerillas the bulk of whom are Chinese; a few Indians and Malays have been associated with them.

The Emergency—the name given to the rebellion in Malaya—has been in existence for nearly three years. Every day that passes costs Britain Rs. 8 lakhs in expenses to suppress the "bandits", thousands of whom have been killed, and nearly 11,000 are

under detention under the extraordinary powers assumed by the Government to meet the Emergency.

Fifty thousand crack troops have been brought to Malaya to suppress the bandits and there are at least as many policemen engaged in the job. This total force of over 100,000 army and police is engaged in hunting some 4,000 guerillas, and they have been hunting them for the last three years.

Should a question be put to the authorities why, in spite of this ratio of 25 to 1, with added R. A. F. and Australian air support, the Emergency has not been over yet, they try to evade it. The only reply which they give is to modify the title of a book, *The Jungle is Neutral* by Spencer Chapman, by saying that the jungle is *not* neutral. One hears reference to this book almost everywhere in Malaya. The authorities say that the jungle is against the Government and in favour of the bandits because it protects them; "to look for bandits in the Malayan jungles or the Lilian grass is like looking for a needle in a haystack."

Three-quarters of Malaya is covered by thick jungle, there being clearings near about the towns and cities. A cross country flight reveals a land of extraordinary scenic beauty, hills covered with dense tropical growth, roads and railway lines cleaving them like ravines. From these forests emerge guerillas or bandits, who hold up cars, attack trains, damage rubber plantations or tin-smelting plants, kill European managers and their Chinese associates.

The guerillas draw their succour from the squatters numbering nearly half a million, most of them Chinese who left the towns and cities to escape prosecution at the hands of the Japanese and settled down in plantations or agricultural farms to which they had, and have, no claim. There they have been living in small huts that they have built for themselves, cultivating small patches of land. They give food and shelter to the "bandits," the authorities allege, and it is from their ranks that the "bandits" get fresh recruits, whether voluntary or forced is a point in dispute.

The Briggs Plan
The Briggs Plan to eradicate bandi-

try lays as much emphasis on capturing the bandits as on the resettlement of squatters. Nearly 300 settlements, where the squatters are forcibly moved to and made to settle down, have been established. But the progress is slow, the acquisition of land fit for cultivation and the availability of house-buildig material being difficult problems. No uniform land policy has yet been evolved; in Johore the squatters have been given land for life, in Kedah for 30 years, in certain other States for two years on probation and in the rest the position is uncertain.

The squatters' problem is unique to Malaya.

The owner of a small rubber plantation, who had driven me to his estate some 20 miles from Singapore, on the island itself, was showing me how rubber is tapped, what sort of quarters are provided for his plantation labour, mostly Indian, when my attention was attracted to a rather lonely hut on the plantation.

"Who lives there, and what sort of work does he do?" I asked.

"He is a squatter," replied my owner friend, "and his job is to do damage to the plantation."

"How?"

"By destroying the shoots of young rubber trees that are planted."

"What does he gain by it?"

"Consolation. He is a Have-not; there is little possibility of his becoming a Have. So he does damage to the Haves."

"Does not the law come to your aid?"

"No. We cannot eject them; it is the Government that has to do it, and the Government takes its own time."

"But what does he do for a living?"

"You see that small piece of land?" he said, pointing to the land around his small hut. "He cultivates it. It gives him and his family enough to live on."

The squatters are the most difficult problem facing the British Government in Malaya, and it is further complicated because the bulk of them, if not all, are Chinese, and the Chinese are numerically the strongest factor in Malaya.

The Federal Government has laid down strict conditions for citizenship—an effort has been made to provide for dual citizenship for some time, that is citizenship of Malaya for Indians and Chinese for a certain number of years after which they would be entitled to become the nationals of Malaya. Chinese immigration has been stopped, and those who visit the mother country must return within a short period of six months, to claim their citizenship.

But it is difficult to stop the Chinese coming to Malaya—those who return from Communist China come back indoctrinated with an ideology which the British Government of Malaya could not relish—because the Chinese have a way of getting things done, fictitious entry permits and graft being too common throughout Southeast Asia.

The Chinese in the Federation of Malaya and Singapore, taken together, number more than the Malays. By the separation of Singapore, which consists of nearly one-fifth of the population of the peninsula, the Malays constitute 44 per cent of the population of the Federation and the Chinese 39 per cent, Indians being 11 per cent and the other minorities, the remaining.

But there is little likelihood of this pro-Malay ratio being maintained. The Chinese breed much faster than the Malays and experts believe that within the next decade the Chinese will have the upper hand even in the Federation.

Leaders of the Left Wing Malay

Nationalist Party, which had a considerable following during the Japanese occupation had drawn up a plan which envisaged the merger of Malaya with the Indonesian Republic. This plan could not be put into force because the Japanese surrender came suddenly. And after the surrender the party lost a good deal of its following because of its Left affiliations.

Britain, it is believed, approached the Indonesian authorities, to encourage emigration to the Federation of Malaya, but the Indonesians showed concern for colonizing the sparsely populated island of Sumatra before they could think of emigration outside the Republic.

So long as Britain succeeds in maintaining the temporary advantage which the Malays have now over the Chinese, either by constitutional methods or by using the other minorities as a lever to balance the Chinese and Malays, the present state of affairs would continue.

But should the events in Malaya or the events in Southeast Asia take a turn where Britain has to leave the mainland, there appears to be nothing which stands in the way of new China dominating this country—new China taking the place of Britain and the Malays pursuing their present professions, farming, fishing, and gardening. The only difference may be the development of industries in Malaya for its own good; for now Malaya gets little for its rubber, and all its tin goes to the USA. in the form of ore, for the tin-smelting industry of Malaya is in Texas.

THOUSANDS OF WRESTLERS

The world's champion heavyweight wrestler is Gama, descendant of champions, now 79, who won the championship in London in 1920 from Zbysko. In a re-match eight years later Gama threw Zbysko in two seconds and a half.

The present Rustom-i-Pakistan or Champion of Pakistan is Gama's nephew, Bholu, now 26, undefeated in ten years without ever having taken more than fifteen minutes to throw his opponent. Bholu has challenged the wrestlers of the world to meet him in Lahore for a revived championship of the world, or to invite him abroad.

A strong probability is that the top dozen of the world's wrestlers are all Pakistani. Lahore alone has over 600 "akharas" or gymnasia training ten thousand young wrestlers. Their traditions go back to Sohrab and Rustom, the mythical wrestling champions of Iran and Turan, and to the Prophet's nephew and son-in-law Hazrat Ali, whom they invoke on entering the arena by crying "Ya Ali." Apprentices begin at the age of six.

Short Story

LIABILITIES

By Alagu Subramaniam

"WHAT can you do?" M. K. said to me when I asked him if he could find me a job.

"Anything," I said.

"You know the book trade," M. K. said.

"Yes. I've worked in a bookshop."

"You find a shop for me and I'll make you the Manager."

There was a bookshop in Bloomsbury I liked. It was small, square-shaped and had a pretty window. I walked in and asked to see the Manager.

"I'm the Manager."

"I wondered if you'd care to sell your shop."

"Yes. But who wants to buy it?"

"M. K."

"Good. He's progressive. We don't want to sell it to reactionaries. You understand, comrade."

"Oh, yes. How much do you want?"

"Hundred and twenty-five pounds—eighty for stock and forty-five for the goodwill."

"Does that cover me?"

"It depends. How much are you getting from the other side?"

"I haven't arranged that yet."

"I'll give you five per cent. Get another five from your man. That makes it ten in all. Quite reasonable."

"Quite."

"Hurry up then. Make it quick."

I ran to M. K. He was busy drawing up resolutions for a political meeting. There were several others in the office working for the revolution. When M. K. saw me he got up and led me to another room. He rang up somebody and told him about the shop.

"They'll soon be here" he said putting the receiver down.

Two men arrived. One was tall, slim and fair; the other was dark, fat,

broad and had a huge curved nose. He was enormous. They called him Tiny. M. K. introduced us and I took them to the shop. No time was wasted. Jim Soames, the owner of the business, made a sales speech. They tried to beat down the price. But it was useless. If the price of stock was lowered, the value of the goodwill went up. When the latter was questioned, the former was raised. The total remained the same; Jim Soames would not give in.

"Let's draw up the contract," Bill, the slim partner, said.

"What about liabilities?" Tiny said.

"Has the shop any liabilities?" Bill asked.

"Yes," Jim admitted. But you'll not be liable."

"There can't be much of goodwill," M. K. said.

"We must go now," Tiny said.

"Yes. We have another appointment. You arrange everything," Bill said to me.

"Our man is barrister," Tiny said to Jim, "he'll look after our interests."

"What about the money?" Jim Soames said.

"We'll give you a cheque," Bill and Tiny said together. Hari will collect it for you," M. K. said.

And everything was settled. It was the quickest sale in the world.

Before they left, M. K. took me aside and said he had nothing to do with the business. Bill and Tiny were the real partners. But only Bill's name was to be mentioned in the contract, and I was to sign on his behalf. Jim's solicitor soon arrived and the agreement was drawn up quickly. One of the specific clauses was that the new proprietors would not be liable for the debts of the past owners. The former was personally responsible for such liabilities. When I was about to put my signature, Jim said I was a

barrister, and the solicitor immediately rose and stood aside. I signed: P. P. Bill Watson, Hari Markand, Barrister-at-law.

Then I went to collect the cheque and when I returned I noticed the shop was crowded. Soames had telephoned his customers and they had rushed to express their loyalty. Right or wrong, deserved or otherwise, Jim maintained that it was all in order as the cheque had not been handed in, and when I produced it he had another excuse. He did not know the new principals and could not vouchsafe for the cheque. The banks were closed and he would have to wait till Monday to see if the money was really there. I kept my temper. I needed the job and did not want to spoil everything at the last moment. Besides I was broke and was hoping to collect my commission. The more the sales, the less chance of Jim saying that he did not have enough cash. At 6 p.m. Jim Soames closed the shop and he gave me my five per cent when I reminded him about it. Then he handed me the keys and showed me where the switches were. Even at the last moment he collected some books. He said they were his personal property and had not been included in the original assessment. I was tactfully silent. Out in the street, he said.

"Whatever you do, don't let the party down. No Trotskyist or Fascist literature, please. Well, good-bye, comrade. And good luck."

The stock looked much thinner when I went into the shop on Monday morning. I rearranged the books on the shelves and placed some of them with the front boards showing so as to fill up space. Then I went into the back room and waited for the customers. Somebody walked in noisily. It was Jim Soames. He had a parcel of books under his arm.

"Hullo, comrade."

"Hello, Jim."

"Any sales?"

"Not yet."

"What's happened to the books?"

"I think some of them are under your arm," I said.

"These? Nonsense. I picked them up cheap this morning in Battersea. I thought you might care for some of them."

"I've no money," I said. "Haven't sold a single book yet."

"That'll come, that'll come," said Jim, "give the shop some time. It'll pick up. You know, Hari, sometimes this shop is so full that you can hardly move."

"I noticed that on Saturday," I said.

Jim missed the point of my remark. He went inside and fetched the card index. He told me who the customers were and the kind of books they bought; then he explained to me the book trade and where I was to buy the books from.

"You can get everything from Axle Books," he said.

"Who are Axle Books?"

"Wholesalers. Just round the corner. Very convenient. They'll be very helpful. I'll put in a word for you. You can open an account with them."

Just then the telephone rang. I took the receiver, stood near the partition that made a small back room for private use, and listened while keeping an eye on Jim's movements. He was walking round the shop examining the books and at the same time giving an ear and the corner of his eye to the telephone conversation.

"Could I speak to the Manager?"

"Speaking."

"This is the Manager of Axle Books."

"Oh, hello, I was coming round to see you."

"I hear you've taken over Ringwell Books."

"Yes. My friends."

"M. K."

"No. His friends."

"We can't do any business with you."

"Why not?"

"You owe us a lot of money."

"That's impossible. We've just started."

"But your firm does."

"Which one?"

"Ringwell Books."

"You mean the previous owners?"

"Yes."

"We've nothing to do with them."

"You took the shop over from them?"

"We did. But we're not liable for their debts. The contract specifically says so."

"But you're trading under the same name. As far as we're concerned Ringwell Books owe us the money and unless you settle that we'll have nothing to do with you."

"What happens then?"

"We shall sue you."

"You daren't do that. I'm a barrister."

There was a burring sound. I replaced the receiver and went to the front of the shop. Jim had disappeared; but he came back soon. He had gone to sell his books, got good prices, he said. Jim Soames knew his trade all right.

"There," he said, standing outside the shop, "that's Axle Books. I'll take you there if you'd like to see. I know the Manager well."

I turned my back on him and went into the back room. He came after me and held me by the arm.

"Why?" he said. "Anything wrong? Have you seen him?"

"Who?"

"Axle Books man."

"I've just been talking to him on the telephone."

"Did you mention me?"

"No, but he did."

"What did he say?"

"He said you were a charming person. And very honest."

"It always pays to be honest in business," Jim said, "take that tip from me."

"I will."

When we moved into the shop, the telephone started to ring again. Jim stopped me before I reached the receiver.

"I'm going" he said. "See you tomorrow."

"All right."

"By the way" he said, "this book belongs to me."

"Which one?"

"This. Can I have it?"

"Go ahead. Take it."

"It's my personal property. If you come across it in the stock book, cross it out. Good-bye."

"Cheerio."

I lifted the receiver.

"Can I speak to the Manager?"

"I'm the Manager."

"My name is Alexander—Arthur Alexander."

"Well."

"You owe me some money."

"I don't know you."

"You owe me two guineas. You promised to me Soviet Communism, you know Webb's book."

"I don't know anything about it. We're a new firm and we're not liable for previous debts."

"I don't care who you are. You're Ringwell Books you owe me the money, that's all."

"Don't be rude."

"You are being rude. Return my money or I go to the Magistrate."

"Don't talk to me like that," I said. "I'm a barrister."

I slapped the receiver down and gave him the burring sound. I sat down for a while in the back room and steadied my nerves. I suddenly remembered that Jim had taken a book. It was a rare and expensive edition of Pushkin's Evgeny Olegin. I got angry again and had to file my nails to calm myself. Another ring. Tiny was at the other end.

"How are the takings?"

"Nothing so far."

"What? Nothing at all? You'd better buck up and do something about it. You'll have to pay yourself, you know."

"I thought you were paying me a salary."

"Yes. But it'll have to come out of the shop. We're not going to pay you for nothing. The shop will have to pave its way; otherwise, we'll be forced to re-sell it. And, believe me, it'll be quicker than the last one."

A car drew up outside the shop and a man with vaseline plastered hair got out and walked towards the shop.

"What's the matter?" Tiny said.

"I think it's a customer."

"Do your stuff," Tiny said. "Remember your salary on Friday."

The man came close to me and held out his hand. "I'm Alexander," he said, "Arthur Alexander. Sorry I was rude to you over the 'phone."

"You weren't," I said.

He came out with more apologies.

"Let's forget about it," I said.

He smiled. "There's a book in the window I'd like to buy."

"Which one?"

"Nehru's Autobiography," he said.

"It's a good book," I said. "Here you are. I've got plenty."

"Can I have two copies?"

"Yes, of course."

"I want one for a doctor friend of mine. He reads a lot. I'll bring him round to you. He'll buy a lot of books."

"Thank you very much," I said. "Very kind of you."

He looked round and bought two copies of Nehru's Glimpses of World History and two copies each of several political books. I made separate bundles of the books, tied them up. The sale was considerable. I had covered my salary.

"By the way," I said, "how much does the shop owe you? I'd like to settle that now."

"You mean Ringwell Books?"

"Yes. The firm."

"Oh, forget about it," Mr. Alexander said. "You have got nothing to do with it."

I carried the books to his car.

"Nehru is a wonderful man" he said just before he drove off. The remark

came so suddenly that I was not quite prepared for it. But I had my wits about me.

"Oh yes, of course," I said just in time.

"Don't tell people you're a barrister," M. K. said to me, the next day.

"Why not?"

"Because you'll get into trouble. Take my advice."

Soon after this, the Manager of Axle Books telephoned.

"The Manager please."

"Yes."

"I'm ringing to tell you that we've decided to do business with you. We recognize you as a different firm."

"Thank you," I said.

"That's all right, barrister," he said.

"Good bye, comrade," I said.

It was now evident that the Manager of Axle Books had consulted M.K. in the matter. M. K. was highly respected in political circles and perhaps it was his influence that made Axle Books change their minds with regard to us.

But Jim Scames and I had our own methods of dealing with past liabilities. I used my usual formulae and it deterred prospective plaintiffs. However several individuals and firms took out summons against Jim. At first they could not find him and finally when they did trace him they found Jim Scames in uniform. And in those days you could not effectively sue a man in the army.

So that was that.—(Copyright.)

J. P. BICKELL: CANADA'S RICHEST MAN

By ROSS HARKNESS

JOHN PARIS BICKELL was one of Canada's wealthiest men, but he believed the money he controlled was a trust from the people to be returned to them when he could no longer administer it.

Famed in his youth as a daring speculator who would hazard a fortune on the toss of a coin, or win or lose the lifetime earning of such as you or I in one morning on the stock market, he lived to be recognized as one of Canada's best-informed financial men on world events and trends, and a cautious investor and builder of safe and sound enterprises.

When he died last Aug. 23, at the age of 66, he left an estate assessed at \$14,577,508.84, and except for some relatively small bequests to employees and associates and a life income to his sister, Mrs. J. B. Paulin, of Toronto, wife of a retired Presbyterian minister, it all goes to philanthropies in his native province of Ontario.

At least \$13,000,000 will be available to establish the J. P. Bickell Foundation for medical, educational and charitable purposes, while all his valuable pictures and objects of art are bequeathed to the Art Gallery of Toronto. Mr. Bickell therefore joins the ever increasing ranks of those wealthy Canadians who, following the example of the late J. E. Atkinson, publisher of *The Star* newspapers, have left their personal fortunes to endow charitable foundations rather than to private heirs.

Half the income from the Bickell Foundation, an estimated \$250,000 a year at the minimum, will be used for the support of the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children. Childless himself, for he never married, Mr. Bickell always had a soft spot in his heart for children, and during the war personally supported 100 little English war guests in Canada.

Mr. Bickell was one of those near-fabulous characters only possible in a young and vigorous country like Canada. Born in a manse and father-

less at 14, he was the boy wonder of the financial world at 23 and a millionaire before he was 30.

He loved anything with a thrill or a hazard, and usually managed to find some hazard in anything he did. He raced speedboats in the 1920's for the thrill of it, winning several international trophies, and when that grew too tame he bought an airplane and flew to the Arctic. He bought works of art at auction sales and saw them double and treble in value. One picture he bought for \$800 is valued at \$20,000. He bought a "worthless" mine and it became one of the richest in the world. Whether he gambled or whether he invested, he seemed to make money.

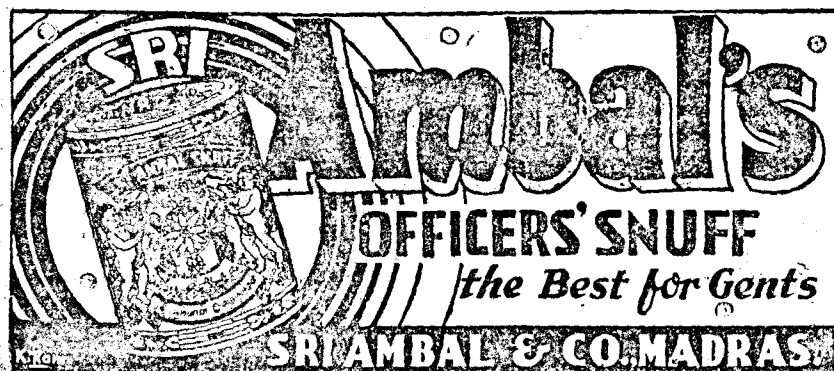
He was famous as a daring gambler when scarcely out of his teens. Once on a trip to New York when he was only 21, he got into a crap game with the infamous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, and some of his friends, and at the end of the evening gathered up \$25,000 as winnings. Rothstein twitted him about quitting without giving the losers a chance of "get their money back."

"All right," said Bickell, shoving his winnings back on the table. "If that's the way you feel about it, I'll roll you double or nothing."

They rolled, Bickell won, and walked out with \$50,000.

"Double or nothing," that was Bickell's most quoted saying. Win or lose, he was always ready to toss or roll for double or nothing.

He loved to be spectacular, and when goaded, as by Rothstein, he delighted in flabbergasting his opponent by going farther than they ever intended. Once while playing golf for \$5 a hole with a party of wealthy U. S. men at the Mississauga Golf Club, the visitors began twitting him about Canadian "cheapstakes." Bickell bided his time until they came to a difficult hole requiring a drive across water, then he sprang his trap.



"Let's make this hole a real wager, shall we say \$5,000?" he suggested. The Americans couldn't back down after all their loud talk, and Bickell won it handily.

Stranded In China

He could seldom refuse a dare and in 1937 flew to war-torn China when challenged. Stranded in China when the war grounded all planes, he got out by crossing Siberia by railway to Moscow.

But the biggest gamble and his biggest thrill was in 1931 when, with Thomas M. Howell, Chicago speculator, he got a "corner" on corn and between them they squeezed \$1,000,000 profit out of short sellers. They owned on paper 8,310,000 bushels of corn, more than there was for delivery in the whole U. S.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture in July had predicted a bumper crop. That meant the price would go down, and everybody who had corn rushed to sell it before the drop. A lot of "bears" who hadn't any corn sold for August delivery, speculating on being able to buy corn in August for less than they sold.

For some reason Bickell and Howell didn't believe the U. S. Government's optimistic predictions, and they bought all the corn offered. They were right and the Government was wrong. There was a crop failure and the "bears" had to come to Bickell in August to buy back their corn—for 14 cents a bushel more than they had sold it. Henry Wallace, as President Roosevelt's Secretary of Agriculture, investigated the transaction three years later and found it strictly legal and honest. The market had not been rigged, and Bickell had simply pitted his judgment against that of the U. S. Government experts, and won.

Had he been wrong he might have been wiped out, but Bickell's dominant characteristic was a readiness to back his own judgment, or the judgment of those he trusted, to the limit.

Bickell, a native of Molesworth, Ont., began the spectacular career that was to lead him to fortune as a broker. After his father died he was able to continue his studies at St. Andrew's College until he was 18 by working in a candy store and a Toronto meat-packing plant. Then

he went to Chicago where he learned nearly all there was to know about the operations of the grain exchange.

Returning to Toronto when he was 23, he opened his own brokerage. It was a good time for brokers, for Ontario was enjoying its first mining boom, but it was in grain that Bickell made his biggest profits. This was a new field for Canadians, and because Bickell knew the grain business better than any other Toronto broker he was soon doing the bulk of the business.

Before long the big U. S. speculators were using him as their Canadian agent and he traded as many as 4,000,000 bushels a day. His income in those days, a callow young man in his early 20's, can be judged from the amount of money involved in several lawsuits. Evidence was given that in his deals with one group of U. S. speculators alone his commission amounted to \$250,000.

About 1911 he began looking around for a good gold mine. He knew he wouldn't recognize a good mine when he saw it, but R. J. Ennis, geologist in charge of operations on a small group of claims filed by Sandy McIntyre near Timmins, assured him there was gold there, and told him why he believed so. Bickell decided to back Enni's judgment.

In those days the Porcupine gold field was an unknown quantity. The McIntyre Porcupine mine was only a jump ahead of the sheriff and its stock a drug on the market, but once having decided there was gold there Bickell was stubbornly determined to find it—or else. When McIntyre ran out of money he paid wages, taxes and other expenses out of his own pocket.

Bickell was never a promoter or a sharepusher and he refused to raise money by peddling McIntyre stock to the public. If there was gold it was his, if there wasn't he would be the only loser.

"In The Money"

There was gold, and by 1916 McIntyre was "in the money." Quietly Bickell had been buying up other claims from discouraged operators, and merging them with McIntyre until the original 63 acres had been extended to 1,436 acres. One such purchase which he made in 1914 for \$3,000 returned \$300,000 including dividends.

The McIntyre Porcupine mine was the cornerstone of Bickell's great fortune, and though he later acquired other mining interests, none could compare with this first one.

It was after McIntyre had proved its worth that Bickell became a builder rather than a speculator, and demonstrated a hitherto unsuspected facet of his character—an ability to keep speculation and investment in separate watertight compartments. McIntyre was making a lot of money, and Bickell began a policy of investing its profits in other enterprises to perpetuate its earning power. Investments were made only after the most painstaking research, and Bickell made McIntyre the first really stable mining enterprise, the choice of investors who wanted reasonable safety with a good return.

The McIntyre group became one of the largest investors in International Nickel Co. of Canada, because of Bickell's faith in Frood mine when it was still an unknown quantity, and at one time it looked as if, in company with British interests, it might wrest control of this great enterprise from the U. S. stockholders. Bickell saw some of his International Nickel stock increase 10 times in value.

The year McIntyre struck gold, 1916, Bickell sold his brokerage business, but once the mine was soundly on its feet he bought into the famous New York brokerage firm of A. W. Thomson and McKim, with nation-wide connections, and before long was the senior partner. In those days it was not unusual for him to win or lose \$500,000 in one day's operations. One day Toronto newspapers reported he had made \$400,000 in the morning's trading. What they did not learn was that he lost it all, and more, that afternoon.

But such things never worried J. P. Bickell, for in the long run he won more than he lost.

Ten years later he sold out to his close friend, Bernard Smith, of New York, the man on whose challenge he flew to China. A year ago he flew around the world with Smith.

In the early days of the movies Bickell was interested in that infant industry. He was the organizer of the Regent Theatre, Toronto's first large

movie house and Famous Players Canadian Corporation, one of the country's biggest distributors, was founded in his office. Later there was a falling out of the associates in this enterprise, and after a bitter fight Bickell lost out to N. L. Nathanson, one of his few defeats.

A lover of sports and of parties, Bickell was recognized as "the perfect host" while his beautiful home on Mississauga Road in the rolling countryside, west of Toronto, was one of the most pretentious in the vicinity. With a frontage of 250 feet and a depth of 40 feet, it cost \$250,000 to build in 1931. Here he was fond of entertaining the world's great on their visits to Canada, and it was said it was his ambition, though never realized, to entertain royalty. The house is now for sale by the J. P. Bickell Foundation, with no hope on the part of the trustees of realizing anything like its cost price. Even millionaires aren't spending that kind of money any more.

Ardent Hockey Fan

A genial and magnetic personality he had a tremendous faculty for winning friends and influencing people, and an English visitor once wrote of Mr. Bickell that he had never met a wealthy man who knew so well how to enjoy spending his money.

In the 1920's and early 1930's his steam yacht, Vacuna, was a familiar sight in Georgian Bay, but in 1938, ploughing along at sea level was too slow for him and he sold his yacht to buy a \$50,000 amphibious airplane. He never owned another yacht though he occasionally chartered one from other owners for cruises in the Caribbean. He gave his plane to the R. C. A. F. at the outbreak of war. Later he bought another, but disposed of it some time before his death. Though he had a private pilot's license, he seldom flew solo.

While Bickell preferred sports in which he could participate, he was an ardent hockey fan. In 1929, when the just beginning depression threatened to prevent completion of Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto's famed hockey arena, Bickell raised \$175,000 from his friends to finish the job.

He had a long-standing interest in medical research, to which he directed 10% of the income of the Bickell Foundation. He turned McIntyre mine into a vast laboratory for the investigation of silicosis, once dread disease of miners, and personally footed a tremendous bill for the investigations that proved aluminum dust a preventive.

Early in the war Bickell was drafted by Lord Beaverbrook to help speed aircraft production in England. In 1942 the Canadian Government re-

called him to Canada to operate the Government-owned aircraft factory at Malton.

Bickell was intensely Canadian, and had nothing but contempt for these wealthy men who left Canada to escape taxation. He was one of the largest, possibly the largest, personal taxpayer in Canada, and he frequently declared that any man who enjoyed the opportunities of making money in Canada should be pleased to help meet his country's tax requirements.—(Copyright).

SARABENDRA KURAVANJI

THE public of Madras were regaled to a delightful performance of music and dance by Srimathi Bala Saraswathi and her troupe of talented artistes, at the Museum Theatre a fortnight ago. Unlike the previous one at the St. Mary's Hall about this time last year, the dance drama was entirely recast on the style and technique which are all Balasaraswathi's own, inimitable and unsurpassable. The original Pandanallur style, though vigorous in execution, tended to cramp and submerge the theme, allowing little scope for those subtle nuances, turns and movements which alone entranced and sustained the interest, beauty and worth of the dance dramas; particularly so when, as in Kuravanji plays in general, the dramatic motif remained very thin.

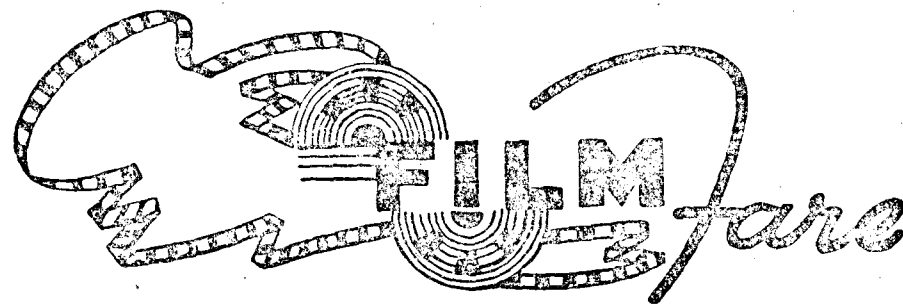
Modelled on the fundamental principles of operatic exposition, every movement, gesture and poise were perfectly harmonised and synchronised. No element of discord anywhere; and the apportionment of the adavos and actions among the members of the cast were intelligently done to accentuate the unity of the play at every step. The effect was scintillating. The prosperity of Sozha Nadu or the scorching arrows of Manmatha were vividly portrayed. The play itself was divided into three distinctive periods in each of which a central idea was developed and completed. The first period dealt with the 'Mohini' idea; the second with the Royal Lover; the third with the Kurathi; and the finale was rounded up

with a relief in light vein followed by a lilting Jati svara in Sankarabharam introducing both fast and slow tempos.

Contrasted with other types of Kuravanji plays which are now sprouting up everywhere, Sri Balasaraswathi's production placed the accent on the divine Kurathi rather than on Mohanavalli or Madanavalli as the case may be. This is but appropriate; and it should be so, as the veteran scholar Sri Chidambaranatha Mudaliar had observed elsewhere. It was but natural that the dancing Sakis who were weaving bewitching patterns of Mohini and Royal Love, transformed themselves in the third period into captivating vanjis contributing half-tones and quarter tones as in the manner of anusvaras to the Kurathi of divine descent.

The background settings were simple but effective; and Sri Balasaraswathi had done well to eschew completely all those absurd and grotesque types of make-up borrowed either from the silver screen or from an imaginary past. The orchestration under the able and expert guidance of Sri Jayammal literally stole away the plum.

We can confidently look forward to the sponsors of the Tamil Isai Sangam to bring out many more classical plays like Kannaki, Sakuntala, Andal Kalyanam, etc., on the lines of the superb dance patterns. They have every facility at their disposal, the best musicians, and a crop of young enthusiastic artistes.—"RASIKAN."



By V. P. SATHE

MR. & Mrs. Bombay went to the polls last week. The film studios remained closed on the ballot day to enable the workers and stars to cast their votes. Did they cast their votes? Perhaps the workers did; but the stars as a rule abstained from voting.

It is not that the film stars were not conscious of their political rights; but they were rather afraid of being mobbed. They were afraid that the crowd outside the polling booths would make it almost impossible for them to get out of their cars, stand in queues, cast their votes and return safely without creating a furore. Yet, some of the stars who lived in the suburbs did cast their votes; for in the suburbs at least the crowds were less and the stars could move about without being mobbed. Incidentally, most of the stars live in Bandra, Versova and Chembur.

Of course it is difficult to say for whom the stars voted. I met a couple of them just before the elections and they told me that they would vote for the Socialists and Communists as against the Congress. But I believe that the majority of the film people voted for the Congress. A Muslim producer-director who was a pro-Leaguer before partition told me that every Muslim must vote for the Congress and so did all the members of his family. A Hindu director who was thinking of voting for the Socialists said he changed his mind when he read Pandit Nehru's appeal in the evening papers on Wednesday 2nd January 1952.

True, the policy of prohibition, censorship, the compulsory exhibition of Government shorts, the rising taxes and general indifference towards the film industry had made the Congress

Party quite unpopular in the film world. The attitude of the film industry towards the Government can be best judged by IMPPA's (Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association) refusal to extend any official support to the Films Division in organising the Film Festival.

And yet with all these differences I would not be surprised if the majority of the film people voted for the Congress. For, as some film writer jocularly said, "It is better to vote for a known devil than an unknown angel."

Elections apart, the Festival is the issue; and generally the film people seem to be rather cold about the whole thing. Individual producers and stars feel that the Government should not have organised a festival without first getting the support of the film industry; it would have been better, according to them, if this had been the film industry's show instead of the Government show. That apart, many stars and producers complain that they have not the ghost of an idea of how the preparations are progressing; they also complain that their co-operation has not been sought. According to Films Division officials the IMPPA has been a stumbling block so far, and now last minute efforts are being made to contact individuals to whip up their interest in the Festival.

Picture Of The Week

After making a promising debut in *Ankhen* which brought to the screen a poignant and engrossing love story and which introduced Shekhar as hero and Madan Mohan as music director, Devendra Goel seems to have fallen into the rut. For his second

picture offers nothing new by way of story, theme, technique but tries to cash in on stars and music with hardly commendable results.

Ada is one of those musicals with stage background which are produced by the dozens every year; the recent example was Mungre's *Saudagar* starring the same Rehana. In this particular back-stage story Rehana is cast as Meena, a stage actress with Madan Puri as Singh, the stage-hero and excellent Dartsman. Shekhar plays the role of Madan who accepts the challenge and defeats Singh and becomes a hero. Now Meena and Madan fall in love while Singh who is in love with Meena and Ranjana (Shanta Kunwar) who is in love with Madan try to separate them, with cunning as well as force. After the usual series of melodramatic situations the villain and the vamp meet their just deserts and the hero and the heroine live happily ever after.

In a musical, the story is the least important; but the success of a musical as is evident from *Shahnai* depends upon an engrossing screenplay which grips the audience throughout. Unfortunately the screenplay of *Ada* makes no such effort; it is just an excuse to provide the elaborately staged song and dance numbers and buffoonery of Gope.

Indeed, it is Gope who saves the picture from being boring. Though his comedy is never subtle or clever, it is humorous enough to send the audiences laughing. No wonder, his appearance enlivens the picture and provides many bright moments in an otherwise hokum stuff. As in *Nagina* Gope and Mohana make a good pair; incidentally they provide some really good satire on the back-stage life of the theatre people.

The other entertaining features are the musical score by Madan Mohan who has again contributed a couple of haunting melodies and zestful dancing by Rehana. Goel's direction is just plain and though the whole picture is more expensive and elaborate than *Ankhen*, it fails to come up to the expectation because of its old and stale background and plot.

It would be better if Goel follows

Ankhen and gives up *Ada* as his ideal.

Personality Of The Week

From Shantineketan and Gandhi Ashram to film stardom seems to be a long road. Yes, it has taken over thirteen years for Balraj Sahni to travel this road.

Balraj Sahni who comes from a higher middle class family of Rawalpindi started his career as a teacher in Shanti Niketan. From Shanti Niketan he went to Wardha with his wife Damayanti and became an inmate and worker of the Gandhi Ashram. It was while in the Ashram that he met Lionel Fielden who persuaded him to join B. B. C. During the worst days of the war, Balraj and his wife Damayanti were in Britain.

After they returned to India, it was Chetan Anand who brought Balraj Sahni to Bombay, rather Poona. At that time Chetan was negotiating with W. Z. Ahmad. The negotiations fell through and Balraj found himself stranded in Bombay. Both he and his wife joined the People's Theatre and later appeared in *Dharti-ke-Lal* and *Gudia*.

Unfortunately for them both the picture flopped, though in both these pictures they had given brilliant performances.

Damayanti made a name on the stage in the role of a British woman in Prithvi Theatres' *Deewar*. She got many contracts but the cruel hand of death snatched her away. Bereaved Balraj was now left alone to fight the battle of art and life.

As a result of the extreme left policy of B. T. Randive the Communist Secretary, Balraj who was a member of the party found himself behind the bars. At that time he was working in *Hulchal*. Under police escort he was allowed to complete his work in the picture. Later when he came out of jail he also came out of the party.

Leaving politics, he took seriously to a film career and scored two triumphs last year. As a scenarist, he turned out an excellent script *Baazi* which proved a roaring success; as an artiste he made a name in *Humlog*. Since then he has secured a contract to write and direct a picture *Sola Aane* for Navketan and two contracts to play the romantic lead. Though he

looks now a little aged and frail, he is acting as hero opposite Shyama in Filmistan's *Badnam* which is being directed by D. D. Kashyap and opposite Kamini Kaushal in National Films' *Baya*.

With his histrionic talent, Balraj is bound to make good as an artiste. And knowing his capacity to direct plays and write, I think he will be equally successful as a scenarist and director.

News Of The Week

—One of the biggest crowds of screen celebrities attended the muhurat ceremony of Sagar Arts' maiden picture *Mehman*, written and directed by Ramanand Sagar with Nimmi, Premnath, Sajjan and Poornima in the cast. Anil Biswas is giving the music and Asha Biswas is the producer.

—Devika Rani performed the

muhurat of Paul Zils' new picture *Sitam* based on a story by Inder Raj Anand on the New Year Day at Modern Studios, Andheri.

—Ramanand Sagar and Nanabhai Bhatt have jointly taken over the Amar Studios and rechristened it as Nishat Studios.

—Raj Kapoor has announced his future programme. By the middle of January he will launch two pictures viz. (i) *Aah* directed by Raja Nawathe from a screenplay by Inder Raj Anand starring Nargis and Raj and (ii) "420" directed by Raj Kapoor from a screenplay by K. A. Abbas with Raj himself in the title role. He is also planning to produce a picture in technicolour entitled *Ajanta*.

—Nadira, Mehboob's star discovery of *Aan* is now playing the star role in Nakshab's *Nagma* starring Ashok Kumar and Om Prakash.

The essence of Socialism is not, and never has been, the ownership of the means of production by the State as such. That is only one means to the desired end. The desired end is, simply, the Just Society; the society in which the labourer is paid in proportion to his work instead of the shareholders being paid in proportion to their property.—JOHN STRACHEY.

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A NARROW ESCAPE

By S. ANANTRAM

RAMAKANT BHARADWAJ, the surgeon and Sundarlal Saxena, the physician of the Victory Hospital sat talking in a quiet corner of the club. On the small tepoy, placed in front, were two glasses of orange juice. The blue smoke from their cigarettes curled upwards and disappeared.

"Ramakant, we have been close friends these three years and yet I hardly know you. Isn't it funny?" asked Sundarlal suddenly.

"What do you want to know of me, Sundar?" Ramakant said, laughing.

"Why, about yourself, the real self, not the superficial details. Your past, what you were and the life you had before you came to this place and things of that sort. You know, the things that reveal a man. You have been rather mysterious about yourself."

"I told you I was practising in Singapore before I came here."

"Yes, that is all you have told me. Does it give me any idea? What about your personal life? What made you leave a lucrative practice and come to a place like this. There are hundreds of things you haven't told me."

"I came here for the simple reason I didn't feel like staying on in Singapore and I like it here. It is so peaceful and quiet."

"But why didn't you like being there? One has splendid opportunities in a big place like Singapore. And the money. There is plenty one can earn there. Can't one?"

"I suppose so."

"Then why come all the way to India and that too to a place like this? I can understand if you had gone back to your home town or to Bombay or Calcutta. I would think you got home sick, but that isn't the case. I have a feeling that you carry a secret in your blasted head and that worries you a lot. Spit it out, old man. It will do you good."

"It only concerns me. Why not let it at that?"

"Of course, it is entirely your own

affair. I have my curiosity and want to help you, if I can."

"I have no secret, Sundar. If you want, I will tell you, but I warn you there is nothing much and frankly you will be disappointed."

"That is up to me to judge. Tell me, if you can. If it is going to hurt you, don't."

"It doesn't really matter, now. Do you know, Sundar, I had a wife."

"Had you, really? I had no idea. Is she dead?"

"No, she ran away with another man."

"Oh, I am sorry. I suppose you two couldn't get along."

"It isn't as simple as all that. We were once very happy. When I met her and fell in love with her, I thought she was the only girl for me in the whole world. Our married life was very happy and there was a child, but the poor thing died. It slowly dawned on me that what she cared for was only my money and her liking me was only incidental. It was a severe blow. I had lot of money then and she drew on it lavishly to maintain her top rank in Singapore society. I saw how selfish and self-centred she was, but I loved her as intensely as ever. We often quarrelled and every time it was I who had to submit."

"Raw deal for you." Sundar remarked.

"Yes, it was very much a raw deal in more than one way. It was about that time I lost heavily on speculation. My entire capital was wiped out and I had even to repay a loan in instalments from my monthly income. We had to cut down our standards—rather I had to, because she wouldn't. She went about the same way as before as though nothing had happened. I wondered how she managed."

"How?"

"It was shocking. From other men. She sold herself for that."

"Oh, hell."

"It was hell for me all right, but

she got along like a house on fire. I should have kicked her out. I didn't, I couldn't. I loved her. One day she ran away with a rich businessman who had come on a short visit from Calcutta. I tried to stop her and she just laughed and left."

"Then?"

"Then, nothing. I tried to forget her and even thought of marrying again. But no, I just couldn't. People talked behind my back and laughed and what with one thing and another I found life in Singapore impossible. It was then I saw the advertisement for a surgeon for Victory Hospital. I applied and here I am, these three years."

"I am awfully sorry, old chap. You must have had a terrible time. Do you still think of her?"

"Yes, I do, unfortunately. I try not to, but in spite of me, I now and then think of her and I can tell you the thought isn't pleasant. Perhaps in course of time I will get over it. After all, time is the best healer, as they say."

"I am sure you will. You may meet a nice young lady and you may marry and live happily ever after."

"I don't know. I am not sure."

"Whatever it is, don't think of your past," Sundarlal said and when he found he had nothing else to say, he changed the subject. "By the way, the old man has at last agreed to let me take my holiday from next week." The old man was the superintendent of the hospital.

"Good. You need a holiday, Sundar. You have been working too hard."

"So do you, more than me. When I come back, why don't you take a few days off? It is a pity we can't go together. The old man wouldn't think of it when I suggested it to him."

"I am all right. What I want is plenty of work and I am getting it. Where are you spending your holidays?"

"I am going to Delhi, first, to join my parents. Beyond that I haven't made any plans."

The two friends chatted a little longer and then they left the club.

II

A month later, Ramakant, having

nothing better to do, waited at the station for Sundarlal, who was returning from his holiday.

Sundarlal got down from the train and when he saw Ramakant, his face broadened into a large smile. While Ramakant shook hands, he thought that Sundar was unusually in good spirits and wondered what it was about. As soon as they were seated in the car, Sundar said, "Ramakant, I have good news for you. You may congratulate me."

"What is it? You are not marrying?"

"That is it. I am. How did you guess?"

"It is written all over your face. Congratulations."

"Thanks, old gun. I am marrying the most perfect girl. It looks as though we have been waiting for each other all these years. She is now a teacher in Delhi. A more beautiful and accomplished girl you couldn't meet. Sushila is that good."

"A nice name. When is the wedding?"

"In about a month. You see they have to find a successor for Susi at the school." Sundarlal said and, as they drove to his house, through the ill lit streets, began a discourse on Sushila and her virtues.

While Sundar unpacked, Ramakant sat on his bed and idly glanced through Sundar's address book. Sushila's address, he found, was the last entry.

"Here it is. Have a look," Sundar said, handing his friend a photograph. "This is Sushila." The photograph showed a very beautiful woman and Ramakant gasped as he looked at it, almost dropping it on the floor. A horrified look came on his face and the next moment, before Sundar could see the change in him, he hurried to the open window and gazing at the flower beds, vaguely visible in the dark, composed himself.

"Eh, Ramakant, how do you like her?"

He turned and hesitating a little said, "She is beautiful, Sundar." There was no enthusiasm in his voice.

"Isn't she? You don't sound very enthusiastic, do you? What is wrong?"