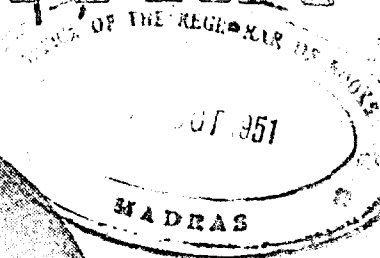


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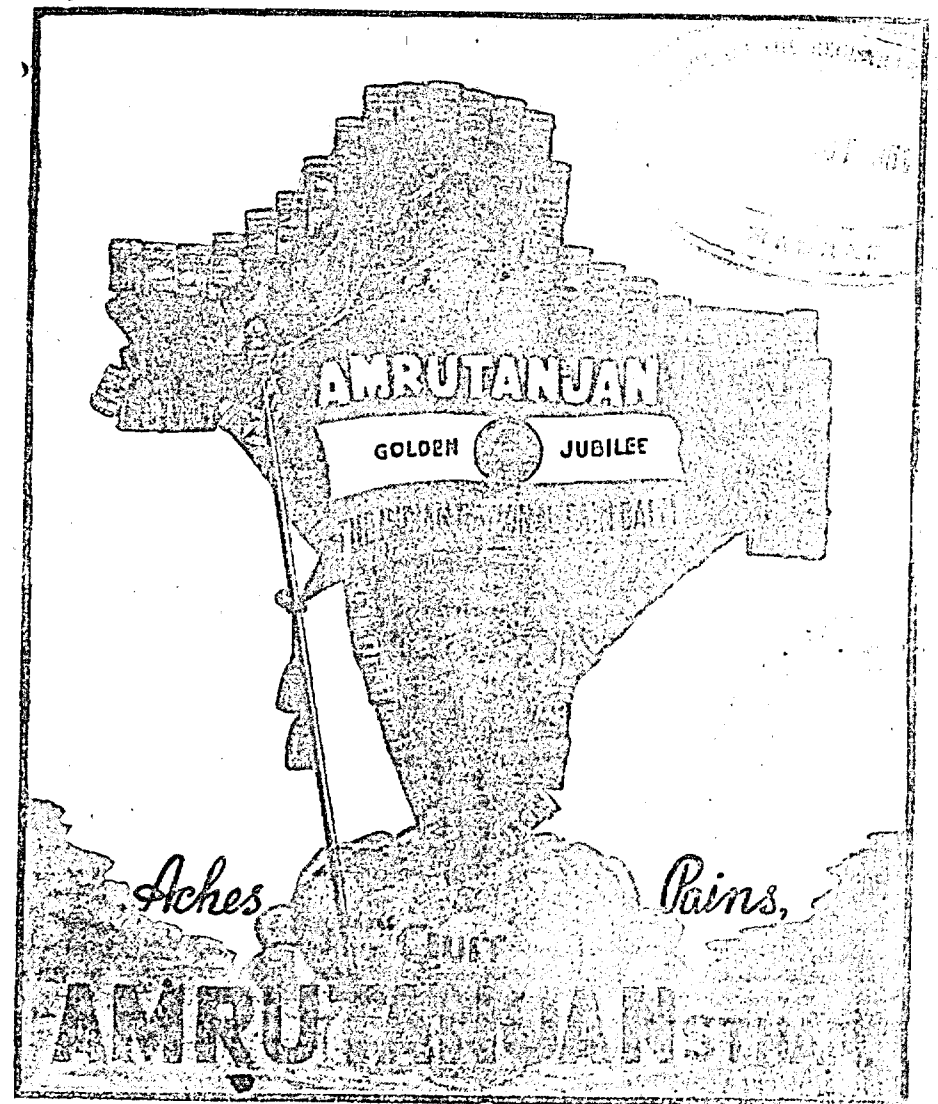


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INDO-U. S. RELATIONS

IN an article on India's foreign policy printed in this issue, Baroo sounds the warning that any acceptance of America's outstretched hand of friendship will be fatal to India. American friendship, he argues, means something quite different from what we understand by it, "it means complete subservience to American interests and wishes, above all in the matter of their projected war to end Communism." He is all for the steadfast pursuit of neutrality in foreign affairs. Neutrality, he believes, will impel Soviet Russia and New China to come to our aid at once with supplies of food that will make up for the shortages that American resentment over such neutrality will lead to. Baroo is apparently frightened by the zest for war to put down Communism animating President Truman's latest utterances, and he has come to the conclusion that American goodwill cannot be had without involvement in war with Russia. That this sort of fear is entertained by a considerable section of Indians cannot be denied. It may be that one reason for it is the rapid disappearance lately of the polish and restraint habitual to diplomatic pronouncements from U.S. Presidential comments on Russian affairs. Some three weeks ago, for example, President Truman spoke of Soviet society as "a jungle through which the naked power of the Government prowls like a beast of prey, making all men afraid." The power of the Kremlin, he stated, "is more effective, more violent, more far-reaching than the power of the Czars or the power of Genghis Khan or the power of other tyrants of the past."

Even the *New York Times* was impelled to remark that "these were blunt words and strong words, perhaps blunter and stronger than any words ever applied by a head of our Government to the Government of a nation with which we are technically at peace."

The verbal violence of American official propaganda against Russia cannot but have a repellent effect on the rest of the world. If other countries are not thrown by it into sympathetic reaction in favour of Soviet Russia, it is because Russian propaganda against America is also no less vituperative and violent. The rest of the world is caught between these two powers charged with mutual hostility, but it is not through strength of verbal denunciation that its interest can be enlisted or sympathies roused. Most countries have taken to basing their foreign policies on calculations as to which side can confer on them the greater gain. There have not been wanting in India stern critics of Pandit Nehru's policy of neutrality who hold that non-involvement in war when it comes is anyhow impossible, and such being the case, why not align in the national interest with that power which has more to give for promotion of economic advancement and internal prosperity through industrial expansion?

If American statecraft has to gain Asian goodwill, it should not merely be content with denouncing Russian designs of aggression, it should profit by the Russian example to avoid its repulsive features. If the plight of the East European countries is an

indication of the effect of political association with Russia, the backing of Chiang Kai-shek by the U. S. Government is also a warning of the extent to which an unrepresentative caucus can be bolstered up into power on Asian soil with American bayonets. There is no doubt that in the relief of stricken humanity in the post-war world, the American Government has a record to be proud of. If it had not been mixed up with military motives, it would have secured for the USA the leadership of the world.

Millions in India are tempted towards Communism by the stress of poverty and the misery of the disillusionments that have squeezed out hope and faith in the wake of the four-year old Congress rule. Despite the personal prestige of the Prime Minister, the collapse of the Congress is imminent. If it is not accompanied by a less corrupt and more competent regime, not all the efforts of propagandists from the old or new world can save the country from red revolution and Communism.

Sotto Voce

OUR BACONIANS



MR. TANDON had an old-fashioned squeamishness about asking Ministers to collect funds for the Congress. Mr. Nehru is, if anything, even more fastidious by nature. But like Gibbon in a certain delicate situation—he sighed like a lover but obeyed like a son, you may remember—he has, after publicly debating the issue with himself, resolved to obey the call of duty however unpleasant. As Congress President he appeals “to our friends and sympathisers to subscribe to the Congress funds.” But he is very particular that the response should be nation-wide. “No great organisation should subsist on help from a limited number of persons.”

There is little danger of this injunction being interpreted too literally by those Congressmen who have to go about beating up funds. They know, even without Mr. Nehru telling them, that the elections will consume a great deal of money. And so far has the Con-

gress been from broadbasing itself on the pence of the poor, that the four-anna subscription was never anything more than a symbolic levy. The total membership fee in any year would not have sufficed to pay for a fraction of the fares (third-class, of course) that the patriots travelling to party meets had to pay, before Ministerships and saloons *de luxe* became their common lot.

Mr. Nehru plugs his nose at the very thought of vested interests. He cautions the selection committees against “persons representing large vested interests,” as these are “seldom likely to have this (progressive) social outlook;” it seems that “sometimes they might even, directly or indirectly, represent particular vested interests.” The drum-head court martial of Mr. Mudgal may or may not frighten away all such gate-crashers. But it is no doubt piously hoped that it may erase from the public memory the disturbing picture:

of Minister C. B. Gupta in dalliance with the sugar magnates of Kanpur.

But Pandit Pant is too big to be discreetly hidden behind the arras. And he feels no call to be apologetic about making the money-bags pay: that, to his way of thinking, is their predestined office. “Zamindars and industrialists,” he said, “were as free to contribute to Congress funds as kisans and workers.” It only stands to reason: “Money got by selling dogs does not bark,” as our Tamil proverb has it. Pandit Pant points out, cogently enough, that there are many zamindars and industrialists who have cheerfully paid large sums into the Congress coffers in the past; so far as he is concerned, that is proof enough that they are good Congressmen.

He vigorously repudiates any suggestion of a deal. If the price of sugar was fixed, so as to allow of handsome profits to the mills, that was the Central Government's doing; and if even more handsome profits were made on the free sale of sugar, the decision, you must remember, was that of our sovereign Parliament. And how could the odium of the black market touch anything that Parliament had breathed upon? In any case the U. P. Congress, having been a party to neither of these transactions, could with an easy conscience help themselves to a good part of the sugar loaf: so runs the Pantine pronouncement. How gratified must the shade of old Bacon be to find such faithful disciples in the Indies!

If sugar has a substantial representation in the new legislatures you may be sure that it will have won it by pure merit. Pandit Pant asked us to remember that “we are working in a democratic State

and industrialists and others are free to contribute to the Congress election funds if they liked.” The “industrialists and others” who make up to Congress know which side of their bread is buttered. They are not likely to commit the indiscretion of soliloquising aloud with Shylock.

*“Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand
ducats?”*

Their good sense is bound to be rewarded by the ticket-pedlars certifying them as the repositories of all the wisdom and the worth that Mr. Nehru can possibly want.

Mr. Nehru has no doubt read his *Golden Bough* and is familiar with the fate of the old-time kings who couldn't defend their heritage. He has given a pointed directive to the selection committees that they must not leave out “our outstanding Congressmen, from the point of view of governmental and legislative work.” So we may hope to see back in their plush seats most of the old crew. That it has achieved an unsavoury reputation for incompetence, nepotism and worse is neither here nor there.

Parliament the other day passed in five minutes a Bill authorising company directors to sanction large donations from their shareholders' money as contribution to “National Funds.” These have served mainly to advertise the Congress. Indeed that fact might have been squarely impaled on the horn of a statute if the Home Minister had not at the last moment discovered a tell-tale reference to these funds being “administered by the President of the Indian National Congress” and hastily deleted it. Who said the Congress was heading for one-party dictatorship?

VIGNESWARA.

The 1951 Special Number of the “Sunday Observer” (Observer Press, 15 General Patters Road, Madras) carries on its front page a picture of the Raja Saheb of Bobbili. Several pages are devoted to a sketch of the Raja Saheb and the achievements of the Justice Party. Sri Nataraja Pillai contributes a vigorous article on phoney Congress morals. Among other noteworthy items might be mentioned M. N. Roy's criticism of the “destructive method of defending democracy” employed in Germany, and Richard Scott's article on the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. The achievements of the Madras Ministry come in for laboured eulogy at the hands of their Director of Publicity. The Number contains varied and interesting fare and is priced one rupee.

SIDELIGHTS : :

O that estates, degrees, and offices were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour were purchased by the merit of the wearer.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE selection of Congress candidates by the Presidents of the Andhra and Tamil Nad Pradesh Committees has turned out to be a miserable performance. There has been no attempt to single out persons of integrity. The same old undesirables who disgraced the legislatures and brought the credit of the Congress to its present wretched level, continue to be patronised and supported. There has been far too much of secretiveness, of "going underground," as when bargains have to be hatched which the parties to them know to be shady, and such as cannot brook the light of day. Sri Kamaraj Nadar has been touring from district to district not in quest of talent, but making deals with money as the pivotal urge. Terrible are some of the reports that are in circulation. Do you know the latest, shouts a wayfarer, excitedly. He volunteers the news that a rich man of well-known anti-Congress traditions has made sure of his seat by paying one lakh. Another corrects him. It is not one lakh, but ten, he says, and it is not one seat, but twenty. Many of the stories going round may be pure fiction, with no other basis than the wild inventiveness of their authors. Even as such, they bespeak the depth to which the Congress has sunk in the estimation of common people. Nobody dared to speak so cheaply of Congress and Congressmen, Congress candidates and Congress leaders, at the last elections. Pandit Nehru may go on shouting hoarse about integrity, it will make no difference to the character of the legislatures to come, which will continue to be packed as generously with communalists, black-marketeers and permit-hunters, as ever before. The greatest opponents of Pandit Nehru who can be expected to sabotage everything precious that he stands for, will belong to the Congress legislature parties that will be formed after the elections. Good

men, appalled, have stayed aloof. When Sri Vaidyanatha Aiyar of Madura was asked to stand as a Congress candidate, I am told he replied that it is wiser to stand in the burial ground than in the Congress fold.

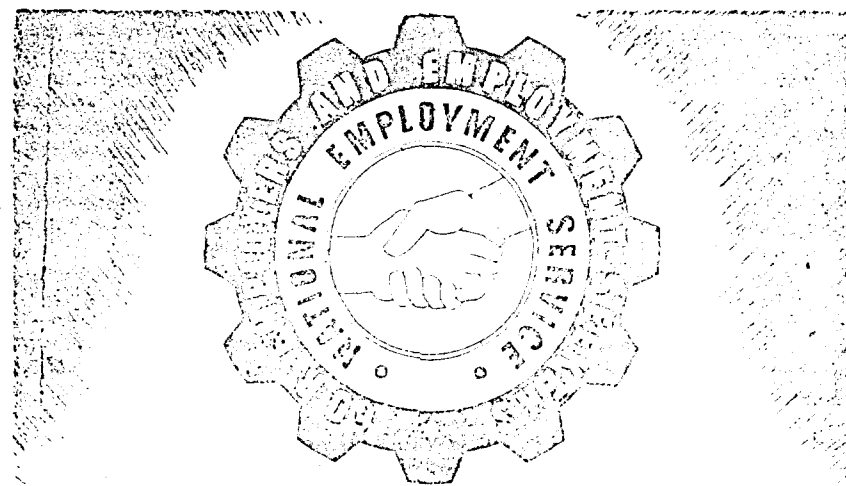
The Press has so far drawn its knowledge of the cinema from hand-outs. It lacked direct experience of the making of pictures and life in the studios. It was an excellent idea of Sri S. S. Vasani that the deficiency should be rectified, and as with Vasani, to think is to act, invitations were promptly issued to newspapers all over the country to send representatives to visit and see Gemini Studios. The response to the invitation was wide and cordial. At the party got up in honour of the visitors last week, local pressmen gathered in full force. Sri Inder Sen, the gardener, a master craftsman, had made the place charming to the eye, and the atmosphere was that of a grand setting in one of Sri Vasani's own million-priced films. Tributes to the host on the occasion were not merely appreciative, they were emotional and enthusiastic. Sri Vasani prides himself on his gift of capturing the masses for his pictures on a level no higher than that of their normal capacities of enjoyment and comprehension. Actually, however, over a range of the past ten years, the quality of his films has made phenomenal strides, and there is a world of difference between his first and last pictures. There seems to be no need, therefore, to deny achievement and fancy oneself less able to guide the popular taste than has been actually demonstrated in practice. There is nothing to prevent Sri Vasani from going as far as the brighest director has gone in film-making, except his own illusion that the Indian crowd cannot take the jump. Art and technique apart, the administrative excellence of Gemini is a triumph of system and commonsense. The essence of it lies in the chief's non-interference with his lieutenants' initiative and work, once the decision is taken to go forward with an approved plan. Our

Ministers, so prone to abandon policy-making to descend to clerk's work, will do well to study and profit by Sri Vasani's method and practice.

The question of "foreign settlements" in India has come once again to the fore with the Prime Minister's firm statement in Parliament that these territories are of necessity, (whether considered geographically, historically, economically, politically or culturally) part of the Union of India. It has never been hitherto disclosed publicly anywhere, that Ambassador Malik was able to secure an agreement concerning the elections in French India from Foreign Minister Schuman. But such is the fact. The French Foreign Office department concerned, refused however to allow Schuman to carry out his agreement, which eventually got sabotaged. The permanent civil service is more powerful in France than any Ministry, and it carries on and has its way while Governments rise and

fall and Ministers come and go.

When Sri Madhava Menon, Law Minister, unveiled a portrait at the Mylapore Academy on Gandhi Jayanti Day, a student who welcomed the gathering asked how Sri Kala Venkata Rao, condemned as not fit to adorn the A. I. C. C. Secretariat, could be deemed worthy of a seat on the Madras Ministry. The Law Minister replied that the Chief Minister had the approval of the Congress President for the appointment. How could the Congress President approve and disapprove of the same man, city students have been asking themselves and each other, an item of interest to Nehru who is puzzled to know how the mind of the young is working nowadays. Worsted in argument, Sri Madhava Menon apparently wanted to get the better of his critics with the aid of the police. The President of the Academy has been summoned to appear before the Police Commissioner!—SAKA.



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PROGRESSIVE PAINTERS' EXHIBITION

By K. N. RAMACHANDRAN

THE eighth annual exhibition of paintings, drawings and sculptures, conducted by the Progressive Painters' Association which was opened on the 27th September '51, is bound to impress all visitors, art lovers and others. More than 300 exhibits in oils, water colour, tempera, charcoal and a few sculptures have been tastefully arranged and displayed at the premises of the School of Arts and Crafts, Madras.

The works of art on view have been contributed mainly by the South Indian artists who form the members of the Progressive Painters' Association. These artists, at least most of them, are teachers, students, and ex-students of the School of Arts and Crafts, Madras. This should naturally lead one to conclude that their work would bear the uniform stamp of one particular form of art expression. But the keynote of the Exhibition is the delightful variety of the modes of expression and the marked individuality reflected in the exhibits. There is no slavish subservience to any particular popular or fashionable school. On the other hand, there is a sincere and faithful approach to the problem of expression through art forms. No amount of praise will be too much for the School of Arts which, while it imparts training, takes care to preserve and develop the individuality of the artist.

The Exhibition which is an annual feature is remarkable this year for the boldness and enterprise displayed by the artists. It may be remarked that this Exhibition marks a definite step forward in the art movement in S. India. For one thing the slavish imitation of the style of the Bengal renaissance movement of the early 20th century, based on the technique of thin washes of colour laid one over the other, seems to have gone out of favour. This style which even at its best was devoid of the essential vitality of life might have had its significance some time back. But even after it had served its purpose the

name and glamour of some of its exponents continued to exercise an influence on the minds of young artists curbing their spontaneity of expression. It is a noteworthy change that the P. P. A. artists have decided to shake off the trammels of this 'school' and launch themselves forward into really creative realms. This accounts for the fact that the Exhibition, although it represents the works of artists drawn from a comparatively restricted area, looks as impressive in its variety and standard as any national exhibition. A handsome and well-deserved tribute to the resurgence and pre-eminence of art in S. India was paid recently by Mr. Nehru when he visited the recent exhibition at Bangalore where the contributions of these artists had been displayed.

There is a wholesome, fearless and at the same time sincere and earnest approach to picture making, clearly revealed in most of the exhibits. The artists seem to have shaken off their doubts and inhibitions and launched themselves into realms of art guided and fortified by self-confidence and sincerity. It may be confidently predicted that this young group is bound to create art history in India.

Coming to particular pictures it may be said that out of the prevailing high standard it is difficult to single out any particular picture or pictures for special mention. Yet a few may be pointed out if only to convey an idea of the general excellence.

Among the impressive array of pictures in oils, K. C. S. Paniker's large murals 'Humanity' and 'Civilization' are noteworthy. Paniker's mastery in depicting figures and placing them is clearly seen in these two figure groups. In 'Humanity' the extremely difficult process of handling nearly a score of figures without violating the unity of the picture has been successfully achieved by extremely clever tonal gradation of colours, by the placing and pose of figures and above all by the studied restraint and emphasis on

the significant aspects only of each figure. All the figures have been made subservient to the unity of effect by eschewing unnecessary details of each. 'Civilization,' the other group in oils, apart from its being an untrammelled criticism of our much vaunted civilization is noteworthy for its unique technique. Colours though used sparingly have been so judiciously placed that this along with the bold lines help to create an impression of the fullness of a highly finished picture along with a sense of delicious freedom and ease. The primitive forces behind the mask of sophistication have been admirably expressed by the pose, grouping and especially by the highly simplified method of treatment. Yet, each figure apparently so 'sketchy', is fully satisfying in form and fullness. Other noteworthy pictures of his are the 'Harlot', 'The Sawyers', the 'Woman in Bed' and 'Lal-bagh'. In the 'Harlot' the artist has captured the inward retrospective regretful look of the woman sitting up in her bed. In 'Sawyers' the vibrating brush strokes, the treatment of the sky and the prevailing browns serve to create an atmosphere that helps to emphasise the subject with the force of a hammer blow. The grains of the trees vibrate all over the canvas and appear to have entered the very bodies and souls of the tolling figures.

Dhanapal is to the fore with his



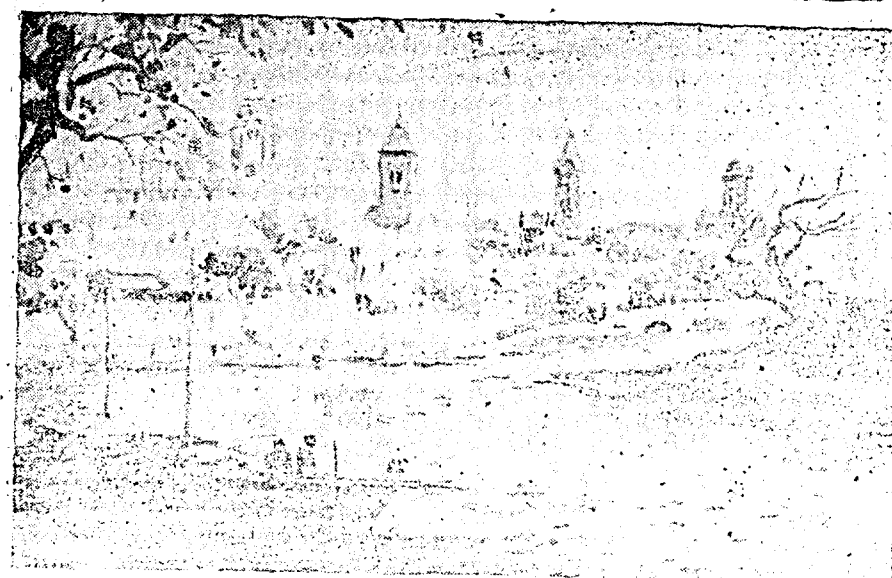
'The Harlot' —By K. C. S. Paniker



'Sketch' —By H. V. Ram Gopal.

inimitable mastery of line. As a draughtsman and a composer of pictures with line as the prime factor in determining the rhythmic unity of the masses, Dhanapal will find few artists in India to measure up to his standard. His work 'Blessings' shows considerable skill of draughtsmanship. 'Festival', a sketch of a crowd in Chinese ink done in the western manner reminiscent of Daumier, is another notable picture. His 'Class Room', a departure from his usual style, is striking for its haunting luminosity achieved with the skilful use of non-realistic colours. That he is thoroughly at home in oils also is revealed in his picture 'The Dustbin' portraying a beggar seated near a dust-bin and dining off its contents.

M. V. Devan has come out with some good works. Among them 'My Village' is noteworthy for its strangely moving perspective and the peculiar synthesis of eastern and western styles. 'Devil Dancers of Kerala' and 'Toyland' are also worth mentioning. N. Sadar's work in oils "House on Fire" helps to convey his capacity for quick perception and effective representation of the core of life in a hectic scene. "Solitude" by Arulraj and 'By the Side of the Cooum' are pleas-



'By the side of the Cooum'

—By C. D. Thyagaraj.

ing effects in the western technique of water colour. 'Study' by C. S. N. Patnaick, 'Spring is around' by Dasarath Patel and 'Bapuji' by P. L. N. Murthy are good examples of the decorative style of painting. 'Colour and Movement' by L. Munuswamy is remarkable for the glory of its lines, and the austere simplicity of the treatment which helps to concentrate the mind on the rhythmic movement and sway of the lines and masses. His 'Lovers' and 'Triangle' are two pictures worth mentioning. The forceful pattern of the figures and sweeping strokes of colour make 'The Lovers' an arresting picture. The sober tones, the vital lines and the massive construction of the figures in the 'Triangle' bespeaks a mind which is endowed with keen insight and sympathetic approach to the life around. C. J. Antony Doss is another artist who impresses. His work 'Sweet Memory' is remarkable for its free treatment and subtle emotional

appeal. No less effective is another work of his, 'Hills'. 'Sketch' by H. V. Ramgopal is a fluent study in charcoal. 'Wounded Hearts' by R. K. Devadigar is a charming effort. In the commercial art section E. G. Ray's 'Press Layout' is characterised by its good layout.

The sculpture pieces by Dhanapal of Sri Kamaraj Nader and Thiru Swamy have been powerfully executed and reveal the versatility of this gifted artist.

It would not be out of place to deplore the apathy of the local papers to a vigorous art movement that is going on right beneath their noses. Perhaps it is exactly on account of this they do not deign to notice it. For they are all eager to give publicity to the works of artists who are not local men. It is time that they noticed what is good and worth encouraging in such a vital branch of life as art.

With the knowledge we already possess, mankind could adequately feed four billion people—twice the present population of the planet. That is the opinion of Arrturi Virtanen, the noted Finnish chemist.

On the day that Virtanen advanced this bright picture of civilization's dietary potential, Sumner T. Pike of the Atomic Energy Commission disclosed that a major step in the treatment of heart disease may be unfolded in the course of current atomic research.

In short, humanity's prospects are terrific. The only troublesome question is whether human beings will be around to enjoy the fun.

HOW PARTIES RUN AN ELECTION THE BRITISH PRACTICE

POLITICAL parties in Great Britain are composed of a group of men and women of the same general political view who form a party organisation with local branches. Candidates for election are usually suggested by the head office of the party organisation but may also be put up locally. Their choice lies in all cases solely with the local party who interviews prospective candidates and makes its own choice. He or she is then 'adopted' by the local party for that constituency, and when the writ of election is received by the returning officer is in due course nominated by his proposer, seconder and 8 electors.

When the writ is received, the candidates' election agent sees that a number of committee rooms are arranged. These may not be on any licensed premises (i. e. public houses, hotels, inns, railway refreshment rooms) nor any house or room occupied by the candidate as a dwelling. Committee rooms are used as offices by the party organisation in connection with the election for speakers, canvassers, messengers, etc., and the sending out of election addresses, and leaflets, etc. No corrupt or illegal practices may be resorted to, nor may they be used for any improper purpose and should be placarded with instructions, cautions and notices applicable to those using them.

Printing And Advertising

All orders for printing and advertising must be given by the candidate or his agent. Unauthorised persons are guilty of corrupt practice if they incur the expenses of issuing advertisements, etc., for the purpose of promoting or procuring the election of a candidate. The name and address of the printer and publisher must be on all bills, etc., and no payment must be made or offered for exhibiting such except the hiring of

"sandwich men" and bill distributors.

Public Meetings

Public meetings are held frequently during all hours, often during an election as many as 3 a night by the candidate, but no unlawful assembly may be held, i. e., 3 or more persons assembling with the intent to commit, or when assembled to commit or lead others to entertain a reasonable fear that the meeting will commit, a breach of the peace. In this event magistrates and constables are justified in dispersing such a meeting, and it is not necessary to wait until a riot has occurred or for the proclamation in the Riot Act to be read. Meetings may, subject to the orderly conduct and legitimate purpose, and not causing obstruction, be held out of doors and in halls, rooms, etc. The candidate during an election is entitled to the use of public elementary schools in the constituency at reasonable times (Representation of the People Act 1918), and may hold meetings in licensed premises and clubs, but their use is undesirable.

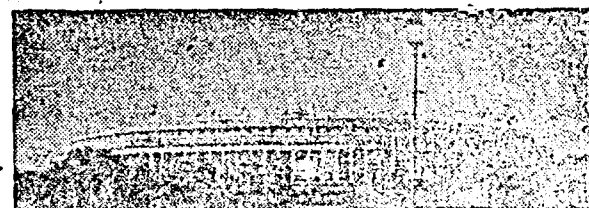
The expenses of holding public meetings are legal but must be incurred only by the candidate or his agent.

No bands, torches, flags, banners or cockades may be paid for by the candidate or his agent in order to procure the election, under penalty either before, during or after an election. The wearing of cockades is not illegal but the wearer must provide it for himself.

Speeches must not be slanderous, and the candidate and anyone who seeks to aid him must not write or report in writing any libellous matter, but considerable license in speech is not unusual. Speakers must also abstain from blasphemous and seditious utterances, or words amounting to contempt of court.

Misery, starvation and death stalk the land as we go on talking about policies and plans endlessly. How long will this state of affairs continue and no effective protest raised? It is such conditions that pave the way for violent revolutions in a country.—J. B. Kripalani.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU'S directives to the various State Congress Committees suffer from just one drawback: they will not be carried out. The State Congress Committees are—almost without a single exception—filled with self-seekers, place-hunters, blackmarketeers and their stooges. They will not be interested in choosing men and women of ability and integrity to represent the masses in the legislatures of India. What Pandit Nehru should do is to call a conference of the political leaders of India at the highest level—belonging to the Congress, Socialist, Praja and other parties—and draw up an agreed joint list of four thousand candidates for all the constituencies of India. That alone will ensure the return of the right kind of men and women to Parliament and to the State Assemblies. Otherwise, the worst kind of Congressmen and representatives of communal parties will rule the roost.

In order to enable practically any citizen to stand for election to Parliament, the Election Commissioner should have fixed a sum of Rs. 500 or Rs. 1,000 as the maximum which a candidate may spend by way of election expenses. The limit at present goes up to Rs. 50,000 in some cases. This simply means that only a millionaire or his henchman can stand for Parliament. Democracy thus becomes a mockery. Politics in India at the present moment seems to be not merely a dirty game, but a game that is confined only to rich men. The game must be purified and brought within the reach of the masses.

"The masses are not educated enough to discriminate and escape the hypnotism of the printed word," said the Home Minister, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, in one of the greatest speeches that were ever delivered in any Parliament of the world. His criticism of

the newspapers is Stevenson's criticism. As Joseph Finsbury said, "It is extraordinary how little a man of intellectual interest requires to study or to think in this progressive age. The newspapers supply all the conclusions!" Mr. Rajagopalachari has unfortunately stopped his reading of such books at an early age. If he had read his Laski as carefully as he has read his Stevenson's "Wrong Box" or his Lord Macaulay's "Indian Penal Code," he would not have laboured so hard about the judiciary being the sheet-anchor.

Mr. Rajagopalachari: Not only is a judicial tribunal and full judicial procedure provided for the trial of every complaint filed on behalf of the Government against a newspaper, but a company of newspapermen sit down to give their verdict, mostly their own brothers in the profession, to assist the judge who is bound to accept such verdict unless the judge refers the case to the High Court and the latter takes a different view. If we do not trust the High Court, if we do not trust any judicial tribunal, if we do not trust our own....

Mr. Naziruddin Ahmed: There is no question of not trusting the judges. The law will compel them to punish the innocent.

Mr. Rajagopalachari: When we are making a law the question of trust does arise.

Only a few minutes earlier, Mr. Rajagopalachari explained this trust thus: "What with the written Constitution and the judgments of the various High Court Judges and of the Supreme Court and the interpretations of lawyers who can advise public men, writers and others, the present condition of law in this respect is, in my opinion, I respectfully say, truly chaotic. There are laws which have been declared, some of them *ultra vires*, some of them partly *ultra vires*, some of them partly *ultra vires* and partly *intra vires*." Since Mr. Rajagopalachari is determined to trust

the judges, he changes the law. Mr. Naziruddin Ahmed hit the nail on the head when he declared that the law will compel the judges to punish the innocent.

Every student of elementary political theory knows that the State is the supreme coercive power in any society, and that the judge is an instrument of State-power. This is not to say that judges are not impartial, in the sense in which we understand the term. But the scope of this impartiality is strictly limited by the kind of the way of life which the State seeks to promote. In a slave-owning society, the late Professor Laski pointed out, the State will further actions which will enable the owners to exact the maximum benefit from their possession of slaves. The judge will be expected to punish anyone who seeks to abolish slavery, for instance. Mr. Rajagopalachari has obviously sensed this line of criticism, for towards the end of his speech, he said, "All the provisions of this Bill should be examined by the test of justice and propriety. There is no question of generosity involved. We cannot concede away, I cannot concede away, nor can Parliament concede away, and make a gift of what properly belongs to the State."

Mr. Achhru Ram's dismissal from the post of Custodian-General is a flagrant incident which illustrates our point. We have been brought up in an atmosphere of respect for the principles of British jurisprudence. We are therefore shocked that the Government of India, in Mr. Mohammed Chhatrivala's case, have proceeded to decide "questions of fact arising in judicial or quasi-judicial matters." Mr. Achhru Ram, who is a former Judge of the Lahore High Court, said in his statement: "I heard, but have no personal knowledge on the subject, that my decision on the inapplicability of the Notification to Mr. Chhatrivala's case was not liked by some of the members of the Government who thought the Notification was retrospective in its character, but this stand was eventually given up by reason of the Attorney-General having supported my view." "A few days after I had delivered my judgment, I gathered from certain remarks of an officer of the Rehabili-

tation Ministry that my interpretation of Section 16 was not being accepted by the Government and that my order was deemed to constitute a defiance of the authority of the Government." "The only point of difference between me and the Government is that, while I hold the view that the question is one for a judicial decision on evidence produced, according to the Government it should be deemed to have been finally and conclusively decided when it granted the certificate. I, for one, have never heard Governments deciding questions of fact arising in judicial or quasi-judicial matters."

I have heard of Governments making such decisions. Goering had announced to the Public Prosecutors of Prussia: "The law and the will of the Fuehrer are one." The Nazi Act of 1935 freed the judges from dependence on precedent where this conflicted with the philosophy of National Socialism. An Act of 1934 urged that all questions of equity shall be determined in accordance with the philosophy of National Socialism. The temptation to say that our judicial system is like the Nazi system is great: but it would be wholly erroneous. Mr. Achhru Ram's case is a rare exception in our judicial system.

The late Mr. Justice Holmes, who was a great judge and a great man, said that judges (of the Supreme Court and of the highest State Courts), being elderly gentlemen, never liked innovations and were toughly resistant to new ideas. Justice Holmes described this as the "inarticulate major premisses" of the judiciary. In times of Revolution, the judiciary is in discredit. In the New China, which has just celebrated the conclusion of two years of constructive work which has inspired all Asia, young men and women are appointed as judges; and they decide cases with great fairness. Their judgments will not be considered just by States which are based on slave-owning or which are controlled by men who own the means of production. I make bold to say that the decisions of the courts of China will be more acceptable to the people of India than the decisions of the present courts of India. Justice in India is weighted against the poor man. Justice in China is weighted in

favour of the poor man. It is the job of Pandit Nehru to create in India conditions which exist in China today. If he fails, others will create the necessary conditions.

After a very long time, we in Delhi had an opportunity of witnessing a high class performance of Bharata Natyam. The dancer was Shrimati Lalitha, one of the outstanding disciples of Rukmini Devi at Kalakshetra. Lalitha is now teaching Bharata Natyam at "Sangeet Bharati" in New Delhi.

Lalitha dances with great restraint, and keeps out of her style all the cheap flings that have invaded the technique of many an otherwise good dancer. Her *tillana* was performed with dexterity and grace; and her *abhinayam* was masterly. Lalitha's performance was arranged at less than twenty four hours' notice. In Delhi, it is quite impossible to gather the musicians for a Bharata Natyam performance at so short a notice. The numbers were therefore unrehearsed with the musicians. Lalitha stepped in because the aged veteran Mushtaq



Srimathi Lalitha.

Hussain Khan of Rampur, whose concert was arranged by "Shankaar," did not turn up. Lalitha has rarely appeared before the Delhi public: but she is undoubtedly the foremost danseuse of the Capital.

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TACKLING THE LOCUST MENACE

SINCE time immemorial the farmer has had to fight the locust in order to protect his own livelihood. He has tried many methods of doing this, but still the locusts came back. Then, one day, in a research laboratory of a famous British chemical concern a chance discovery gave sudden new hope for the positive scientific control of this destructive pest. Scientists, during the war, were experimenting with the formulation of a promising new insecticide and in the laboratory were some cages containing locusts which were kept for experimental purposes. By chance some of the dust from the insecticide blew unnoticed into this locust cage and mysteriously the next day all the locusts were dead. The reason for the mysterious deaths was eventually traced to the new insecticide. Thus was discovered the amazingly effective and persistent properties of this insecticide when used against locusts.

This new discovery, which was kept as a war-time secret by the British Government, is known by the general name of B. H. C. but is more familiarly called "Gammexane." It has since its discovery been developed into one of the world's most effective remedies against locusts and has been used throughout the world with great success. At present it is being used in India by Provincial Governments under recommendation from the Central Locust Organization of the Government of India. The dusts used are formulated in India and before long a factory for their actual manufacture will be in operation near Calcutta.

Like other scourges locusts appear in the country in cycles, the present one having started in India in 1949. The same locust that invades this

country is also met with in many other neighbouring countries and its swarms are found in Afghanistan, Pakistan and Southern U.S.S.R. They are also found right across the Northern belt of Africa. Hatched from eggs laid by the female, fifty or a hundred at a time, they emerge as "hoppers" which cannot fly. They are nevertheless capable of doing considerable damage as they have hearty appetites. From the hopper stage they grow into adults with wings and are then able to fly quite long distances.

A locust cycle, similar to the one through which we are now passing, begins, and the swarms fly over the country doing crores of rupees worth of damage to crops and vegetation. The cycle lasts for several years and then gradually dies away.

To control locusts one must first of all find them. Their breeding places are normally in rather remote places and even when they are in the flying stage the swarms move so quickly around the country that it is difficult to get to the place where they alight quickly enough to do anything effective before they move on. In Pakistan, helicopters are being used and aerial spraying has recently been successfully tried in Persia. So far, aircraft have not been used for this purpose in this country but it is understood that trials will be started shortly.

Whatever means are adopted, the whole problem of tackling locust invasions is an international one. Locusts knew no boundaries and it will only be from the close co-operation of neighbouring Governments that really effective and co-ordinated plans can be formulated for their control.

A marriage dowry scheme for its women employees has brought a Manchester multiple clothing firm into the news. The firm, which is at Worsley, offers a maximum lump sum wedding gift of £100 (Rs. 1,333). Each week 6d. (5as. 4ps.) is taken out of the girls' pay packets, and to this the firm adds 2sh. (Rs. 1-5-4). Interest is at three per cent. To qualify for the sum the girls must be under 30 and have been employed at the factory for six months or more. (The girl who joins the scheme but remains a spinster is allowed her money back.)

THE PREDATORY WHITE MAN

By GEORGE YAMADA

HEMMED into 1000 square miles of arid Arizona desert, the Hopi Indian tribe live in 11 villages on high wind-swept mesas. Numbering 4500, the Hopi cultivate corn, melon and beans much as they have done for thousands of years.

Today the Hopi symbolize a rugged resistance to the enticements and brutality of civilization and a hardy survival in face of constant oppression. Their life is a saga of hardship, resistance, persecution and integrity.

How long the Hopi way can withstand the encroachments of civilization remains to be seen. While the dominant white civilization is crumbling everywhere, Hopi culture is whole and wholesome. Hopi means peaceful.

Indications pointing to the slow disintegration of the Hopi way are becoming ominously apparent. It is a story of the white man's burden—arrogant colonialism, U. S. style. Government agencies themselves abet and promote the disintegration of the Hopi people by seeking, as in the past with other Indian tribes, to dominate and subvert their culture, to incorporate them into the mainstream without their consent.

The traditional Hopi have determinedly resisted the avowed benefits of civilization—the drafting of Hopi youth into the armed forces, and the "stock reduction" program of the Indian Bureau.

The colonial devices of the Indian Bureau fall into a familiar formula. Foisting a government-conceived agency, the so-called Tribal Council, upon the Hopi, as well as imposing upon them a constitution written in Washington, the Indian Bureau bypasses a democratic tribal government which was in existence long before the arrival of the white man. It seeks a subservient tribal governing body to facilitate Washington policy. For this reason it buys "educated" Hopi youth who have been sent to government schools at tender ages.

According to the University of Arizona Bulletin:

"To this day it is the old men who are looked up to and depended upon to direct the people in all important mat-

In a covering letter to the Editor from Mexico, the author of this article, George Yamada, writes:

I greatly admire the Hopi Indians with whom this article deals. I have lived with them as one of them and have close friends among the traditional tribal leaders.

Since their struggle for freedom is similar to the Gandhian struggle and ideal, I feel it would be of interest to your readers in India.

By conviction I am a Gandhian devotee, having served five years in prison in World War II as a conscientious objector to war.

ters... In government, the village is the unit, and there is a genuinely democratic government; its laws are traditional and unwritten. Theft is almost unheard of, and the taking of life by force or laws is unknown. The Hopi live, move and have their being in religion... The social order of the people is established and maintained by way of tribal ceremonies... the very foundation of ancient wisdom... Surely no people on earth, not even the Chinese, show a more consistent reverence for the wisdom of the past.

The hereditary chiefs are not connected in any way with the Tribal Council, the government-sponsored agency whose members are generally employees of the Indian Bureau—bought and paid for—mainly recruited from a generation trained in federal Indian schools. Many Hopi children whose parents resisted their compulsory school attendance were forcibly separated from home for as long as 8 years and sent to these government schools great distances from their parents in order to destroy their traditional culture. Such was the conqueror's policy of "assimilation." Hopi resistance to alien domination is expressed by Katchongva, advisor to the chief of the village of Hotevilla:

"I have been persecuted, went through white man's jails many times, suffered hunger, was beaten up and dragged through dust. I have many times wiped my blood and tears from my face, all because I went to live my own life and remain true to my traditions and religion. White man has sought to destroy my way of life but I shall not abandon it....I wanted to stand true to the old traditions that are sacred to me and I found before me a door open to the jail. Then, when you found me, it proved to me that you were not looking for a poor Indian, a humble man. You were looking for a man of pride, a man of wealth, and your efforts were all concentrated on that man of pride and of wealth, and I, a poor man, was trampled under."

The fundamental premises of the Hopi and of Washington are irreconcilable; the premise of the Hopi is to evolve his own cultural life, to be left alone to seek his own salvation and to manage his own affairs without interference, as he has done for thousands of years; the premise of the Indian Bureau is to force the only remaining sovereign Indians into the strait jacket of the white man's civilization. It is logically and morally indefensible of Washington to suppose that the Hopi should accept its premises. The Hopi have never been at war with nor signed any treaties or agreements with the United States. They consider themselves a sovereign nation.

The psychological outlook permeating the Indian Bureau is one of master over slave. Whereas other Indian tribes have become servile in their submission, the Hopi have stubbornly refused to accept that status. They are too well aware that their submission will destroy themselves and their traditional way of life. The traditional Hopi leaders have stated:

"...be careful and watch the ways of the white man with diligence. His tongue is sweet, his hand is quick and he will not hesitate to use any means to obtain that which his heart desires. He will use tricks, rations, money and material things to defeat us in taking away our land from us. All the laws and policies he makes which at first glance may appear good and just are aimed at taking from under us our homeland. Let us not fall into their traps from which we may not be able to liberate ourselves. We must take our stand upon our own moral grounds, our wise teachings of our forefathers

and be free from all foreign doctrines and ideologies. The more we accept material gifts from the government the more we go in debt to him."

The blight of the white man's civilization has left its marks on every Indian tribe which has been bribed, tricked or coerced into submission. Every other tribe but the Hopi has been demoralized by liquor, the white man's sedative.

Without the consent or approval of the Hopi, Congress has appropriated 90 million dollars for "Navajo-Hopi rehabilitation." The Hopi strenuously object to their being pictured as starving helpless savages and being used by the Indian Bureau as bait to attract larger appropriations for the benefit of the Bureau. The hereditary leaders condemned the underhand methods used by the Indian Bureau to engineer the 90 million dollar bill. They sent a delegation to testify before the Senate appropriations committee asking that the word *Hopi* be deleted from the bill as they wanted no part of the money. Their plea was ignored. A reading of the *Congressional Record* makes clear the real reasons which motivated the sponsors of the bill.

The Indian Bureau chose two delegates to represent the Hopi tribe at the hearings on the appropriation. In handpicking two subservient Hopi, the Indian Bureau revealed its colonial strategy: it does not recognize the hereditary chieftains because the latter as true Hopi are not subservient, the Indian Bureau will recognize only those Indians who are subservient, such as the Navajo Tribal Council. Protesting against the bill, the Hopi traditional chiefs also wrote Toby Morris, chairman of the subcommittee on Indian affairs:

"In matters of grave and serious importance, all hereditary chiefs should be consulted and notified. No one village has the authority to accept or approve any project that involves the whole Hopi tribe. There are certain traditional duties and sacred missions placed upon each village.

In testifying before the Senate appropriations committee, Katchongva, chief of the Sun clan and advisor to the chief of Hotevilla village, asked that the Hopi be exempt from the 90 million dollar fraud. This venerable tribal spokesman of the

traditional Hopi, whose sincerity and poise humbles the most arrogant lawmaker, stated:

"Our people are a proud people. We have taken good care of ourselves and our lands for thousands of years. We do not need any instruction from the Indian Bureau either in government or farming. If they want any instruction from us, we will give it to them without charge.

"With the 90 million dollars, the Indian Bureau will build dams on our reservation that will not hold water, and roads for tourists to make it easier for them to come into our homes without being invited. Then the cost of these foolish and troublesome things will be charged against our people and our land. That is what the government has done in past years.

"What we are protesting against is not just a waste of your money. What we are protesting against is a desecration of the national honour of the United States. That national honour is pledged that the Hopi people would be consulted in advance before any plans for spending money on our land were sent to Congress. (Page 130, *Handbook of Federal Indian Law*). That promise, which Congress made to us on June 18, 1934, is being violated by the Indian Bureau, in this 90 million dollar bill.

"When the United States violates its pledges towards a little nation which has always lived in peace with its white brothers, the light which shines from Washington to all the nations of the world will grow dark and unclear. If that light were made clean, it would shine around the earth and bring peace and understanding to all the nations of the world. If that light grows dirty and dark, the white man's civilization will crumble into dust. That is what our wise men have said is the meaning of your atomic bombs."

Despite their strenuous objections, the "Navajo-Hopi" bill was enacted. Once more, the traditional Hopi chiefs expressed their opposition in a letter to the Indian Bureau, March 2, 1950:

"No, we are not going to sell our birthright for a few pieces of silver such as the 90 million dollars. Our land, our resources and our birthright are worth more than all the money the government of the United States may have.

"How would you like to have someone make laws and plan your life for you from afar? This Navajo-Hopi bill is being passed by the Senate and House of Representatives without our approval and against our will. Therefore whatever happens in the future

the Hopi must not be to blame but the government of the United States."

Nothing could be more misleading than the conjunction of the words *Navajo* and *Hopi*, for no two people are further apart in language, cultural tradition and moral values. The nomadic Navajo migrated from the northern plains shortly before the arrival of the white man. Now numbering about 70,000 and increasing at the rate of over a thousand a year, the Navajo have been steadily encroaching on the ancient homeland of the peaceful sedentary Hopi, causing the latter great sorrow and distress.

What is today known as the "Hopi Reservation" was created by Executive Order in 1882. The Hopi jurisdiction was 3860 square miles, set aside by President Arthur for the use and occupancy of the Hopi "and such other Indians as the Secretary of the Interior may see fit to settle thereon." The ambiguity of the Executive Order has been a source of constant friction with the aggressive Navajo. The land question is major to the Hopi. Their traditional chiefs have stated in a letter to the President of the United States, March 28, 1949:

"This land is a sacred home of the Hopi people and all the Indian race on this land. The boundaries of our land were established permanently and was written upon stone tablets which are still with us. It was given to the Hopi people the task to guard this land not by force of arms, not by killing, not by confiscating of property of others, but by humble prayers, by obedience to our traditional and religious instructions and by being faithful to our Great Spirit Massau'u."

The Hopi has never signed a treaty with the United States. Consequently, they do not recognize the arbitrary boundaries established by the 1882 Executive Order. The marauding Navajo signed a peace treaty with the United States in 1868. According to a joint report of the Hopi and Navajo agency superintendents to the Indian Bureau, dated October 7, 1943, there were "approximately 2,000 Hopi and several hundred Navajo" living within the boundaries of the newly created Hopi jurisdiction in 1882. The Hopi jurisdiction is surrounded on all sides by the vast "Navajo Reservation." But in 1943, three-fourths of the Hopi jurisdiction was officially usurped by

the Navajo with the sanction of the Indian Bureau. This collaboration of the Navajo and the Indian Bureau is not a mere accident, the Hopi believe. The Navajo has made a nice adjustment to the white man's world, the white man's standards—and the oil companies have been after leases on the Hopi jurisdiction. The tribal chiefs have stated that they will not

"lease any part of our land for oil development at this time. This land is not for leasing or for sale. This is our sacred soil. Any prospecting, drilling and leasing that is being done now is without our knowledge and consent. We will not be held responsible for it."

The Indian Claims Commission Act was enacted on August 13, 1946, to "provide an opportunity for the Hopi and other Indian tribes to tell the court their story as to what lands they may have occupied and used which were taken from them without their consent and without payment." And according to the Indian Commissioner, "unless the Hopis present their story they may never again have the opportunity of securing a remedy for any harm that has been done to them."

Six out of eleven villages have rejected a government-sponsored contract to retain a former government attorney to press claims of the Hopi tribe against the United States as authorized by the Claims Act. The expiration date for the filing of claims is August 13, 1951. The contract provided for an exclusive ten-year tenure for the tribal attorney, who explained that the terms of the contract had been previously approved by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

The Hopi villages are autonomous; there is no tribal government. This fact accounts for the survival of the obdurate Hopi nation and their traditions in face of persistent efforts to subjugate them. The contract provided for the signature of two delegates selected from each of the 11 villages, to enter into and execute the contract with the attorney on behalf of the Hopi Indians. The attorney explained that any judgment the courts may give to the Hopi would not be in land; it would be in money. But the land is sacred to the traditional Hopi. He does not want money. Opposition to the Claims Act came

from traditional tribal leaders. They said that the Hopi will not accept a few pieces of silver as bribe in exchange for their land, their sovereignty and their traditional life-way. With the sanction of the Indian Bureau, three-fourths of the Hopi jurisdiction has been usurped by the Navajo. Recalling this fact, the Hopi look upon the Indian Claims Commission Act as another device of the white man to take away land that has always been his. The traditional chiefs stated:

"We, as hereditary chieftains of the Hopi tribe, cannot and will not file any claims according to the provisions set up by the Land Claims Commission because we have never been consulted in regard to setting up these provisions. We will not ask a white man, who came to us recently, for a piece of land that is already ours. We think that white people should be thinking about asking us for a permit to build their homes upon our land."

"Now, by what authority does the government of the United States pass such laws without our knowledge, consent or approval and try to force us to relinquish our ancient rights to our land. We want a right to live as we please, as human beings. We want to have someone plan our lives for us, issue us rations, social security or other dole. Our plan of life has all been laid out for us long ago by our Great Spirit, Massau'u."

The crisis of the Hopi is economic as well as cultural. The economic distress has been accentuated by the drastic diminution of their land base, presided over by the omniscient Indian Bureau. Previously, the Hopi had possessed over a million head of sheep, which along with peach trees and melons were a legacy of Spanish rule. Today the livestock grazing of the Hopi is restricted and limited to District Six, a quarter of the Hopi jurisdiction. It is an area of one thousand square miles surrounding the villages. In 1943, the Navajo were confirmed in the use of the other three-fourths of this Hopi jurisdiction, still called officially, "Hopi Reservation."

The Hopi did not acquiesce in the enormous stock reduction program of the Collier regime, which forced all of the Hopi livestock that was formerly in the entire Hopi jurisdiction into District Six, which is one-fourth of the former area. Their herds were

then reduced on the basis of the range capacity of District Six. Previous to its stock reduction program, the Indian Bureau had urged the Hopi to increase their herds. The Hopi would not accept money for the sheep, cattle and horses that were thus confiscated.

And today the Indian Agent issues a license to the traditional village chief permitting him to graze three head of horses! There are few sheep in Hopiland today. Many Hopi as a result have been forced off the "Reservation" to find white man's work in towns. This is an aspect of the Indian Bureau's "assimilation" program. Dalahaftewa of Shungopovi village, chief of the Bear clan, highest hereditary leader in the Hopi tradition, wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs on April 8, 1930:

"Our chiefs and fathers tell us that we were the first Americans that ever established and made this place our permanent home with the view of living our lives in our own way... But, intrusion of the Navajos, coupled with the lack of justice and better understanding on the part of our white brothers account for the fact that our boundary lines have never been acknowledged or recognized by the United States Government. As a result, our land has been diminished and reduced in size to what is now called our reservation. Much to our deep regret and the frightful loss of the land we love, that confiscated area of land has officially been set aside as a "Navajo Reservation" and a public land."

The complex of white superiority is a major delusion of our time. After 424 years of support for the principle of Indian self-government, there is little Indian self-government. "How can we explain the fact that despite all the respect and reverence shown to the principle of Indian self-government across four centuries, there is so little left today of the fact of Indian self-government?" asks Felix Cohen, author of the *Handbook of Federal Indian Law* and former Solicitor in the Department of the Interior. The white man's delusion of superiority is apparent in Laura Thompson's *Culture in Crisis*, a study of the Hopi Indians, in which she writes:

"For, despite all these efforts on the part of government officials, it is generally admitted that the attempt to achieve a genuine, tribe-wide political

unity among the Hopi has thus far made little headway.... However, at least a beginning has been made toward Hopi tribal self-government."

Apparently this educated author is completely unaware that Hopi tribal self-government has been in existence long before the coming of the white man. As the oldest surviving traditional and religious form of government in America, a theocracy with authority vested in hereditary tribal chieftains, it is a true democracy with no written laws, no police, prisons, paid politicians or taxation. A government more democratic or police-free has not existed anywhere in the world, before its attempted subjugation by the white man.

Here are people who do not live by the white man's rule of money. Here are people whose lives are rooted deeply in a religious explanation of their origin. Here are people with roots that go down deep to their very origin as a tribe, a people of great simplicity and humbleness, which, however exploited, is their wisdom and their greatness. That they "do not fight droughts and famines with money but with our humble prayers for more rain and forgiveness for our wrongdoings," expresses their total religious integration. "Our land will bloom again if our hearts and souls are right and clean," the traditional tribal chiefs have stated. Writing to the President of the United States, they explained:

"The Hopi form of government was established solely upon religious and traditional grounds. The divine plan of life in this land was laid down for us by our Great Spirit, Massau'u. This plan cannot be changed. The Hopi life is all set according to the fundamental principles of life of this divine plan. We cannot do otherwise but follow this plan. There is no other way for us."

"Thoroughly acquainted with the wisdom and knowledge of our traditional form of government and our religious principles, sacredly authorized and entrusted to speak, act, and to execute our duties and obligations for all the common people throughout this land of the Hopi nation, in accordance with the fundamental principles of life, life which was laid down for us by our Great Spirit Massau'u, and by our forefathers...."

"We speak truths that are based upon our own tradition and religion. We speak as the first people of this land

you call America. And we speak to you a white man, the last people who came to our shores seeking freedom of worship, speech, assembly and a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And we are speaking to all the American Indian people.

"Now we cannot understand why since its establishment the government of the United States has taken over everything we owned either by force, bribery, trickery, and sometimes by reckless killing, making themselves very rich, and after all these years of neglect of the American Indians have the courage today in announcing to the world a plan which will convert the country's 400,000 Indians into 'full, tax-paying citizens under State jurisdiction.'

"Are you ever going to be satisfied with all the wealth you have now because of us the Indians? There is something terribly wrong with your system of government because after all these years, we the Indians are still licking on the bones and crumbs that fall to us from your tables. Have you forgotten the meaning of Thanksgiving Day?

"We have met all other rich and powerful nations who have come to our shores, from the early Spanish Conquistadores down to the present government of the United States, all of whom have used force in trying to wipe out our existence here in our own home. We want to come to our destiny in our own way. We have no enemy.

"We will neither show our bows and arrows to anyone at this time. This is our only way to everlasting life and happiness. Our tradition and religious

training forbid us to harm, kill, molest anyone. We, therefore, ob, to our boys being forced to be trained for war to become murderers and destroyers. What nation which has taken up arms ever brought peace and happiness to its people?"

Within the last two years, the Hopi traditional chiefs have sent five letters to the President of the United States protesting against the drafting of their sons into the armed force. A recent letter from the mothers and fathers of Hopi youth who have been conscripted into the army stated that since they would not eat their sons or daughters, neither would they "accept money from the government should one of them be killed on foreign soil."

Apologists for the Indian Bureau are numerous and well-financed but the sole spokesmen for the Hopi are their wise and trusted hereditary chiefs who assume the grave tribal responsibilities without pay and till their fields like other Hopi.

Indian Bureau apologists dismiss as "too complex" the essence of the Hopi and Indian problem: self-determination. The Indian Bureau cannot give self-determination to the Hopi. All it can do is get out of the way. Gandhi demanded the same self-determination from English oppression for the Asian Indian that the American Indian demands from the United States Indian Bureau—that the Hopi have always demanded for all people.

A WAY OUT

It is advisable to make honest and strenuous efforts to have something done by the present Government, instead of waiting for its overthrow. Given helpful criticism, disinterested advice and the active co-operation of others, the present Government may be expected to tackle more effectively the problems which seem to baffle it now.

But opposition parties cannot take up such an attitude. They are formed with the purpose of replacing the present Government on the ground that political power is the precondition for implementing any party programme. A way out of this vicious circle must be found if the fate of the people is not to be left indefinitely to the tender mercies of party politicians who are more concerned with power than with getting done, here and now, whatever can be done within the limitations of the given circumstances.

The purpose will be served by electing to the Parliament and States Legislative Assemblies some men and women who are not associated with any party, who will influence the political life of the country through a helpful opposition without desiring to be in the office themselves.—**M. N. ROY** in *The Statesman*.

LAST OF THE FOUR MUSKETEERS

By E. K. R.

WALKING along the Marina one fine morning last month I bumped into a tall, wry, athletic figure who came running briskly from the opposite direction. Stepping aside to apologise I discovered that it was none other than C. R. Rangachari, the last of the four musketeers of Madras cricket. Then I remembered that Nigel Howard and his men were due to arrive next month and Rangachari as usual had begun his training a couple of months in advance of the season.

Good old Rangachari is now in the Poona camp for Test cricketers and from the accounts in the press he seems to be doing very well. The question here on everyone's lips is "Will he find a place in Test matches against the M.C.C.?" At a time when there is a dearth of fast bowlers in this country, Rangachari, a genuine fast bowler, who has demonstrated his pace even on the heartbreaking Bra-bourne wicket should, if he touches form, find no difficulty in securing a place unless parochial or provincial influences come to play. As an express bowler his chief weapon is not speed but a lovely break back which, while in form, he could often produce to beat the best batsman in the world. Added to all this Rangachari is a brilliant fieldsman, especially at silly mid-off, a department of the game in which some of our leading cricketers are hopelessly below standard. Another quality in him is that he is a great trier. But he does not believe in wasting his energy on the small fry and thus discards opportunities of bettering his analysis on paper. A player of moods—some days he is masterful spreadeagling wickets in quick succession, and on other occasions, he seems listless. But he has never been known to have bowled shabbily or fielded miserably. His tremendous stamina enables him to go on pegging length at one end for hours on end without getting tired even on a dead pitch. All these stamp him out as a cricketer of test class.

Some critics hold that Rangachari is too old for Test cricket and others

that he is only a medium fast bowler. Simply because one has been playing first class cricket for nearly a decade, one should not be condemned as too old for cricket. On the other hand the fact that he has been doing consistently well for the past ten years in the Ranji Trophy and other first class fixtures should reflect credit on his stamina and ability. To be precise, Rangachari is 35, and even for an Indian should have at least five more years of first class cricket before him. A policeman by profession he has of necessity to be cent per cent physically fit. Here it will not be out of place to point out that good physique and stamina are a gift which many of our first class cricketers seem to lack though it is so essential for Test cricket. The best answer for the other criticism that he is only a medium fast bowler is given when stumps get uprooted and go hurtling yards back every time Ranga clean bowls a batsman. A medium fast bowler does not often do it. Surely the bowler who pierced the defence of Denis Compton, and that of batsmen like Keith Miller, Neil Harvey, Arthur Morris, and Amarnath; who bowled and broke the stumps of the great George Headley, and who only just failed to achieve the greatest triumph which any bowler in the world could aspire for, when he made the immortal Don Bradman himself edge a catch to the slips which was missed and morally bowled him with another that took the varnish off the stumps, could not by any stretch of imagination be described as a mere ordinary medium fast bowler. The greatest moment of his life was when Don Bradman walked into the pavillion and congratulated him "on his lion-hearted effort."

The sunshine and magic of the air of Chepauk has gone into his blood. He is the last of the four musketeers of Madras cricket, whose happy hunting ground was Chepauk. But he has been luckier than the other three, Gopalan, Ram Singh and G. Parthasarathi. In Gopalan's heyday Indian cricket was in the hands of Maharajas and princes who played ducks and

drakes with it, and the services of a grand cricketer was not utilised. That classic left-hander, Ram Singh, of whom I have heard renowned critics say "a greater all-rounder than Vinoo Mankad, while at his best" was the victim of parochial and provincial prejudices, even before an injury to his knee cap put him out of the game. G. P. was a genuine class googly bowler and a batsman with an ideal temperament who would have adorned test cricket had he taken to the game seriously. But journalism claimed him more.

It must be said to the credit of

Rangachari that he utilised the opportunities that came his way both at Australia and on the few big occasions here, to give his best. Today of his two rivals Phadkar and Choudhry, the former will walk into the Test team by virtue of his batting ability. Choudhry, after a course at Gover School, is said to have remedied "the suspected throw,"—a defect in his action. He is also said to have improved his fielding which was very poor. As a fast bowler of some experience and a brilliant field Rangachari's chances should be bright provided he does not lose his form.

ELEPHANTS AND THEIR WAYS

By P. SHANTARAM RAU

ELEPHANTS are now very much in the news. Shy and retiring by disposition, they have for once come in for a lot of publicity, thanks to our Prime Minister who seems to have found in these dumb animals more ambassadorial qualities than among his own race! His convictions do not seem to be wrong, for we know fully well that these animals whom we sent to different countries as gifts have not proved to be 'white elephants'! The world seems to have become 'elephant-minded' and recently wide press publicity was given in England to the activities of 'Raja,' the male elephant of the London Zoo who ran amok and had to be shot. This tragic incident culminated in the inexplicable death of his mate 'Rani' on the 17th of July 1951. Reliable reports from London characterise this second calamity as a case of 'elephanticide' by some unknown person. The detectives of Scotland Yard seem to be now on the trail of this mysterious killer who had the callousness to poison this noble animal with a large dose of lead acetate!

With so much of interest being evinced in elephants these days, it is worthwhile for us to know something about these giant quadrupeds who are incomparable in their size and majesty and who are unique in the nobility of their physical and mental characteristics.

In the world of today there are

only two well-defined species of living elephants. One of them is the Indian or Asiatic species—*Elephas maximus* (indicus)—found in the forests of South-West and North-East India, Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Indo-China, Sumatra and Java. These have their natural home in the denser parts of forests, but they occasionally come into the open in the rainy season to feed on tender grass. The other living species is the African elephant—*Loxodonta africana*—living in the woody districts of Africa, south of the Sahara desert. The African elephant differs from its Indian cousin in its greater size, enormous ears, lower forehead, larger tusks and peculiar grinding teeth. Unlike the Indian elephant which is obedient and docile and is easily tamed, the *Loxodonta* is unruly and almost untamable.

Elephants live in herds excepting occasionally when a stray male becomes intractable and is called a 'rogue.' This rogue elephant shuns the company of others and leads an isolated existence. Elephants display remarkable intelligence which compares very favourably with that of another mammal, the dog. They have an uncanny memory, especially of injuries and insults, real or fancied, and are known to be extremely vengeful. They can easily distinguish between friend and foe and can be loyal and obedient, performing com-

plex labours for their masters. The male elephants, however, are subject to frequent fits of ill-temper, especially during periods of nervous or sexual excitement, when they run amok and become a menace to life and property and often have to be destroyed.

Structurally, the elephant exhibits a number of special features suited to its environmental needs. These include the great size which makes it the largest living terrestrial animal, the pillar-like stumpy legs lacking angularities, the very short neck, the long prehensile trunk which combines in itself the nose and the upper lip, the thick skin with scanty hair, the skull which is taller than broad and contains numerous air-spaces to render its burden lighter, the teeth which are large and consequently few in number for want of space in the jaws, the absence of the canine teeth, the presence of large tusks which grow indefinitely and which are the enlarged upper incisor teeth and the small eyes which do not make for acute vision but which are compensated by the development of a keen sense of smell and hearing.

The tusks of the Indian elephant appear to be fast getting reduced, probably due to their rather infrequent use. The male usually has better developed tusks than the female.

The earliest known fossil ancestor of the elephant is the *Moeritherium* which was unearthed from the Fayum desert of Libya. Its skull showed a short face with an elongated middle portion. It had four small tusks and there was no indication of a trunk. The *Moeritherium* seems to have later migrated to Asia, Europe and South America.

Following the *Moeritherium*, another form called *Palaeomastodon* seems to have come into being whose fossils were also obtained from the Libyan desert and later from the Siwalik Hills of North India. This form resembled our modern elephant, but it possessed canine teeth and had an elongated lower jaw.

Next to the *Palaeomastodon*, remains of an aberrant form, *Dinotherium*, have been discovered. It had only two tusks and seems to have fed on succulent vegetation.

The next extinct form in the series is the *Mastodon* with a world-wide distribution. It had a long run of life on earth and was an active migrant. It was of the same size as the modern Indian elephant with prominent tusks in the male and with shortened lower jaw.

The *Mastodons* were replaced by the *Stegodons* which were taller, with massive curved tusks. (These prehistoric elephants have been depicted in the new postage stamps issued in our country early this year to commemorate the centenary of the Geological Survey of India). The *Stegodons* were abundant all over Asia and numerous fossils have been obtained. They were the immediate ancestors of our modern Indian elephants.

In earlier times, elephants were to be found in Europe and America. But none of them has survived the ravages of time. The American forms had spiral tusks which actually crossed at their tips and thus rendered them useless as organs for digging, or for offence and defence. The woolly mammoth was another elephant which thrived in the Arctic regions. This had a woolly or shaggy coat of hair on the body which enabled it to withstand the extreme cold. But, in spite of this, the mammoth became extinct in course of time. There is evidence to show that the mammoth was a contemporary of man in the early days of his existence on this earth. Prehistoric man has left behind drawings of mammoths on the walls of the caves in which he lived.

The causes that led to the extinction of the early elephants appear to have been purely natural being the result of geological changes and sudden variations of climate. Our modern elephants too have to face a threat of extinction sooner or later. The African elephant is gradually becoming rarer and rarer on account of man's greed and avarice and unless adequate steps are taken to prevent the killing of elephants for their valuable ivory, the African elephant will soon become a thing of the past. In India also, the same problem confronts us and it should be our endeavour to keep this great race of animals alive for years to come and to cherish them as one of the choicest gifts which Nature has bestowed upon our country.

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

By Dr. C. S. Panchabhai

"MEHTAB is a good girl, Akbar Ali. You were quite happy with her when you were married, weren't you?" queried Dr. Zubeda Begum.

Akbar Ali saw that though his sister's tone was accusing, her whole demeanour was sympathetic.

"I must have been mad then," he told her, "like all young men."

Dr. Zubeda Begum turned grave. A cloud of anxiety darkened her fair face.

"I've a number of Hindu and Christian friends whose wives don't observe purdah before me," he said. "You can ask any one about my temperament. I ask, when I'm so courteous with them all, why should I lose my temper with Mehtab alone?"

"Because she's your wife," smiled Dr. Zubeda Begum sadly. "Perhaps that's man's nature. I've seen many husbands like you, Akbar Ali. They're known for their chivalry outside. But they're extremely intolerant of their own wives. In fact, if you want to know a man's real nature, just take his wife into your confidence and ask her."

Akbar Ali made a wry face. He had not the courage to contradict his sister.

"Try to be just half as tolerant of your wife as you're of the wives of others," she said placidly, "and give me your impressions of Mehtab at the end of this week."

With this solemn advice she took her stethoscope and quietly walked away.

Akbar Ali returned home thoroughly disappointed. He did not go to office that day, but kept to his room nursing his grievances in his bosom. He was annoyed with his sister, too. She had laid the whole blame at his door and was not prepared to believe that Mehtab was in the wrong. This only served to make him more angry with poor Mehtab. "Well," he mocked, "I must try to be tolerant of her."

At about half past three Mehtab brought his tea, placed the cup before him and withdrew.

Akbar Ali took a sip. It was nauseatingly bad and he put the cup away. The taste reminded him of the tea he was offered by Mrs. Joshi the other day. It was equally bad, perhaps even worse. But he had taken the whole cup quite cheerfully, protesting, in spite of Mr. Joshi, that it was not so bad after all. And Mrs. Joshi, with an arch glance at Mr. Joshi, had remarked that she wished her husband would be as tolerant as he was.

Akbar Ali sighed. He took the cup and put it to his lips. But every sip increased his disgust for the tea and his disgust for Mehtab who had prepared it. "I must try to be tolerant of her," he sneered and gulping the contents down his throat deposited the cup on the floor, greatly relieved.

But there she was coming with the kettle again. In another minute she was pouring it out into the emptied cup. He looked at her and made an effort to steady his irritated nerves. But the nauseating taste came back into his mouth at the sight of the tea and he suddenly lost his temper. Glancing at Mehtab with his blood-shot eyes, he took the cup in his hand and hurled it into a corner so that it broke with a thud and a splash.

Mehtab started back. She looked mournfully at the remains of the cup and ventured to murmur, "I told you the dust was bad. You ought to have brought the leaf."

Husbands, schoolmasters and Governments seldom acknowledge their faults.

"You never told me to buy leaf," he protested angrily.

"Oh, I did. I say so on oath," she pleaded.

"Clear out," he roared menacingly.

The terrified Mehtab gathered the porcelain pieces and quietly walked out of her infuriated husband's presence.

Akbar Ali threw himself into a chair, quietening his agitated nerves. He told himself that it was impossible to keep temper with Mehtab. Whatever she did, whatever she spoke irritated him. The prejudices, the misunderstandings, the bitterness, had grown until home was sweet home no longer.

As he lay brooding over his sad lot, the blissful, almost paradisaical, first year of his married life loomed before his eyes like a distant, forgotten dream. He was completely happy with Mehtab then. She seemed almost like an angel, always sweet and loving and wise. He must have been mad then. But he could not continue to be mad all his life. It was impossible to pull on happily together with Mehtab.

Akbar Ali rose from his chair and put on his coat. Whither should he go? To Joshi's?

He was passing the kitchen when he heard Mehtab's faint voice.

"May I know when you will return?"

"I won't take my meal this evening," he snarled, and hastened to the door.

"But....."

He looked back, without turning.

"Mrs. Khan said I should accompany her to see that picture Star and Shadow."

"Oh, that picture?" he raged. "Tell Mrs. Khan that it is my opinion no decent lady should ever see it."

"But you told me you visited it for the third time with Mr. and Mrs. Joshi and that even Mrs. Joshi enjoyed it."

Akbar Ali could not help being infuriated with Mehtab. He walked out and slammed the door behind him.

In his excitement he went to Dr. Zubeda Begum and rushing into her room like a gust of wind growled, "Zubeda Begum, I simply can't live with Mehtab."

Dr. Zubeda Begum was writing a letter. There was tenderness in her eyes as she looked up at her brother.

"Send her to me for a fortnight," she said calmly.

That very evening, Akbar Ali escorted Mehtab to his sister's residence.

The fortnight passed very miserably. The minor scavenging duties of the household, the insipid food of the restaurant, the pressure of work in

the office, all helped to grate on his nerves. Then there were moments when the virtuous youth, married only three years, wanted Mehtab very badly.

He was annoyed, almost wild. Had Mehtab any idea of his discomforts? Perhaps, she was glad to be relieved of him. Could he ever be happy with such a wife?

Never! Never! They were so different from each other.

And yet, as the cock crowed on the first morning at the end of the fortnight, he eagerly hoped that Mehtab would come home and cook his morning meal.

But she did not.

The next morning he heard the familiar electric horn at his door. He rushed out in his eagerness to see Mehtab, but found only Dr. Zubeda Begum at the steering wheel.

He looked at her impatiently. His lips simply quivered to utter an enquiry about Mehtab.

"I've sent Mehtab to her father's place, Akbar Ali," Dr. Zubeda Begum told him. "I'm afraid she won't come back. It's extremely difficult to cement split minds."

Akbar Ali stared at his sister, moistening his lips. The news was too unexpected.

"But I don't want you to stay without a wife for long," she added. "Ameena is here. She came from her village yesterday. I'll try to introduce you to her. The trouble is that she's so orthodox she can't be persuaded to come out into the verandah without a veil." She stopped, reflected, and said, "We'll visit a theatre to-night. Second Show. Come to my place at about nine."

The day did not pass so miserably. Only it was rather too long.

Inevitably, Akbar Ali was thinking of Ameena. All the facts he knew about her revolved in his mind. He had heard that she was a beautiful girl though he had no occasion to see her. Ameena's poor father had actually sold her to that old debauch, Tayabaji. But Tayabaji was still alive. He had cancer of the liver. He and Dr. Zubeda Begam's husband were both in Bombay for three months. Only last week he learnt from Mr. Khan who had just returned from Bombay that Tayabaji was expected to live for a couple of months more.

at the most. Was it his sister's plan to introduce young Ameena to him early enough?

Perhaps Ameena was sure to marry as soon as Tayabaji died. Already there were rumours about her. She had an affair with Tayabaji's manager within four months of her marriage. Last year when she came to stay with Dr. Zubeda Begum for a fortnight, she was caught flirting with her cook. But that was not her fault. She was just twenty-one and Tayabaji was past fifty-five. How could she be happy with him? Surely, if she came to marry him....

His whole being tingled with excitement, it would be some long weary months before Ameena could be his. Oh, the nauseating food of the restaurant!

At a quarter past nine, Dr. Zubeda Begum bundled Akbar Ali into the car after Ameena and took her seat at the steering wheel.

As the car started, Akbar Ali felt like a prisoner in a paradise. Between him and the beautiful Ameena, covered from head to foot in a rich snuff-coloured veil, was a bare twelve inch space. The delicate perfume that emanated from her permeated his whole being and stirred his youthful impulses frightfully. He stole a few futile glances at his future bride and finally sat as stiffly in his seat as she was in hers.

Ameena's graceful posture as she quickly slid into the car was dancing before his dazed eyes. The snuff-coloured veil, the green, embroidered sandals, the beautiful diamond ring that sparkled on her long delicate finger as she put out her hand while climbing into the car....

The theatre was in sight. Akbar Ali threw a swift side glance to his left and was thrilled to notice that Ameena's eyes were feasting on him. That was very encouraging.

The car pulled up. Akbar Ali alighted and promptly held the door open to Ameena. His eyes greedily watched for the sparkle of the diamond ring. But, to his disappointment, Ameena did not put out her hand this time.

Akbar Ali bought the tickets and proceeded to the staircase. He followed Ameena closely. Soon they were seated in a box, Dr. Zubeda Begum perching between him and Ameena.

Akbar Ali had no interest in the picture, which he had seen half a dozen times in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Joshi. He was interested in Ameena. He watched her stealthily out of the corner of his eye and persuaded himself that she, too, was as little interested in the picture as he was. He even told himself that she was as much interested in him as he was in her. It was sheer happiness. How he wished that Dr. Zubeda Begum had not interposed herself between them!

The interval came. Akbar Ali glanced at Ameena and enquired of his sister whether he might order ice cream or soda or pan. But Dr. Zubeda Begum curtly said that she wanted nothing. Should he ask her to enquire of Ameena? He dared not.

Just then Dr. Zubeda Begum was called by a lady friend standing half a dozen rows off in front and she left to see her. Should he now enquire if Ameena needed anything? At least a glass of cold water? He ventured to turn to Ameena when, to his excitement, she put out her hand and Akbar Ali saw that she was holding out a bida to him.

With a suspicious glance at Dr. Zubeda Begum and a loudly beating heart he took the bida and thrust it into his mouth. He felt proud at this significant gesture from Ameena and admired her boldness. Suppose Dr. Zubeda Begum had seen her?

He reassured himself that she had not. What a coward he was!

The interval was over. Akbar Ali's soul was floating in the air. He was convinced that Ameena liked him. He was sure she would make an excellent wife for him. What a romantic girl she was! He admired her prudence and foresight in bringing a bida for him. Obviously she had planned this venture at home and was waiting for her chance. This meant that she was all the while thinking of him and of him alone.

Akbar Ali was thrilled to his core. The play was over. The theatre was flooded with light. Dr. Zubeda Begum swiftly stepped out of the box and made for the staircase. But Akbar Ali could not leave Ameena alone. He waited for her to rise. Meanwhile the exit from the box was blocked by the spectators making for the stair-case in an irregular crowd.

They all looked at him and at Ameena. Akbar Ali flattered himself with the thought that everybody looked upon Ameena as his wife. He felt exuberantly happy. He was tempted to look back. But Ameena's delicate perfume was too close to him.

They reached home at about midnight. Zubeda Begum showed him into a room at one end of the verandah where a bed was already prepared for him. Then pushing a small door that communicated with another room she disappeared into the darkness in front.

Akbar Ali switched off the light and laid himself on his bed. He yawned; his lids were heavy but thoughts about Ameena kept him awake in his bed for long.

Would she haunt him in his dream?

Half asleep in his bed Akbar Ali fancied that he had heard the call bell. In another minute Zubeda Begum's voice came to his ears from the verandah. "It's a couple of weeks too early," she was saying.

"Must be some delivery case," Akbar Ali told himself indifferently.

He heard the whirr of the car disappearing into the stillness of the midnight and he closed his eyes again.

Akbar Ali thought he heard some noise and started. Seized with a sudden vague fear, he strained his ears for further sounds. There was a creaking of the door, then footsteps, very light footsteps. His breath quickened and his heart pounded fiercely against his ribs. He did not dare to open his eyes. But he knew from the familiar perfume that Ameena was in his room.

He was excited. He was mad. Before he could gather his befogged wits, Ameena had slipped into his arms.

Akbar Ali woke up late next morning. He got up in an atmosphere of shame and guilt hanging about him. His first thought was, when Dr. Zubeda Begum returned, did she find Ameena in her bed? And if she did not... she was sure to raise hell and spit at both Ameena and himself.

His eyes fell on Ameena's ring lying on the floor of his room. Quickly he concealed it in his pocket.

He was terribly afraid now. Dr. Zubeda Begum was sure to notice the ring missing from Ameena's finger. It had shone so prominently there.

Akbar Ali came out into the verandah and saw Dr. Zubeda Begum in her consulting room. Their eyes met. But he turned his guilty face away.

He went to the bath room, brushed his teeth, washed his face and stood before the looking glass. His guilt was still there, writ large on his face. He blushed to the roots of his hair.

He became painfully conscious of Ameena's diamond ring in his pocket. He wanted to return it to her. Where was she?

Guiltily, he looked about for her. When he could see her nowhere, he threw himself languidly on a sofa. Soon a servant brought his tea. He was sipping it indifferently when Dr. Zubeda Begum stood before him.

He glanced at her. Sheer instinct told him that she knew everything. She was looking at his guilt. He shivered.

He turned his face away but almost immediately felt a sympathetic touch on his shoulder. "Akbar Ali," said Dr. Zubeda Begum softly, "you're simple as a child. To suppose that I should ever closet you with a wicked girl like Ameena—I, of all the women in the world! My dear boy, it was only Mehtab who was with us yesterday!"

Akbar Ali turned to his sister with a shock of surprise. There was tenderness in her voice. There was tenderness in her eyes, too. They were kind, affectionate, forgiving.

"Mehtab is as good as ever," she was remarking with a pathetic tremor in her voice that touched him deeply. "You can still love her. You can still be happy with her. You will be a brute to show her the door."

Minutes passed in silence. Akbar Ali was feeling completely stupefied. When at last he looked at his sister he found her so loving, so motherly, so gentle.

But he was feeling all the more guilty now. He thought he had sinned against Mehtab. He began to feel that he could not show his face to her, could never stand erect before her, when he heard sobs close behind him. Turning he saw his poor, neglected wife Mehtab, and rushed to her at once, forgetting that Dr. Zubeda Begum was still watching them.

The latter turned back, though, with a chuckle of triumph.

ARE HUMAN BEINGS NECESSARY?

By **BERTRAND RUSSELL**

I hardly know whether to be more annoyed by the stupidity or the cleverness of human beings. Stupidity leads them to become Communists, and cleverness leads them to invent the atom bomb. But the atom bomb is child's play in comparison with what scientists have in store for us in the next war.

Dr. Norbert Wiener, in a book of enormous importance, *The Human Use of Human Beings*, which has long been published in America, has set forth in grave tones the perils facing the human race as the result of his labours and those of some other ingenious people.

He tells us that the use of human beings in production is hopelessly out of date, except for the sole purpose of inventing machines, which will, of course, be made by machinery. In a motor-car factory, for example, there will be a machine at each point on the assembly line instead of a live person. Somebody will have to press the button, but after that everything will go on by itself.

Advantages

There will be great advantages in this system. The machines will never get tired, and will not want holidays or demand extra pay for overtime, and if they have been properly constructed they will have no trade union organisation, though this is a point on which the manufacturers will have to be careful.

All this, according to Dr. Wiener, is not a dim and distant prospect in some imaginary future; it is, according to him, what will actually happen during the next world war, if it takes place. So long as the war lasts, the machines will not cause unemployment, since the men whom they liberate can be sent to die on the plains of Central Europe. But when the war ends, the survivors on returning home will find that there is nothing to do.

Factory owners will tell them that they are lucky not to have been killed in the war, and that they had better die quietly. Such, at least, is appa-

rently the prospect in the United States. It is to be supposed that the returning veterans will find this prospect somewhat uninviting, and that in an overwhelming new Luddite movement they will smash all the mechanical brains into which the employers will have put their capital.

What, meanwhile, will have been happening in Britain? When Trade Unionists become aware of the danger they will probably make it a condition of loyal service in the war that pre-war forms of production shall be revived at the end.

Technical Progress

If they do this, and if there is any country where the machines have conquered, that country will swamp the world with cheap goods or, if tariffs are put up, with guided missiles to blow-up the old-fashioned factories that still house human beings. In the long run, it is no use to oppose technical progress, and if work can be done more cheaply by the machines, we must learn to adapt ourselves to this fact, as happened in the previous industrial revolution.

If this new and more thorough-going revolution is not to cause vast and unexampled misery, we shall have to change some of the fundamental assumptions upon which the world has been run ever since civilisation began.

Some people are fond of the maxim 'If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.' This maxim has never been applied to the upper classes, but only to the lower orders.

Exodus tells us how the Israelites had to work to get access to the flesh-pots of Egypt; but Pharaoh and his butler and his butler's wife enjoyed a life of leisure.

If the world is to be happy in spite of almost all the work being done by machines, we shall have to learn to view the ordinary population as in the past only kings and lords were viewed—that is to say, as people who enjoy elegant idleness, because they are supported by slave labour.

Only in this case, the slaves will be machines, which will have no feelings, and can lay no claims to the Rights of Man.

National Dividend

All that is necessary is an extension of the principle now embodied in unemployment benefit; that is to say, people must be paid for willingness to work, even if they are not called upon to do any work.

The machines will turn out a certain national dividend of goods, and these goods will be divided among the population. There will, no doubt, still be some work; occasionally a machine will get out of order; some technicians will have to think out ways of improving the machines; and somebody will have to settle what goods they are to produce.

Perhaps an hour a day will represent the amount of human labour that will be necessary, and whoever is willing to do this very small amount of work will have a right to his share of the national dividend. This, at least, is what people would do if they were sensible, but I doubt if they will reach this solution until they have enjoyed some 50 years or more of class war.

There is another, and perhaps even graver danger which is involved in the substitution of robots for human beings. The inventing of the robots will be an extremely skilled job, and those who are engaged upon it will form an elite in the employment of the holders of power.

Wherever there is not a very complete democracy these holders of power will be able to rivet upon the population a despotism more absolute even than that which now exists in Russia.

Political agitation would be extremely difficult if it involved opposition to the governing clique. The governing clique will, of course, make machines that can utter extraordinarily eloquent political speeches with all the appropriate gestures, and the machines can be taken from meeting to meeting without ever getting tired or hoarse, as human politicians do. Nor can they be intimidated by having rotten tomatoes thrown at them, or even rotten eggs.

Their intrepid rhetoric may be expected to win the day, and send the population flocking to the polls in support of the beneficent masters whose noble purposes the robots will have so clearly expounded. All this will happen if the robots are introduced before there is a thorough understanding of the importance of democracy, and of the danger to which the new technique will expose it.

If such misfortunes are to be avoided, there will be need of new thought, not only as to politics, but as to the purposes of human life and the basis of morality. It is absurd that any evil should result from labour-saving devices.

Mankind has invented an economic system which was based upon the assumption that if we were all to survive most of us must work much harder than anybody likes to.

Our system involved penalties for idleness, because idle men, if they survived, survived through the labour of others. But when all this labour is no longer necessary, we need a different outlook, an outlook which has been common in the past among aristocracies, but has been thought only suitable for them. There will still be things that machines cannot do.

They will not produce great art or great literature or great philosophy; they will not be able to discover the secret springs of happiness in the human heart; they will know nothing of love and friendship. These things have in the past been squeezed out of most lives by the necessity for daily toil, but in future this will be unnecessary.

If Men Are Wise.....

We shall learn a better standard of values by observing what can and what cannot be done by the machines. The machines will be pastmasters at arithmetic, so that children at school will no longer have to spend miserable hours on the multiplication table.

Schools, instead of preparing the pupils for a life of drudgery, will teach them to sing and dance, to act plays, to paint pictures, and to feel for each other the spontaneous affection that flows from the abundance of happiness.

This is what men will do if they are wise, but if they are not wise, they will regard the machines as affording opportunities for increasing the size of armies, and riveting upon degraded populations a slavery to cruel despots more frightful than anything that mankind have hitherto known. This momentous choice may be upon us within the next few years, and almost certainly will be upon us before the end of the present century.

I think it is time that statesmen and leaders of opinion began to be aware of this issue. It will be of little use to defeat the Russians if, in the course of doing so, we establish a system not unlike theirs, but even worse. And if Dr. Wiener is to be believed, this is by no means improbable.

ELECTIONS AND ELECTION POLITICS?

By Dr. J. C. KUMARAPPA

VALUES dictated by belligerent conditions differ from those demanded by peace. To a soldier a rock affords a hiding place and a shelter from enemy fire, a hillside will enable him to cover his enemy from advantageous heights. But to a farmer a rock is so much unproductive surface, hindering his furrows running straight. He wants no hiding place nor sloping fields. His purpose is not waging war but production to supply his needs. He wants his soft soil to be open to sun and rain and the surface flat enough to retain sufficient moisture. The same is the case in the field of politics.

While we were fighting British Imperialism we had recourse to a certain strategy. In personnel the city people had definite advantages. The lawyers, physicians, professors and students presented a formidable front which looked impregnable. They needed little or no time in preparation for the wordy warfare on the platform. Hence such men were recruited in large numbers and given a short training in group discipline through congenial mass drill under the Charkha programme. To what extent all this proved successful his-

Science is more and more emancipating mankind from bondage to physical nature. As men become emancipated from this bondage they tend to bring with them the slave mentality appropriate to an earlier time.

In the earlier time we had to do things because they were necessary to survival. In the new time which lies before us there will not be this outward necessity, and we shall have to choose activities that have value on their own account, and not merely as a means to food.

If we are to adapt ourselves to these new circumstances we shall need more awareness than we have needed in the past, of the ends of life and of what it is that makes the existence of man worth while.—(*Everybody's Weekly*).

tory has now recorded in the inauguration of the Indian Republic.

We have now turned the corner and a new situation faces us. Our problem is not to turn out a foreign imperialism but to build up, out of a culturally disintegrated population with a history of several centuries of slavery, a self-respecting nation, which will pull its weight in the council of nations for the betterment of humanity and the advancement of civilization.

The personnel for this programme will differ according to the work to be done. We have now adult franchise. Every head counts and the largest number of them are in the villages. Therefore our field of political labours has to be shifted to the rural areas. The subject-matter to be dealt with is not British imperial history but the vital problems facing the villagers. Hence the present day politician, to be effective, must be well versed in rural life and should be able to present a scheme of rural development that will satisfy the villagers and bring them economic and social relief. For these purposes who should be better qualified than the villager himself?

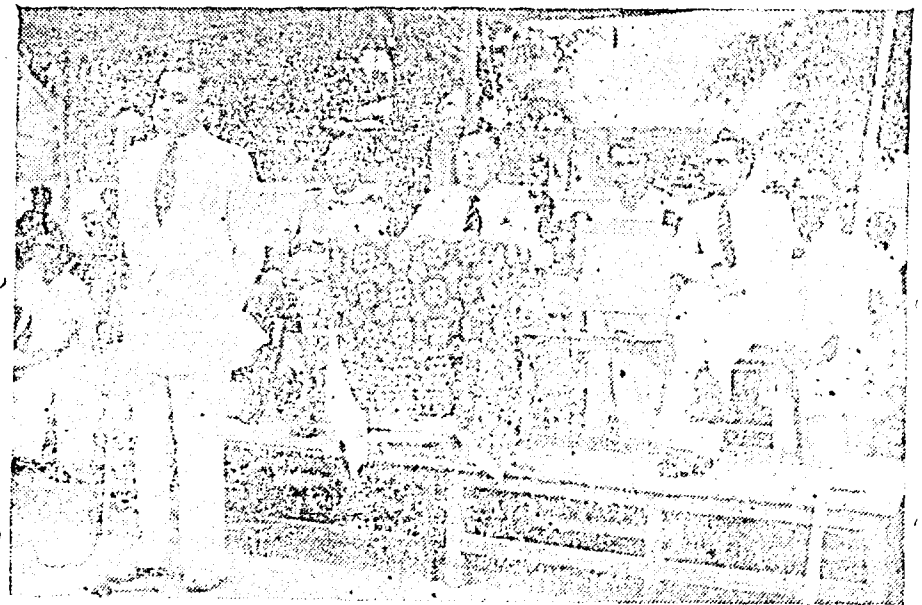
Unfortunately, these differences in the political field before and after Swaraj were not appreciated and the soldiers who fought the British imperialists, were left in the saddle, with the effect that their notions do not help in any way to solve today's problems. Therefore, what is needed is not a wordy manifesto or flowery poetical ideals, but a grip of the rural life and its needs.

To this end those who would interest themselves in politics should burn their boats and settle in villages, identify themselves with the villagers and take up rural problems as their own and thoroughly understand the situation, gain the confidence of the villagers and work up the democratic organization from below. Agriculture being the principal occupation in the village, politicians should take it up or be closely associated with it.

The days when the "white-collared" gentry could dabble in politics are gone. The times have changed and demand different tactics. The Congress has failed to show any adapta-

bility to the difference in environment and circumstances and is not responsive to public opinion. Hence its days are numbered. If any other body wishes to serve the nation it should formulate its programme to suit the present environment. It should go to the villages, abandon the Delhi mentality and accept the rural way of approach to the problems facing us. Power politics can serve us no longer. What we need is an approach through service. The village voter has to be educated to appreciate the change in his own status and responsibility and shown the way to discharge his duties properly. Hobnobbing with city life will not help matters.

We trust those who are contemplating a change of political allegiance, will keep these fundamental truths in view and act accordingly. Only that way can we implement the practical aspect of life under real Swaraj. Without this political work will be a mere game of chance and not worth the candle.



An inaugural rally of The South Madras Bharat Scouts and Guides was held recently at P. S. High School grounds. Seen before the mike is Sri C. R.

Pattabhiraman, welcoming the guests.

LAST RULER OF OUDH

By A HISTORIAN

ON the 21st September, 64 years ago, the last of the Oudh kings, Nawab Wajid Ali Shah died at Calcutta at the age of 68. His gross misrule rang the death-knell of the great Oudh dynasty. He ascended the gadi in 1847 on the death of his father, Nawab Amjad Ali Shah. His father had his own misgivings about the ability of his son to rule such a vast kingdom and while hovering between life and death he predicted that in case Wajid Ali Shah succeeded him, the kingdom would go to ruin. His prophetic words came true. Wajid Ali was crowned king amidst volleys of cannon, songs of dancing girls, apparent approbation of the State officials, zealous demonstrations of the ladies of the harem and general acclamation of the people.

The founder of the Oudh dynasty was Mir Mahomad Amir, an Iranian adventurer. Coming to India in 1705, he settled in Delhi, the capital of the Moghul Empire. He became friendly with the then Moghul Emperor, Mahomad Shah, whose life he saved on a perilous occasion at the risk of his own life. In recognition of this timely succour, the Moghul Emperor conferred on Mir Mahomad Amir the title of Saadat Khan Burhan-ul-Mulk Bahadur and made him the Governor of Agra at first and of Oudh next. When the Moghul Empire began to decline, Nawab Ghaziuddin Haider, the then Governor of Oudh proclaimed himself independent. "He was lucky—at least so he thought—to receive the support of the East India Company. And this support paid the British a handsome dividend, for during the 41 years that a line of 5 kings ruled Oudh, the company fleeced them of Rs. 111,73,05,000 in the shape of gifts or loans."

The administration of Oudh went on without a hitch till Nawab Wajid Ali Shah stepped into the gadi. He had received a liberal Eastern education and was well versed in ancient and modern history and literature. He began his administration with a good start and evinced a keen interest in the happiness and prosperity of his

subjects, irrespective of caste, colour or creed. Eschewing all the princely amusements and hobbies of his early days, he conducted the affairs of his vast kingdom with remarkable ability. He effected many improvements in the State departments. Rising up early he said his morning prayers, and then after reviewing his army he returned to the Diwan-i-Khan where he received his ministers and discussed with them matters of administration.

A Large Harem

That such a good ruler should suddenly indulge himself in a life full of oriental luxury, taking no interest in State affairs, is indeed a tragedy of the greatest magnitude. Evil advisors set in and weaned him away from the right path with a view to serving their own ends and the Nawab easily succumbed to their counsel. Besides his favourite wife, he had four more wives, 400 concubines and nearly 30 muta wives. "Muta is a sort of inferior marriage amongst Muslims which may be binding for 3 hours, 3 days, 3 months or 3 years." For the accommodation of these women he constructed near Chattar Manzil the Kaiser Bagh at a cost of Rs. 75 lakhs.

The ruler neglected the affairs of his kingdom and practically spent all his time in the midst of his harem and the numberless nautch girls. He was immensely fond of singing, music and dancing and it is recorded that he, wearing the apparel of a woman, would dance before the ladies. Year after year a play would be staged in his palace in which he took a prominent lead. "One of the king's wives was actually chosen to represent Ghyzalah as she was very beautiful and the honour of representing her was eagerly sought in the harem; others were dressed as peris with silver wings. Another represented Indra. Others were dressed up as evil genii and other attendants, with black ornaments and black wings and blackened faces. None wished to act these last parts, but at the expression of the king's wishes, none could refuse. The play was acted in the silver bara-

deri of the Kaiser Bagh in Lucknow, which was divided for the purpose into three compartments. One of these compartments was richly decorated and fitted up as Indra's court, the pillars being covered with silver paper while the richest ornaments were lavished on the ceiling and walls. At nights it was a blaze of light with chandeliers and mirrors.

Such was the life which Nawab Wajid Ali Shah led. In his name the administration was conducted by some unscrupulous talukdars who greatly abused their positions of trust and responsibility. The Nawab's mother was an intelligent and shrewd lady, and when she saw with her own eyes that the administration of Oudh was going from bad to worse, she advised her son to leave off dancing and singing and to look after the welfare of his people. But her advice fell on deaf ears and only evoked from him derisive laughter and contempt. The state of affairs which existed at that time is minutely recorded by Mr. Sleeman in his "Journey Through Oudh," thus:

"The king is utterly unfit to have anything to do with the administration, since he has never taken or shown any disposition to take any heed of what is done or suffered in the country. My letters have made no impression whatever on him. He spends all his time with the singers and the females they provide to amuse him and for seven or eight hours together lives in the house of the chief singer, Raju-ud-dowlah, a fellow who was only lately beating a drum to a party of dancing girls on some four rupees a month. These singers are all Domes, the lowest of the low castes of India and they and the eunuchs are now the virtual sovereigns of the country. The king sees nobody else save singers and the eunuchs. His sons, have been put under their care and will be brought up in the same manner. He has become utterly despised and detested by his people for his apathy amidst so much suffering. No member of the royal family or aristocracy of Oudh is ever admitted to speak or see His Majesty and these contemptible singers are admitted to more equality and familiarity than his own brothers and sisters ever were; they

go out, too, with greater pomp than any of the royal family can, and are ordered to be received with more honours as they pass through the different places. The profligacy that exists within the palace passes all belief and these things excite more disgust among the aristocracy of the capital than all the misrule that arises from the king's apathy and incapacity."

Deposition

In this situation, the East India Company stepped in. Suddenly one day while the mother-queen was dressing in her apartment, she received a sealed cover. With shaking hands she tore open the letter which contained the startling news of the deposition of Nawab Wajid Ali Shah and the future administration of Oudh by the British. Exclaiming in her bitterness of heart that the kingdom of Oudh was destroyed she proceeded in haste to the apartment of her son with her unfinished dress. The Nawab on seeing the letter began to weep and the mother-queen gave vent to her feelings of anger for his completely ignoring her past advice. With a view to placing the matter before the Queen Victoria, she sailed for England accompanied by her son and many ladies of the royal family. Before she could accomplish her task, she died.

Rs. 50,000 For A Pair Of Vultures

The kingdom of Oudh was annexed to the East India Company on 7th February 1856. The Nawab left Lucknow for Calcutta, his future residence, on March 13, taking with him costly and precious jewels. He was awarded a pension of one lakh of rupees a month by the East India Company. Even after he ceased to be king, he continued to be terribly extravagant. "On one occasion a pair of vultures took the ex-king's fancy. The price, he was told, was Rs. 50,000. Nothing daunted, he insisted upon buying the pair in spite of the fact that there was only Rs. 35,000 in the treasury. So in this dilemma, one of the two golden bedsteads, made during the reign of the great Saadat Ali Khan, was broken up, melted down and the balance paid.

He died on 21st September, 1887.

AMERICA'S NEW WAR WEAPONS

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: It may be a long time before the world learns all there is to know about the "fantastic new weapons" which President Truman recently disclosed are under construction in U. S. A. But it will not be long before some of them, at least, are ready for use.

In addition to the latest hints from the Pentagon about pilotless airplanes, atomic-powered ships and the like, enough now can be told to show that Uncle Sam's vast research and development programme, promoted at great expense ever since the advent of the A-bomb, has begun to pay big dividends.

Actually more than 700 new kinds of items, from projectiles to radar improvements, have been put into production since the end of World War II.

A few already have been tested under actual battle conditions in Korea. Some weren't ever dreamed of by their inventors and designers as recently as V-J Day.

Not all, of course, are as fantastic as the A-bomb or guided missiles. But in their way each spells progress in the constant search for more effective means of waging war.

Only five days ago, the Pentagon revealed that both the Army and Navy already have training programmes under way in the tactical use of atomic weapons. The Navy, according to Admiral William M. Fechteler, chief of naval operations, is training crews to carry on atomic warfare from the decks of aircraft carriers. He disclosed, too, that the Navy is ready to launch land planes equipped with A-bombs.

Shortly after this announcement was made the Defence Department revealed that 5,000 Army, Navy and Air Force officers and men will soon take part in "atomic warfare training exercises" designed to show the effect of atomic weapons on troops in the field. This experiment will be held in

conjunction with a series of nuclear explosions at Frenchmen's Flats, Nevada, staged by the Atomic Energy Commission.

Both announcements were quick follow-ups of the Air Force revelation of a week ago that it had awarded a contract for the development of an airplane to be powered by atomic energy. Indeed, the Air Force made it clear that the nuclear power plant for the plane already is under construction by the General Electric Co. The air-frame will be built by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp.

It has been scarcely a month since the Navy disclosed it had let a contract for a submarine to be propelled by atomic energy—an underwater craft of high speed and with unlimited range.

And the Air Force says it will activate a squadron to operate pilotless bombers on October 1—nine days from now. The unit initially will use the B-61 Matador, a craft which has been in process of construction at the Glenn L. Martin Co. plant of Baltimore for the past six years.

That there might be no doubt about it, President Truman, said the Matador is one of the new weapons he had in mind in speaking of the development of engines of destruction "which are fantastic in their operation."

For the time being, about all the public will be permitted to know about the plane is that it is a needle-nosed craft with a flat, round fuselage. Propelled by a single jet engine at the top of the tail structure, the plane has short wings swept back to about 30 degrees. Presumably its flight is started by the use of rockets attached to dollies that drop off when the plane gets into the air. It is equipped with radio and radar, its flight being controlled electronically.

Naturally, military authorities decline to talk a great deal about any of the recent developments—even radar, which has improved greatly

since World War II ended. Some hint of the progress in this field was given recently, however, by Maj. Gen. Ward H. Maris, the Army's assistant deputy chief of staff for research and development.

Radar, he revealed, is now "being utilized particularly in locating and tracking of our aerial targets...as part of the guided missile system. Our new radar developments are contributing to new devices for locating hostile mortars and hostile artillery."

Some idea of what it means, in terms of parts required, to develop any of the new devices, was given by the Army when it announced recently that it had placed an initial order with General Motors for fire control systems for its new skysweeper anti-aircraft gun.

The electronically operated fire control system automatically directs the new gun by radar onto moving aerial targets, according to the Army, which adds that the system itself consists of more than 20,000 parts and "several interrelated subassemblies." The gun and carriage were designed and developed at Army Ordnance arsenals, and the fire control system by the Sperry Gyroscope Corporation.

If a recital of these developments sounds as though we are on the verge of push-button warfare, let it be noted that military leaders insist that is not so. We've made splendid progress in designing and producing new weapons, to be sure—and we're certain to make much more. Atomic shells, for example, will be used in our artillery relatively soon, according to Gen. J. Lawton Collins, Army chief of staff.

But as Army Secretary Frank Pace Jr. recently declared, the foot soldier by no means will be replaced in the foreseeable future. It is for this reason that one of the most important research projects now deals, not with the fantastic side of things, but with items of equipment and safety used by the GI himself.

Development is under way, for example, of a new rifle, a new pistol,

new machine guns, improved ammunition. There is a new intrenching tool that soon will replace the shovel, pick-mattock and axe carried by the GI. Incidentally, this one item will reduce the load the soldier carries by nearly four pounds.

New tropical combat boots under development will be three-fourths of a pound lighter than those now in use, and already troops are wearing a new aluminum-nylon helmet that is 8 per cent lighter, yet offers 15 per cent more protection.

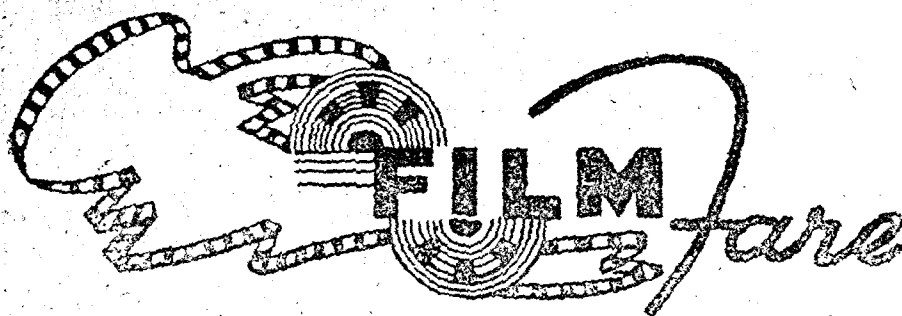
Eventually, the Army hopes to reduce the weight of nearly every item the soldier carries, chiefly by using lighter metal alloys and other lighter materials. It is possible, the Pentagon believes, for the saving in weight to amount to 65 per cent, perhaps more.

As for Korea, the two biggest developments in the field of new weapons so far revealed have been the 3.5 bazooka and the first testing of jet aircraft in support of ground troops. The new bazooka (the 3.5 figure relates to the caliber of the ammunition fired from it—it's about as big around as a silver dollar) is claimed to be by all odds the best weapon of its kind in the world.

When the Korean struggle began the only bazooka that American troops had was a 2.3 caliber "stove-pipe," which had come out of World War II and which was not powerful enough to pierce the enemy's tanks. The 3.5 had been designed, but it was not in mass production at that time. Yet within three weeks a substantial number of these bazookas, together with ammunition, were in the hands of our troops, thanks to what Secretary Pace has called "a miracle of production and transportation."

It is due to the system under which Uncle Sam now is operating—wherein military and civilian designers, together with private manufacturers, work as a team of almost unbelievable proportions—that it is possible to produce so many new weapons so fast.

As for as myself and the Government I head are concerned, communal forces will not be given the slightest quarter to sow seeds of dissension among the people. I challenge these communal forces that if any person raises his hand to strike down another person on the basis of religion, I shall fight him till the last breath of my life as the lead of the Government or even outside it.—Jawaharlal Nehru.



By V. P. SATHE

THERE are two or three topics which are uppermost in the minds of film people in Bombay. The first topic is the enforced cut in electric supply and its repercussions on the film trade. In the beginning it was feared that the Government would force the industry to reduce the shows from three to two. So far no such directive has been issued. Meanwhile the exhibitors controlling theatres screening foreign films have altered the timings and reduced their programme. Similarly some of the exhibitors screening Indian pictures have also altered the timings. Besides, all the outside illuminations have been suspended as a result of which the poor contractor who lived only on these decoration contracts will suffer. Similarly there is a move to abolish the screening of slides and one need not be surprised if the film exhibitors make a representation to the Government to withdraw the order which compels them to show the short reels of Film Division.

Besides exhibitors, the studio-owners also will have to economise on electricity. Their task, however, is not difficult since there is a slump in production.

The second topic now discussed is the impending Film Festival. Some of the sections of the film industry feel that the date of the Festival should be postponed by some months. In fact resolutions to that effect have been passed and forwarded to the organisers of the Film Festival. But there is hardly any likelihood of these suggestions being accepted.

In this connection it is gratifying to note that such celebrities as Ingrid Bergman, Robert Rossellini, Lawrence

Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Charlie Chaplin, Walt Disney and Alexander Korda are coming to participate in the Festival. It is to be hoped that film celebrities from Russia, China and Japan also will participate in this Festival. In fact the Festival would not be complete without the representation of Japan and China, as both these countries are reported to have produced some remarkable films during the post-war period.

The third topic is the Kardar-Kolynos-Teresa contest which is now in its concluding stages. Already Kardar, Kapoor and Lee Kamern have left for Calcutta on 28th September 51. On Monday October 1, 1951 they will choose the semi-finalists in Calcutta and then proceed to Delhi and on Friday October 5, 1951 the semi-finalists in Delhi will be chosen. These semi-finalists will be flown to Bombay and on Monday October 8, 1951 the semi-finalists in Bombay will be chosen. All these six boys and six girls will be given screen tests and the final choice will be made on October 12, 1951. As reported earlier the entire film industry is looking forward to the result of this contest. For, apart from Kardar almost every producer is anxious to find new stars.

Star Of The Week

Talking of stars, Begum Para has been much in the news of late. The news of her sentence to one month's imprisonment was featured in headlines in all local newspapers. And it is significant to note that the plea of her counsel to grant her mercy just because she is a film star proved of no avail. She was punished for rash driving and causing grievous injuries to pedestrians.

Though many stars have been involved in motor accidents, she is perhaps the first to get such a punishment. Ever since Begum Para came on the screen she has been the talk of the town. Para comes from a respected and educated Muslim family. Her father was a judge in Bikaner and she was herself educated in Aligarh University.

Para whose real name is Zubeda, was not a first-class student but she was always first in sports and always used to win trophies. It was in her student days that she was attracted to films thanks to her sister-in-law Protima Das Gupta who had married Para's elder brother. And the surprising thing is that while Protima's marriage did not last long the friendship of Protima and Para became the talk of the town. Never has one come across of such a friendship between two modern girls and especially between two female film stars. It was due to Protima that Para came to Bombay and decided to join films. She gave her first test in Bombay Talkies Studios but it was Prabhat and director D. D. Kashyap who gave her her first chance. She played the feminine lead in Prabhat's *Chand* and though the picture was successful Para was rather disappointing. It was later under the direction of Protima that she made her mark in *Chhaman*.

Since then Para has acted in many films, and though she is very glamorous her stills being more attractive than her pictures she has neither the face nor the acting ability to be the traditional heroine of the Indian screen. The result is that after the first spate of contracts she has not been in the top grade. As a matter of fact she has been making more news off the screen than on the screen. And the news about her court case is perhaps the climax.

Now when she is undergoing her sentence, only one notable picture has been held up—viz. *Nazaria*. Her last picture was *Ustaad Pedro*. And as Dada has revealed, Begum Para, rightly described as the "oomph" girl of the Indian screen, is good in modern vampish but sympathetic types of roles. Hence her future as a star is limited to only roles specially designed for her.

Though this is rather unfortunate one cannot doubt that Begum Para

is one of the most colourful personalities of our film world. And though one expects that the 'punishment' will sober her down considerably one hopes she will never lose her youthful spirit.

Picture Of The Week

Once again the experiment has been made to blend past with the present. Debaki Bose made this experiment first in *Life is a Stage*; Lohariram Sharma tried it in *Kurukshetra*. And both these experiments proved a flop. One feels that Jayant Desai's experiment in *Dashavatar* is also doomed to meet with the same fate.

Knowing, as one does, Jayant Desai's flair for box-office, one is really surprised to find that of all the producers Jayant Desai should have committed this fundamental error. And thanks to this error, with all the embellishments like trick photography, popular broad comedy and songs and dances which otherwise would have helped to make this picture popular, the audiences are not taken in at all.

But for this unfortunate departure from the usual mythologicals the picture is all that one can expect from Jayant Desai with the same old pair Hirapa Roy and Trilok Kapoor enacting the roles of different goddesses and gods in their customary manner.

The moral of *Dashavatar* is simple, viz. the mythological stories should be served in traditional manner; any departure from tradition would lead to disaster as it has done in the case of *Dashavatar*.

News Of The Week

—Jamalistan has performed the muburat of *Char Eel* starring Rehana and Premnath. Rawail is directing the picture.

—Santoshi has been signed up by Prakash to make one picture for them.

—On 9th October 1951 Jayant Desai is performing the muburat of *Buddha*. Pancholi is launching Aasmann. Bhal G. Pendharkar is inaugurating *Shivaji the Great* and Baburao Pal is starting the shooting of *Jalianwala Bagh* on the location of Jalianwala Bagh itself.

—K. A. Abbas has gone to China as a member of the Cultural Delegation. He will stay there for three weeks.

INDIA & THE RAW MATERIALS OF WORLD POWER

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: Nothing sounds so dull as a conference on raw materials. The modern world, however, worships industrial power and industrialization itself is based on the processing and fabricating of metallic raw materials. Despite this, few educated persons can tell tin from tungsten or manganese from molybdenum. And they usually turn the page quickly when they see an article on the subject.

Little wonder then the recent Commonwealth conference on raw materials received so little attention. In addition to its inability to fire the popular imagination, the raw materials conference was overshadowed by concern for the health of the King and by the opening moves in the British electoral campaign. But if news were headlined on the basis of its fundamental importance the raw materials conference should have blanketed the front pages of all of Britain's newspapers, certainly overshadowing the election news. More important than who wins the British elections is Britain's ability to pay its way in the world. "The ugly economic fact which will dominate the coming election campaign," insists *News Chronicle* economist Paul Bureau, "is that Britain is this year living on other countries' credit at the rate of £400 million a year—£8 a year for each person in these islands." India, despite its poverty, remains Britain's greatest creditor through the size of its sterling balances.

The Commonwealth raw materials conference, the first of its kind, was described as "exploratory." Its primary function was an exchange of views on current economic strains between industrial Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth countries, almost all of whom are exporters of raw materials. But behind closed doors the conference registered, in effect, the shifting world balance of power: the continuing decline of British power not only compared with the United States but also vis-a-vis the remainder of the Commonwealth.

The Indian delegate, burly Minister of Commerce, Harekrushna Mahtab, caught the historical essence of the situation in emphasizing: "The whole balance of power has been destroyed."

One of the striking notes of the conference was the manner in which the British representatives approached it. Husky and dynamic Richard Stokes, Britain's Lord Privy Seal and Minister of Materials, was almost plaintive when he expounded at the opening day that Britain's rearmament was a "common service" for the defence of the whole Commonwealth and "those who are making the biggest contribution (i.e. Britain) must be compensated." He suggested that the Commonwealth countries "restrain" their demands for British goods in payment for their raw material exports.

This plaintive appeal was a product of the cumulative signs of Britain's economic distress. "The third economic crisis since the war is now plainly in sight," affirmed the *Economist* on September 22. "This summer the country has lived almost as far beyond its income as it did in 1947, the peak of postwar dislocation... If the British deficit continues at its present rate, it is unlikely to be many months before confidence in sterling is broken as it was in 1947 and 1949. Foreign countries will not only refuse to go on extending new short-term credits to Britain; they will also demand goods or dollars in exchange for some of the large sterling balances they already hold."

Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell and his Treasury advisors were incredibly over-optimistic in their estimates about Britain's economic position in both the Economic Survey of last spring and the Budget of this summer. They apparently operated on a prayer and the expectation that Britain would have all the "breaks" without any of the "falls." Instead of the £100 million trading deficit Treasury experts estimated, the deficit is likely to approximate

£500 millions. They overestimated Britain's ability to export and underestimated the cost of imports. They originally estimated that Britain would earn £450 m. this year in 'invisible earnings' from overseas investments. Actually, thanks largely to the stoppage of Persian oil, Britain will be lucky to earn two-thirds of that. Mr. Gaitskell admitted in New York that he had not foreseen that rearmament's effect on imports and exports would be "quite so bad."

In the United States—but not in Britain where it would sound as if he were agreeing with the Bevanites—Mr. Gaitskell has emphasized that rearmament has entailed a "double burden," because Britain has to pay about 15% of its income for rearmament and as much again for the higher raw material prices brought on by world-wide rearmament. "Imports this year will cost us about £1,000 million—or nearly \$3,000 million—more than last year. The quantities are rather higher largely owing to defence." This has been put somewhat more strongly by one of Mr. Gaitskell's best informed Labour critics, Mr. Harold Wilson, who resigned as President of the Board of Trade with Aneurin Bevan because he thought the scale of rearmament was too heavy for Britain. In a letter to the *New Statesman* of August 25 he wrote: "The overloading of the system due to the present scale of rearmament has held back exports both by lengthening deliveries and because raw material shortages have restricted the output of important export industries.... That the estimates of the overseas balances have worsened in only three months by £300 millions surely justifies (the *New Statesman's*) statement that the Budget financial policy is dead. It equally justifies the view of the Chancellor's critics, that the hope of realizing the arms programme, and maintaining a balance in our overseas payments, was an illusion from the start."

In actual fact present indications are that Britain would have had difficulty paying her way this year even if there had been no rearmament effort. Rearmament was simply the last straw. It is difficult to escape from the fact that despite the considerable postwar effort to increase production, this is still an overpopu-

lated island, poor in natural resources and with a half-modernized industry overwhelmingly dependent upon uncertain overseas supplies and markets. Even the production of coal—Britain's greatest natural resource—is not enough to supply domestic needs and customary foreign markets. This winter will certainly see shortages of coal, steel and electric power in Britain.

Britain's leading economic writers are already admitting that the country cannot maintain its present living standards. When the Chancellor predicted in the United States on September 12 that deficits would mean "higher taxes, a higher cost of living, shortages, and wages lagging behind," he was not alone in his forecasts. *The Times*, in its annual economic review of the year on September 20 commented: "What is especially disquieting is that although a surplus emerges in a favourable year, it seems to be considerably less than the deficit which emerges in an unfavourable year. Though perhaps no urgent and unavoidable crisis looms directly ahead, this drift is bound to have critical consequences in the long run. Already, as the relatively poor showing made by invisible earnings this year testifies, a certain degree of impoverishment is resulting and the consequences of this will be cumulative."

Two days later *The Economist* joined the dirge. "For all the postwar expansion in production and exports, the British economy is almost as far from paying its way as it has ever been.... The danger that the economic stringencies of 1952 will be even more severe than those that have gone before is patent. The hard fact is that the postwar world has turned out to be an even more difficult place than was foreseen in 1945. The terms on which exports can be traded for imports are likely to remain unfavourable to Britain. If they were more favourable—if this were a less inflationary world—it is doubtful whether British goods would be competitive enough to sell in their present volume and the gap would still exist. It is a complete fantasy to suppose that Britain would benefit from a world depression." *The Economist's* only remedy is "disinflation"—a fancy name for depressing living standards.

Britain's economic situation must be approached on three levels. First is Britain's economic relation to the rest of the world. The second is Britain's relations with the rest of the sterling area (the so-called 'overseas sterling area') which it serves as banker. The third is the relation of this whole sterling area to the richer dollar area. It is symptomatic of the British crisis that on all three levels the situation is deteriorating.

"The United Kingdom's own deficit is particularly unsettling," commented *The Times* on September 20. "In 1946, which might well have been expected to be the most difficult and impoverished year of transition and reconstruction after the war, the United Kingdom's external deficit was £344 m...." This year's deficit is almost certain to be around £500 millions. During the first two-thirds of this year Britain was £807 millions in the red and is almost certain to end up with a gap between imports and exports of £825 millions. 'Invisible earnings' on overseas investments are not likely to exceed £300 millions by much, leaving a deficit of about £525 millions. This would approach the disastrous 1947 deficit of £545.

Britain's deteriorating relationship with the remainder of the sterling area is one of the chief reasons for calling the Commonwealth raw materials conference. The *Manchester Guardian's* Financial Editor applauded it as a belated attempt "to prevent the system from breaking under the strain." The strain emerges from Britain's increasing inability to supply other sterling countries with the manufactured goods they want from her in exchange for the raw material they export to Britain or outside the sterling area. In the last year raw material prices have gone up about 43% while Britain's manufactured goods have risen only about 23%. The result is that Britain would have to export about twenty per cent more to the overseas sterling area just to compensate for their increased raw material earnings. But Britain's increased productivity this year is being held down to 4% by the shortage of certain raw materials. And almost 10% of its production is devoted to rearmament. This leaves less to export, particularly in engineering products, than last year, at a time when the overseas

sterling area—which usually takes half Britain's exports—is demanding more. As a result Britain is piling up IOUs to the sterling area in the form of sterling balances. These have increased from £3,750 millions in 1946 to probably more than £4,500 millions. "This cannot continue indefinitely," warned *The Times* of September 20, "for the creditors will eventually insist on being paid in something more valuable than steadily depreciating sterling balances. That is another way of saying that the sterling area will not hold together on this sort of basis for ever."

One of the bonds still uniting the sterling area countries is their common feeling of weakness vis-a-vis the dollar area. The raw-material-exporting part of the sterling area did very well in 1950 as a result of skyrocketing prices which persisted into the spring of this year. But then the U. S. began bulk-buying its tin, rubber, wool and other commodities through a single government agency. So dominant a purchaser is the U. S. that it has been able to break the back of the boom in commodity prices. The overseas sterling area, which earned a net surplus of \$500 million for the sterling area last year, was earning twice that much early this year before Washington pricked the bubble. Now even Malaya, ordinarily the sterling area's largest dollar earner, is estimated to be earning no dollar surplus whatever. The American 'buying strike,' coupled with heavy British dollar purchases (largely substitutes for Persian oil and machine tools for rearmament) produced a dollar deficit for the third quarter of this year currently estimated at \$500 millions. This rate approximates to that during the disastrous months just before sterling was devalued in 1949. In New York on September 12 Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell called this "a serious dollar deficit." "I call it serious," he explained, "because it represents to some extent a long-term trend. The dollar problem is with us again, and it looks like being with us for a good while." He was particularly depressed because he was not encouraged to expect any dollar aid beyond the fulfilling of armaments contracts for which Britain has not got the manufacturing capacity. So anxious is Britain for an

assured dollar income that Mr. Gaitskell is willing to accept the American-depressed prices and is asking the U. S. for "steady purchases... of sterling area raw materials at reasonable prices."

The Commonwealth Gap

When Minister of Materials Richard Stokes asked the Commonwealth raw materials conference over which he presided here to end "smash and grab tactics" in the commodity field and accept a "reasonable price" from the Americans, he disclosed what a large gap has developed between Britain and the raw-material-producing areas.

Beaknosed Chaudri Nazir Ahmed Khan, the Pakistan Minister for Industries, would hear nothing about any attempt to keep down commodity prices. He said that any effort to depress the prices of Pakistan's jute, cotton and wool would be resisted. He pointed out that these were the country's only source of foreign exchange and thus their only means to buy the machinery needed for industrialization. In ordinary years, he explained, the average Punjab cotton farmer scarcely breaks even and he needs unusual years like the present to get ahead of the game. The New Zealand, Australian and South African delegates were equally vehement about their wool. The persons speaking for the Malayan exporters of rubber and tin could not have been expected to be as vehement because, as British officials serving in Malaya, they necessarily have a dual loyalty.

Strangely enough, India rather supported the British position because, with partition, India has become a net importer of raw materials, including food, jute (for Calcutta's jute mills), and cotton (for the textile mills). Manganese, India's main raw material export, has not benefitted much from the war boom because it is mostly tied up already in long-term contracts with the U. S. But even with India's support the best Britain could secure was a statement that the conference (with Pakistan abstaining) was against "violent" fluctuations of price.

The fact that Britain is now opposed to "unreasonably high" commodity prices is a measure of the impact of the last year on Britain's economy. Last year the Government and financial circles here were glorying in the

sky-high prices of tin and rubber, at least. Then it was felt this would fill the sterling area's coffers with dollars. And the profits from the British firms operating in these commodities would return here as 'invisible earnings.' But Britain itself has felt the impact of buying raw materials at high prices and then—as banker for the sterling area—the impact of the American 'buying strike.' Britain's "dual role," explained *The Times* in a leader on September 28, "results in a conflict of interests in many fields, but particularly in the matter of raw material prices. As a large importer of commodities, Britain must hope for copious supplies at relatively low prices. On the other hand, the prosperity of the sterling area, and therefore of this country as well, greatly depends upon the sale at relatively high prices of as many commodities as possible outside the sterling area, and particularly to the United States."

Britain has come down on the side of the steady sales at "reasonable prices" to the United States through long-term contracts because of its impoverishment. If it had adequate reserves of capital it could buy up large amounts of the raw materials the U. S. has depressed in price and 'cash-in' when the U. S. comes into the market eventually. If it had adequate capital it could, alternatively, expand the production of needed raw materials in its colonies by exporting capital and capital goods. But Britain is too impoverished to do either effectively and is reduced to verbal requests.

Britain is also weakened economically by its loss of political control over India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon. In the "good old days" it was possible to order these countries to advance loans, as Britain did with the sterling balance system imposed during the war. It was also possible to arrange for Britain to get preferential prices for raw materials. But this is very much more difficult—to say the least—when British colonial administrators are replaced by Asian political leaders who have to answer to their own people. Instead of simply ordering a subordinate British civil servant to do something, Britain now has to negotiate with India, Pakistan and Ceylonese cabinet members as equals.

During the course of the conference Britain had to ask the other Commonwealth countries to be patient and "restrain" their demands for British goods. They were asked, wherever possible, to take "soft" goods like textiles, instead of "hard" manufactures like machinery, which is being diverted to rearmament. There was much sympathy for Britain's plight. Several delegates expressed a willingness to stretch their patience. The Indian delegate thought that India might emphasize expanding its pig iron production to feed the steel capacity of Britain which is unused because of the shortage of German scrap. But the South Asians in particular made clear that their patience could stretch so far and no further because they were banking on expanding their own production. Last October, when rearmament was already under way, Britain made a big fuss about launching the "Colombo Plan" to develop South Asia. But during recent months British firms have been deferring deliveries on capital goods for development plans

launched in Pakistan, India and Malaya long before the "Colombo Plan" was even broached.

Britain was rather compelled to promise every effort to keep exports to the Commonwealth going at the 1950 level, giving priority to capital goods needed for economic development projects. This promise was made with the realization that the combined demands of rearmament and increased exports to the dollar and Commonwealth areas can only be met by a great cut in production for domestic use.

Although it would be fatal to either party to suggest it during the campaign, cuts in living standards are almost certain after the election. "It is clear," said *The Times* on September 26, "that the Government chosen by the people on October 25 will have to impose unpopular measures at the outset. And, if indeed, the need for enlarged defence programs should prove irresistible, they may have to impose not only unpopular measures but real hardship."

INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY: THE ALTERNATIVES

By BAROO

MR. Loy Henderson's farewell message can bear a little scrutiny. There is in this message a note of bitterness and reproach. Says he, "If I have any parting message, it is that I hope the Indian people bear in mind that the hand of the USA has been extended to India ever since that country first attained independence. That hand is still extended." Which is as much as to say "We Americans have been persistently offering you our friendship for the last four years and more. You have just as persistently refused to accept it."

We have been consistently friendly towards the United States. Not one example can be cited of any unfriendliness on our part. But of course, in American political terminology, the word "friendship" means something quite different from what we understand by it. It means complete subservience to American interests and wishes, above all in the matter of their projected war to end Communism. It is in this sense and this alone, that Franco's Spain, Bao Dai's puppet regime in Indo-China, Quirinio's Philippines, Chiang's Formosa, and a whole string of other subservient countries, are "friendly" to America, while India is not. It is in this sense and this alone, that no country which wishes to retain its neutrality, can ever be "friendly" to America. America will just not have it. Those who are not with her are against her. And since India has not yet lined up with her, she is being accused of churlish unfriendliness.

Let us squarely face the fact that the Americans are terribly annoyed with us. Henderson's statement apart, American press comments on Nehru have been far from complimentary recently. How should we react to America's annoyance with us? The final touchstone of any foreign policy is national advantage, considered both from the short and the long-term points of view. Let us therefore, in as dispassionate a manner as possible, consider the pros and cons of

the courses open before us. For America is determined to make us choose between her implacable hostility and her "hand of friendship" as she calls it. We must not shirk the issue.

Let us consider first the alternative of "friendship". On the internal front, an understanding with America will mean increased economic aid, but also an increasing interference in our national life—interference in support of big money. Only the other day American determination to make war on Russia was reiterated for the umpteenth time by Truman himself who declared that in future he would use force, not diplomacy in dealing with Russia. The way I see it, the two most important factors responsible for holding America back from an immediate showdown are (a) the physical and moral imponderables of the effect that the neutrality and the possible hostility of four hundred million Indians will have on the fortunes of America in any future war, and (b) the fact that American plans of war are as yet incomplete in the most important particular of securing bases against Russia in the region of the Indian subcontinent. Indian "friendship" with America will immediately remove both these powerful deterrents and destroy the world's last hope of peace. But destruction in other countries apart, a war in which India is an American base will just about finish her.

National interests alone, therefore, indicate that any acceptance of America's "outstretched hand of friendship" will be fatal to India. Let us now examine the implications of the other alternative—a steadfast adherence to our present policy of neutrality. The worst that can happen in this case is that America will turn her back on us in a huff, stop the food aid and terminate her economic intercourse with us. Following her, the nations of the West might also place us beyond the pale and tighten the economic screw on

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us. This will undoubtedly lead to temporary food shortages in the country and even a general economic dislocation. But we can be certain that Soviet Russia and New China will come to our aid at once, and that our economy will soon be re-orientated to face East. Externally, such a development will rule out World War III for all time, and will place us securely in the camp of peace. Internally, such a development will release vast forces of progress and re-construction, and will result in changing the face of the country in a few years' time without a trace of foreign exploitation remaining behind.

Can there be any doubt about which path India should tread?

But obviously some of our policy-makers are not quite well up on the basic considerations mentioned above. Or perhaps they think that overcleverness can do away with the need of taking solid decisions. Whatever it may be, they have instructed our representatives in America and Canada to issue statements which can only be described as most unfortunate.

Both Mrs. Pandit and Mr. Saksena have been asked to don sackcloth and ashes, and to declare that India is on the side of the UN (which is synonymous with the US) and on the side of the "free nations," thereby implying that she is ranged against Russia and the "slave countries" associated with her. As was only to be expected, the West has taken little notice of this expression of lip sympathy and we have cut a sorry figure for having made it. On the other hand we have needlessly offered insult to Russia and other friendly nations by branding them as "slave countries." This surely is a classic example of diplomacy at its worst—making enemies without creating friends.

When will our rulers learn 'that over-cleverness can be overdone, whether by a C. R. at home or a Bajpai abroad? Let us be a little more straightforward in our dealings, and not be afraid to proclaim our stand if we believe it to be just. In the present case, the answer to Henderson should be clear and unambiguous. We should stick solidly to the path of neutrality and peace.

Letters To The Editor

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

Madras City's Water Supply

Saka has referred me to the article of Sri T. Visvanatham for an answer to the question of the city's water-supply. This is not helpful. All that Mr. Visvanatham can suggest is an infiltration gallery fed directly into the city's mains from Nellore and he invites the Corporation of Madras to investigate the possibility of such a scheme. Such an investigation will have to consider whether the soil is suitable for an infiltration gallery, whether the water after infiltration will be drinkable and the cost of over a hundred miles of mains to carry water to the mains of the city. To suggest such a scheme is to forget the cost in terms of money and time and health to the city of Madras and perhaps to postpone improvement of the water-supply to the Greek Kalends.

Mr. Visvanatham is so obsessed with the problems of the second crop in the Guntur valley that he cannot realise the urgency of the problem of the city with a population of a million and a half. This is worse than a pity. Nor does his attitude hold the promise of a saner and less shortsighted policy when the Andhra State is formed as Saka fondly hopes.

Parochialism is not unknown in other countries and is sometimes a force for good. But in our country and at this juncture, it is an unmixed source of evil. It is regrettable that the very men who by their services have earned the right to leadership are infected by it in its worst form.

T. V. RAMAMURTHI.

Madras.

Kissing On The Screen

May I request the hospitality of your columns to answer the three correspondents who have commented on my article on kissing in Indian films.

All the three correspondents seem to be up against the cinema generally. When many of us were born there might not have been the cinema. On this score we cannot take attitudes today which will not be in consonance with the changes in all spheres of life.

While no one wants the knowledge of the ancients to be thrown away, everyone ought to be prepared to take new events and new experiences as they come. That is progress.

Sri Moorthy talks of "dormant desires being roused" by films. If this were true, life today would not be what it is really, after thirty eight years of the cinema.

"Hayavadan" has conceded my points,

but is obsessed with the cinema's influence and a few stray critical slogans. Moral tone can be raised only by portraying all sides of everything, for then only the comparative valuation will be there.

Kissing on the screen will have to be permitted depending upon the situations in the story; prudery in this matter will be harmful rather than beneficial. If society generally does not like trends in films it would indicate it by not patronising such films. "Intellectual prudes and reformers" have no right to set foot-rule standards for the common man who knows much better what is life and who has a better sense of relative values.

NAMBS.

Deserving Congress Candidates

Mr. Nehru, the President of the Congress, has laid down a principle for selecting non-Congressmen to represent the Congress interest. The principle is that the would-be-nominee should accept the Congress election manifesto and agree to abide by the Congress party discipline after election.

Evidently the Congressmen are conscious of their weakness and they think that their resources are not sufficient to win the elections without outside help. Unfortunately there are people in our country who are apt to change their political convictions for the purpose of securing a seat in the Assembly or in the House of the People. Even well-known and life-long opponents of the Congress are succumbing to this temptation.

Those who withstand the sinister temptation of the Congress and fight it in the ensuing elections will deserve the love, reverence and thanks of posterity.

Only political turncoats can easily change their professions overnight for the sake of victory in the elections. Congressmen call it now a political principle.

C. V. RAJAGOPALACHARI,
Secretary, People's Civil Liberties' Union,
Madras.

Unfair Distinctions

Pandit Nehru is reported to have said that care should be taken to see that suitable members of the 'minority community' are set up as candidates on the Congress ticket in the ensuing elections, provided they contribute to the Congress ideals, of course. One fails to understand why the Prime Minister is trying to make a distinction between one Indian and another on the ground of the

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individual's religion. At one time the British were accused of creating these differences which resulted in the country's partition. It is therefore painful to note the story being repeated. We now take care to see that adequate representation is given to them; afterwards we try to assign seats for them; then some one from the frontier says that their kith and kin here are not being treated properly and therefore wants some partition again. This is the logical conclusion arising out of our present attitude. No one wants that the minorities should be treated with indifference. Far from it. Let them merge in the nation. Let not religious differences be the basis of party alignments. If people are elected to the legislatures, it is because of their ability and integrity. They have to compete on a common platform and carry the majority with them. These remarks are not new; they have been repeated time and again by eminent people.

K. BABURAO.

Hyderabad.

A Task for the Health Minister

Sri Kala Venkata Rao has earned the blessing of many a poor and down-trodden ryot by the beneficial reforms he introduced while he was Revenue Minister. I beseech him, in the name of the suffering sick of this Province, to take up a new and equally important task—that of rooting out the corruption in the hospitals.

In 1945 I had to be in a Government hospital in Madras for a period of eight months. I found then to my disgust and horror, that if one wanted to receive proper attention and have one's needs attended to, one must be prepared to give illegal gratification to all but the nurses there. Sri Venkata Rao should end this disgraceful state of affairs and see that expenditure on hospitals is justified by the relief and comfort lovingly given to the have-nots for whom they are primarily intended.

K. SATYANANDA RAO, B.A.
Amalapuram.

Selection Of Congress Candidates

Many political parties have recently sprung up to contest the ensuing elections to the State and Union legislatures. Some of them have invited applications from intending candidates and collected deposits. The Congress President has specifically stated that integrity and ability will be given top priority in the selection of candidates and I presume that the other parties will follow suit.

The question is, how far can Pandit Nehru implement his promises, particularly in view of the fact that the State Election Committees have not been

reconstituted as envisaged by him though they contain members whose integrity, not to speak of ability, has been repeatedly questioned in public and on the floor of the legislatures. In the case of several members of the Election Committee of the Madras State specific charges of corruption and nepotism have been filed before the High Command. It will be a travesty of justice and fairplay if these people are to judge the integrity of intending candidates. In the circumstances the least that Pandit Nehru can do is to insist on all P.C.C.'s to publish the lists of all applicants and the names of candidates selected for final approval by the Central Election Committee. The lists should be published immediately after selection by P.C.C.'s so that the Central Election Board may know the general trend of public opinion as to how for his criteria have been observed in practice by the Pradesh Election Committees.

DISINTERESTED VOTER.

Training For Journalists

India is perhaps one of the very few modern countries in which journalists have no regular course of training instituted for them. The journalists on the staff of many of the Indian papers are self-made men without any of the polish or finish that can be got only as a result of regular training in schools of journalism. The Madras University's curriculum includes journalism as a subject, but it is a pity that it has thrown its doors open only to graduates. In this connection it has to be pointed out that the majority of journalists in India are non-graduates in view of the fact that graduates with outstanding qualifications have been attracted either to law or the All India services. It passes one's understanding why the Madras University should block the entrance of non-graduates in this way. Will not the Madras University be doing the right thing by relaxing the rules of eligibility in the case of non-graduates and throwing open the doors of the course of journalism to the vast army of pressmen and correspondents who are at present struggling without any rudder or compass to guide them?

As a right move in the right direction, The South Indian Journalists Federation provided a refresher course to mofussil correspondents last April at the time of its annual conference. This is a move in the right direction. Let us hope that this problem of providing facilities for training to non-graduates in the University course of journalism will receive the attention that it deserves at the hands of the conference of the Federation at least next year.

T. V. RAMACHANDRAN.

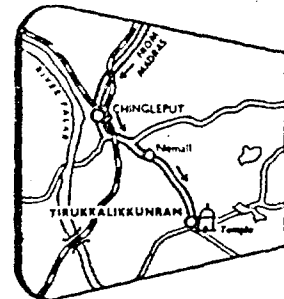
Karur.

The Birds of Tirukkalikkunram

Every morning at 11 o'clock, the priest of the Tirukkalikkunram temple places a dish of food on a ridge nearby. Soon two kites approach and settle down to the food. It is popularly believed that these birds make their way every day from holy Banaras, and go on to Lanka. It is this centuries-old rite which gives the temple its name Pakshitirtham—the sacred abode of the birds. Motoring is a pleasure made possible by Dunlop's invention; and the tyres that bear his name remain the best and safest under all conditions.

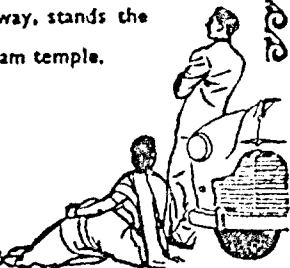


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pet (Guntur), Bapatla, Bhimavaram,
Chirala, Eluru, Governorpet (Vijaya-
vada), Gudivada, Gudur (Nellore Dt.),
Guntur, Kakinada, Masulipatam,
Narasaraopet, Nellore, Ongole, Pala-
kol, Rajahmundry, Srikakulam, Tenali,
Tuni, Vijayavada, Visakhapatnam,
Vizianagram City.

SUB-OFFICES.

Amadalavalasa (Srikakulam Dt.),
Challapalli (Krishna Dt.), Duggirala,
Gollaprolu, Ichhapuram (Srikakulam
Dt.), Jaggayyapet, Maharanipet
(Vizag), Narasannapet (Srikakulam
Dt.), Parvatipuram, Pedana (Krishna
Dt.), Peddapuram, Pithapuram,
Ramaraopet (Kakinada), Salur,
Samalkot, Tilaru (Srikakulam Dt.),
Tirupati, Vinukonda, Kurnool.

All kinds of Banking
Business including Foreign
Exchange Transacted.

Tadepalli Sreeramulu,
Managing Director.

E. Ramachendramurti,
M. A., C. A. I. I. B.,
General Manager.



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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1951.

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A RAJPUT PAINTING

(In the Pothikhana, Jaipur.)

I

THOUSANDS of years gone by,
Under a sapphire sky
Radha and Krishna danced
Entranced.

Maidens, ranked round and round,
Beat with their feet the ground,
Plucked strings and cymbals rang
And sang.

Following heaven-made laws,
Because the dancing was
A cosmical affair,
The air

Was crossed by ships that glode
On a celestial road,
And on the dance dropped showers
Of flowers.

II

To bring it up to date,
The Soul and the Soul's mate
On an invisible stance
Still dance:

And from a darkening sky,
Seen by the spirit's eye
Angels of peace in showers
Drop flowers.

To this, if we are wise,
We shall response devise,
Beat feet and cymbals ring
And sing.

What shall we sing? Sing this:
The deep oceanic bliss
Under all threatening tides
Abides.

October 1951.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 36

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE PRESS BILL

A thin and tired Parliament passed at the "bewitching hour of midnight" the Home Minister's Press Bill. The third reading proved less acrimonious than it might have been, thanks to the Home Minister's last-minute acceptance of a two-year lease of life for the measure. The Home Minister, in his concluding speech, expressed his gratification at the passing of the Bill and hoped that within the next two years the Indian Press would develop its own machinery of self-discipline with sufficient authority to enforce a journalistic code on newspapers. He hinted also at the possibility of an enquiry commission being appointed in the near future. Although the Home Minister claimed many virtues for his Bill, the Indian Press would certainly have preferred any legislative adventure by the Government to bridle the press being undertaken after such an enquiry rather than before it. As it is, the strong conviction remains among the members of the press that no case has been made out for a special press legislation, which in its essential features—especially the control of the press by demanding security from the printer—is no different from the Press Emergency Powers Act of 1931. Mr. Rajagopalachari claimed that by making every proceeding under the Bill subject to judicial enquiry and review he had provided the utmost guarantee that the press could expect. This, of course, misses the point that Section 3 of the Bill, defining "objectionable matter," despite the changes made by the Select committee and subsequently by Parliament in the second reading, remains wider

in scope than the relevant section of the 1931 Act, and that judicial decisions on security proceedings must be determined by interpretation of "objectionable matter" as laid down in the Bill. In one respect, at least, the explanation added to Section 3, at the instance of the Home Minister, has worsened the position of the press. "In judging whether any matter is objectionable matter under this Act", says the explanation, "the effect of words, signs and visible representations, and not the intention of the keeper of the press or publisher of the newspaper or newssheet as the case may be, shall be taken into account." It is an amazing doctrine that in judging the nature of a piece of writing the intention of the writer should not be taken into account at all. No judge is bound to accept a plea like that of Humpty Dumpty: "When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." Nevertheless, intention, if it could be proved to the satisfaction of the judge, is a mitigating factor in any offence and the Press Bill, by ruling out any enquiry into intention, repudiates a basic principle of modern penology and justice.

The other obnoxious feature of the Bill—to which the press of the country has been irreconcilably opposed—is the attempt to punish the printer for the alleged sins of the editor or writer and to choke off free expression by demanding security from the printer and holding out the threat of forfeiture of security or the press itself. The Home Minister refused to

accept any ceiling on the amount that could be demanded as security—a refusal which is inexplicable in the light of the relevant provisions of the 1931 Press Act. That the demand of security even after a judicial enquiry could be fatal to the functioning of the press is clear from a report which curiously enough was published at the time when the security clauses were being discussed in Parliament. According to this report security was demanded from 44 papers in the Centrally administered areas of which 18 ceased publication because of inability to furnish security. This brings out strikingly the worst evil of the security system. It is one thing to punish a man for an offence and allow him to enjoy his freedom after he has paid the penalty. It is another thing to gag him for the rest of his life. Mr. Rajagopalachari seemed so oblivious of the evils of the system and so much fascinated by its advantages from the Government's point of view that he would not agree even to the sale of a press from the keeper of which security had been demanded without the buyer furnishing security.

Sotto Voce

SKELETON

IT looked as if the Government were only too anxious to let the jeep scandal slide into oblivion. When the matter was brought up in Parliament the ruling clique seemed obliged to treat it as not quite good form to go on digging deep and asking inconvenient questions. The High Commissioner, it was proper to assume, had acted according to his best lights. And the High Commissioner, if not

Apparently the sins of the printer are to be visited on the press! The Home Minister does not see anything incongruous in thus pursuing a printing machine from owner to owner when the person to be punished is the one responsible for the "objectionable matter," which is the primary cause of the security proceedings. Nothing can be more destructive of press freedom than a law which makes the printer liable for all the material that might be published in his press and imposes on him the duty of acting as censor. Despite all the assurances of the Home Minister that the Government have no intention to use the new measure to restrict the legitimate freedom of the press, those connected with the press and those who believe that a free and unfettered press is the biggest guarantee of the growth of democracy in India, cannot but feel that the Home Minister's parting gift to the press is both unnecessary and obnoxious. The only redeeming feature is that its life is limited to two years. It is to be hoped that the new Parliament will repeal it much sooner than that.



the rose himself, is very near it. Apparently no Congress stalwart, with the elections so near, could afford to risk the wrath of the Most High.

But there has been a sequel. A high official has been suspended: it is surmised that it was from him that the Nosey Parkers got the scent. I hope that isn't true; for though departmental discipline is an excel-

lent thing, it isn't a cure-all. The jeep business involved this country in heavy losses. Worse, adventurers who had pups to sell seemed to find our Government and its agents fair game. There is no knowing what other deals of the kind we might not have been let in for in the rogues' marts of the world but for that timely disclosure.

The M. Ps. who dragged this matter into daylight did a public service. And if any official put them on the track he was not guilty of conduct which in other countries would be regarded as treasonable. At the worst it was an indiscretion arising from excessive zeal for the public funds. The Government might have easily prevented this if it had of its own accord taken Parliament and the country into confidence instead of practising all the shuffling and the evasion which one had associated with the old regime.

It passes one's understanding how a Government which claims to derive its authority from the sovereign people can wish to keep from them matters which have an intimate bearing on their welfare, even if these should reflect on the competence or foresight of the administration. You may remember the case cited by Mr. Gorkhala, of a Congress whipper-snapper who had the ear of the Minister, brazenly using the Ministerial telephone to demand a favour of an official. When the latter gave a civil refusal, the Minister who had been sitting at his henchman's elbow gave a curt order that the request should be granted or the official must quit. How can a Government with something to hide expect to retain the loyalty or respect of its servants?

Improper interference with the administration does not become proper by simply being labelled a policy decision. Mr. Achru Ram, a highly respected Judge of the Punjab High Court before the Partition, who has been Custodian-General of Evacuee Property in India for some time, has been virtually dismissed because he dared to stand up for the rights of his office. And on the principle of giving a dog a bad name before hanging it, he is accused of having

wished to favour the dispossessed refugees from the Punjab at the expense of the Muslim evacuees. The commination has been pronounced by the Rehabilitation Minister, Mr. Ajit Prasad Jain, Mr. Kidwai's faithful lieutenant, whom the Prime Minister's earnest entreaty alone prevented from following his chief into the (happily so temporary) wilderness.

Mr. Jain protests with suspicious vehemence that it was not the Chattriwala case that influenced him. It may have been an accident, but it was immediately after the Deputy Custodian had turned down that influential Muslim millionaire's application for the divesting of his property, and while an appeal was pending, that the Government issued a notification. Their aim was to give the benefit of the more liberal provisions of the Act of 1950 to evacuees like Mr. Chattriwala who had returned from Pakistan before a particular date. Both the Custodian-General and the High Court in due course held independently of each other that the notification could not have retrospective effect. Thereupon an official of the Ministry wrote a D. O. to Mr. Achru Ram asking him to release Mr. Chattriwala's property. The D.O. was to be treated as the certificate prescribed in the Act.

The Custodian-General, however, held that the D. O. could not supersede the judicial discretion vested in him. He had to go independently into the question whether Mr. Chattriwala fulfilled the conditions prescribed by the law. Mr. Jain accuses him of a *volte face* in taking this line. It seems the Government had been led by certain observations of his at an earlier stage into supposing that a mere certificate would do the trick. Mr. Jain is understandably sore on the score of prestige. But, while judicial obiter dicta are not unknown, they are not usually visited with dismissal. Nor are judges light-heartedly accused of bias by the Government which put them in office. If in order to fulfil "undertakings" to this or that powerful interest it is found necessary to short-circuit the judicial machinery, why bother to keep the farce on?

VIGNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS :

It does not matter if we lost a few seats in the elections, but it does matter very much if we lose our principles which have given us strength.—NEHRU.

SRI V. Kodandarami Reddi was prosecution witness number one in a sessions case (No. 24 of 1949) that came up for trial before Sri G. Subba Row, District and Sessions Judge of Nellore. Vemareddi Ranga Reddi and eleven others were the accused in the case. They were accused of the murder of Anumareddi Venku Reddi in Thotapalligudur village and of less serious offences like rioting. Sri Kodandarami Reddi, also a resident of Thotapalligudur, deposed in his evidence that "Accused 1 lifted an axe with both his hands and dealt a blow on the head of Venku Reddi from a distance of some three feet." He said he was an eye-witness of the crime from the front of his house, fifteen yards distant from where the murder took place. He deposed that the breadth of the axe was about 6 inches and the butt of it about 3 inches. It was also stated that in addition to the blow with the axe, the deceased was struck with a spear on the head.

In the course of the hearing of the case, it was disclosed by the post-mortem report that there was "neither axe injury nor spear injury on the corpse of Venku Reddi." The Judge said: "I agree with the learned counsel for the defence that the prosecution version that the butt end of an axe was used in striking a blow on the head of the deceased is a futile attempt at concoction." The accused were acquitted.

Prosecution witness Kodandarami Reddi now bestirred himself to get the acquittal appealed against in the High Court. The Public Prosecutor, Madras, was definitely of the opinion that no appeal was sustainable. The then Advocate-General, Sri Raja Aiyar, was next approached for a verdict different from the one pronounced by the Public Prosecutor. He not only complied, but actually appeared in the case when it was eventually taken to the High Court

and was tried as Appeal No. 50 of 1950 by Justices Govinda Menon and Basheer Ahmed Sayeed.

In the High Court their lordships completely disbelieved the evidence of prosecution witness No. 1, Sri V. Kodandarami Reddi and his fellow prosecution-witnesses. This is what they said of the prosecution witnesses' evidence, while confirming the acquittal of the accused:

A reading of their evidence and the relevant exhibits referred to therein leaves us with no doubt that these witnesses who belong to the opposite faction and who have animosity against the accused have done their best in implicating the accused, even old men such as accused 7 who is 35 years old, accused 8 who is 70 years old, and accused 9 who is 75 years old in the alleged commission of the crimes. It looks to us to be highly improbable that these accused, accused 7, 8 and 9, could have taken the part which is ascribed to them by the prosecution witnesses, P. Ws. 1 to 6. It seems to us that the attempt has been on the part of the prosecution witnesses to bring into the fray every one who belonged to the opposite faction and who had something or other to do with the accused.

Sri Kodandarami Reddi stands exposed by the High Court as a tenderer of false evidence with no compunction of conscience about implicating innocent persons, if opposed to him in local faction, even in such a grave offence as murder for which the penalty is death. Yet he has been honoured by Sri Sanjeeva Reddi and Sri Gopala Reddi by being selected as a candidate for Parliament to represent the Congress in Nellore district! He is as fit for a legislator's post as his selectors are for their task of selection. Pandit Nehru says, "The Congress is judged not by its majority but by the quality of men and women that we send up to our Legislatures." I ask Pandit Nehru "What judgment does he expect people to pass of the Congress when its authorized election committee dares to choose in its name as a fit candidate for the Legislature a social menace, judicially declared as such, of the stamp and antecedents of Sri Kodandarami Reddi?"—SAKA.

A PRAYER FOR ALL

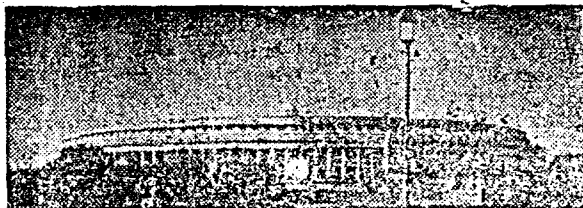
By R. S. AMRITHARAJ, M.A.

BEHIND the cloud of earthly things,
Behind the veil that dims our mind,
We grow conscious of some Great Being.
A Divine Presence, whose form we see
In all things bright and beautiful,
In all things great and all things small;
Whose voice we hear in the song of birds.
In the murmur of running brooks,
In the rustling of rustled leaves
And the whistling of the western wind.

When this Great Being comes to judge,
When you and I and all shall go
To that forlorn and distant place,
Which lies beyond all human gaze;
He sees—not what you won or lost—
But how you fought the worldly fight.

"So teach me, Lord, to be real and true
In all I think, or say or do.
Let me not speak a false pretence
And never speak with double sense;
Or claim a grace I have not got
And look the thing that I am not."

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

DR. SUTAN SJAHRIR told me that things in Indonesia are just as bad as they are in India. This is bad news. The problems of inefficiency and corruption in administration face all the Governments of South-East Asia. Democratic and Socialist forces are under a cloud; and the vested interests hold the Governments and the peoples of these countries in a death-grip. None of the politicians in power seem to have a proper appreciation of the plight of the masses. Despite the gloom of it all, Sjahrir wears a sunny smile. He had the same smile when I saw him five years ago. He had come for the Asian Conference and was Prime Minister of Indonesia. His country was then engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Dutch.

Sjahrir's imperturbability is of Gandhian proportions. Like Gandhi, he illustrates the truth of Tolstoy's story, "The Three Questions." In Tolstoy's story, one of the questions to which the King wishes to find an answer is, "Who are the most important people?" Various answers are given by various persons. Some say that the Generals are the most important people; some suggest that the Ambassadors are the most important; while others consider the astrologers to be the most important people on earth. Tolstoy, Gandhi and Sjahrir have the same answer: the most important people are those who happen to be with you at any particular moment—no man being more important than another.

In the course of an hour's conversation with the Three Musketeers of Delhi journalism, Sjahrir asked us questions for more than half an hour, and answered our questions for the rest of the time. This is a practice we do not encourage. But Sjahrir refused to answer our questions unless we answered his. Most politi-

cians, however, love only the sound of their own voice, and are content to give us proof of their ignorance. Not so Sjahrir, for he is a wise man.

Mr. Churchill is a wise man only when there is a war on. He is itching for war in Iran, as Mr. Bevan and other Labour Party leaders have pointed out. How foolish Mr. Churchill can be was seen from his most irresponsible statement that Mahatma Gandhi's fast was a fake and that he (the Mahatma) was fed by glucose. These statements are made by Churchill in the fourth volume of his Second World War entitled, "The Hinge of Fate." It looks as though Mr. Churchill will go into eight volumes before concluding his history. He will thus be his own Tendulkar. It is surprising that Churchill's book contains more printer's errors than Tendulkar's.

The value of Churchill's story of the War is undeniable as source-material. But, as "The Times Literary Supplement" points out, Mr. Churchill lacks "the unity and the ordered sweep of composition demanded of great historical writing... The challenge was Aeschylean and Mr. Churchill is without the sombre detachment of the tragic writer..." Again: "The high, grave impartial summing up of Thucydides is nowhere to be found." For Mr. Churchill, the hero of the Second World War was himself. He could have called his series, "Me and the War."

This is not to deny the great qualities of the writings of the romantic war-time Prime Minister of England. He says, "I am emboldened by the words of Socrates that the genius of tragedy and comedy are essentially the same, and they should be written by the same authors." He succeeds to some extent in fulfilling the prescrip-

tion. As the Booking Office of *Punch* remarks, "He (Mr. Churchill) understood us emotionally, from the heart, and perhaps that was the biggest thing of all." But the understanding was confined to the people of the British Isles. It did not extend to those who asked for the liquidation of the British Empire. He is as bad as Campbell-Johnson in his assessment of the Mahatma. The Mahatma had mentioned that on account of his old age, "my system refuses water." He therefore said that during the fast, he would take water to which a few drops of mosambi were added. This Mr. Churchill magnifies into being fed on glucose!

Pandit Nehru similarly magnifies communalism into a gigantic octopus. *The Ananda Bazar Patrika* of Calcutta recently wrote an editorial entitled "Kaya o Chhaya" (Shadow and Substance). It said that communism in India was of the size of a rapeseed, but its shadow, with which Pandit Nehru is trying to grapple, is as large as an elephant. Acharya Kripalani was right when he said that the communal problem in the country had been killed by the martyrdom of Mahatma Gandhi. The leaders of the Congress Party are merely trying to raise the bogey of communalism in order to side-track the issue of hunger, which, as Acharya Kripalani said, "is the chief and the foremost enemy of the country."

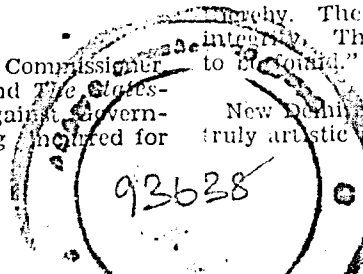
The Praja Party unfortunately was too much of a plaything in the hands of one man—Rafi Ahmed Kidwai. Kripalani relied too heavily on Rafi Saheb for conducting the Praja Party's electioneering. But for this blunder, the Opposition would have been much stronger than it is at present. The Congress has not become any better after changing horses in midstream. The Socialist Party seems to be offering its ticket to far better candidates than any other Party that has so far announced the names of its nominees. But it cannot command the money-power that the Congress does.

The Chief Election Commissioner, the Auditor-General and *The Statesman* have warned against Government expenditure being incurred for

Congress Party purposes. The Auditor-General and *The Statesman* have specifically referred to the Congress session for which arrangements are being made at the Diplomatic Enclave. A writer in a local paper says, "Of course, Public Works and Health officials have been doing their best to help in the big task of converting the diplomatic site into a township. Quite understandably, they find it difficult to draw the line between the P. M. and the Congress President and have volunteered their personal service."

Some members of Parliament and *The Statesman* have found fault with the use of President Prasad's plane by Pandit Nehru for going to Ludhiana and addressing a Congress rally. Mr. F. G. Natesa Aiyer, writing in *The Hindu*, gives a number of incidents which the Chief Minister of Madras Mr. Kumaraswami Raja, should have avoided. The Chief Minister being a member of the Tamil Nad Election Committee, the house in which a meeting of the Committee was held at Trichy had to be cleaned and fitted up by the local municipal staff. The National Flag with the Asoka Chakra was flown over that house, violating Government's own orders. The entire police force of the City "was all over the house and compound and the streets leading thereto." The Chief Minister made use of the Government car, with the National Flag flying on the bonnet, although it was to attend a Party meeting and a public meeting. Mr. Kumaraswami Raja finds himself in the excellent company of Pandit Nehru. Mr. Purushottamdas Tandon was very careful about such abuse of official transport. Mr. Attlee's visit to Scotland to address a Labour Party rally was made in his old-model car, with Mrs. Attlee at the steering wheel. Not in the P. M.'s State-car, with a chauffeur who draws his salary from the Treasury. Saka is therefore righteously indignant in *Swatantra* (Madras): "Our Ministers have mixed up Government duties with party work. Both Government and party are discredited thereby. There is prodigious talk of integrity. The real stuff is scarcely to be found."

New Delhi celebrated Dusserah in a truly artistic manner this year. Every



year, *Ramleela* is presented in the Capital for ten days. The marriage of Rama and Sita for instance, takes a few hours to perform, because all the Sanskrit verses of the ritual are religiously recited. But this year, the Indian National Theatre, Delhi, presented a Ballet on *Ramleela* by the artistes of New Stage, Bombay. The Ballet was an exquisite production, compressing the whole story of Ramayana into two hours. Kathakali, Manipuri and Seraikella styles of dancing were chiefly used. The Ballet was admirably composed by Sachin Shankar (a cousin of Uday Shankar). Sachin was, however, disappointing as Rama. The show is stolen by Sita, played by Kumudini. Narendra Sharma, who is on the board of choreographers, gave a good interpre-

tation of Ravana, dancing mainly in the Kathakali style. The outstanding dance of the whole show was that of Jatayu, done in the Seraikella style by M. Singh.

The Ballad Singer (Charan) is employed with great effect to link together the ten scenes which depict the story of Ramayana. The scenes of the "Swayamvara" and the "Camouflage tactics in the war revealed a sense of humour, and served to give breadth and width to the story. A young writer ironically recalls that in some Indian States of Rajputana, "the King poses as Rama seated on an elephant, and pierces the effigy of Ravana with a flaming arrow." It was these Indian Princes that have been beautifully made fun of in the Ballet in the "Swayamvara" scene!

MY VISIT TO F. B. I.

By A. D. MANI

WASHINGTON D. C.: I was interested during my stay in Washington to pay a visit to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and when I mentioned that I should like to go over there, there was an element of surprise on the part of those who were helping me to fix my programme. In order to answer the unasked question, I told them that I was an inveterate reader of detective fiction and that I therefore wanted to see their methods of crime detection.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation has built a global reputation for its efficiency and for its employment of the most scientific methods of criminal investigation. The magic initials FBI are a terror to the American criminal, wherever he might be, in Seattle in the north or New Orleans in the South. It has been built by the tireless work of one man, Mr. Edgar Hoover, whom I had the pleasure of meeting and he was no serviceman either. He was a lawyer who thought that the bootleg era or the aspirin age, as some would call it, had produced a set up which would spell the end of ordered American life and it is due to his vision that the F. B. I. occupies a position of great eminence in American life.

My acquaintance with the F. B. I. began with a conversation with the negro attendant at the reception room of the F. B. I. As I was waiting for the inspector or detective to take me round the F. B. I. I thought I might melt the stolid Negro by throwing in a complimentary remark about the F. B. I. I told him that I had great respect for the F. B. I. and for its up to the minute methods of crime detection and he grinned. "Yes Sir," he said candidly: "If you commit a murder here and jump the state line to New York or leave the country and go to Europe, we will still get you. Yes sir, murder will out," and he then went on in a manner reminiscent of the night watchman of W. W. Jacob to tell me of a story of a lady in his neighbourhood who had murdered her husband and successfully covered the traces of her murder. She was reading a newspaper twenty five years after the crime when she exclaimed on reading the story of a husband murder. "What incompetence? I murdered my husband twenty five years ago and nobody has yet given me the air for it or the chair for it." "Yes sir" the negro attendant emphasised, "murder will out."

After this dramatic introduction to

the power and effectiveness of the F. B. I. I was taken round the various laboratories of the Bureau. With me were a group of Japanese judges of indescribable age and I politely inquired of them whether they were students at the Washington University. The person I addressed said quite pleasantly that he was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Japan and I apologised for having made the mistake, having been misled into it by the youthful appearance of the sedate members of the judiciary.

Forged Cheques

I was greatly impressed with the section of F. B. I. dealing with the detection of forged cheques. The cheques that bounce may be quite a number here but forging cheques is one of the common methods of the crime world in this country. The credit structure has been so well established that inspite of sometimes large scale forgeries, banks honour cheques when presented and properly signed. In the section dealing with the forged cheques there are over fifty thousand specimen signatures on forged cheques. Every signature has been well studied and when a forged cheque comes in, any one of the assistants in the section is able to tell on mere scrutiny whether it belongs to the series which have been docketed and filed. The inspector explained to us that some of the forgers were so clever that they would cash one cheque in a bank, walk across the road and cash another cheque using another name. "And yet, one of them, a very clever fellow, was caught," said the inspector. He went on to say that the forger before going into the bank across the road had a drop of beer and was feeling in a happy mood. He endorsed on the back of the cheque the word G for Gerard Nelson, the name he had used in the bank across the road and scored off the G and wrote instead John Costello. That crossing the G gave him away and we had him nabbed straightway thanks to the identification methods of the forged cheques section." I asked the inspector whether he had met the perfect criminal and he wondered whether one existed. "You see," he said, "if a criminal is caught, he ceases to be perfect. That is simple is it not?" I was told that seventy per. cent of fraudulent

cheques are traced back to the forgers who are indicted before a jury. "What happens to the thirty per cent," I asked the inspector. He said that many of them are caught in the succeeding year. He explained "This thirty per cent includes a large number of first offenders. We have no evidence about them but the moment they forge cheques, they land evidence in our hands and it is a matter of time before we catch them at their tricks again."

Finger Prints

We had a round through the finger prints section. Though this section is well developed in India, I saw that the FBI had mobilised the latest methods of microscopic photography. The inspector told us that they were able to trace criminals even from the impression of one finger. I thought I might ask him a challenging question and thumbed a forefinger on the glass pane of the room and asked him whether they would be able to place me, now that I had left a finger impression. He said "No sir, we cannot because we have no file on you. You are not even an offender but if you commit a bank robbery," he added pleasantly "we will have you in because in that case, you would leave some evidence."

In all cases of crime, I was told that even an accidental handling of the doors of the car left finger impressions and the thumb impression was enough to track down the criminal. We were then taken round a laboratory fixed with complicated microscopes. The laboratory was devoted to the examine of fabrics and hair. Quite often in a scuffle, pieces of hair fall from the criminal's head and these are examined. I saw a lock of hair under a microscope and it looked a six inches diameter rod. The inspector explained that this was not conclusive proof. "Nobody can say that the hair could have come only from this person's head. All that we can say is it *could have* come from his head and this is a circumstance for the jury to decide.

Colour Detection

We had an opportunity of seeing the colour detection section of the FBI. The FBI had a record of automobiles and has had the colour scheme chemically examined. For example, if the

paint of a car accidentally had got stuck on a coat, by having the paint examined under the most powerful diffusion of rays, they could determine, what the composition of the paint was. By checking up their already verified data about the colour scheme of motor cars, they would be able to say that the criminal rode, say, a 1948 Chevrolet. This colour detection section was also used, to examine woollen fabrics. If there was a tear for example, from a coat, the tear would be examined to find out what the colour scheme was and then they would be able to place where the piece of cloth was sold.

There was the serology section, which is quite common all over the world. We were told that among poisoners, arsenic was still the hot favourite though other drugs had come in the market challenging its title as the murderer's favourite toilet powder. But in all cases of poisoning, detection was more easy as supplies of arsenic could be traced.

Though the FBI has perfected a system of scientific detection without a parallel in the world, crime is still on the increase in the United States but criminal are being caught all the same. In one year alone, the FBI handled one hundred and eighty thousand pieces of evidence in its laboratories. It does not deal directly with offences committed in the various States. The States have their own police but the FBI is asked for its technical assistance, which is freely given. The FBI comes directly into the picture only where inter-State offences like kidnapping are concerned.

Nazi Net-Work

I had a glimpse of the ace achievement of the FBI. During the years of

the war, the Nazi espionage network in the U. S. had managed to smuggle in a letter on the back of which was just an ink drop. The ink drop carried the secret message about Lockheed's installations on the west coast. The ink drop was placed under searchlights and microscopes and chemical solutions applied to decipher the message and the message was finally decoded. A magnified photograph of the coded message occupies a full page of print.

It is surprising that the FBI does not work in an atmosphere of secrecy. There are regular conducted tours round the laboratories and the inspector explained that this was education of the public in methods of crime prevention.

Mr. Hoover, whom I met late, told me that the FBI would never have succeeded in its efforts but for the magnificent cooperation of the press and public. If a crime is committed he said, he could rely on every organ of opinion to track down the criminal.

As I was leaving the FBI, I saw a motto inscribed in its library, which is worth reproduction as a lesson for the police force in India under the head "Loyalty," there appears this message "If you work for a man, in the heaven's name work for him, speak well of him and stand by the institution he represents. Remember an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must growl condemn and eternally find fault why resign your position and when you are on the outside damn to your heart's content but as long as you are a part of the institution, do not condemn it and if you do, the first high wind which comes along will blow you away and probably you will never know why."

Sun Yat-sen said that the talk of a "yellow peril" was merely a device to distract attention from the real menace, the "white peril," for such was the fecundity of the white races that the Chinese would soon be outnumbered and swamped if they did not keep up their birth-rate, or even increase it. Asians frequently point out that the Roman Catholics, who are greatly on the increase in the world, are forbidden to practise contraception. I recently heard an Indian Judge say at a meeting that India was not over-populated but under-developed, and that the country could easily support many more millions. The Russians back up the Asians in declaring that over-population is a western political bogey—desperate Asia suits their own plans as preparing the way for a Communist advance.—Victor Purcell in 'The Times'.

VINOO MANKAD

By P. N. S.

ECONOMIC conditions in India have always been retarding her progress in all directions, and the sphere of sport is no exception to this. An athlete or a games player in India with the nagging worry of feeding himself and family constantly harassing him finds field activities a luxury and cannot devote that attention which will take him to peak efficiency in them as does his counterpart in America or England. No doubt princely patronage till lately enabled a few of our sportsmen to show that, given equal facilities, the Indian can rise to the top as ably as his competitors of the Occident. But the end of princely states following the attainment of our freedom has made many of our ex-maharajas close-fisted and without the ability to throw away money as they did before. Consequently, the future of sport in India has been engaging the attention of the various bodies connected with it and they have come to the conclusion that unless professionalism is introduced Indian sportsmen will not be able to hold their own against competitors from overseas.

But little was done to put this into force and it fell to world-famed Vinoo Mankad to announce that from the 1951 season in India he would play as a professional in cricket. And when the Board of Control for Cricket in India accorded the necessary sanction to him, Mankad became the first recognised professional cricketer of India. Mankad has already achieved fame at cricket and there is no doubt that with the whole-hearted application to the game which only a professional is capable of, Mankad will scale greater heights.

Mulvantrai Mankad was born on April 12, 1917, at Jamnagar, where cricket was in the air, for Jamnagar was the home of the immortal Ranji, 'prince of a little state but king of a great game'; of Duleepsinghji, who thrilled the home of cricket in the thirties as did his uncle years ago; and of the tall lissome Amar Singh, greatest of India's bowlers. It was therefore not surprising that cricket caught Mankad young. And thanks

to royal patronage 'Vinoo', as he was affectionately known at school, found himself playing at the early age of 13, against Jack Ryder's Australian team which toured the country in 1936. Benefitted by this experience, Mankad made rapid strides and played a prominent part in the victory of the Nawanagar team, when they won the National Championship in the same year. Besides useful work with the ball, he scored a splendid 185 runs in the final against Bengal, besides 86 runs against Sind in an earlier round.

The season of 1937 was one of triumph for the youthful Mankad. He entered the arena of test cricket by getting the cap against Lord Tennyson's team and he has not since looked back. He topped consistent performances with the bat with a fighting century in the final 'test' at Madras, where he also captured three wickets for 18 runs. Then came the catastrophic World War II, which ate away the best years of the youthful Mankad—years during which he could have gained valuable experience by participation in international contests both at home and abroad. But when cricket was resumed after the end of the war, Mankad showed that he had not been keeping idle through the years; his deeds with bat and ball evidenced a skill and maturity that were not there before and when the Australian Services Eleven toured India in 1945-46, they found in him a foeman worthy of their steel. And when the Aussies said that with Verity gone, there was no better left-hander in the game than Mankad, it was no empty praise, but only a recognition of the merit that was in the player. Vinoo, the ebullient schoolboy cricketer of Jamnagar, had come to stay as a performer of international repute.

Then came the tour of England in the 'wettest summer of 1946'. From May to September of that year Mankad thrilled England by his superb bowling and his consistent batting, while we in India followed his rise with pleasure and with pride. He became the first Indian to complete the double in England—1120 runs and 129 wickets—and one of the only two

who did it that season; incidentally he equalled the record of Learie Constantine, the only other overseas cricketer to accomplish the feat so far. He scored three centuries; and his tantalising slows had the best of batsmen scratching at him. And in recognition of Mankad's allround skill, the Wisden included his name in its 'Five Cricketers of the Year' and no player can pray for greater honour.

But more praises and more bouquets were showered on Mankad during the Indian tour of Australia. Victor Richardson bears witness to his 'masterful control of flight,' and says that Mankad was greater than Hedley Verity, in that the Indian was able to get more victims on the hard, batsmen's wickets of Australia. His two centuries in the tests against strong opponents, and his classic treatment of Lindwall, moved one of the best critics in the game to write that Mankad was one of the leading all-rounders in the game. Besides his sterling performances, Mankad shouldered the responsibilities of a selector admirably.

Then came the West Indies tour of India in the winter of 1948, and again Mankad was praised as a peerless lefthanded slow bowler in cricket. And during the Commonwealth tours of the last two seasons, he has proved to be the leading bowler in the 'tests' and India's sheet anchor.

We in Madras have never been disappointed by Vinoo. He made his debut in the city with a hundred in a 'test' in 1936; as a member of the Indian team to Ceylon we saw some fine onside hitting against the South Zone—a match made memorable by Amarnath's classic century; another short knock, but delectable and in his best style, against the Commonwealth tourists under Leslie Ames; his superb bowling in the 'tests' in 1950 and 1951.

Unquestionably Vinoo Mankad is the best allrounder in Indian cricket today and one of the best in the world, and as a leftarm spinner he stands supreme. A consummately

directed flight with a very well controlled spin and the ball always pitching on an admirable length is the secret of his success; and a faster one whipped in now and then and moving across the wicket is the secret of his terror to batsmen of all classes. And Mankad is never content to drive the batsmen to the defensive and reel off maidens; he flights the ball and draws the batsmen out to his doom and if in the process he gives a few fours or even sixers, he is not worried. Besides he fields superbly to his bowling, and in England, on many days, he dispensed with the mid on, covering the position himself.

As a batsman Mankad has moulded himself on classical lines. He attacks the bowling with impunity, and with foot work 'that dares and steps into it,' he cuts and drives superbly. The state of the game never curbs his naturalness, (many a time he has been criticised for his irresponsibility) for to Mankad the game of cricket is always a joyous adventure.

Mankad the man is as charming as Mankad the cricketer; he is also the most popular member of the side, whether at home or abroad. On the field he carries himself with a quiet dignity and polish that mark him out from others. And even in the heat of battle, he plays the game with a generosity that evokes cheers from the multitude—as witnessed when he warned the Australian Brown twice, before running him out the third time, when the batsman backed up for a run before Mankad had bowled the ball.

Vinoo Mankad is 34 years old now. Many more years of cricket and its delights are his for the asking. Perhaps one day he may lead his country in a test match. And when that great moment arrives in his career, there is no doubt that he will lead his country with the same impudence and buoyancy that characterises his batting and with the same skill and inspiration that marks his bowling.

The candidates must be men and women of great integrity of character—persons who have not indulged in unsocial and dishonest practices like black-marketing, procuring permits and licenses under false pretences and so on. The public in India are only too familiar to-day with such practices. There is no excuse whatever for a party to nominate even a single candidate who is notorious as having resorted to such practices.—Prof. M. Venkatarangiah.

CHEMBAI VAIDYANATHA BHAGAVATHAR

By V. P. RAMAN

ONE of the most cheerful interviews I have ever had was with Sri Chembai Vaidyanatha Bhagavathar, the President-elect of the Twenty-fifth Annual Music Conference of the Music Academy, Madras. He had been expecting me, being told by the Secretary of the Academy, that a press representative would call. With disarming frankness, he asked me what was there to write about a musician. He had already decided not to grant a "formal interview"; a friendly chat was more to his liking. Having posed that unanswerable question, he put me at ease straightaway, and when I left him a couple of hours later, he had chummed up so nicely that I was carrying a birthday present from him!

A carefully prepared questionnaire, which I thought would serve to elicit information from the Bhagavathar, lay useless in my pocket and all that I learnt was in the course of casual conversation. The moment I forgot myself and put a direct query, the Vidwan deftly avoided answering it, and we once again relapsed into informality. I could not however play the same game with him, and it was not until he knew that I was a violinist myself, that he talked of musical matters. He had probably been under the impression that I was a quibbling theoretician, and I could see later on, that he had the greatest contempt for those who could spin yarns or split hairs in music, without so much as being able to sing a *gitam* properly.

Sri Vaidyanatha Bhagavathar held very firm views on what the attitude of senior vocalists to younger accompanists ought to be. While he did not want a boycott of older violinists and drummers, he advocated the practice of senior *Vidwans* having as their accompanists, younger people. It is not fair that a concert should comprise wholly of elder musicians, or wholly of novices. As a corollary, instrumentalists should not stand on their pride and refuse to accompany young singers. The Bhagavathar said he hoped to emphasize this idea

strongly in his Presidential address. Observing my surprise at the vehemence with which Chembai put forward his generous proposal, so unusual among first-rank musicians, Sri Tirupparkadal Srinivasa Iyengar, who was present, said: "Chembai feels strongly on this matter because he has not forgotten that he is what he is today only due to the encouragement given to him by *Vidwans* Govindaswami Pillai and Dakshinamurthi Pillai in his early years. Those two were already famous men, when Chembai was a mere lad. Yet they extended their wholehearted support to him, and in a few years' time, Chembai had risen to the top. And he has been there ever since...."

"Yes" mused the reminiscient artist "there was scarcely any concert of mine during the period 1914-1930 when those two did not accompany me".

I felt it was an opportune moment to ask Chembai what he thought of Govindaswami Pillai and whether the violin has ever been played like that since. It was a straight question and Chembai sensed a journalistic trap. He smiled broadly and said "Why talk of what is past. It cannot please the dead, and it will not please the living." It was a perfect squelch.

The conversation drifted to the vocal gifts of musicians. Sri Chembai Vaidyanatha Iyer's voice is well known for its high pitch, and metallic timbre. In fact that is the first (and with some critics the only thing) that will strike one about Chembai's music. Chembai admitted that he did nothing to acquire such an enviable voice. "God's gift" he said. As for preservation of the voice, Chembai's was a negative recipe. He keeps himself free from all the so-called vices, and avoids foods like curds, which he calls *kappam*.

Chembai agreed with me that popular feeling about the "favourite" ragas of musicians was generally misleading. An artist may, by unpermitted impor-

tations from foreign music, render a raga in a characteristic way and become famous. Yet his interpretation might be wholly repugnant to recognized Karnatic modes. The taste of the multitude is no gauge at all of the purity of any particular rendering. Chembai was therefore unwilling to listen to popular notions about his special ragas. "However" he added helpfully, "you might have noticed that I am very fond of singing certain kritis, which recur in my concerts frequently. *Vatapi Ganapathim bhaje* of Dikshitar in Raga *Ham-sadhwani* or *Saragunapalimpa* of Ramnad Srinivasa Iyengar in *Kedara-goulam* or *Raghuvara* of Tyagayya in *Panthuvarali* to mention a few."

"You might probably like to know why I have settled down in Madras" said the *vidwan* and proceeded to tell me why. "The credit goes to Sri T. G. Krishnayyar—Lalithadasar—whom I know for nearly 35 years. In September 1945 I came to know that he was composing *kirtanas*. I heard one of them, and immediately felt his composition was of more than average worth. I suggested to him that in view of the merit of his compositions, he might publish his *kritis* with notation for the benefit of a larger number of musicians. He jumped at the idea and I came down to Madras to help him in committing the songs to an accepted notation. My work has been completed and the book has been published. But I have settled down in the city. I shall present you with a copy of the book. I gather today is your birthday...."

This work of Sri Vaidyanatha Bhagavathar shows him to be more than a mere virtuoso. I heard one of the Lalithadasa *kritis* and was amazed at the briskness which characterised the *dhatu*—doubtless the handiwork of the Bhagavathar. It might chance that the mood of the words is inconsistent with the raga chosen or that the mood of the raga itself has suffered by a vigorous interpretation. Yet Chembai one must remember, is nothing if not cheerful and vigorous. As a wag remarked, the only man who can sing *Mukhari* with a grin on his face, is Chembai. When interest in a concert is flagging a *kriti* of Lalithadasa sung by Chembai will revive the

joy in the atmosphere. When I asked him about the lightness which always marked his performances, not to speak of positively humorous situations of his own making, Sri Vaidyanatha Iyer said "I believe in happiness. Why should people come to hear me wail piteously. Concerts are arranged for people to be happy". There was a flaw in that argument somewhere, but one did not feel up to arguing a subtle point with a beaming Bhagavathar. I let it go at that.

I must not fail to mention here, that the *vidwan* asked me specially to say that this was not the first time the Presidentship was offered to him. He had been offered it many times before, but he had been refusing to accept it. "I hear you were accusing the Academy of ignoring me... please make it known now that the fault lay not with the Academy...." I own the soft impeachment but maintain that the extra pressure which must have been exercised this year, could have been used before, to get the musician's acceptance.

Nobody can fail to welcome the election of Chembai this year. Either from a personal or professional angle no better man can be named. If I am asked what is Chembai's contribution to Karnatic music, I will say: Palghat Mani Iyer, and who will dispute the truth of the statement. One must note with satisfaction that Mani is continuing the tradition of helping younger men—a tradition which made Chembai, and which made him—by offering to accompany a young and promising artist, Sri Narayanaswamy. It is a very healthy habit, and may it, like unhealthy habits, prove infectious. Maybe we are living in an age of Lilliputians in Karnatic music—that is what a friend of mine thinks—but should we not honour the tallest among them. Indeed Sri Vaidyanatha Bhagavathar is our "golden-hearted, silver-throated" songster. He bears the name Vaidyanatha so full of rich memories to a Karnatic musician. *Periya Vaithi*, *Chinna Vaithi*, *Maha Vaithi*, *Konerirajapuram Vaithi*..... those are hallowed names. There must be a pause before I say Chembai Vaithi. But Ramas and Krishnas are not born in the *Kali Yuga*. Can one complain?

DUKE OF WINDSOR ON HIS "STORY" AND THE SPEECH HE COULD NOT DELIVER

THE TIMES (London) in its issue of Saturday September 29, 1951 carried this news item:

Mr. Kenneth H. Smith, President of the Book Publishers' Representatives' Association at the Association's guest night in London last night, read a message from the Duke of Windsor, who was to have been the guest of honour.

The message stated: "To the great relief of all his loyal subjects, the King's recovery from his serious operation is making satisfactory progress. On the other hand, there must be continued anxiety for some days to come. Will you, therefore, please express to the members of your association my keen disappointment over not being able to be with you all."

The dinner coincided with the appearance in Britain of the Duke of Windsor's book, "A King's Story."

Now that the King's health is no longer the cause of immediate anxiety, the speech which the Duke of Windsor was to have delivered before the Book Publishers' Representatives' Association, but did not, has been released for publication—for the first time. The text of the Duke's speech is given below:

This is an interesting occasion for me.

First of all the Book Publishers Representatives Association have invited me to be their guest of honour at their annual dinner, a courtesy which I greatly appreciate and for which I thank them sincerely.

Secondly, this is the first speech—if my few remarks to you this evening can be so classified—that I have made in Great Britain since I went away almost 15 years ago.

And Thirdly, my memoirs were published yesterday in London.

By a series of circumstances "A King's Story" made its debut in America—some six months ago—where it has been generously received by the reading public of that great country.

But I have, of course, been looking forward to the day when my book would become available to the people of the United Kingdom, where I was born, where I was raised, where I worked and played, where I reigned, even if only briefly, and where so many of the episodes and incidents recorded in my story took place.

'The Project Of Writing A Book'

I have always found it hard to believe those who claim that public speaking holds for them no terrors.

And I must confess that my limitations in this field are not diminished this evening by the fact that I am addressing an audience of publishers, a very critical audience.

And my plight might be less alarming had I not embarked upon the project of writing a book.

It is inevitable that the attitude of a publisher towards an author must differ from his attitude towards the rest of the world. For the rest of the world consists of people to whom you are anxious to sell something, while the wretched author is someone who wants to sell something to you.

The world is divided into masters and servants; in this case publishers are the servants of the public but authors are the servants of the publishers.

My invitation to this gathering came to me from my own publisher, and grateful indeed I was to receive it. But between ourselves I must confess that although the invitation was couched in the most courteous language imaginable, there lurked within it a suppressed but subtle note of command.

Needless to say I obeyed, I mean I accepted with pleasure.

When A King Writes, 'The Crime Is Worse'

But now about this book of mine. It seems in the eyes of some that in writing it I have done something very terrible.

It was Job, I think, who, in the depth of his misery, exclaimed that he wished his enemy had written a book. I used to find it difficult to understand why he wished such a peculiar thing.

Now I know. Gentleman, Job was dead right. He knew what he was talking about.

If you've got a grudge against anybody and want to do him a bad turn, all you have to do is to persuade him to write a book.

And it's the first one that gets you into trouble. After a man has written two or more books people get used to it. They say, "Oh, he's written another book, has he? Well, he's always doing it. It's too late to stop him," and they don't bother about that man any more.

But with the first book it's different. "Why on earth should he write a book?" everyone asks "He of all people. I never thought he'd do that. How very unwise, how quite unnecessary, how indiscreet, how unfair, how wrong. What a bad book it must be. I certainly shan't read it."

And I suppose that it follows in the minds of people who feel this way that when someone who has been a King writes a book it makes the crime even worse.

Even Henry The Eighth Wrote A Book

Few people, I believe, know that previous occupants of the British throne have written books before me.

Even if no monarch ever had, that would not have prevented me from writing one, for I cannot think of a worse reason for not doing something than the fact that no ancestor has done it before. But in this matter, I cannot claim to be a pioneer.

Those of you who are engaged in the praiseworthy and profitable pursuit of publishing books for the instruction of the young will not need to be reminded that King Henry VIII wrote a book, and it was a very successful book—I cannot give you the figures of its circulation but I can tell you that the Pope of that time was so pleased with it that he conferred upon Henry the title of Defender of the Faith.

King Henry's daughter, Queen Elizabeth, changed the Faith but

succeeding sovereigns have stuck to the title all the same.

Victoria Wrote Details Of Her Private Life

To come down to more modern times, you will all remember that my great grandmother was also a writer.

Queen Victoria did not think it beneath her dignity in what we regard as the extremely conventional period in which she lived to write and to publish details of her most private life.

"Leaves from the Journal of our life in the Highlands," as her book was entitled, is still to be found on upper, if perhaps a trifle dusty shelves, and that great Prime Minister and arch-flatterer Lord Beaconsfield never paid his Queen a compliment that she liked better than when he said to her quite casually, "We authors, Ma'am."

'Could There Be A Better Reason For Writing?'

Now, I think you will agree that I have listed a sufficient number of notable precedents for the book I have written—not that I wrote "A King's Story" in any spirit of emulation of my illustrious predecessors; I wrote it because I had something I wanted to say.

Can there be a better reason for writing? As a man who having lived a life of infinite variety and become involved in perhaps more than his share of controversy, I felt impelled to tell my own story in order that it remain the final record.

It took me close on four years to complete my memoirs, which cover the period from my birth in 1894 to my abdication in 1936.

On the whole I enjoyed writing my book, a difficult and exacting task though it was, and I now derive considerable satisfaction from seeing it displayed in places where books are sold.

I hope that many people will read my book. I hope so not only because I do not want my publishers to lose money, but because I want as many people as possible to realise that there are two sides to every story.

'It Cannot But Command Respect in Our Hearts'

Such criticism as my book has already received has, on the whole,

been directed, I am glad to say, more towards the principle of my writing it at all than towards the material.

On the other hand approval of my understanding has been gratifyingly generous. At the risk of being accused of self-glorification, I submit the substance of one of the cherished tributes I have received.

It comes from an old and trusted friend of my family who served my father for many years and then me during my short reign in one of the distinguished key posts at Court. This is what he wrote me:—

"Always outspoken in my relations with my Sovereign I am led to say now, Sir, how glad I am you have recorded your King's Story for the peoples of this and other lands to learn at first hand. Both for personal and historical reasons it had to be told, and there was little point in unduly delaying its telling, for it is presented with such variety,

sincerity and graciousness of style that it cannot but command respect in the hearts of all the fair minded."

It Might Have Ended—"They Lived Happily Ever After"

And now one final thought in what I have to say to you this evening.

While "A King's Story" is strictly non-fiction, I do believe that, as far as its last chapters are concerned, it is in a personal sense a romance.

And—speaking for the lovely and wonderful lady to whom the book is dedicated and for myself—I only wish that I had thought to add the old familiar ending of all romances: "And they lived happily ever after."

And, although we live abroad, I always remember with pride that Great Britain is my native land—your land and mine—I wish it well.

"A King's Story" was published last week by Cassell, price 25s.—Lens.

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ELECTION FEVER GRIPS CEYLON

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE scheduled date of general elections in Ceylon is much farther off than in India, but yet, all the parties have already started mobilising for the fight. The preparations have led to a really tense political atmosphere.

Two months ago, when Mr. Bandaranaike, the Health Minister and Leader of the House resigned from the Government and a number of his followers walked over to the opposition, the position of the present Government looked precarious. Since this happened just during the budget session, the drama of the situation was heightened. Frantically the Government wired for its followers to come back. But as days passed on, the Government somehow managed to get the budget passed with a precarious majority. Thereafter the Government, feeling that the danger was farther off, has girded up its loins for the next elections. The opposition which also had mobilized itself for defeating the Government then and there found that it was not immediately possible and so began to mobilize for the next elections.

It is now known that in spite of apparent composure, some members of the Government were in a panic at that time. The story is that the new Leader of the House, Sir John Kotelawala, told the Premier at that time, in private, "Now let us resign." It was the Premier Senanayake who, with his usual imperturbability, reminded Sir John that he was a Colonel and ought to know better. But after the Government stabilized its position, Sir John has turned all his furious energies into the campaign for the coming elections. Not that he is free from panic in his new activity. In fact, trying to seek psychological compensation for the hard knocks against the Government in the House of Representatives, he has committed two blunders, which are still the talk of the country.

The first was intended to galvanize the supporters of the Government

into action. Sir John therefore went about places, saying that the elections may come at any time and raised the Red bogey in a widely circulated pamphlet, "This is for you." The pamphlet, written on the usual lines of all Rightist propaganda says that if the Leftists were elected, there will not be any further elections in the country, but a Communist type of dictatorship. But the psychology behind widely circularising the pamphlet is more important than the contents of the pamphlet itself. Instead of strengthening the United National Party, it just showed into what a panic it had fallen. His second exploit was still more funny. In a hurry to ensure adequate transport for the U. N. P. during the elections, Sir John had asked his Secretary to send printed requests to all car owners to lend their cars for the U. N. P. during election time. This was highly improper for him to do, since he was the Minister of Transport. But the impropriety was forgotten in the absurdity of it, since these requests were addressed by mistake to the leaders of the L. S. S. P. and other opposition members who owned cars. All of them made good fun of it in public and private.

The Leftist parties are not far behind in their election preparations. In fact, last year and early this year, the rumour going round the country was that the Government were preparing for an early election in 1953, while the Leftists were far behind in election preparations. The Government, it was said, wanted to catch the Leftists napping. But the whole situation was altered when Mr. Bandaranaike resigned from the Government and the party. It is now the U. N. F. which is on the defensive. The Leftist parties have therefore started their electioneering with high hopes.

The Nava Lanka Sama Samaj Party, chief among the Leftist parties, has already started its campaign. The first weakness of the Leftist opposition has always been disunity. This, as is natural, received the main atten-

tion of the L. S. S. P., which strengthened itself a year ago by taking in another party, B. S. P. For the last two months, the L. S. S. P. has been trying to form a united front, at least for the elections, with other opposition parties. In their efforts to get together with the other main Leftist party, namely the Communist Party, with which a branch of the old L. S. S. P. is working, the chief stumbling block has been foreign policy vis a vis the Soviet Union and secondly certain personal incompatibilities. The L. S. S. P., being a Trotskyite party, admits that the U. S. S. R. has failed to bring about true Socialism, though they prefer her friendship to that of America. The Communist Party cannot digest any anti-Russian sentiment. Secondly, though the leaders of the L. S. S. P. and the Communist Party, namely N. M. Pereira and S. A. Wikramasinghe, are keen on left unity, some of their chief lieutenants cannot suffer the sight of each other. But still some loose understanding at least to avoid triangular contests in electorates may be brought about early.

With other opposition parties, however, the L. S. S. P. seems to be more successful in arriving at electoral agreements. The new party organised by Mr. Bandaranaike, the ex-Minister, called the Lanka Freedom Party, has put forward its programme, but as it is, it has not much in common with the L. S. S. P. election manifesto. But Mr. Bandaranaike is capable of holding his own in at least certain constituencies, and hence an electoral alliance with him is quite valuable. But while the Leftists are clear about what they intend doing, neither the Lanka Freedom Party nor the Republican nor the Federalist parties are quite sure of what they want, except in a limited sphere.

Recently, the L. S. S. P. made their programme public and held a number of meetings and group discussions all over the country. At home, they have made clear their intention to cut up all estates above 200 acres and redistribute the land among the landless peasants. They have also made it clear that they will nationalise and socialise all means of production. They have not promised any compensation to the owners in both the cases.

They say that they intend building a higher form of Soviet democracy than what obtains in Soviet Russia now, and regarding the national languages, they affirm that both Tamil and Sinhalese will be given an equal status all over Ceylon. Regarding foreign policy, they would try to cultivate friendly relations with all nations, but especially with the neighbouring S.E. Asian countries. In Colvin R. De Silva the L. S. S. P. has got a first class propagandist and a tireless electioneering party man.

The smaller opposition parties are also trying to merge, but the merging of incompatible ideals proves impossible on closer approach. For example, the Lanka Freedom Party of Mr. Bandaranaike made an approach to the Federalist Party of Selvanayagam, who demands a separate autonomous province within a federal State of Ceylon. Naturally they could not come together.

The Government Party, i.e., the U. N. P., has now woken up to its danger, and besides mere panicky preparations, it has also set about doing something substantial. At the end of September, they held their annual conference at Kandy, the hill capital. The conference was well attended and Premier Senanayake put forward a very good case for the U. N. P. He recounted their achievements in the last four years. They had built the Galoya Dam and the Laxapana Works and the K. K. Cement Factory, they had provided cheap food, they had maintained the free education scheme, and they had managed to have a good export surplus. The members of the U. N. P. had taken a major part in the freedom struggle of Ceylon. In fact, the list of achievements of the U. N. P. in Ceylon is much better than the record of any Congress Government in India.

On the other hand, the list of U. N. P. failures is equally long. The landless peasants have not been rehabilitated for the simple reason that new lands available under the reclamation and other schemes are too limited to solve the problem. The L. S. S. P. hit the problem on the head, when it says that only by breaking up big estates can the problem of the landless peasant be solved. Secondly, in spite of the big export

surplus, for which not the U. N. P. Government but world trade conditions were responsible, the cost of living has not been brought down considerably. Increased allowances have solved the problem for only Government employees. Regarding free education, the U. N. P. has monkeyed with the original free scheme and has whittled down its advantages considerably. The other schemes like Galoya or the State Cement Factory for which the U. N. P. claims credit, were conceived years ago before the present Government was formed and even they are not upmixed successes as schemes. The expenditure on them has been far in excess of the estimates. Taken as a whole, the blunders are not as big as the scandals in India under the Congress regime, but they are avoidable blunders.

What makes the U. N. P. case weak, however, is not its lack of achievement, but the corruption prevalent in its lower ranks and in the lower rungs of the Government service and allied services. The total corruption is less than in Congress India, but it is more widely distributed and more patent. The strong plank of the Left is not so much their own promises as the corruption in the U. N. P. Government and also discourtesy to the public in many offices.

As scheduled, the elections are due in September 1952. It is too early now to predict the results. Disgust with the party in power is in Ceylon buttressed by the presence of a comparatively strong opposition party like the L. S. S. P. On the point of national languages and religion, the U. N. P. has taken a lukewarm stand not likely to appeal to the common Sinhalese. But, being the party in power, it com-

mands resources not available to the opposition parties. It is building up a huge election fund of thirty lakhs of rupees. It is also nearly commandeering cars and wagons from many of their owners. Also its record is not quite barren. By accident or otherwise, it has made Ceylon comparatively more peaceful and prosperous.

The L. S. S. P., though it has no resources comparable to that of the U. N. P. still has quite a lot of them. They are in a better position to fight the elections than the Socialists or the K. M. P. Party in India. They have built up a small election fund and can command at least some type of transport. Their propagandists do quite impressive work. They have made the best of the weak points of the U. N. P. Unlike the Socialists in India, they have an island-wide organization. Besides appealing directly to the landless peasant and the wage earning labourer, they also make an appeal to the middle classes who feel neglected by the U. N. P. and are disgusted by the corruption and discourtesy in public offices. Lastly, they appeal to no communal passions and can speak for the island as a whole, unlike other opposition parties. Besides this, there is a chance that Mr. Bandaranaike would be able to win a good few seats, in which case, the L. S. S. P. can pool their resources with his party.

As it is, the chances are even and any small concession or last minute blunder by the Government might tip the scales for or against the U. N. P. It is even possible that the results of the British and Indian elections might influence the election results in Ceylon to a very great extent.

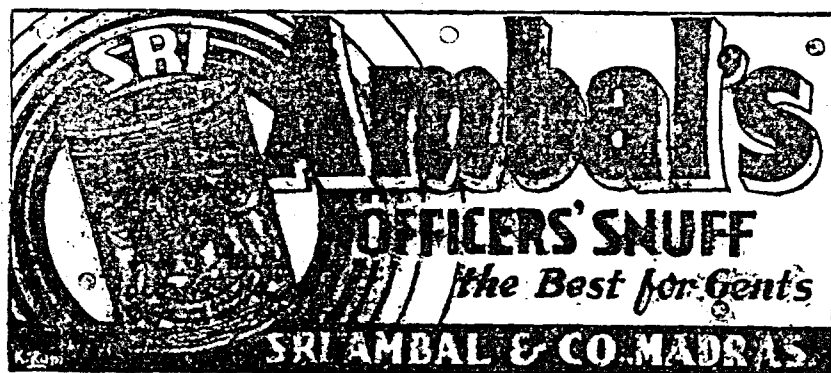
REFLECTIONS ON GANDHI JAYANTHI

By H. SUNDER RAO, M.A.

THIRTY years ago. The scene was a small, obscure town on the west coast of India. For days, life in the town ran at a high pitch. The atmosphere was seething with a tremendous enthusiasm. Mahatmajee was touring South India, and he had agreed to visit the town for just a couple of hours. Thousands of people from all the villages around, men, women and children, had been trekking into this small town for days just to have "darshan" of the great man. The scene on the day of Mahatmajee's arrival can hardly be described. A vast sea of seething humanity—shops and houses freshly painted and white-washed—flags and festoons of many colours and sizes—"thoranams" of plantain trees and mango leaves—smiling faces alive with a strange ardour and people tense with excitement. It was a great day, almost an epoch in the drab life of the village-folk.... And then on that great day, exactly at two o'clock, a hush fell on the crowd. Spontaneous cries of "Mahatma Gandhi ki Jai" rent the sultry air—the cry of a people newly-awakened into a larger life, into a pulsating consciousness of a glorious destiny for themselves and their country. The chain of fear seemed to have been snapped, the fear that had gripped the souls of the people who had never known what it was to be free.... As the car that drove Gandhiji slowly passed along the narrow, dusty, packed streets of the town, the enthusiasm rose to fever-pitch. Yet somehow the scene seemed to be so orderly, pervaded by the inner spirit of discipline which Gandhiji so magnificently embodied in his fragile person. There is something incomparably sublime in a people's spontaneous affection for their leader. Upon such scenes even the gods themselves throw incense. What touching incidents did I witness! Women offering "arati"—an old woman, a shrivelled, pathetic-looking creature from one of the villages who knew nothing of politics, but who at that supreme moment, had become

one, so to say, with the new spirit that was revolutionising the people, bending low before Gandhiji and touching his forehead and caressing his feet, her eyes filled with tears.... and Bapuji, his face looking tired, smiling over her and lovingly raising her to her feet.... More cries of "Gandhi ki Jai"—a tumultuous scene of unparalleled enthusiasm—a memory that nothing can efface.

Gandhiji was in those days a mighty symbol. He gave us a vision and made us "men." The Congress was not then a coterie of power-seekers and ambitious politicians. It was a school of moral and spiritual discipline—the citadel of a nation's resurgent life. The Gandhi cap was the sign of martyrdom, of a consecrated life of service and sacrifice. Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive. It was the golden age of national idealism, when Gandhiji was the focus of a people's ardent affection and his name was a real "mantra." The Congress stood for "the mighty sum of things for ever speaking," for a set of values which evoked all that was best in the nation's life. It had among its leaders and workers some of the noblest men and women of the land who unflinchingly accepted Gandhiji's lead and were prepared to do anything for him. Leadership in those days had a meaning and a value, for leaders were men of integrity seasoned and disciplined in the hard and relentless school of suffering and persecution. The traditional reverence of our people for their chosen leaders was exhibited in those days with a trustfulness which revolutionised our politics. Tilak, Gandhiji, C. R. Das, the Patel Brothers, Rajaji, the Ali Brothers—these and many others were the idols of a nation's worship. Lesser men touched by the glory of these gods shared the nation's adoration in every province, and even the obscurest Congress worker occupied a place in the people's hearts and imagination which belongs only to the elect. It was a unique



hierarchy of national heroes who were regarded as the custodians of India's honour and as fighters in the cause of her emancipation. Whatever be the meaning of the phrase "political consciousness," our people possessed it in abundance in those days; but it was a consciousness which had brought them into contact with something sublime and momentous, something which the nation had never before experienced.

Years have passed. We have come through tremendous vicissitudes—the romantic epoch of Dandi March—individual and mass "Satyagraha"—of tortuous negotiations and compromise—the dreary stalemate of the second world war—the frustrations and heart-breaks that followed it—the symptoms of disintegration and disunity culminating in the cry for Pakistan—the endless bickerings among our leaders—the smouldering passions of our people fanned by slogans of communal frenzy and suspicion—the disillusionments that came with Independence—the horrors of famine and chronic scarcity—the rapid deterioration in national morale—the emergence of Congress as a political party vested with power.... And the dawn of freedom with all its accompaniments of tragedy and the shock of a tremendous vivisection of the country.... The sombre shadows of frustration lengthened over the country. The glory of the past was slowly passing away. Our heroes with their shining halo of martyrdom gradually became political bosses and party-directors. The Congress became a citadel of power-seekers and political manipulators, fighting for the loaves and fishes of office, instead of the crown of martyrdom, and the glory that was Congress soon passed away....

Another scene.... like the flickering of a dying flame. Amidst the horrors of partition, bestial slaughter of brother by brother, of religious fanaticism and communal hatred, we saw the aged Bapuji, bent with sorrow, trudging wearily through Naokhali, a lone figure, serene and confident, while around him the flames of communal passions rose high, burning and destroying the soul of a people. He was

far away from the scenes of rejoicing that came with Indian independence. And during that painful pilgrimage through the barren and mournful countryside, he saw, not the tumultuous crowds with their full-throated cries of "Gandhi ki Jai," but men, women and children tortured with fear and dumb and stunned with a nameless tragedy.

Gandhiji's last days were lived in the midst of a colossal national tragedy. Not that he had failed, for men like him can never fail. It was the nation which he had nursed into a virile manhood that had failed him. Once again a nation's incapacity to live up to the vision of its martyrs and prophets was revealed, as it has been revealed in numberless epochs in man's long history. And it was time that he left for ever the scene of tragedy and unfulfilment. The assassin's bullet was perhaps part of God's inscrutable plan. Gandhiji had no place in the India of today, an India which was like a darkling plain,

*Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.*

Gandhi Jayanti! I entered the public hall of our town where thirty years ago, I had witnessed scenes of tumultuous enthusiasm when Gandhiji had visited it. Walking along the streets to attend the meeting, I found nothing to indicate that the people knew of Gandhi Jayanthi. Very few cared anything for it, even if they knew. Elections, party-alignments, business-deals, permit-getting, money-making—these are the major preoccupations of our leaders, while the rest of us are over-burdened with the soul-less grind of making both ends meet, while prices soar and scarcity and near-famine stare us in the face. This is what we are on the 82nd birth anniversary of the man who gave us freedom.... I saw in the hall a crowd of bored school-children who had been pressed into the meeting by their headmaster. There were half-a-dozen white-capped worthies on the platform, while above the dais hung a coloured reproduction of Gandhiji's bust, his face wreathed in smiles. A quick thought passed through my mind: What would

Bapuji, if he were alive and here, say to us? The meeting settled down to business. A chorus sung by a batch of school-children.... a few speeches—the usual type, full of platitudes, half-hearted and hollow. In the end "Janaganamana" sung feebly and chaotically and a feeble shout of "Gandhi ki Jai" from the half-sleepy youngsters, more a sound of relief from boredom than the spontaneous cry of jubilation which rent the blue skies of India in the past....

The town had paid its customary tribute and homage to "The Father of the Nation"!

Today, Gandhi Jayanthi must only be celebrated in the silence of our

hearts. That was the insistent thought that passed through my bewildered mind on that day. Our country, poised on the verge of a grim future, needs what Gandhiji most valued in life—a strong, pure, and fearless heart. The scenes of tumultuous rejoicing and spectacular worship somehow seem to be out of tune with the gloom and frustration which are so widespread in our land. Another epoch has dawned, since his passing away, calling us, who once venerated Bapuji, to a silent, solid and continual task of inner purification, for it is only by such a purification, and not by holding public meetings and organising processions, that we can save India and make her worthy of Bapuji's dedicated and pure life.

★ THE LADY WITH A LAMP

Anna Neagle as Florence Nightingale whose life she portrays in the Wilcox-Neagle Production, "The Lady With A Lamp", produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox. Acclaimed by critics a most outstanding film, the screen version is based on Reginald Berkclay's successful stage play. The first screening of the film in India is expected to be early in October.



THE STORM

By DEVIDASS B. KAPADIA

"HULLO, Charan!" greeted Prof. Gopal Krishna Misra, setting aside his manuscripts on Woman psychology and adjusting his pincenez. "Please sit down!"

"Thanks," returned Charan, a short man with a haggard look. "How's Sunita progressing? I hope she isn't troubling you a lot."

"Not at all! She's a brilliant girl. Doing splendid work!"

"Oh! What worry her teachers caused me by saying she wouldn't pass her final exam if I didn't get her extra coaching," Charan said.

"They must say such things for private tuitions! Not their fault—poor fellows! So ill paid, you see."

Charan seemed to feel a bit easy at the professor's free, familiar manner. No pride! No superiority complex!—as he had expected in an ex-professor—though a friend of his school days.

"You know, Gopal," went on Charan fidgeting with his long bony fingers. "the thing's this. I'm awfully worried about Sunita's passing the exam, because she's come of age and her mother's been pressing me for her marriage. And marriage is no joke in our community. They want huge dowries which a clerk like me can't dream of collecting all his life."

Prof. Misra looked at him sympathetically.

"So I thought if Sunita passed her exam," Charan continued, "some stray young man who valued education for its sake might trip round without demanding a dowry—though I'm not quite sure if such a thing is possible...."

"I think it is," answered Prof. Misra thoughtfully. "But I say, Charan, why stick to this community affair? Jump out, man!"

"Wish I could!" returned Charan. "There's a peculiar difficulty in my case. You see, if a high-caste man

went about preaching intermarriages without ever meaning it in practice, they'd call him a social reformer. But if I, a Harijan, even hinted about it in right earnest, they'd scoff at me and say I have my own axe to grind."

"True!"

"And if I hunted for a bridegroom in a lower caste, there's Sunita's mother to pull the roof down upon my head!"

"Yes, yes! I shouldn't have overlooked the woman's side of the matter particularly!" said the man who was writing on woman psychology. And after some thought he added, "Well, Charan, how's the Harijan movement at this place?"

"Moving slowly on, against odds. You're interested in it?"

"Why not? Any one must. The basic problem of our society—in fact, the root cause of our slavery. I shall be very glad to discuss it with you sometime and know full details of its work here and see if...."

Charan's small eyes brightened. Matters seemed to have taken the turn he most desired.

"G—Gopal," he said eagerly, "I have a request...."

"Go ahead, man!"

"You see, I'm the Secretary of the Harijan Uplift Society...."

"Good!"

"On Saturday next, we are celebrating its eighth anniversary. Our members wanted me to find a good president—and I wondered if I could request you to...."

"Aha-ha-ha! Too hasty, my dear fellow! You must pitch upon some veterans, not me! I'm not competent enough...."

"I'm fed up with what you call veterans. Bogus fellows! Lip-sympathisers—professional fame hunters! Do please accept and...."

"Oh, all right! You do me great honour!"

"Thank you! Next Saturday, 5 p.m. then. Decided! I'm giving it for printing."

The Professor was about to speak when he heard a stifled sneeze outside. He knew it was his wife's. Heavens! What was she about now? He waited expectantly. The stifled explosion repeated itself—this time more distant.

Meanwhile, Charan had been drumming with his thin bony fingers on the arms of his chair. His eyes travelled—casually, as it were—to a framed photograph.

"If I'm not inquisitive," he said, "whose photo is that?"

"Oh, that?" said the ex-professor, turning to it, "my son, Vinoo's. I'd have shown him to you but he isn't in just now. Goes out in the evenings to the riverside to get ideas for his paintings."

"Chip of the old block, as they say! I still possess some of your old drawings!"

"Do you, Charan?" said the ex-professor, somewhat sadly, and with a reminiscent look in his eyes. "You see, art ended with me there. I lacked backing like so many youngsters in this country. However, I remembered my misfortune too well to let Vinoo go without a chance. And I'm glad he's made good use of it. Come, I'll show you his work."

So saying he led Charan to a room in which hung pictures on the walls—sketches, still-life, landscapes and portraits.

"Wonderful!" said Charan.

"Charan," went on Prof. Misra with paternal pride, "Vinoo's a self-made artist—absolutely untutored. In his work he gives precedence to realism of spirit over realism of form. He's specialising in quite a unique thing in art—what we may call co-relating man and nature. You see, nature has its diverse moods just like man—joy, sorrow, gloom and so on. Vinoo depicts these moods of nature in an entirely original manner. Look here, for example!"

"Excellent!" said Charan, looking at the painting.

"Thanks!" said the ex-professor and led his friend back to his room.

"I'm glad we've had a hearty talk today," said Charan.

"Life's a strange thing," said Prof. Misra reflectively. "Once there were two kids Gopal and Charan who went to school together, played, and bickered over trifles in the lawns under the huge neem tree. Then three decades separated them. And then Destiny brought them together again—the same Gopal and Charan now getting gray—this time perhaps bringing them closer still that they may play their parts together to the very end."

Charan was gazing absently into the void through the window. A tear glided down his sunken cheek and he wiped it quickly to avoid being observed. Was it a tear over his bitter past or was it—but who can tell?

"Well," he said rising slowly. "I will get along, Gopal. And please remember Saturday—Good-bye!"

The fair, charming and youthful (though middle-aged) Prof Misra followed him to the door and stood watching his dark, sunburnt frail figure merging into the streaming traffic. He stood musing....

Startled by a violent sneeze from behind, he turned sharply and saw the frowning figure of his plump wife covering the back door of his study. He knew that look spelt trouble. He had hardly begun to prepare himself for it when she boomed with the nasal accent of a severe cold: "Who was that?"

"Sunita's father, my old friend Charan!" was the cool answer.

"H'm! I overheard you...."

"Why overhearing and suppressing your sneeze? You could have come straight in!"

"Not that I was afraid! Well, what does that Harijan want now? Isn't he satisfied, having already planted his daughter on my head?"

"Janki!...."

"Don't call me like that!"

"He's too poor to afford a tutor. Mustn't we help him?"

"Of course. You must!" she cried with sarcastic gesture. "You must find time for everything else except me! Then it was for the college and the books; now it's for books and Harijans' daughters. Where do I come in at all? Tell me today and once for all; don't I mean anything

to you? Will you still continue to be negligent about me?"

"Negligent?"

She went on half-aloud and half to herself: "My mother used to say that only those who have committed great sins in their past life are born women in this." She covered her face and began sobbing.

"Vinoo's mother!"

"Let me tell you clearly!" she cried amidst sobs. "You may keep your Harijan-equality ideas to yourself! They shall not interfere with my affairs. I won't share your sins to be born a woman again!"

"But listen...."

"That's all there is about it! Encouraged by you that wretched Harijan girl moves freely in my house. You ask her to get water and she touches and defiles my vessels. And I have to do all the cleaning and heating of the vessels to purify them. I....I....!"

"But why should you at all?"

"Because I know my *dharma*! And, well, here's something more to interest you! Your beloved artist booby is getting too intimate with that Harijan girl....do you know?"

"Yes?...."

"Don't say 'yes' coolly like that! Everybody'll soon begin talking about it. And that'll mean a blot to my name. I won't let that girl enter my house any more....hear?"

"Janki!...."

"Don't call me like that! I have spoken my last word. I won't let her...."

Prof. Misra knew that a stern attitude at this stage would prove more useful. He knew his wife.

"Vinoo's mother!" he said sternly banging the table. And only with a great effort he could suppress his smile to see her cowed down immediately. "Now I'll do the talking and you shall listen, understand?" he added firmly. "Do you know what all I've been doing for you?"

"For me?...ackhh." A loud sneeze.

"See? that sneeze indicates I'm speaking the truth, doesn't it? Now listen! Haven't you said often that Indian women have no opportunity to rise, to make a name?"

"Yes. It's the truth! You men have always curbed...."

"Wait! Let me go on. You remember the Tripuri Congress?"

"Yes! So what....?"

"Wait! You remember those scenes, great women leaders driving in cars through huge crowds shouting *Sarojini Naidu ki jai, Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit ki jai!*?"

He knew his wife's weak spot. She loved popularity and would do anything, even against her convictions, if it brought her popularity. Only she needed careful tackling.

Carefully arranging his words, he went on. "Now, suppose you and I were driving in a car through such huge crowds shouting *Janki Mai ki jai!* How you would like that?"

"Don't fool me. That requires luck. And luck runs miles away from me!"

"It's knocking at your door now! Go and grab it!"

"?"

"I'll show you how you can hear *Janki Mai ki jai!* in a few hours!"

"How?"

"You know Charan is the Secretary of the Harijan Uplift Society."

"Bah! That Harijan again....!"

"Listen! They're celebrating their anniversary on Saturday and he's requested me to preside...."

"Harijan...."

"Now what you do is to accompany me there and speak a few words...."

"What? go to the Harijan...."

"You are not going to dine with them."

"All the same, I will not...."

"Listen! It's foolish to miss opportunities when they come!"

She pondered. "And what did you say I must do there?"

"Give a speech!"

"Ma! Speech? You are mocking at me!"

"Nonsense. I mean it...earnestly!"

"Absurd! You know I can't...."

"You can! Easy. You simply learn by heart a few words I'll give you. Recite them five times every day till next Saturday and repeat them at the

function....and then lo! *Janki Mai ki jai!* Driving through huge crowds in thick garlands! Photographs in newspapers....Honour! Glory!...."

"Before thousands of people? Ma! I'll tremble! The very first word will get stuck in my throat! No—No!"

"Don't see the people. Simply shut your eyes and speak in a round disc that'll be placed in front of you! All very easy, Janki!"

"Don't call me like that!"

"Oh, all right! Then you'll hear *Janki Mai ki jai*. Do you see how all the time I've been doing everything possible for you? And you say I've been neglecting you! Is it fair, Vinoo's mother?"

He had played his trump card and was watching the result on her face.

"I'm sorry!" she said slowly, and with an affectionate look at him added, "Ma! It's four o'clock already. I'll get you your tea, Vinoo's father." And swinging her plump figure she walked away as fast as she could.

"Interesting dear little woman!" said the Prof. to himself, smiling complacently.

Hardly had she left when she returned again as if she'd suddenly remembered something.

"Oh, I'd forgotten," she said, "the very thing I'd come for." Once again he saw fury in her eyes.

"What's the matter?"

"Your beloved son, Vinoo!"

"Well?"

"You've spoiled him. You wouldn't care when I told you children must be kept under strict control. Your fantastic ideas about giving them complete freedom has completely spoiled him, otherwise he daren't show me indifference and behave impertinently!"

"Impertinently?"

"Come and see for yourself. You'll understand!"

She took him by the arm to Vinoo's room.

"See these two pictures?" she cried. "Look how charming he's made Sunita look in this portrait and see what a mirth-provoking horror he's made of me in this! Twice as stout as I really am! Ma!"

Her voice turned a little plaintive.

"That my own son should make fun of my stoutness when my friends say I've been much pulled down! Vinoo's father, I may be a bit stout unlike those rickety modern girls—but it's none of Vinoo's business to tease me about it. There's a limit to everything, Vinoo's father! The other day he shows me a picture and says, 'Ma, this is a medicine for getting slim. Why don't you try?' Can ever a son be more disrespectful to his mother?"

Prof. Misra suppressed a smile.

"And that's not all!" she went on. "I overheard your darling boy telling that wretched girl that he's going to send these two pictures to an exhibition. You know what'll happen there! People would see that charming thing besides this horror—(pointing at her portrait)—and laugh at the contrast!" She buried her head in her hands and sobbed again, "What a son, O God!"

Prof. Misra patted her affectionately. "Vinoo's mother!" he said softly.

"Enough!" she cried and with a violent jerk disengaged herself and rushed out, leaving the remnants of a final sneeze behind her.

"A unique model!" mumbled the professor to himself. He moved to his table, opened the manuscripts on woman psychology and started jotting down some points....

Saturday. The anniversary in full swing. Huge posters with slogans; festoons; electric lights, loud-speakers; boy-volunteers in attractive uniforms; and an ocean of men, the neglected, ill-treated section of Hindu society.

On an elevated dais sat the President—his wife on his right, and the Secretary on his left.

Mrs. Misra moved uneasily in the accommodating chair. Were the people not staring at her and whispering to each other about her size?

After the Secretary's report and others' speeches, Mrs. Misra's turn came, last but not one.

She rose nervously. Drawing courage from her husband's reassuring look she blurted straight into the microphone: "My Harijan brothers and sisters! I stand here to—to speak—to speak, to speak—er—on behalf of the women folk. Society—society—

has been fair—er—unfair to you for long—long centuries and—and—” and she felt a lump in her throat.

Desperately she looked at her husband. But alas! he was looking away at the crowds and adjusting his pincenez! In vain she tried to recollect the words and at last with one supreme effort concluded—“I say this shall not continue—shall not!” And abruptly she sat down. Claps—cheers—laughter followed!

Lastly the President rose. He spoke pointedly and briefly.

“Brothers and sisters! You have heard from several speakers how some of the greatest saints and philosophers were born untouchables and how our great heroes like Rama and Krishna ate food at the hands of their so-called untouchable devotees—and a lot more! I’ll simply add that this canker crept into our society at a later date and is the creation of some shrewd selfish people. I’ll conclude with a note of warning to the caste-people that if they’ll not correct their mistake and move with the times, events will sweep them aside and throw them in the dust-bin of oblivion. Finally, one of the most important measures in eradicating this evil from our society, in my opinion, is to encourage inter-marriages.”

Mrs. Misra shot a piercing glance at her husband. What was he babbling? Inter-marriages? Was he going mad?

Charan looked somewhat pleased. Commentaries were being whispered round among the audience.

Just then a youth stood up boldly and with the President’s permission to speak a few words said: “We’re accustomed to hear exhortations of this nature from leaders before. Our bitter experience, however, is that the same leaders back out when it comes to practice. May we hope that history will not repeat itself?”

Charan smiled interestedly.

“I admire your straightforwardness, young man!” answered the President. “And regarding your doubt, I’ll only say time will show you!”

The function terminated and Prof. and Mrs. Misra drove home through cheering crowds—the lady occasionally peeping out, smiling

graciously and receiving the cheers with courteous bows.

On entering home she said, “Vinoo’s father, Vinoo hasn’t returned yet. He’s out since morning. He told you he was going to the riverside, did he? He must be hungry—so forgetful about his food!”

“He should have returned,” the Professor answered briefly. “And he may be here any moment. Is his supper ready?”

“Almost,” she said and walked away to the kitchen re-living the glorious moments and hearing *Janki Mai ki jai!* in imagination.

The professor leaned on his chair a little thoughtfully. He too seemed worried about his son. He was preparing to go out for him when he noticed the front door move slowly—and then a tall, lean figure with the flowing hair and dreamy eyes of an artist, entered softly, followed by a young girl with innocent eyes and a beauty cool and pleasing as the moon’s.

“Vinoo!” said Prof. Misra. “Sunita here—now! What’s the matter?”

“Father,” answered Vinoo, “she’s henceforwards your daughter-in-law.”

“Vinoo!”

“Yes father. We got married in the court. My going to the river was a lie. I did it for fear of mummy! Won’t you forgive me, father?”

“Of course, of course, my dear boy! But what about your mummy? She’ll—”

But just then the distant voice of Mrs. Misra was drawing near.

“Vinoo’s father. Go and search for him. Why don’t you....?”

And by now she was in the door. She shot a puzzled glance at the couple.

“Vinoo’s mother,” Prof. Misra stepped in, “here’s your son with his wife!”

“What?” she shouted hysterically bouncing into the room and pacing animatedly. “I’d suspected something might happen ever since that girl entered my house. God!—Should I live to see such things at this stage in my life?”

And like a stormy ocean she was heaving and pounding, roaring and thundering.

“I knew Vinoo would be a blot to my name someday!” she cried. “O God! I’ve nothing to do with the people’s sins. Don’t ever create me a woman again, O God!”

And then panting and utterly exhausted she sank in a chair, embedded her head in her palms and broke out into sobs which gradually died down into silence.

Vinoo, meanwhile, stood gazing dreamily at the turbulent scene and seemed immersed in deep thought. It seemed as if the artist in him had been awakened. He was observing studiously.

Tears had gathered in Sunita’s eyes. She led him by the hand and both sat at mother’s feet.

Just then Charan entered and spoke to Prof. Misra who stood fanning his wife.

“Excuse me, Gopal,” he said. “I’d come to look for Sunita, and on hearing the noise, thought it better to stay out. Sunita, foolish girl, what have you done?”

“Charan,” interrupted Prof. Misra, “don’t blame her. You know the children have unconsciously done what was dear to my heart. This is exactly the kind of climax I was aiming at. Only, I was working up slowly to bring Vinoo’s mother round in my own cautious way. You didn’t know why I arranged to get her to your function, for instance, do you? Well, I’ll tell you later.”

“I’d guessed your inclinations,” answered Charan. “But I hesitated to....”

“You always do. But never mind. All’s happened for the best. What the children have done in haste wouldn’t have been quite so simple otherwise, you know. As for Vinoo’s mother, don’t worry. You don’t know her. An interesting character—simple as a child. All her excitement and fury are but a passing affair. She always bursts out at the first gush of impulse but is soon her quiet tranquil self again. Wait and you’ll see. She’ll be quite happy with her, I assure you, Charan.”

“Sunita’s your daughter from now,” answered Charan.

Vinoo, meanwhile, seemed still studiously absorbed.

A little later Mrs. Misra opened her eyes slowly and looked at the children at her feet.

“Bless them, Vinoo’s mother!” said Prof. Misra softly.

“Long live my children! And may you be happy!” she said smiling benignly and passing her hands affectionately over the happy couple.

“See, Charan?” whispered Prof. Misra to his astonished friend and smiled.

A month later, Mrs. Misra was combing Sunita’s hair with motherly affection when Prof. Misra entered.

“Vinoo’s mother! Good news!”

“What?”

“You know how you had burst out into a storm that night over the children’s marriage? Vinoo took the idea from that and painted a wonderful picture called ‘The Storm’ and sent it to the exhibition instead of that portrait of yours over which you were so much upset the other day. ‘The Storm’ wins Vinoo the distinction of the country’s best artist for the year as well as the Ravi Varma Prize of ten thousand rupees!”

“My dear boy!”

“And you were right in your doubt that something would happen ever since Sunita’s entry into this house. That something is this happy event! Her coming was indeed an auspicious thing, for it led to their love and marriage and to your remarkable outburst which inspired Vinoo with ‘The Storm.’ Am I right, Sooneee?”

Sunita looked at her father-in-law shyly, smiled and bent her head low.

“But in your happiness,” added Prof. Misra, “don’t forget to study hard and get a first class, Soonee!”

“My daughter!” said the happy mother-in-law patting her fondly. “Vinoo’s father, I have an idea. How do you like giving away the ten thousand to the Harijan Uplift Society?”

“Woman!” said Prof. Misra to himself, smiling and repairing to his room where he took his pen and set to work on his Woman psychology.

—(Copyright—C.P.M.)

FORD'S THEORY OF CRIME

ALWAYS A WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT

HE always carried a gun. He stockpiled up arms and tear gas to battle with the unions. He took former criminals on his payroll.

Yet HENRY FORD, the little man who built up a \$250 million car empire from a small garage, was afraid of black cats, would never walk under a ladder, and hated breaking a mirror.

In fact, if he hurt people, he didn't want to know.

Ford, according to Harry Bennett, who worked for him for 30 years, never gave a gift without strings attached to it.

In "We Never Called Him Henry," just published in America by Fawcett Publications, Bennett describes how time after time he saw Ford give things away and then, if he became angry, take them back.

No Car

He once gave a new car to a man named Ash, who ran the power station at the Ford works. When word came that Ford was coming to the station Ash started carefully polishing the car.

Ford noticed all this and it made him angry. "Take it from him!" he ordered Bennett. "He hasn't done a lick of work since he got that car."

Ford had a deep sympathy with criminals, and used to dream of the day when there would be no jails.

When he hired an ex-jailbird he always wanted to talk to him. He'd say, "Now how did you get into this?" and add: "I'll bet a woman got you into it."

That was Ford's theory of crime—he always looked for a woman at the bottom of the trouble.

Factory Spies

Buff Ryan, a Detroit gambler, was called to the works when he was on parole. Ford hired him on the spot.

Said Ryan, "I've never worked in a

factory, Mr. Ford, but I'll do my best."

Ford said: "You don't have to work in the plant. Just keep your eyes and ears open. We want to know what's going on round town."

Ford also wanted to know what was going on in his own works. Factory police checked on the men and even followed them to the toilets.

Unknown to Bennett, arms and tear gas were stored in the plant at River Forge for use in possible labour conflicts.

Ford also gave Detroit's leading gangster a Ford agency.

Ford was for ever trying to reunite broken families. If there was a divorce or separation he tried to reunite the couple, never mind what they wanted.

This kind of help was seldom welcome. In fact, Ford's stubborn efforts to get a nephew to go back to his wife

led him into actually persecuting the man.

Superstitions

He was superstitious. If he put a

sock on inside out in the morning he would never change it.

But he had a way of rationalising superstitions. He'd say: "If a black cat crosses the road then you'll drive more carefully, and that's a good thing. Anyone who walks under a ladder deserves a pot of paint on his head."

On "Friday, the 13th," you could hardly get Ford to move.

Ridiculed

He was strongly anti-British.

Bennett dates this to a meeting Ford had with Churchill. He told Churchill he thought most of Britain's problems could be solved if farming were encouraged and Britain produced nearly all her own food.

Churchill is said to have ridiculed the idea and Ford never got over that. He could not stand a slur on his intelligence.

He was pro-German. In the war an Englishman tried to persuade him to help evacuate some children to the States. Ford jibbed at the idea.

"Do you really want to get rid of Hitler?" he asked. "I'll send Harry (Bennett) over with six of his men. They'll get rid of Hitler for you in no time."

Ford was a dead shot. Bennett had a target box in his office and sometimes Ford would get tired of shooting at the target and aim at a lamp in the ceiling.

A sales manager occupied the floor above and Ford thought it great fun to say: "Let's wake him up." He

would then start shooting at a metal ball attached to the lamp, making it ring.

Scared, the sales manager would leave the office until after the shooting.

Threw Them Out

Mrs. Ford used to darn her husband's socks, but he detested darned socks. He claimed they hurt his feet. Many times when Ford was riding with Bennett he would stop the car and buy a new pair.

Then he would change them in the car and toss the pair of Mrs. Ford's carefully darned socks out of the window.—Lens.

If Gandhiji were alive, he would have rescued the Congress from the disaster into which it appears to be fast heading, and directed it into the sphere of constructive national service. It is a tragedy that he was not spared for this task. A greater tragedy still is that Congressmen should have gone counter to his last wishes, and persisted in retaining the old organisation and brought it to the verge of collapse.

The Congress can have a future only if it follows Gandhiji's advice, gives up its political ambitions, and devotes itself to disinterested service. When it does this, the people will again rally round it, and it will have all the political influence it had of old, entirely unsought. Otherwise it must perish with no one shedding a tear for it.

—BHARATAN KUMARAPPA.

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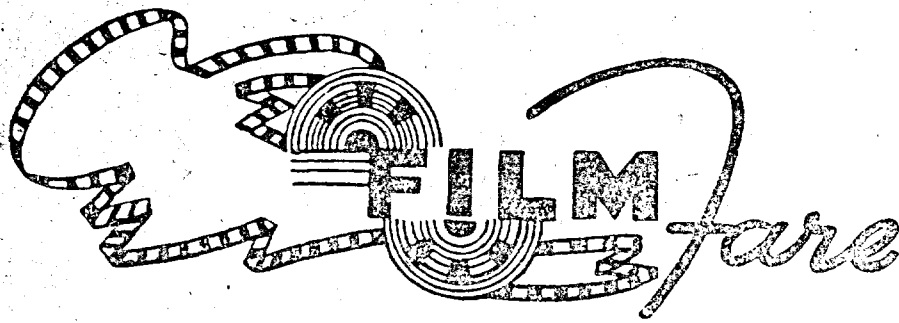
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By V. P. SATHE

IN his speech at the general body meeting of Western India Theatres Ltd., Mr. K. M. Modi laid great stress on the foreign market for Indian films. He said the countries where Indian pictures are exhibited today are: Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, East Africa, the Far East and to some extent the Middle East. The reasons why Indian pictures have not made any headway in foreign countries are: (a) our own standard of production has not attained parity with that of other countries, especially U. S. A. (b) The story material and the subject of our pictures have little appeal for foreign countries.

How can these problems be solved? It is difficult to give any concrete answer at this stage. But since Sohrab Modi is making *Jhansi-ki-Rani* for the international market, it is really to be hoped that this picture does not meet with the same fate as other previous efforts in that direction. To safeguard his interest Sohrab Modi has secured the services of foreign technicians and has pre-sold the picture thereby ensuring release outside India.

Meanwhile, it seems that, thanks to the success of *River* there is a growing interest in India among foreign producers. At least three to four pictures with Indian background are being planned. One of them *Monsoon* went before the cameras last Sunday at Kandivli, (Bombay). Based on a play by Jean Anouilh Forrest, Judo is producing a picture which will have a foreign cast led by Ursula Theiers, the German girl who is making her debut in this Hollywood film.

If such films prove popular, then Indian pictures made by Indians have also a good opportunity of being

shown abroad. Yet the sad experience of the British producers should prove as a warning to our producers who should not expect any tangible returns from abroad, especially from America.

Incidentally, the only sound way to capture the foreign market is to follow the advice of the late Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall. He had pointed out that only such pictures which Indian producers make in partnership with Hollywood producers would succeed in the international market. If Hollywood producers are not forthcoming, there is no doubt that producers from England would be more willing to enter into such partnership. Anyway, it is clear that for the present Indian producers, without the active partnership of foreigners, cannot capture the Western market; and if the reports of the progress made by Chinese and Japanese films are correct, the Indian films may lose the leadership in the Asian market as well.

Picture Of The Week

Though four new pictures were released this week in Bombay I have deliberately chosen Variety Productions' *Bari Bahoo* as the picture of the week. For, lacking in glitter and glamour, it is a startling Indian picture presenting a truly moving domestic drama.

The title *Bari Bahoo* is rather misleading; for it is the kind of title which one associates either with author Mohanlal Dave or Prabhulal Dwivedi or director S. M. Yusuf. So, let it be made clear at the outset that this picture is quite different from *Sher-ki-Laj* and *Grahasti*. It is neither a tirade against modern society nor a glorification of an antiquated joint

family system. And yet I think it would be more apt to call the picture *Bhabhi* instead of *Bari Bahoo*.

Be that as it may the picture mainly revolves round a young college student who had lost his mother in childhood and who was looked after by his elder brother and Bhabhi. The beginning is rather well-tuned; its only purpose is to establish the love between the college boy and girl on the one hand and the love between college boy and his Bhabhi who implores her husband to give him education and other luxuries at all costs. The drama begins only when the elder brother dies and the younger brother realizes the real economic situation of the house. He stops his Bhabhi from selling ornaments for his education, gives up his studies and his girl and gets a job as a typist—lavishing all his love and earning on his Bhabhi and her small daughter.

This innocent affection is misconstrued by the neighbours and a dirty interpretation is given to the relationship between young Devar and the comparatively young Bhabhi who believes that Devar's marriage would put an end to the dirty rumours. But, as misfortune should have it, the wife even becomes suspicious and forces her sister-in-law to leave the house. Devar is of course oblivious to all this; he is a sort of a good hearted fool who refuses to grow up and he fails to understand how could anyone be against his Bhabhi who is like a mother to him. It is his failure to have the correct understanding of the situation that leads to further tragedy when a son is born to them. His wife is afraid that their son would be killed by the scheming Bhabhi and as ill-luck would have it, while the son is playing with Bhabhi's daughter he has an accidental fall and is faced with death.

It is in the climax when Bhabhi offers her blood to save her nephew even at the cost of the life of her daughter that the suspicion is removed and the family is happily united. A really good story, Ramanand Sagar has this time done a better job than in *Barsaat*. The presentation is simple and straightforward. It suffers from only one weakness; it lacks restraint in the emotionally moving scenes—there is too much crying and shouting

which creates a rather jarring note. Sulochana Chatterji gives a really good performance and Nimmi is at her usual best. Shekhar however is affected throughout. His was actually the most difficult role; but by over-acting he has spoiled it. He must acquire ease and restraint if he wants to make a name as an artiste. The music is generally good; but somehow one feels Anil gave better tunes than this in *Ladli* and *Lajawab*; but then there was hardly any necessity of songs in this picture. For a maiden effort, the direction by S. Bhagat is commendable; he has handled the sequence of children very well; he too must learn the art of restraint.

Despite its blemishes, *Bari Bahoo* is a truly Indian picture which moves you emotionally at places.

Personality Of The Week

From clerk's office in the high hills of Simla to Shaire-Azam of the film world appears to be a far cry. But that is exactly what has happened in the case of my friend Rajendra Krishna. Six or seven years ago he was a typical Baboo working in Simla, moving about Scandal Point dressed in grey worsted pant and tweed coat in the evenings. Yet even in those days he was interested in both poetry and films.

But strangely enough when he came to Bombay and eventually joined the films he did not start writing songs straightaway. He started as a publicity man in Kamal Raj pictures who were then making *Shehanshah Akbar*. It was in those days that I first met Rajendra. I still recall how we used to discuss screen stories and other gossip; especially I remember the various efforts that Rajendra was making to sell a story or to get an assignment to write songs and dialogues. And soon he got his break when he started working with D. D. Kashyap along with his friend O. P. Dutta, the now famous director. O. P. Dutta and Rajendra worked together at the script of *Aaj ki Raat*; but it was as the song writer of *Pyar ki Jeet* and *Bari Bahen* that Rajendra became the star-poet and his name began to be spelt in the same breath as Mahakavi Madhok!

Since then Rajendra, the author of *Chup Chup Khade Ho* and *Gori Gori*:

has become the top-writer of the screen. Apart from his screen songs, he is the author of the long poem on Mahatma entitled *Bapu Ki Amar Kahani* which is sung by Rafi. As a piece of poetry perhaps it is not great, but as a narrative describing the life of Mahatma it is the best piece of its kind. He had written a similar song on Subhash Babu; but somehow it did not click. That was perhaps not because it was not good but it was not topical.

Material success has made Rajendra quite baldish and a little plump. Otherwise there is hardly any difference between Rajendra of the old days and Rajendra of today. True, now he has to be cajoled to write a song, but that is not because he puts on airs but because he is too busy writing songs. Moreover, his activities are not confined to Bombay only; he has conquered the South also by writing the dialogue and songs of *Bahar* and he has signed up with the same concern for AVM productions.

Good and popular writer that he is, he has not recently contributed any outstandingly popular song, though his songs in *Aaram* and especially *Shukria* are really scintillating. But popularity is always fickle; and that cannot and should not be the criterion to judge the merits of any artist or writer. In the case of Rajendra Krishna it is gratifying to note that whatever popularity he has achieved so far has been well-merited. Lost in the routine writing of songs and dialogue Rajendra seems to have stopped writing screen stories. The moment he gives his attention to this department and writes an original story of his own he will achieve the true greatness he is aspiring for.

News Of The Week

—Begum Para was released on Thursday 4th October from Yeravada Central Jail after serving twenty days imprisonment. She was given a remission of ten days for offering to donate blood to the blood bank. The jail authorities described Begum Para as a model prisoner who gave no trouble in serving her sentence. They added however that she had not been given any favoured treatment because of her fame as a film star.

—The general body meeting of Western India Theatres Ltd., was held

last week. Mr. K. M. Modi in his speech presented a picture of the critical situation of the industry and declared that this year the company had no dividends to offer not because there was a fall in income but because all the profits were spent in renovating two theatres in Bombay and one theatre in Calcutta.

—Y. D. Sarpotdar, the Minerva cameraman who had gone to U. K. to learn the technique of colour photography, returned last week. He had training in four studios and he felt that after working on *Jhansi ki Rani* he would be able to operate on technical color camera without the help of foreign experts.

—Nasir Khan has been allowed to stay in India until at least all his pictures are completed. Meanwhile Rajini is leaving India as her husband is not given permit to return to India. In this connection it is said that now film people are no longer getting permit to come to India from Pakistan and vice versa. There is no truth in the rumour that Munawar Sultana is leaving India. She is staging a come back and at the moment she is appearing in two pictures.

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FUTURE OF THE NEW JAPAN

By GUY WINT

IT is now a month since the signing of the San Francisco peace treaty with Japan. This was a turning-point in the contemporary history of Asia. By formally rehabilitating Japan as a fully sovereign Power, the treaty has reset the stage for the coming years.

Russia and China have carried on a month of tremendous propaganda against the treaty. On the whole, the Communist offensive has failed. The Communists were too obviously all things to all men. To the Japanese they protested that the treaty and the security pact with America were gross infringements of Japanese sovereignty.

But the Russians said nothing about Russia's annexation of the Kurile Islands. This has made it rather absurd for Russia to have denounced American trusteeship of the Ryukyus, which is provided for in the treaty.

Wise Policy

The peoples of Asia cannot feel exactly enthusiastic about the treaty. Most countries of South-East Asia have suffered heavily from Japan. But when they think realistically, most of them have concluded that the policy of the treaty—a policy of inviting Japan to shoulder the responsibility for building up a new peace structure—is wisely chosen and that it is worthwhile running the risks which the policy certainly involves. Japan cannot be wished away. It is best to try to win it for peaceful co-operation.

The gravest doubts about the treaty seem new, oddly enough, to be in Japan. When its terms were first published, most Japanese were probably very pleased with them. But once the question of peace terms was in general settled, it was natural that attention in Japan should settle not so much on what Japan had gained as on the disadvantages which it would still suffer from. This is what has happened.

Rearmament

The Japanese are anxious about two things: rearmament and their economic position.

The Japanese have surprised some observers in the West by their lukewarm response to the permission given them to rearm. But this was not really surprising. Japan is in a very awkward position geographically. It feels itself in a no-man's land between two great rival Power blocs. If there should be war, Japan would again suffer terribly. Very naturally, many Japanese hanker after neutrality and admire Governments which try to keep aloof from both sides.

There is also, now, in Japan a genuine sentiment against all things military. Japan has had enough war. That such a sentiment exists should be an encouraging sign to countries which are wondering whether or not they can trust Japan.

Economic Position

The other anxiety in Japan is about its economic position. The population problem is still without a ghost of a solution. Some figures announced last month by the Director of the Population Problem Institute call out for reflection.

He says that previous estimates of the increase in population have been too low. Japan will have 100,000,000 people by 1961. The increase in the past five years has already been 11,000,000.

To provide work for these new millions there must be a rapid extension of Japanese industry. But where can its products be marketed? Before the war a high percentage of Japan's exports went to China. Now that is under Communist control.

At San Francisco Mr. Yoshida said that Japan would not try to revive trade with Communist China. Doubtless he surmises that Peking would claim a political price for such trade.

In the last few weeks a new idea has begun to be discussed both in Tokyo and the West. Can Japanese industry not be used, in part, for supplying the capital goods and equipment which are an essential need of South and South-East Asia and which the West, with its rearmament programme, may now be unable to spare?

At first sight this idea is attractive. To link Japan and South and South-East Asia would, it is said, enable each to solve the problems of the other, which otherwise would be insoluble: Japanese industry would find a market, and the countries in the area would be assisted in their economic transformation. Japan, by being able to obtain more of its raw materials from them, would, moreover, be helped to overcome its looming dollar crisis.

Perhaps this is, in fact, the picture of future Asian trade, at least in broad outline. Yet these hopes must be seen in their proper proportion. Japanese trade can supply, at best, only part of what this part of Asia

needs. The recent report of the Japanese Economic Stabilisation Board shows that further development of Japanese industry cannot be very rapid. Moreover, contrary to the general belief, Japanese industrial prices are, in many departments of production, still prohibitively high. Japan is short of industrial capital.

Thus, although the economic interests of Japan and of South and South-East Asia are for the most part complementary, there can be no question of Japan becoming the main workshop of the area, as is sometimes suggested. South and South-East Asia, will continue to need supplies from all countries where they can be obtained.

Temporary replacements for the heart and lungs may go into operation on a human patient within the next year, Dr. John Gibbon of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, predicted at a National Institutes of Health symposium.

While these mechanical replacements would be only temporary, they could be life-saving. They would be used to keep oxygen-rich blood circulating through the body during a heart operation. Blood would by-pass the natural heart and lungs, thus giving surgeons a dry field of operation for seeing and feeling as they operate. Dogs have been kept alive for over an hour with a mechanical heart-lung apparatus, thus enabling surgeons to operate successfully on their hearts.



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ICE FLOES IN ARABIA

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: As the last British technicians return here from Abadan while British generals, together with French and American colleagues, go East to negotiate military agreements, the Middle East reminds one increasingly of the dramatic climax of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" where 'Liza', chased across a frozen stream by bloodhounds, leaps from one bobbing ice floe to another.

Despite its warm climate, the Middle East today conjures up the picture of a sheet of ice, broken up by the impact of two world wars and the increasingly heated current of nationalism into separate national fragments some of which can barely stay afloat. The British withdrew from Persia in much the same manner one would step off a quivering ice floe; they realized that if they reinforced their position there they would risk over-turning the whole Persian structure and drowning themselves.

It is particularly in its instability that the Middle East conjures up this picture of segments of ice bobbing about. Every diplomatic pronouncement about the Middle East by British or American sources emphasizes this question of "instability." Thus, the October 3rd speech of George McGhee, the American Assistant Secretary of State concerned with Middle Eastern affairs, contained the words "stability" and "instability" in virtually every paragraph.

The Middle Eastern states also seem like ice cakes in a thaw because of the apparent unpredictability with which they crash back and forth in various directions. There is no comparable area in the world where the best-informed experts on the area are so reluctant to make predictions. In two months of canvassing British, American, Israeli and Arab experts on the future of the Middle East, one cannot help being impressed by the refusal of all to make any predictions of a positive sort. They all cite the clashing or negative factors which cause Middle Eastern states to rebound away from certain things. Thus, they can detail the anti-imperialism, the anti-Zionism, the anti-Communist

nism of the average Middle Eastern leader. But you can find no consensus of expert opinion on how a specific government in the Middle East will react when two or more of these negative factors are in conflict. Thus, Dr. Mossadeq and his Government are undoubtedly both anti-British and anti-Communist. But no one is willing to predict his reaction four months from now if the refineries are still shut and boycotted by Western oil companies and the Polish and Chinese Governments offer Teheran a solid contract to purchase the bulk of Abadan's oil output and aid in finding neutral technicians.

India's shortage of aviation fuel has already demonstrated the Middle East's importance to India. But it goes further. Being a net importer of raw materials, India—unlike some neighbours—does not benefit from wars, even localized ones. And the Middle East threatens the world with war.

The very quivering uncertainty of the future of this valuable area contains the greatest threat to world peace. It is the strategic crossroads of three continents and contains almost half the world's oil reserves. Both the Western and Soviet strategists have long realized how considerably the world balance of power would be shifted if this area were to change hands. And at the present time the area, while still in the Anglo-American zone, has broken off from the main mass and is, in varying degrees, "out of control."

Both the Soviets and the West are frantically searching for techniques of resolving this situation in their favour. For six months British strategists have been attempting to formulate a Middle Eastern Treaty Organization linked to the North Atlantic treaty organization. Under a British general, this METO is expected to halt the decline of British (and Western) strength in the Middle East and enable Britain to maintain its base in Egypt by changing its name. The Americans have tended to favour attaching Greece and Turkey to the North Atlantic Organi-

zation as the most effective and rapid means of closing the gap in the American-sponsored "containment arc."

The Soviets, in their effort to attach this area to their own land mass, have tended to use negative means. Since the end of 1949 they and their faithful Communist parties have cultivated Middle Eastern hatred for the West in the hope that this revolution from the West will push the Middle East toward the Soviets. This explains why the pro-Soviet Tudeh Party in Persia has thus far encouraged Dr. Mossadeq in his anti-British militance and played down its own doubts of his National Front's ability to solve any of Persia's internal problems.

The Persian situation contains the germ of a world conflict because in coming months Tudeh may see an opportunity to come to power and seize it in the mistaken belief that the United States will not intervene. Tudeh had the opportunity of seizing power in Teheran early in 1946 through a military coup d'état which was offered the Tudeh leaders by sympathetic army officers. But Prince Iraj Eskandari turned this down saying, "We are not alone here." He believed then it would lead to immediate British military intervention. The evacuation of the Abadan refinery may have erased Tudeh's fear of British intervention. But U. S. action in Korea has indicated that it would react violently to a Tudeh coup in Persia. In a sense the danger of World War III is greater in Persia because there the Soviets would find it more difficult to stand aside. It seems likely the American Joint Chiefs of Staff would advise intervention even if a Tudeh coup were accompanied by an immediate Soviet-Persian military alliance on top of the 1921 Soviet-Persian treaty. Under this treaty the U. S. S. R. has the right to enter Persia if another power intervenes in a manner menacing to the Soviet Union.

"Second Round?"

Although the outside world thinks of the Middle East in 'cold war' terms, the Middle Eastern states themselves are naturally much more obsessed with their 'little cold wars.' The Middle Eastern states thus resemble India and Pakistan for whom the potential conflict over Kashmir

looms larger than the Soviet-American clash or the actual battle raging in Korea. The conflicts near at home which occupy the thoughts of Arab leaders are the clash with Israel, the existence of Western bases in the Middle East and the dynastic rivalries for dominance of the Arab world.

So deep is the feeling on these 'little cold wars' that they have effectively blocked, thus far, any effort for a joint Middle Eastern effort, whether for war or peace. UN's effort to establish an economic commission for the Middle East foundered in September on the rock of Arab refusal to participate in an organization jointly with Israeli representatives. American diplomats are increasingly skeptical of British hopes for a Middle Eastern Treaty Organization which would include both the Israeli and Arab forces. Most Arab leaders still smarting from their 1948 defeat, are less emotionally involved in fears of Soviet expansion than they are in hopes of defeating Israel.

The chance of a "second round" between the fledgling state of Israel and the Arab states which refuse to recognize its permanence are somewhat less today than for some time, it is generally agreed. There are two reasons for this. The first is that in the limited but general 'arms race' which has gone on in the Middle East since 1948, Israel has at least kept pace with its strengthened Arab antagonists. The second is that there is not at present the desire for an Arab victory over the Jews, which prevailed among certain British Middle Eastern 'experts' in 1948.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to give an exact quantitative demonstration of Israel's success in maintaining at least military parity with the rest of the world because there is much secrecy concerning the supply of such important things as jet-propelled planes. But certain things are clear. During the last three years Israel's Jewish population has doubled and its mobilization rate—which is based on economic and administrative efficiency—has remained roughly at its previous high. During the same time the Arab population has remained almost stationary and its mobilization rate has not advanced very much. The result is that 1,500,000-strong Israel can count on putting a

maximum of 250,000 men and women in the field and maintaining them while the Arab countries which fought Israel in 1948 cannot do much better despite a total population of 40 millions.

Israel also has the advantage of a population which, despite the recent heavy migration of less-advanced Oriental Jews, has a much higher educational and technical level than its Arab neighbours. It is, thus, better able to improvise and exploit even its limited resources. The Arab states, in an effort to overcome their technical deficiencies, have recruited quite a few officers and technicians from the former Afrika Corps of General Rommel. But military analysts feel it difficult to impose foreign technicians on largely illiterate armies.

The Arab states have apparently a slight lead on the Israelis in having secured jet-propelled planes and some modern tanks. During the long period of Anglo-Egyptian negotiations the British Government tried to 'sweeten' the parleys by selling the Egyptians jet planes. Egypt is now estimated to have some 30 Meteors and Vampires. The Egyptians now have Centurion and Cromwell type British tanks and about 200 U. S. Sherman tanks. Israeli authorities deny reports that Britain has promised them jets, and deny that they have secured any modern medium or heavy tanks. At present they feel fairly confident that in the event there is an obvious Arab violation of the Three Power declaration of March 25, 1950 freezing present Middle Eastern borders, Britain and the U. S. will both come to their aid.

It is a curious fact that the State Department now seems to have reverted to the pro-Arab policy which it maintained before the 1948 Palestinian war, while the British have moved away from their long-standing pro-Arab position. Britain has found that the Arab League, which it fathered, has turned violently anti-British. On the other hand Israel, whose birth it tried to abort, has been willing to co-operate. Strategists here feel that, after Turkey, the only army in the Middle East worthy of the name is the Israeli Army.

It is symptomatic of the change in

Britain's attitude toward Israel that some British experts act as if they would like to have Israel give Egypt a pasting to put the Egyptians "in their place." It is the cumulative result of constant anti-British attacks, despite extensive efforts to appease the Egyptians. It may be considered an irrational and infantile attitude. But it is similar to the anti-Zionist antagonism of 1948 which, in that year, resulted in Britain's giving what amounted to a "go-ahead" to the Arab states aiming to stifle the infant Israel in its cradle. This new, comparatively pro-Israel attitude on the part of Britain encourages Israeli diplomats considerably because, as one of them remarked, "Nothing happens in the Arab world without at least tacit outside consent."

No one feels really secure about a Middle Eastern peace because the political situation in several of the Arab states is so precarious that the death of a single individual can unhinge arrangements built up over decades. The death of King Abdullah of Jordan has already resulted in a considerable shift in the balance of power in the Arab world. On him and the now-ailing Nuri-es-Said, Premier and political boss of Iraq, rested Britain's traditional hope to unite Jordan, Iraq and Syria under the pro-British Hashemite throne. Under its new King, Talal, Jordan has already declared against such unity. It will of course take fairly strong pressures to move Jordan completely out of the camp of Britain. It is dependent on Britain to cover the deficit resulting from its importing twelve times what it exports.

It is worth looking at the internal situation in Jordan because on it may depend the Middle East's peace. In addition to the passing of the strong-handed Abdullah there has been a strengthening of Jordan's parliamentary system. This Parliament now reflects the predominance in the recently enlarged kingdom of the Palestinian Arabs who now comprise the bulk of the population and are much more advanced in education and political experience than the original Jordanians, largely Bedouin nomads. Among Jordanian parliamentarians there is a substantial group supporting the pro-Egyptian

Haj Ami el Hussein, ex-Mufti of Jerusalem. If he returns to re-establish himself in the Jordan-held part of Jerusalem, it will not only infuriate the pro-Iraq section of Parliament and start a chain-reaction throughout the Arab world but also probably provoke an intervention by the Israeli Army. Israel has already informed the "Big Three" that it would regard important changes in Jordan as directly affecting its interests. It is indeed a delicately balanced situation where the return of a single man to

Jerusalem can plunge the Middle East into war.

There are, incidentally, a few Middle Eastern experts—not all of them anti-Israel—who feel that some elements in Israel would welcome a war with Jordan over the return of the ex-Mufti. They argue that this would push crushing current economic problems into the background, enthuse Israel's lagging American Jewish financial supporters and strengthen the unstable Government of Premier Ben Gurion.

EXPERIMENT IN PASSIVE RESISTANCE

By Dr. RANJEE SHAHANI

HAVING been asked to write a book and finding it difficult to work in my town, I packed up a few things and left for the Himalayan foothills. I rented a cottage, far from other habitations, on a hill overlooking the eternal snows.

The spot was delightful, pretty as a picture post-card. The first day I did nothing but feast my eyes on the beauty that lay spread around me. Gradually, without conscious effort the novel took shape.

The next morning I sat down at the desk, prepared to turn out a chapter or two. Before me lay the valley, soft and undulating, shimmering in the golden sunlight. An unseen bird scattered three clear notes upon the still air. One by one, other songsters joined in. Then, sudden silence, as though nature had paused for a breath; then a delicate murmur, like the vibration of light itself, and the whole scene quivered with the lovely longurous trill of the cicadas. I was enchanted. Never felt in better mood for work.

But no sooner had I taken the pen in hand than, a high shrill wail smote my ears. Some one was playing on a flute and playing abominably. I rose in wrath.

There, right in front of the window, sat a fat, coarse-featured cowherd, playing for all he was worth

"Go away, go away," I cried.

For answer, he gave me an excruciating volley of sound.

"Go away from here," I shouted, shaking my fist at him.

He did not hear me, or pretended not to. At last he looked up and said: Why should I go away? This place is not yours. Everybody is welcome to it."

This was true. The fellow was sitting on Government property. At the same time he was a perfect nuisance.

"Look here," I said, "if you go away I'll give you four annas."

"Show me the money."

I threw the coin at him. He picked it up, looked at it carefully, tested it with his teeth and then hurried off.

I sat down to work. Useless. Angrily I rose and went out for a walk. The more I thought the more furious I became. I had to come all the way to the Himalaya only to be disturbed.

The next day I was greeted by still sharper and shriller sounds in a wild cacophony. I almost tore my hair. I flung open the window and shouted, "Go away, you ruffian."

The fellow did not even deign to look at me. He was squatting on his heels, playing like one inspired.

"Look here," I said at last, "I'll give you four annas again if you will clear out this minute." I thought this would work.

Not at all. The fellow did not budge even an inch. He went on playing.

What to do? "Imitate Mahatma Gandhi and try moral persuasion," said a voice within me. So I thrust my neck out of the window and said as softly as I could: "My friend, why do you disturb me? I have work to do. Be a good fellow and leave me in peace."

My words fell on deaf ears.

"Shall I try passive resistance?" I asked myself. "If I refuse to write my novel until the fellow ceases playing he might melt." I put the idea at once into execution.

One day passed, two, three, four. The fellow went on playing without the least compunction. How long was I to wait?

On the fifth day my patience was fairly exhausted. Still, I made a last appeal to my tormentor. I said in cooing tones, in tones dripping with honey: "My friend, I am writing a novel. Your noise disturbs me greatly. Please go away and play elsewhere. If you don't, I refuse to write."

"I don't know what you are talking about. What is a novel anyway?"

"A story," I said for short.

"You wish to write a story?"

"Yes, please."

He laughed till his sides split.

"What's the joke?" I asked.

"What a fine job you are doing! Any old woman can tell a story. You make all that fuss for nothing." And at once he began to play.

I realised that passive resistance simply did not work. How could this lout understand what it was to write a novel? I might as well argue with a cannibal about brotherly love.

No, light is only for those who have eyes to see. Cave-dwellers prefer the miasmatic dark and the methods of the tiger and ape.

"I'll give you eight annas if you'll leave me in peace," I said to him.

He jumped up and held out his hand.

From then on I went on paying, until it came to a rupee a day. I was wild with rage. This was sheer blackmail. Besides, I could do no work.

Every morning was spoilt by arguments with this coldhopper.

Then I had, as the newspaper men put it, a brainwave. I almost laughed aloud. Next morning, when I heard the first notes of that infernal flute, I went downstairs. "My friend," I said to the player, "your music is divine. It has charmed me at last—and held my poor soul captive. I cannot exist without it."

He stared at me incredulously. "I thought you hated it," he said, blinking.

"No, no, I adore it. For Krishna's sake, play on. I'll give you a rupee a day if you'll keep on playing it for two hours."

He agreed, though I noticed he made it an hour and a half.

The following day the fellow told me without a trace of shame that he must have more. One rupee for two hours was not enough; he had had that much for just going away. Two rupees was the least he could accept.

"All right, my friend," I said, "I cannot do without your music. I think if you were to stop playing my heart would stop beating."

"Then I do seem to play well?" he said, raising his thick head proudly. "My wife thinks I merely make noise."

"No, no, my friend, you are a genius—a spark of divine fire."

That day the fellow played for an hour only.

Two days later I went up to him and said: "My friend, I have no more money; but I adore your music. You must play for me henceforth without any charge."

"No, no, I cannot play for you without payment. I am going away, now, this minute."

"For God's sake, don't. Have pity on me."

"What do you think I am, a fool? If you want my music, you must pay for it; if not, you must do without it. I am going away, and never coming back."

"You can't do that, to me?" I murmured, stifling a sob.

"Can't I?" and the fellow took to his heels.

That was the last I ever saw of him.

—I. S. I.

CONTROVERSY OVER BOWLES

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: In the good old days when sovereigns were sovereign, an Ambassador was the personal messenger, intelligence agent, gift or insult bearer of the ruler. There was no nonsense about the advice and consent of anybody else in this highly personal relationship.

In the minor controversy over the nomination of Chester Bowles to be Ambassador to India the curious in-between status of present-day Ambassadors is apparent. Today's envoy is certainly not the personal messenger of the President. But at the same time his closest relation is with the Chief Executive and the Secretary of State.

Senator Smith of New Jersey, a Republican who tries conscientiously to take a responsible part in carrying bipartisan foreign policy, believes the Senate Foreign Relations Committee should have been consulted in advance about the naming of an Ambassador to India. He says he has nothing against Bowles personally.

Senator Sparkman of Alabama, equally conscientious in working for bipartisanism, disagrees. In committee session he explained his belief that Ambassadors are more or less in the classification of cabinet officers, with the President having the right to make a personal choice. If the individual selected is of good moral character, then the Senate is obligated to approve the nomination.

No one can dispute Smith on one point. That is the supreme importance of an able representative of the U. S. in New Delhi. In the current issue of *Look*, John Cowles points out that India is the last stronghold of democracy in Asia and adds:

"We will be making a blunder almost as calamitous as the one we made in China if we don't support the Nehru Government in India, even though we may be irritated over what we think are inconsistencies in Nehru's attitude.... If the United States is so foolish as to undermine Nehru's already-weakening regime in India, the government or the chaos that comes after it in the world's second most

populous nation may be far less to our liking."

An American editor said:

"To be Ambassador to Nehru—and that is what it comes down to—is not easy. He is a brilliant and often temperamental genius who proved a resourceful leader in the long revolution against British rule.

"One of the keenest observers in New Delhi told me when I was there a year ago that Nehru has a prejudice against civil servants. It will be no good, so this advice went, sending a career diplomat. You must, said this knowledgeable foreigner, send a distinguished citizen who can talk to the Prime Minister with some sense of equality."

In many respects it seems to me that Bowles meets this prescription. He was a successful businessman, acquiring a competence making it possible for him to go into public life with a sense of independence. That had long been his ambition. As price administrator in Washington and later as Governor of Connecticut he showed political ability and finesse.

Public opinion in the country today is substantially opposed to giving Red China a seat on the United Nations Security Council even if the Chinese agree to peace terms in Korea.

This is shown in personal interviews with a representative cross-section of voters in a recent nationwide survey by the American Institute of Public Opinion.

To find out the public's views, the institute survey first asked:

"Would you approve or disapprove of giving the Chinese Communists a seat on the United Nations Security Council if the Chinese agree to peace terms in Korea?"

The results:

Approve	..	27%
Disapprove	..	60%
No opinion	..	13%

In July 1950, many months before the Red Chinese armies entered the Korean war and thereby raised the threat of a major Asian conflict, an

institute survey found only 11 per cent of Americans willing to seat the Chinese Reds, while 58 per cent were opposed and 31 per cent had no opinion.

The second question in today's survey, asked of all those persons who said they would "disapprove" of giving the Reds a seat on the council, was:

"Suppose a majority of the members of the United Nations decides to give the Chinese Communists a seat on the Security Council. Do you think the United States should go along with this U. N. decision, or not?"

Should	..	19%
Should not	..	35
No opinion	..	6

When the vote of the 19 per cent above saying "should" is added to the 27 per cent who approve of giving the Chinese Communists a seat on the council in the first question, and who therefore would presumably also support a majority U. N. decision, there is a total of 46 per cent who think the United States should go along with the majority of U. N. members.

In December of last year, a comparable institute survey found that more than half of the American public would accept the judgment of the United Nations if they decided to give Communist China a council seat on the condition that the Reds would agree to stop fighting in Korea.

At that time, 57 per cent said the United States should go along with the U. N. decision, 28 per cent said no and 15 per cent had no opinion.

At present the Nationalist Chinese Government of Chiang Kai-shek has a seat on the United Nations Security Council, and this delegate would have to be deposed to admit Red China.

Argentine Issue: Foreign Control

There is every indication that the attempted revolt in Argentina was part of a test of strength between the two major political elements of that country, which is now undergoing a rapid process of industrialization.

There are two basic conflicts in Argentina today; these also are present in almost all of Latin America.

First there is the conflict between the United States, on the one hand, and Argentina, on the other, for the

leadership of the nations of Latin America.

The second conflict involves the crystallization of a new pattern of political control based on U. S. support of military cliques.

The Peron regime based itself on the working class and the still small, but potent, commercial and industrial middle class. This middle class is now in the throes of a struggle to free itself from foreign (British and American) financial domination. In this it has the support of the working class and is led by the Peronistas.

It has been necessary for Peron to liquidate the power of the giant landholders, who were in effect the Junkers of Argentina and had foreign financial ties.

The political arm of the big landlord class has traditionally been the army, which has always been used to maintain the semicolonial status of Argentina—and all the other Latin American countries.

The Peron regime, corporative fascist in nature, is attempting to industrialize the country without financial and political dependency upon the U. S. It is a fight for the creation of an independent native Argentinian capitalism with the typical trimmings of fascist demagoguery and "national" socialism.

The first indication that Peron expected a revolt came as early as April of this year when he began cracking down on *La Prensa*. The reason for the pressure on *La Prensa* was that this newspaper has been traditionally the spokesman for foreign capital in Argentina.

It spoke for the British-controlled meat-packing companies and railways and for that part of heavy industry which had financial ties with the United States.

It is difficult to forecast the outcome of this struggle between the two major political forces in Argentina.

Whether Peron, who is the symbol of the nationalist aspirations of the middle class, is removed or not, the most likely outcome will be some kind of compromise.

Peron probably has the majority of the people behind him but the army has the good will and support of the United States and Britain.

Letters To The Editor

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

Denial Of A Report

Regarding the report of our meeting held on October 2 in connection with Gandhi Jayanthi published in *Swatantra* of the 6th instant under "Sidelights," I wish to say that your observations suffer from factual error. We have never been summoned by the Police Commissioner to appear before him. What actually happened was that a copy of the Aims and Objects of the Academy was asked for by an official of the Police Commissioner's Office and we duly complied with his request. Your statement that we have been summoned to appear before the Police Commissioner may drive your readers to wrong conclusions. Hence this denial.

C. S. VEERARAGHAVAN, B.A.,
Secretary, Mylapore Academy.

Ed. Note: *The information published in Swatantra was given by a member of the Executive Committee of the Mylapore Academy who, it would appear, has since resigned over this issue. On the contents of the Secretary's letter being referred to him, he replied as follows:*

What Saka wrote in *Sidelights* in the issue of *SWATANTRA* dated October 6 is in accordance with facts as they happened. For the Secretary of the Mylapore Academy had summons from the Police Commissioner in the form of a phone call from the Police Commissioner's office asking the Secretary to furnish the office with a copy of the aims and objects of the Mylapore Academy. The only correction that has to be made is that it was the Secretary and not the President whom the Police contacted.

R. GANGADHARAN.

Grammatical Piggles

The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri used to write to select friends on points of grammar. The following letter of his dated 27th May 1940 will be found very interesting.

"I add two grammatical piggles such as would delight the heart of the precise pedagogue.

1. "She was a Madrassi and supposed therefore to be good at South Indian dishes." As I read it today, the pedagogue in me stuck at supposed: Shouldn't there be a 'was' before it? The first 'was' is an auxiliary verb of incomplete predication and cannot be understood

where you want the sign of the passive voice. What a petty thing to bother about?

2. "I am sure Gokhale forgave me but I haven't yet." I remember hesitating when I wrote that and wishing more than once to change it. In the end I preferred point and brevity to slavish conformity. I don't regret it now. Most teachers of grammar would add at the end "forgiven myself." They would be correct. But in composition "correctness" is not always in my judgment the highest virtue.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.
Coimbatore.

Insult To Indian Culture

The article in your number of October 9 on the rapid destruction of the culture of the Hopi Indians of Arizona in the United States of America, calls up a recent rumour to the effect that the American office in Madras has been endeavouring to get certain rooms of a South Indian Art Gallery vacated so that they may be made into a centre of American culture. It is to be hoped that the rumour is only a rumour. Such an insult to Indian culture as that implied in it would be intolerable.

INDIGENE.

Exchange Of Wheat For Rice

Faulty working of control on foodgrains results in allotment of wheat to people not accustomed to consume it. The Central Government's promise to meet the rice needs of Madras has not been kept up, with the result that the ration has been reduced to the irreducible minimum. On 9th August '51, it was announced that the Madras Government had applied, with the approval of the Government of India, to the State Governments of Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh for exchange of wheat allotted to it for rice. The Central Government, it was told, would have no objection to the States exchanging a portion of one type of foodgrain allotted to them for another among themselves. On 6th September 51, the Deputy Minister for Food said in Parliament that no official request had emanated from the Madras Government for exchange of wheat. The public are entitled to know which version is correct.

V. P. R. GANGAIYAM DORAI RAJ,
Honorary Secretary,
Tamilnad Foodgrains Merchants
Association, Mathurai.

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