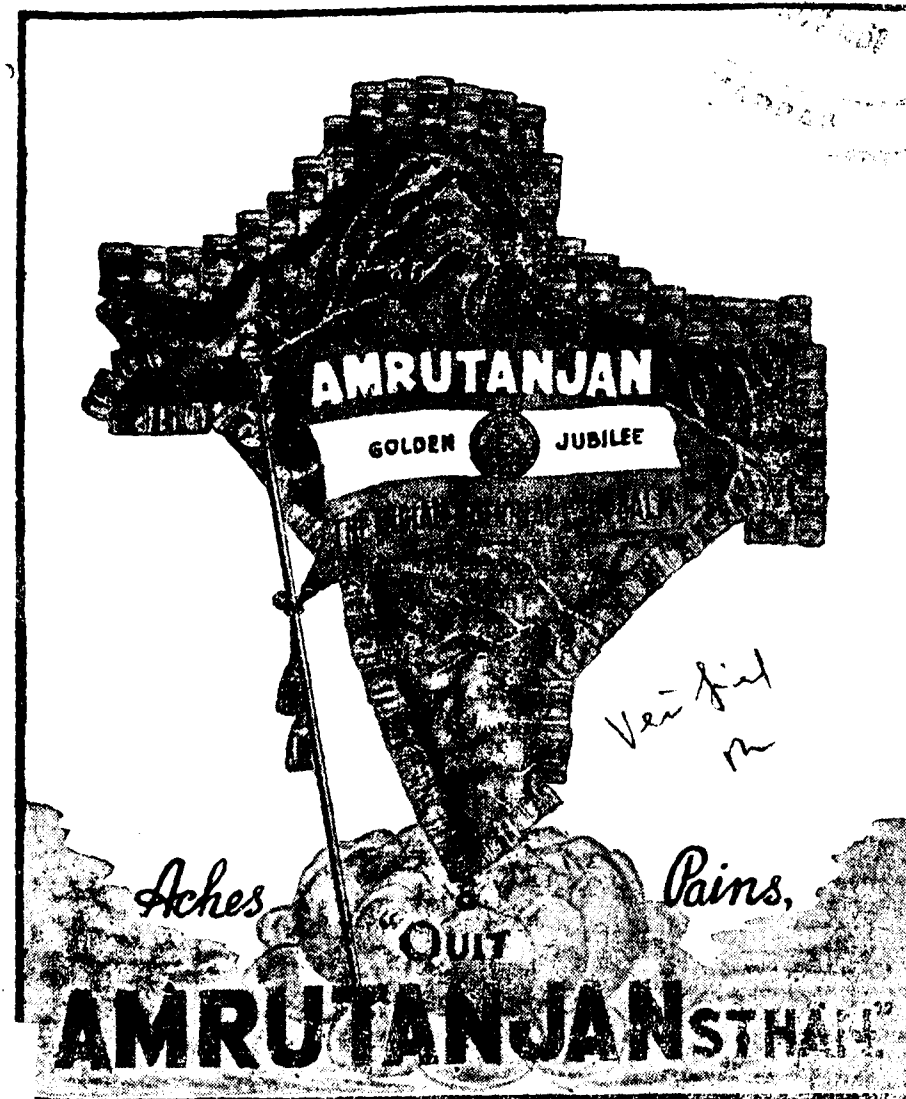




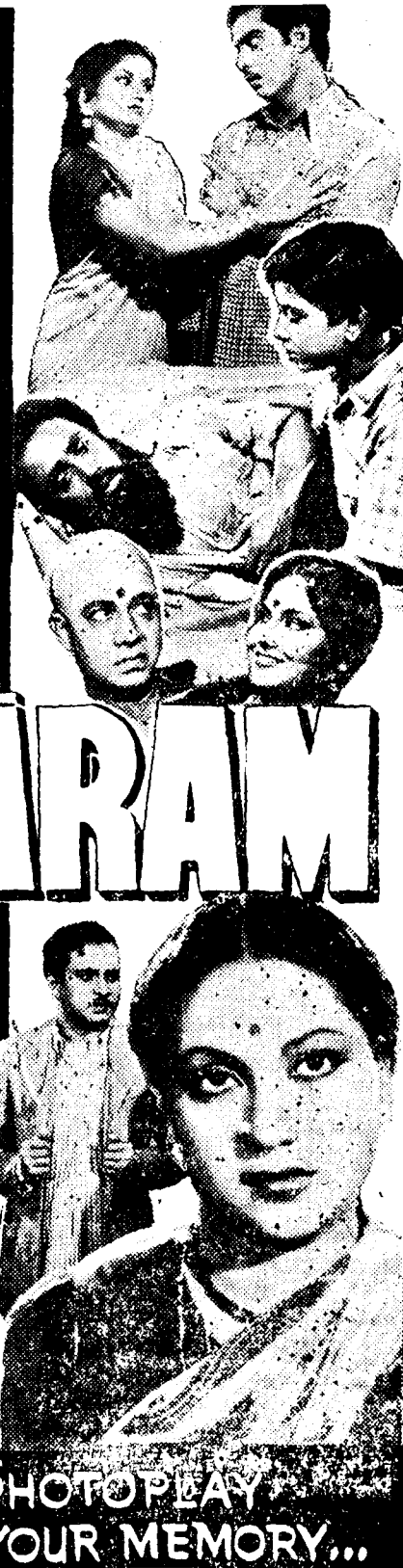
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY NOVEMBER 3, 1951.

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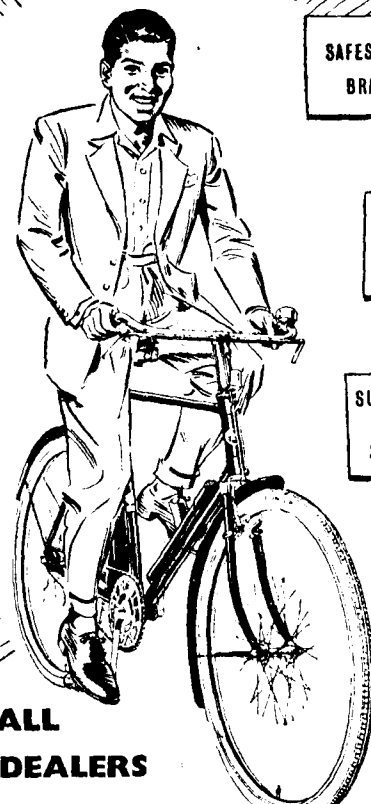
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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 39

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

A CHALLENGE TO THE PUBLIC

THE list of the Andhra candidates for the State Assembly and the House of the People, released by the Congress Central Election Committee, is a dismal one to contemplate. It is packed with the same old gangsters who with their avarice and misdeeds have brought the name of Congress legislator into disgrace in public estimation. Sri Gorwala in his Report on Public Administration suggests the creation of an offence "in which the onus of proof that he was not guilty would fall upon a public servant, where it was known that he or his dependents had suddenly become possessed of large wealth." There can, he argues, "be no doubt that some action is necessary when it is known or can be seen that a public servant or his dependents have become suddenly rich, for instance, when a man on a salary of Rs. 1000 per month, or his wife or daughter buys or builds a house costing a couple of lakhs, or rides about in a car worth Rs. 20,000." There should be, he concludes, "no objection in the circumstances of this country to creating this offence." If such an offence were placed on the statute book, many now included in the Congress list of candidates for the legislatures will be shown to be palpably guilty of it. These were among the indigent of the land four or five years ago. Now they live in the lap of luxury. Having come mysteriously by wealth, they stand before the public as so many monuments to the corruption of the Congress regime. There is no secret about these adventurers who have minted money with the favour of the Ministers. Everybody knows them.

Only the Prime Minister of India seems to be unaware of them. Otherwise, with so many of them gracing the Congress candidates' list, he would scarcely find it possible to expatiate so frequently on integrity. Integrity is a great thing, but mere verbal emphasis on it when practically everybody knows it to be systematically violated in practice, will do nobody any good. It will only reveal the Prime Minister as a much duped person, duped most shamefully by just those who are his avowed followers, and so owe him loyalty and the care of his dignity.

It is something that Sri V. Kodandarami Reddi, the monstrous choice of the Pradesh bureaucrats for the Nellore constituency of the House of the People, is eliminated from the Central Election Board's sanctioned list. In our view the selectors of Sri Kodandarami Reddi are more culpable than he himself, and the retention of the former cancels the virtue of the elimination of the latter. As the sponsor of Sri Kodandarami Reddi, the record of Sri Gopala Reddi the Finance Minister is a black one. He is credited also with having spent huge sums out of the public revenue by way of nursing a pre-determined constituency of his own. This is rank misappropriation, and Pandit Nehru can ill-afford to talk of integrity while he tolerates such glaring violations of integrity under Congress auspices.

Another selection that calls for comment is that of Srimati Rajyam Sinha for the House of the People from Vijayawada. Women's interests are not promoted by the selection of any woman. Ill-equipped women

should be saved from the high responsibility pertaining to membership of the sovereign Parliament. Nor have Sri Sanjivi Reddi and his fellows any right to pay off their obligations to the father by promoting the political fortunes of the daughter. It is depressing to find immature young women of incomplete education and no experience palmed off on the public as legislators and statesmen on con-

siderations entirely unconnected with public welfare and national interests. These selections betray the degeneracy of Congress leadership, and if the principle of integrity is to make any headway in practice instead of being only repeatedly spoken about, they symbolise a challenge to the public. Those that care for decent politics should throw out the Congress candidates, notwithstanding Pandit Nehru.

Sotto Voce

THE DYKE-BREAKERS

TEMPLES and *maths* in the Tamil land have been painlessly eased of their freedom by patriots who pride themselves no less on their piety than on their passion for social justice. And now Mysore has paid us the compliment of imitating us. The 600 year old jaghir of Sringeri is to be resumed in all but name. Neither the royal founder of Vijayanagar who made the grant nor the sage Vidyaranya to whom he made it seems to have thought it incompatible with the other-worldliness of *sannyasa*. But of course we live in more enlightened times.

That every sovereign who held sway in that area from Harihara to Mumtaz-i-Krishnaraja Wodeyar busied himself adding to the power, prestige and prosperity of this great foundation cannot be expected to weigh with our democrats. Nor even the deferential regard that the bigot Tipu showed to the then reigning pontiff whose blessings he sought when things went ill with him. For all that was before the secularist flood that has left our effete high and dry in the Waste Land

of the spirit. But the little men who snigger and let fly their poisoned darts on the sleeping giant know not what they do. Such trash would be the first to be swept away should the dyke of faith be broken.

In a country which has lost the tradition of philosopher kings, the *matadhipatis* have for long been sole exemplars of what Kalidasa finely calls the *asidhaaraavrata*. Living amidst royal splendour they habitually practise a detachment and a discipline compared to which the life of a hermit in a mountain-cave would be sybaritic. If you would see the Advaita made flesh go to Sringeri. That His Holiness Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati has carried on his ministry for forty years can only be set down to the boundless compassion of the *jivan-mukta*. Did not Parikshit wonder that Suka should have stayed rooted to one spot for seven whole days?

As sacred as the banks of the Bhagirathi are those of the Tunga on which Sringeri stands. Tucked away in that dreamland of beauty, the Mysore



Malnad, behind the green shade of an endless garden, it is fit sanctuary for those who are sick of soul. The masses of areca palm whose graceful tops wave the pilgrim welcome at every turn of the road as it rises and dips among those processional hills seem to know this; and so do the sleek and friendly pike in the river who sit between your legs with the confident audacity of children. Where else could Sankara have set up the tabernacle of *abhaya* and *maitri*?

Bathing and washing his kashaya like any wandering ascetic in the delightful stream, whose waters are lucid as a good man's mind, you may find Sankara's illustrious successor of a morning, if luck should favour you. The chance stranger is reduced to speechless adoration by the kindling eye and the merry smile of the sage as he puts his shrewd questions and gives his silent benedictions, scattering largesse of spirit as lavishly as the sun its rays. But there are other times when he is difficult and knows it. Then he shuts himself up in the lonely retreat on the thither bank. And I have heard a friend of his boyhood days say that what an uncomprehending world calls aberration is one long ecstasy for the saint in *antarmukha*. Unhasting, unresting, he moves in a magic circle, his hands keeping time to the music of the spheres.

Pravritti and *Nivritti*, like strophe

and antistrophe, make up the song of man's deliverance. They are as natural to the aspiring soul as the alpha rhythm to the human brain. We Hindus have fallen sadly out of step with the universe. We have abolished charity from our hearts and the *sannyasin* order is fast dwindling. The more is the reason why we should cherish the hoary foundations which the great *sampradaya pravartakas* have handed down to us. The Liberal historian of Europe, while exposing the lust for ill-gotten gain that brought about the dissolution of the monasteries in Britain, points out that the abbeys were vulnerable because they had outlived their function. But our *maths* were never more needed than now.

Thanks to such spiritual geniuses as those who adorn the Sharada and the Kamakoti peethas a little life-blood is still being pumped to the extremities of a half-paralysed faith. Unlike the abbeys these founts of a living inspiration have not "ceased to learn, to teach, to record, to illumine." The lawless reprobate and the laodician, to whom they are a standing reproach, may pretend that "initiative and inspiration seem to have deserted them." But the millions of humble believers know better. Let them warn the impertinent meddlers in the words of Gide: "We are tired of granting you, in the name of our principles, a liberty that you refuse us in the name of yours."

VIGNESWARA

BLANK RECORD

The question whether an M. P. is a delegate or a representative of his constituents belongs to the great debate in which Burke took so dramatic a part. But while the M. P. may not be dictated by the views and wishes of the electorate, tradition requires that his election should bring some tangible benefits to the area which he has chosen to represent in Parliament.

This political necessity has recently been brought home to a Ceylonese M. P. who was censured by the local district board for his "blank" record of service. His parliamentary career has been described as a disgrace, since it had failed to usher in unemployment relief work, to give land to the landless and to obtain State help for the fishing industry in the coastal belt which he represents in the island's Parliament.

In India, election to legislative bodies is the quickest way of winning friends and influencing people—for selfish ends.—Times Of India.

SOUTH ASIA OUT OF CONTROL

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: "Out of control" is the phrase that fits South Asia and the Middle East. Perhaps the authorship of this phrase should not be disclosed because to the mind of certain political primitives in the U. S. accurate analysis and prediction of Asian situations is a form of witchcraft and the person who predicts successfully is—like a sorcerer—held responsible for the result. Yes, the phrase was first applied to South Asia around 1945 by that well-known Asian expert and target of the McCarthyites, Owen Lattimore.

One of the best examples of how even comparatively tame states can go "out of control" has been afforded recently by Ceylon's shipment of rubber to Communist China. Ceylon's present Government has frequently been held up by its own opposition and by militant Indian nationalists as an example of "stooge nationalism." The United National Party of Premier D. S. Senanayake has secured independence without struggle and even without bitterness. The key reason for this was that many of the UNP's leaders came from among the owners of rubber and tea plantations who saw their interest in a continuing economic link with Britain. But the moment Britain agreed to the American request to ban natural rubber to the Chinese Communists, Ceylon parted company after roundly attacking the U. S. position at the London rubber conference. Recently Ceylon defied the UN ban on rubber to Communist China by sending a large shipment despite the fact that the U. S. retaliated by suspending economic aid to Ceylon. Once-tame Ceylon is now "out of control."

The aptness of this phrase has been confirmed over and over again during the past few weeks by the turbulent course of events in Egypt, Jordan, Persia and Pakistan. What we have been witnessing is the emergence of a further stage of the Asian nationalist movement. In the first five years after the war the majority of the population of South Asia made the transition to governments of their

own nationals. We are now entering on a period in which these states are insisting increasingly on policies which respond to popular sentiment within those countries. The policies are sometimes very crude and sometimes even historically shortsighted. But the foreign policies of the South Asian states are increasingly influenced by a popular anti-imperialism which frequently dominates the very leaders who first released the force.

Egypt is, in a sense, the classic example of how South Asian or Middle Eastern politicians can become the prisoners of a popular sentiment which they have unleashed for their own reasons. Egypt's Wafdist Government was elected by an overwhelming popular majority on a program of anti-imperialism and internal reform. It has done very little to reform Egypt internally and corruption has intensified. Therefore its only appeal for the people who elected it is to stress the twin slogans of Egyptian anti-imperialism: throw out the British troops and unite the Sudan with Egypt.

In the long months of negotiations the aging Egyptian Premier Nahas Pasha had convinced Western diplomats that he was anti-Communist enough and anxious enough for Egypt to attain a pre-eminent position in the Middle East to make feasible a Middle East Treaty Organization in which Egypt and Turkey would be founder-members along with the "Big Three". But at the decisive moment the Wafdist Government decided to gain the initiative in bargaining by moving to abrogate the treaties which gave Britain the right to station troops in the Suez Canal zone and control the so-called "condominium" of Sudan. Once this step was taken and clashes with Britons emerged from riotous demonstrations it became an open question whether the Wafd could again dam up the nationalist fervour it had released.

The British Government has responded to this resurgence of Egyptian nationalism with the same sort of legalism which it employed in

Persia. Only in Egypt international law gives Britain the right to maintain troops there until 1956, or until the treaty is changed by mutual consent. (The British ignore the fact they have more than double the 10,000 troops allowed under the 1936 treaty). The decision of Attlee and Morrison to "stand firm" was at least partially a product of the taunts of the Tories during the election campaign that Labour had been following a policy of "bluff" and "scuttling the Empire."

The folly of countering a great national movement with legalisms supported by military force was rather effectively emphasised in a letter to *The Times* of October 20 by J. H. Huizinga, a well-known Conservative Dutch journalist who recently toured the Middle East for his own newspaper, the conservative *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* and for the *Manchester Guardian*. His letter is worth quoting in full:

However regrettable or unwise Egypt's rejection of the four-power proposals may be, it is perhaps not always sufficiently realised in this country, I feel, that there is nothing particularly strange or perverse about the Egyptian attitude. What Egyptian nationalism demands is no more than what India, Pakistan, or Syria have demanded and obtained—complete emancipation from western tutelage and western ties, freedom to sit on the international fence, freedom to bet on the wrong horse, freedom to shelter under the western umbrella of power as a neutral instead of helping to hold it up as an ally. Most of the Asiatic nations have by now conquered these freedoms and nobody seems to reproach these nations for refusing to sacrifice them to the cause of the free world's common defence. It is only Egypt which is asked to renounce them, the foremost reason, of course, being, not that Egypt and Egypt alone possesses valuable strategic facilities but that these Egyptian facilities are already in the physical control of the west, which is, therefore, enabled to take the attitude of "j'y suis, j'y reste". (I am here, therefore I remain.)

Juridically this attitude is doubtless perfectly justified, at least until the expiry of the treaty in 1956. But that should not blind one to the fact that in standing on its legal rights the west is asking Egypt to accept a status which it would not dream of suggesting to India, Pakistan, Syria or Persia, all

of whom have strategic facilities to offer of hardly less value to the successful defence of the free world than the Canal zone. Bluntly, this status is that of a military instrument of the west at the beck and call of the west, just as Cyprus or Malta are. Even the briefest glance at the four-Power proposals is sufficient to see that under the proposed new arrangement Egypt would only exchange John Bull as the sole arbiter of its fate (in questions of war or peace) for a fourfold reincarnation of this hated figure in the form of an international body dominated by the west. Its obligations to the new master, defined in a formula which seems to have been lifted bodily from the 1936 treaty, would be quite as all-embracing as to the old: "to grant the forces of the Allied Middle East Command all necessary facilities and assistance in the event of war, imminent menace of war or apprehended international emergency—including the use of Egyptian ports, airfields, and means of communications." It is a very long step back from the Sidky-Bevin formula of 1946, which proposed to limit Egypt's obligations to "consultation" with Britain in the event of Britain becoming involved in war resulting from "aggression against countries adjacent to Egypt."

Of course, it may be said that Egypt shows herself blind to her own best interests by refusing to accept the status of a military instrument of the west. There is certainly a good case to be made out for that view. Only, those who propound it should realise the full implication of what they ask the Egyptians to believe. That is no less than that for some undisclosed reason there exists a complete and perpetual community of interests between Egypt and far-away Britain and America such as is not to be found anywhere else, not even between Britain and her closest neighbours. The Irish, for instance, have not, to my knowledge, given any very clear indication that they would consider their interests best served by volunteering for the role of a British base. In short, those who argue that in trying to loosen the British connexion, Egypt shows herself blind to her own best interests seem to assume that it was God instead of Mr. Gladstone who joined the two countries together, a confusion of identity which is doubtless understandable enough but not likely to serve as a profitable approach in dealing with the virulent nationalism of those who try to put them asunder.

In essence, therefore, the attitude of Britain and the West is that while the independence of the South Asian

countries is accepted in *theory*, problems arise when these countries attempt to exert their independence in *fact*. During the course of the election campaign in Britain the bulk of the Conservative Party made it quite clear that their chief irritation with the Labour Government on foreign affairs was that it treats such "lesser breeds" as Persians and Egyptians as virtual equals. One Conservative candidate I heard said contemptuously: "Morrison is not quite as bad as Mossadeq—at least he doesn't appear in pyjamas."

Although the approach of the Foreign Office and the Labour Government was on a higher level than this, it still did not reach the level of reality. The Foreign Office kept insisting that Persian Prime Minister Mossadeq was "on his way out" months after it was clear to any objective observer that the histrionic old gentleman had imbibed the strength of a resurgent Persian nationalism which preferred starvation without AIOC to subsistence with it. Always the Foreign Office hoped for the appearance of someone like Zia-ed-Din, the Anglophile leader of Persia's "National Will Party." Such a pro-British strong man, it was hoped, would save the day by bringing Persia under control.

(ii) Cutting The Links

The assassination of Liaquat Ali Khan the Premier and dominant political figure of Pakistan, coming on top of that of King Abdullah of Jordan and General Razmara of Persia, underlines how thin are the personal links that bind many of the South Asian countries to the West. The link between the old, colonial days and the present is frequently personalized in the figure of one or two men. Once they die or are killed, the West has to confront a whole new constellation of power.

The way to make a Foreign Office expert on the Middle East wince is to ask him what will happen in Iraq if the ailing Premier, Nuri-es-Said, dies. With the assassination of King Abdullah of Jordan, Iraq remains the last place in the Middle East—apart from the small Persian Gulf sheikhdoms—where differences can be adjusted secretly in diplomatic "back room" discussions, without the intercession

of the "mob". When Premier Nuri was in London almost two months ago not even the most diligent reporter was able to smell out what actually was being discussed with the Foreign Office. It was not until early October that Nuri announced in Bagdad that he had been having friendly discussions about the revision of the Anglo-Iraqi treaty which gives Britain two air-bases in Iraq. If Nuri dies British Middle East experts doubt whether any public figure in Iraq can "carry" a new treaty unless it bans British bases. Saleh Jabr, Iraq's "Number Two" politician is not a good bet because he is already tainted with the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of Portsmouth of 1913 which had to be abandoned after it caused grave riots.

Jordan is moving "out of control" of Britain since King Abdullah's assassination, despite the fact that British subsidies are needed to sustain that state. Unlike his father, King Talal has not been given his throne by Britain. And he has to contend with a parliament of increased power dominated by ex-Palestinians who are furious with Britain for having "let them down" in the Palestine war.

The assassination of Pakistan's Premier and the preliminary evidence that the assassin was paid by the Afghan Government has thrown into the melting pot the whole future of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. The late Liaquat Ali Khan was the only Pakistan politician of nation-wide and international stature. Roly-poly Kwaja Nazimuddin who has replaced him as Premier, has nowhere near Liaquat's support in Pakistan, except possibly in East Pakistan whence he hails and where he has long been active politically. Although British-educated and pro-British like Liaquat, Nazimuddin has not had Liaquat's recent experience in international affairs. This combined with the weakness of his internal political position makes him likely to respond more to the pressure of public opinion.

From the first intimations that Liaquat's assassin was an Afghan and might have been paid by the Afghan Government, officials at the Commonwealth Relations Office became intensely concerned. The bitter Afghan-Pakistan feud over the Northwest

Frontier Province which is part of Pakistan but claimed by Afghanistan has always been a gnawing worry, overshadowed only by the bigger "cold war" between India and Pakistan over Kashmir. Religion-conscious Pakistanis have been more irritated by the Afghans because, as fellow-Moslems, they are supposed to be friendly to Pakistan instead of harassing Pakistan from the rear while it is confronted with the more powerful India.

Last year there were not a few Pakistan army officers who felt they could take Kabul with a brigade of troops. The first rumbles of Pakistan indignation about the assassination therefore caused deep concern here. The fear has been not only of conflict on the strategic Northwest frontier but also that part of Pakistan's indignation might be directed against India, which had been Afghanistan's chief ally and sympathizer. There is no question that India is just as shocked as Pakistan by the assassination because although Mr. Liaquat was a doughty opponent on Kashmir and related questions, he was respected by Indian leaders as a modern man of moderation in the same way that Mr. Nehru is respected in Pakistan as a man without anti-Moslem prejudices. But, with the reckless attitude of the Afghan Government almost anything can come out of the Afghan-Pakistan-Indian triangle.

New Actors On The Stage

The Egyptian crisis has also confronted the over-burdened newspaper reader and foreign affairs analyst with a new country to encompass: Sudan. Until recently the Sudan was only an issue between Egypt and Britain. But now, it becomes clear, the Sudanese may soon take independent decisions which are popular with neither side. In other words a new

actor steps on to the Middle Eastern scene.

Sudan is not, of course, the last to appear. Libya's forthcoming independence will add another actor. And if unsophisticated Libya is free, can sophisticated Tunis or turbulent Morocco be far behind? And if so, can the French preserve the illusion that the Algerian Arabs and Berbers are really part of Metropolitan France?

This growing proliferation of independent states is another indication of the manner in which South Asia and the Middle East are going "out of control". In power terms these areas are coming in a less-developed way to resemble Europe in the mid-19th century when the many new national states were too full of their recently-realised nationalist dreams to be concerned very much with distant problems.

British hopes for a Middle East Treaty Organization would seem therefore to be going against the stream of current Middle Eastern history. METO is, in effect, an attempt to impose a form of control over an area over which the West is increasingly losing control. It has been possible to organize the North Atlantic pact because the countries of Western Europe share above all a common fear of Communism and a common dependence on the United States.

The fact is that although all the Arab states have conservative Governments and the Communists are illegal in almost every Arab country, the burden of popular sentiment is anti-British and anti-Zionist. It would probably be very easy to get all the Arabs to join a Middle Eastern military alliance which would drive both the British troops and the Israelis into the sea. But that is not what Britain and the United States have in mind.

Progress is a very recent invention. In the age of Queen Elizabeth and William Shakespeare, men believed that the race was in a state of chronic decay. In spite of printing, the compass and gunpowder, the earlier was considered the riper world. Those who actually lived through what we have learnt to regard as one of the most brilliant and progressive epochs of all history regarded themselves as men of decadence. We, on the contrary, regard ourselves as men of the dawn and the threshold, an army in advance, not in retreat. It remains to be seen what the judgment of future historians will be.—Aldous Huxley.

they see them in Connaught Place. And yet some of them are as able as the more able I. C. S. officers. Only a few, like V. P. Menon and Ranga-chari, have secured recognition and promotion. The others are gems of purest ray serene born to blush unseen. Their start in life had to be humble because their parents had not been able to afford to send them to a University, and because they were not related to men of influence.

This neglected Government servant whose *vahan* is the bicycle, is addressed by C. R. in his parting message. The country is now run by a Government of motor-car owners, who think mostly of other motor-car owners and their interests. It is therefore refreshing to find an outgoing Home Minister remembering the great community of clerks who wade their way in life through a vale of tears.

LIAQUAT ALI KHAN

By A Correspondent Lately In Pakistan

THE assassination of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan is in more than one sense the greatest disaster to Asia. Though not so well known in the international sphere as Pandit Nehru, Liaquat Ali Khan is a greater realist in his approach to politics. It is a strange coincidence that the Prime Ministership of both India and Pakistan should have fallen to men from what was previously known as the United Provinces. Both Liaquat and Nehru were heirs to a heritage of history and material prosperity. Both went to famous universities in England and were called to the Bar. Both spent their early working years and apprenticeship in politics in the capital of the United Provinces. Both were a fine blend of occidental and oriental cultures. But here the resemblance ends. Pandit Nehru is a scholar and rebel transformed into a politician by force of circumstances. Liaquat Ali Khan would have rolled in velvet all his life but for the fact that Mr. Jinnah discovered his talents.

He was born in 1896 to a family owning considerable estates in the Punjab but settled down in the United Provinces. He claims descent from a Persian King, Nausherwan, the Just. Unlike Pandit Nehru who had his early schooling in Harrow, Liaquat Ali was educated in India and passed through the then Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh. He subsequently went to Exeter College, Oxford. He took a prominent part in the proceedings of the Indian Majlis Society at Oxford and in its debates kept his feet planted in the ground. Studious

by temperament, there was nothing spectacular about his career. After his return to India, Liaquat Ali Khan did not practise at all. He was elected to the U. P. Legislative Assembly in 1926 and for six of the next 14 years he was the Deputy Leader of the Democratic Party.

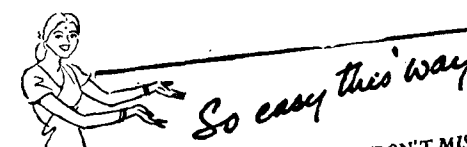
It was a happy coincidence that when Mr. Jinnah began his reorganisation of the League he should have chosen Liaquat Ali as his right hand man. He had the finest Secretariat brain. For marshalling arguments both in attack or defence, there were few in Pakistan who could come near him. No doubt Sir Zafrullah is more flashy and spectacular but Liaquat Ali appealed both to the classes and the masses. There was once a tense occasion in the Pakistan Constituent Assembly. Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan and Mr. Suhrawardy had made biting attacks on the way things were getting shaped in infant Pakistan. There was excitement both on the floor of the House as well as the crowded public galleries. Then a burly figure got up from the Treasury benches, wiped his glasses and made a devastating reply. Those who had come to scoff remained to pray.

The large success which fell to the lot of Moslem League in the elections of 1938 was due to the genius and organising ability of Liaquat Ali Khan. In the post-war general elections, the League captured 446 out of 495 seats. In 1940, Liaquat Ali Khan was elected to the Central Assembly and by virtue of his ability became the Deputy Leader of the



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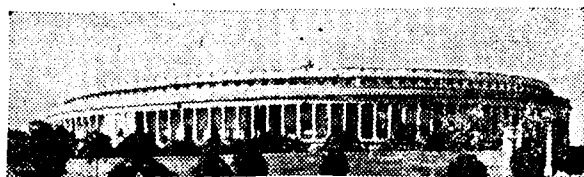
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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

SARDAR PANIKKAR is about the most significant Ambassador in the world today. He is ideally equipped for a diplomatic assignment at the highest level. His sense of history is equalled only by Arnold Toynbee's. At our Press Association lunch in honour of Panikkar, Mr. J. N. Sahni asked the Ambassador how far Chinese foreign policy was dictated from outside. Panikkar pointed out that Chinese foreign policy through the ages mainly related to Korea, Japan, Formosa, Indo-China and Tibet. "Mr. Mao Tse-Tung's attitude towards all these five questions has been exactly the same as that of Mr. Chiang Kai-shek," Mr. Panikkar declared.

The policies were the same ever since the Han dynasty, said the Ambassador. The Empress Dowager, although she was an ignorant and foolish old woman interested only in watching amateur theatricals in her summer palace, knew that Korea was important to China and went to war for Korea. Chiang Kai-shek, when he was in power, had protested against the favour shown to Japan by the Allies. Formosa was so much a part of China that Chiang had established his Government there, and the American Government had even recognised his Government as the Government of China. How could that be done if Formosa was not a part of China? During the war, the provisional Government of Indo-China was established in Chungking, the KMT capital. Tibet was always a part of China. When the Inter-Asian Conference was held in Delhi a few years ago, the Tibetan Delegation was invited by the organizers. Dr. Lo, Chiang's Ambassador in Delhi, had protested to the Indian Government against such a direct invitation, and insisted that the Tibetan Delegation should be considered as part of the

Chinese Delegation! Such is the continuity of Chinese foreign policy. To say that the policies of the Peoples' Government of China were being dictated from the outside would, therefore, be absurd.

Ambassador Panikkar was asked whether New China was likely to take a hand in spreading Communism over the rest of Asia. He answered that in a physical or military sense, there would be no attempt. Ideologically, China might act as an inspiration to many people in Asia. The Ambassador suggested that the social revolution of China was part of the general resurgence in Asia. Whether the example of China would result in revolutions in other countries of Asia depended largely on the stability of the Governments of the countries concerned.

Prime Minister Thakin Nu of Burma was asked last week whether Chinese Communist troops had appeared within the territory of Burma. Thakin Nu replied that the Chinese Communists were very correct in their attitude to Burma. No such incident had occurred. Some KMT troops, however, had crossed into Burma, and the Burmese Government were driving them out. A Correspondent asked whether the Chinese Communists might not send troops into Burma to liquidate the KMT troops in Burma. Thakin Nu said that the Chinese Government dealt with these KMT troops (mostly deserters) only after they re-crossed into China.

Thakin Nu's Government is today the most stable Government in South-East Asia. Thakin Nu spoke confidently of the position of his Government, and said that the strength of the rebel forces in Burma was about 2,000. They were functioning as guerillas. He thought that it might

take from three to five years before the rebels were captured or liquidated. A Correspondent asked whether there was a chance of Burma going the China way—namely that the Burmese Communists might liquidate the present AFPFL Government instead of being liquidated by them. Thakin Nu laughed and said that there was a great difference between the KMT and the AFPFL.

Foreign Minister Casey of Australia could not explain why the Communist Party was so strong in his country. He thought that the ambitiousness of the leaders of the Communist Party and the promises of heaven on earth which they made in their speeches might be responsible for their influence. Casey also believed that the Australian Communist leaders went off to Moscow every now and then to receive training. I asked Casey why the people of Australia turned down in the recent referendum his Government's proposal for the virtual banning of the Communist Party in Australia. His reply was that it was an error of judgment. People were deceived by the Opposition, he thought. By the same token, it can be argued that the people were mistaken when they returned Mr. Menzies to power in Australia.

Mr. Churchill also thinks that the British people had made a mistake when they returned the Labour Party to power at the last two General Elections. Now they had righted the wrong by putting him in power once again. For us, however, the error of judgment has occurred in October this year. The very institution of Parliamentary democracy comes under fire now. In our own country, we have ensured that the worst possible individuals will form the majority of our legislators when the General Elections are over.

The British Labour Party had not made it easy for the electorate to distinguish between itself and the Tories. It had become so unimaginative in its policies. Bernard Shaw warned Mr. Attlee in 1946 that there was a danger of his going the way of Ramsay MacDonald. Attlee was Private Secretary to MacDonald; and his Guildhall speech soon after assumption of office as Prime Minister was not unlike the Guildhall speech of

Ramsay MacDonald. We can only hope that Churchill will be thrown out in another six months' time, and that the Labour Party will be returned to power under the leadership of Bevan. The British are a shrewd lot; and I suppose they have a right to make their own mistakes, as they did by voting for Churchill.

Pandit Nehru had no right to ask to be elected Congress President, if he did not intend to ensure the selection of men and women of ability, integrity and character as candidates for Indian Parliament and other legislatures. He seems to have left the ultimate decisions to the Presidents of the Pradesh Congress Committees. This action is capable of being defended as a democratic act; but it is really a case of shirking one's duty and disowning the responsibilities of leadership. The citadel of the Congress is collapsing in front of our very eyes. And Jawaharlal Nehru is presiding over this collapse helplessly. He may even convince himself and try to convince us later on that he himself had pulled down the structure for the sake of the country.

The only known non-Congressman of ability and integrity who has been selected as a Congress candidate is C. D. Deshmukh. The country has a very large number of men and women of ability, integrity and character, but nobody bothers to find them. The present holders of power do not need them. They have no programme which requires the services of men and women of ability, integrity and character. If the Socialist Party or the Communist Party were to come to power in India, they would not encourage inefficiency and corruption which are rampant today among Government servants.

Rajaji's message to the cyclists of Delhi on the eve of his departure to Madras is a touching one. He alone knows among the top leaders of the Congress that nobody has a kind word to say to the thousands of assistants and minor officers who play an important part in the administration of the country. The iron enters their soul at an early stage, because they are a very much neglected community in the Capital. Many big officers pretend not to recognize them when

League Party. He had little taste for the more excitable polemics of either side but made very important contributions to public questions by his speeches. He will be chiefly remembered as the sponsor of what is known as the Bhulabhai-Desai-Liaquat Pact which formed the framework of the Wavell offer. Had the Pact succeeded, the history of India would have been different.

At repeated sessions of the Moslem League, Liaquat Ali Khan supported the stand of Mr. Jinnah and underlined the need for Pakistan. When at last Lord Mountbatten's diplomacy triumphed and India was partitioned, the chief task of building up the fifth and largest Islamic State in the world fell to the lot of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan. How he built up a Secretariat and developed Karachi to house the big staff that seeped down from Delhi is a marvel in modern history. He had his critics and detractors. There was a veritable scramble for power and public men from the Punjab which formed the linchpin of Pakistan wanted to take a lion's share of key posts and dominate the political landscape of Pakistan. Aided by his accomplished wife and with the support of the late Mr. Jinnah, Liaquat Khan fought all the forces of disruption and disintegration and established his supremacy. The only concession he had to make was to surrender the Foreign Ministership to Sir Zafrullah Khan but even in this sphere he was not a mere camp follower of the Foreign Minister. All the important policies were initiated by him and in the delicate Indo-Pakistan parleys he played a prominent part. His contribution to the Commonwealth politics is also immense.

He has in a short while piloted Pakistan into a state of political and economic stability which is admirable. He told the Parliament of Canada: "Our conception of democracy embraces social and economic justice, the right of private ownership, of each individual to enjoy the fruit of his own labour and yet laws and institutions designed to eliminate destitution and place healthy checks on the vast accumulation of wealth. We pursue it because we could not seek guidance from any other source but God whose injunctions we believe these to be."

Long before the Korean explosion, he realised that Asia was the flash point of danger. It was at Rawalpindi that a plot was first hatched to assassinate him and the plotters were arrested betimes. On his return to Karachi, the compound walls of his residence were raised high and men with machine guns posted at all the gates.

Liaquat Ali Khan was the most hard worked man in Karachi. The lights in his study room used to burn till the early hours of the morning. His only luxury was a comfortable shave in the mornings. He was a late riser. He and his charming wife had a genius for friendship and they were perfect hosts. Liaquat Ali Khan wanted Pakistan to be a bulwark of the Commonwealth.

He is survived by Begum Liaquat Ali Khan and two sons. It will be difficult to replace him as Prime Minister. His death at a time when Indo-Pakistan relationship are none too cordial is an international calamity.

Well over 100 holders of Fellowships awarded by the United Nations and its specialised agencies are now in Britain. The Fellowship holders, numbering 112, are studying social welfare, various aspects of economic development, public administration and medicine.

Since 1947, 695 Fellows have been received in the U. K. Of this number over a hundred have been from India—43 Social Welfare Fellows, 46 World Health, 18 Economic Development, seven UNESCO and two Public Administration. Those from Pakistan have numbered 30—8 World Health, 11 Economic Development, 7 Public Administration and four Social Welfare.

Of the 21 Indian Fellows at present in Britain, 11 are World Health Organisation Fellows, five Social Welfare, four Economic Development and one Public Administration.

VINDICATION OF A MISSION OF FAITH AND COURAGE

By Prof. T. V. RAMANUJAM

WATER-SUPPLY, sanitation, public health, and transportation—all these are among the services in which public welfare can be maximised only by the elimination of the profit motive. Enlightened governments in many countries of the world are, therefore, trying to limit the scope of private enterprise to spheres other than these, and to reserve the above fields of industrial and commercial activity to be owned and run by the government in the interests of the general public and not in the interests of few shareholders.

Nationalisation, not of all industries and trade, but of at least certain key sectors of economic activity, has come to stay; and even in countries which could not be accused of having anything to do either with the Communists or the "fellow-travellers," the exclusion of the profit motive and unrestricted competition from certain pivotal points in the national economy has come to be regarded as an axiom of state policy.

Value of co-ordination:—Railway transport in India has been completely nationalised; and road transport is being progressively brought under a system of state or municipal ownership. Competition among a large number of private operators has proved to be wasteful in its working and harmful in its effects on the travelling public.

Similarly, competition with other modes of transport like railways and canals is also recognised to be a waste and a dissipation of national resources. Co-ordination between all forms of transport is the end which every civilized government has kept before itself today. In the past, it was all competition and no co-ordination.

Such road-rail-co-ordination is not possible unless both these two modes of transport function as well-knit entities. Each must be strong and flourishing. There cannot be any real coordination with the railways as a nationalised, centrally-directed concern and with the road transport services in the hands of innumerable private operators. Just as the railways are today among our largest national assets and the most important semi-commercial organization of our infant republic, so also a time will come when the road transport services with tens of thousands of vehicles and well-equipped workshops all over the country will become a huge national asset belonging

not to this group or that but to the whole country.

The value of such a large, well-knit, and efficient road transport organization—patent as it is even in normal times—will be especially great during times of national emergency.

In paving the way for the early consummation of this great ideal, the progressive State of Bombay has taken the first big forward step.

The Corporation Type

While it is true that vast public utilities like transport, electricity, drainage and irrigation have to be run, not by private individuals or private institutions for the primary purpose of maximising the profits of the owners, but by the State in the interests of all the people, it is equally true that they should be conducted on strictly business-like principles. The user of these services is neither to be pampered nor to be penalised. To use these services as an engine of indirect taxation by obtaining excessive rates from the users and to use the surplus so gained for the purpose of giving relief in taxation is as obnoxious as to charge less than the actual cost and to make these services a drag on the general tax-payer. Both these courses are pernicious.

Yet another relevant consideration is that in our anxiety to avoid the profit motive we should not be unaware of the insidious dangers which may arise from lack of imagination, absence of initiative, paucity of drive and enthusiasm and the presence of such evils as inertia and red-tapism—all alleged to be characteristic of vast concerns owned, controlled and managed by the State. In other words, the principal aim is harmoniously to blend the special advantages of private enterprise with those of nationalised ownership, control and management.

Enlightened nations of the West have discovered that this difficult objective is more easily achieved by running the industries of the public sector not as departments of the Government but as autonomous and statutory Corporations. The Corporation method helps us to associate those who have business acumen with others who have vast administrative experience. This method eliminates the evils and retains the advantages of both private enterprise and nationalisation.

Following this new mode of running a nationalised industry not as a direct

department of the state but as a statutory Corporation, the Government of Bombay set up the Bombay State Road Transport Corporation which took charge in December 1949.

It is true that even in Bombay the scheme of nationalisation was first started as a department of the State. At first, the scheme envisaged a three-year plan of expansion of passenger transport in the areas comprised in the then existing State of Bombay excluding the several Indian States. According to this scheme 2,000 vehicles were to be put on the roads for passenger transport only. Later on, when the numerous Indian States were integrated, the State of Bombay became much larger and the scheme had to be revised. After the realignment, the state has been divided into 13 viable units.

Between June 1948 when the first beginnings in nationalisation were made and today (during three years), the scheme has progressed very well, and today 10 out of the 13 divisions are in operation; and the whole State is likely to be completed by the end of the 4th year with a fleet of about 2,500 vehicles.

Then And Now

The Bombay State Transport first started the Poona-Ahmednagar pocket in the Poona Division with 35 vehicles. By the end of the first year, 382 vehicles were on road, 2 Divisions having been completed and a beginning made in 3 other Divisions. From a very humble beginning with 35 vehicles and from an average daily income of Rs. 4,385 in June 1948, to an average daily income of Rs. 1,48,606 with a fleet of 1196 vehicles in May 1951—that shows the rate of the growth of this organisation.

But merely astronomical figures of earnings and of the number of passengers carried would not tell us the details of the success of such a vast organization. Its success would depend upon the answers to the following questions:—

1. Are the number of vehicles adequate to carry the normal traffic?
2. Do the buses run regularly?
3. Are the buses comfortable?
4. Are accidents decreasing, and are they even now less than they were during the time of the private operators?
5. Is the scheme paying its way?
6. Is the interest on the capital provided for the organization being paid regularly?
7. Are the vehicles and other property adequately insured?
8. Is there an adequate depreciation fund being made out of the earnings, so that when the vehicles get old, they may be easily replaced?

9. Is labour being treated well?

10. Are there surplus earnings after paying labour well, building up insurance and Depreciation Funds, and paying interest on capital?

11. If so, are such surplus earnings utilised for the welfare of the workers and for increasing and improving the amenities to the passengers?

12. If so, have all these truly praiseworthy things been achieved without increasing the fares?

The statistical tables which are appended to this give the answers to most of these questions.

However, besides these statistical data, it may be worthwhile to offer a few explanatory remarks in regard to each question.

Adequacy Of Vehicles

It will be conceded that there cannot be an accurate measuring rod to judge the adequacy of vehicles. To clear all passenger traffic, is a difficult and delicate problem calling for a high measure of discretion and judgment on the part of the personnel. Unlike goods traffic which can be cleared, within limits, according to the availability of vehicles, passenger traffic must be cleared within a certain reasonable time after it begins to gather at traffic points. It cannot be stored. Taking every factor into consideration, the State Transport organization has evolved a very careful procedure which ensures the putting in of an adequate number of vehicles in every route which they take over from private operators. Just as overloading is an evil from the point of view of the passenger, underloading is an evil from the point of view of the operator. And, under nationalisation, the interests of the operator and the passengers are ultimately one and the same. And, therefore, the thinking sections of the public will not only protest against overloading but also against running buses which are empty or nearly empty, because the cost of making such uneconomic trips will ultimately fall on the general public. To steer clear of both these evils, the S. T. carefully surveys any route before taking it over. All the data of the conditions under which the private operators were running the vehicles, such details as the condition of the roads, the nature of the importance of each village or town en route, and traffic potential—are collected, scrutinized and analysed. On the basis of these studies, the number of buses to be put on a route is adjusted to the traffic on hand so that there is neither overloading which is the bug-bear of the passenger nor underloading which is criminal extravagance of public funds. That the number of vehicles and services are adequate can, in a general way, be understood from the fact that

the S. T. vehicles carried on the average only about 79%, 80% and 82% of the total loading capacity in the years 1948, 1949 and 1950 respectively. Further, S. T. has been able to meet abnormal traffic during all the fairs and other special occasions without serious dislocation or reduction in the scheduled services.

Do The Buses Run Regularly

The regularity of Arrivals and Departures has gradually improved during the course of last 3 years. In 1948, it was about 60%, in 1949 about 75% in 1950 about 80% and at present, it is about 85%. There are certain irregularities which occur due to extraneous circumstances. Schedules are upset due to detentions at railway crossings, traffic congestions enroute, rains, checking enroute and other causes which are beyond our control. It may, therefore, be said that in the circumstances, the services are fairly regular. The highest percentage of irregularity is noticeable during the months of June, July and August, due to dislocation of traffic on account of rains and unfordable rivers and nallas.

Are The Buses Comfortable?

They are wider and longer and provided with cushion seats. The seating space and leg space are more than ever before. As most of the luggage is accommodated on the roof of the bus, the bus is roomy. The Buses are very well ventilated. Water-proof window curtains are provided for against rains. As all roads are not of the same type, different types of buses and makes are operated depending on the type of vehicles best suited for such roads. All vehicles are equipped with shock absorbers to make the journey on our proverbially bad roads as comfortable as possible. The Buses are well lighted.

Accidents

The number of accidents during 1949 and 1950 ranged between 18 and 34 per month. The percentage of accidents to service vehicles was 5 in 1949 and 3 in 1950 in spite of the fact that the number of vehicles on road actually doubled during this period. It is not the absolute or actual number of accidents, which is the criterion of efficiency; but the relative number or percentage of accidents as compared to the total number of vehicles on road. These accidents include even minor ones, where no injury to life is involved. Most of the accidents, about 98 p.c. are of minor nature.

Is The Scheme Paying Its Way?

Nationalisation scheme of the Bombay State Transport is certainly paying its way. The capital of nearly 6 crores has been provided by the State and the Union Governments. There is no private indi-

vidual as a share-holder. But S. T. has never been a drag on the revenues of either of the two States. In other words, once the initial capital was contributed by these two Governments, the Corporation has seen to it that its current expenditure is met entirely out of its current revenues. Not only that; it has always made a small margin of profit which it ploughs back into the industry. The interest stipulated for by the two governments on the capital advanced by them has always been paid. After all, the acid test of the financial solvency of any commercial enterprise is whether its gross income is sufficient to cover all its expenditure, including interest on capital, insurance and depreciation. If after meeting all these legitimate, nay, essential expenditure, there is also a small profit which is utilised for further improving the quality of the service rendered, then, and only then, can the enterprise be regarded as being managed with skill and efficiency. Bombay State Transport organization has abundantly fulfilled this test. If after meeting all these items of expenditure, it makes enormous profit, then it means that it is overcharging the passengers; and then, and only then, can it be accused of "profiteering." But the profit which the Bombay State Transport Organisation is making is nothing more than what any prudent and wise organisation should strive to secure. All these are not just tall claims made by an enthusiast. The figures which are appended to this article bear out every one of these claims.

What it has meant for the Workers

As regards the treatment meted out by this organisation to its workers, impartial observers have noticed that the workers (the driver, the conductor, the mechanic and everyone of the 12,000 employees of the organisation) are all now securing benefits which could never have been dreamt of during the period of the private operators.

Salaries and allowances are certainly very much higher than those paid by the private operators. But, man does not live by bread alone. Under nationalisation, the worker expects not only a fair wage but, what is a 1,000 times more important, a humane and enlightened treatment. The modern worker hates like poison any patronising attitude on the part of his employers and in S. T. the workers are treated not as just "employees" but as decent men who have got their own self-respect to guard. The worker is the pivot of the whole organization. In the S. T. Staff Institute we can see the conductors and the drivers moving on terms of absolute equality with everyone else in the organization. In fact, the chief Executive Officer and the pioneer of the whole venture so intensely

dislikes the slightest trace of condescension towards the workers that he deliberately preferred the term "Staff Institutes" to the old term "Labour Welfare Centres."

We give below a few of the important steps taken to help the workers.

State Transport has appointed a Chief Labour Officer at the Central Office and Labour and Publicity Officers in the Divisions to look into the grievances of the workers. With the old operators no such facility existed.

State Transport has plans to provide Staff Institutes for the employees in all Divisions. Three Divisions, namely, Bombay, Nasik and Poona, out of ten, have already got these Staff Institutes where facilities for rest and recreation including indoor and out-door games, canteen, library, radio, water-cooler, etc. are provided on modern lines. The Corporation Board has extended the scheme to other divisions which will have these Staff Institutes very soon.

Funds have been already provided for all the Divisions to organize Sports Clubs for workers. Each Division gets a grant of Rs. 400. A recurring grant of Rs. 100 is also given every year. There is scope of further expansion of Sports activities in future.

The Corporation Board has sanctioned an amount of Rs. 15,00,000 for building houses for the workers. Recently the Hon. Labour Minister, Government of Bombay, laid the foundation stone of a Workers' Colony at Poona where 159 tenements consisting of 2, 3, 4 and 6 rooms will be built at a cost of Rs. 15,32,181 including the cost of land within the course of four months. A substantial number of these are reserved for workers. Another housing Colony consisting of 230 tenements of similar types at Nadiad at an estimated cost of Rs. 17½ lakhs is under consideration.

Free dispensaries with the services of qualified Doctors have been provided in two Divisions, viz. Nasik and Poona. These facilities are being extended to other Divisions. It is proposed to provide free medical treatment to workers and their families through a system of well-equipped dispensaries with qualified staff. A plan to provide such a dispensary is already under progress and as a preliminary step, part-time medical officers has already been appointed. Arrangements for free supply of A. T. S. Injections to workers injured in accidents while on duty are provided in all Divisions. These injections are given on medical advice.

State Transport started Provident Fund scheme with effect from the 1st April 1950. An employee contributes an anna in a rupee of basic salary while State Trans-

port contributes an equal amount. A scheme for Staff Benefit Fund for all employees is under consideration of the Corporation Board.

In some Divisions Co-operative Canteens are managed by workers themselves. These canteens serve meals and refreshments at cheaper rates. The Corporation Board has given free accommodation and other facilities to these canteens whose number is on the increase.

Literacy classes are organized for workers. A scheme for affording training in First Aid is put into practice. Training to drivers and conductors is given under expert instructors. Similar facilities for technical training in workshops are provided. State Transport employees interested in getting trained as Home Guards and Prohibition Guards are given facilities.

Good libraries are provided in the State Transport Staff Institutes. At other places local newspapers are purchased and kept in workers' waiting rooms.

State Transport has introduced a scheme of giving free milk to Spray painters at ½ seer (½ lb) per day per worker with a view to protecting the workers from the noxious effects of the fumes and gases during the course of their work.

Free passes are given to workers who are transferred away from their homes for a period of two months. Concession tickets are also granted to workers under certain conditions.

Waiting rooms and dining accommodation are provided to workers. Arrangements are also made to make available plentiful supply of cool drinking water.

Weekly or Fortnightly Bulletins are issued in regional languages of the Divisions and are supplied free to workers.

Free passes and privilege tickets are issued to State Transport employees who are transferred or who reside within a prescribed distance from Headquarters.

To enable an employee to go to his duty daily, concessional passes are issued for a maximum distance of 12 miles at the rate of 6 pies per mile subject to a maximum charge of Rs. 12 for 26 return journeys per month or of Rs. 6 for 13 return journeys in a fortnight. The employees at the places where compensatory local allowance and or House Rent Allowance is admissible are given an option to receive either these allowances or the passes at concessional rates in lieu thereof.

It is the policy of State Transport to encourage the formation of co-operative Societies which can undertake a number of beneficial activities such as canteens, stores, etc. In Bombay, Poona, Sholapur and Nasik Divisions these societies

are already functioning. In Poona a Fair Price Shop is opened to supply articles of daily need at cost price.

State Transport sanctions funds for celebration of anniversaries of the Divisions. These functions provide an opportunity for all to meet and talk in an informal manner and in an atmosphere of friendliness and cordiality.

Central Workshop

The Bombay State Transport is going to provide a Central Workshop at Dapori where reconditioning and overhaul of the engines, the chassis, etc. and manufacture of some of the mechanical parts will be undertaken. The Workshop will also build our bus bodies. In addition, we are going to have 13 Divisional Workshops, 50 Depots, 60 Garages and about 60 service points. These will look after the maintenance, repairs and servicing of our vehicles.

It may be stated that seven Divisional Workshops have already been completed and construction of three more is in hand. The remaining three workshops are yet to be started. As regards Depots, 16 Depots have already been completed. As regards Garages, half the number has already been started and the remaining will be started very shortly.

Amenities

We have not forgotten the amenities to passengers. It is proposed to provide 165 bus stations of various sizes and types for the convenience of passengers. These will have sanitary conveniences, refreshment rooms and covered loading and unloading platforms. The bigger ones will have retiring rooms for the convenience of waiting passengers. A beginning with the construction of Bus Stations has already been made and we have completed Bus Stations at Nasik, Satara, Nadiad, Narayangaon, Shikrapur and a number of other smaller places.

Same Rates

All these have been achieved without increasing the fares. Actually, it may be said that the real fares have decreased in as much as at the same fare, which the private operators were charging, S. T. has been able to give better services with good and punctual buses, Bus Stations, etc. This is all the more a praiseworthy achievement considering the enormous strides the prices of chassis, spare parts, and the import duties etc. have made. The operational cost, when the private operators were operating was about 25% of what it is today, and in spite of increase in costs and prices, the fare has remained static at 9 pies per mile. Compared to the liabilities and commitments of the S. T. and of the private operators, this is an achievement. At the same price

S. T. has been able to provide better travelling facilities, bus stations, road improvement schemes, better emoluments to staff and last but not the least, an increased social income, by eliminating wasteful competition, economy in foreign exchanges, rationalisation of routes and time tables.

IDEA OF PROGRESS AT A GLANCE

The State Transport, Bombay

OWNED

in		in
(June 1948)		(June 1951)
36	Buses	1581

PLYING OVER

in		in
(June 1948)		(June 1951)
310	Miles	20,443

IN

in		in
(June 1948)		(June 1951)
1	Division (s)	10

EMPLOYING

in		in
(June 1948)		(June 1951)
413	Men	11,008

AND CARRIED

in		in
(June 1948)		(June 1951)
73,782	passengers	61,86,067

Conclusion

The facts given above, the pictures published here and the statistical tables appended hereto show that the Bombay State Transport is a colossal experiment which is justifying itself and is proving a success. It is certainly not anywhere near perfection. There are still many defects which have got to be remedied very quickly. There are yet thousands of directions in which improvements can be made and ought to be made. But, there can be no doubt about the fact that the idea behind the scheme of nationalisation is great and noble, that the implementation of the scheme has been done with a fair measure of efficiency and sincerity and that, given time, patience and public co-operation, its beneficial influence will become deeper, more lasting and more widespread.

WAR ON COMMUNALISM

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

IN both his presidential address and recent public speeches, Pandit Nehru has rightly stressed on the need to enact the Hindu Code Bill and to put down communalism in the country with an iron hand, and he is entitled to the whole-hearted support of the nation on either issue. Hindu law administered at present is a misfit in the new Constitution and no one need regret its being scrapped out. In his classic work on Ancient Law, Sir Henry Maine ridiculed us when he alluded to the "irrational imitations which had engrafted in Hindu law covering a substratum of forethought and sound judgment with an immense apparatus of crude absurdities." He said that "the fate of Hindu Law is in fact the measure of the value of the *Roman Code*." These words uttered a century ago and regarded as an affront by Indian lawyers are nevertheless true to the letter even today, and a Hindu Code is still a distant prospect. The path of these piloting it has become very thorny, but they have to imbibe the courage of Rajaji who, when Premier of Madras, had encountered even more bitter and personal opposition in regard to both his policy of Prohibition and debt relief, which have since proved to be veritable boons to the peasantry and the poor folk. Opposition to the measure, however, does not emanate from the Hindu communalists alone; ranged against it are some of the leading lights in the country, *The Hindu*, and if rumour is correct, Rajen Babu too. Dr. Ambedkar's handling of the Bill had been very skilful, but his avowedly hostile views on Hinduism and thoughtless attack even on Rama and Sita, precluded a dispassionate discussion and appraisal. Quite rightly Pandit Nehru has not made it an election issue. Whoever heard of changes in the legal system being part of electioneering? Did Lord Birkenhead take the verdict of the people in regard to his even more drastic piece of legislation? And in India, too, did the Government consult public opinion before enacting the Indian Succession Act and the

numerous other statutes modifying Hindu law? Furthermore, there are many topics in the law which do not touch religious practices or spiritual benefit, such as the quantum of interest of an alienee from a Hindu coparcener, which recently engaged five judges of the Madras High Court for days on end. Are they too to depend on the ballot box?

Pandit Nehru's castigation of Hindu and Sikh communalism, does not lack justification, although it has called forth the most vitriolic and offensive adjectives even from so sober a politician as Dr. Mukerji. Our stock in the comity of world nations is undoubtedly high despite carping critics both at home and abroad, but all the same, an ever vigilant group of them is watching us too closely scanning even our little acts, as for instance the recent Press Bill, and is ready to pounce on us at even the slightest act of aggression. In such circumstances, to speak of a Hindu State or Sikh State would be sheer madness.

Communalism in India has been of slow and steady growth, inaugurated by the Minto-Morley Reforms and accentuated by the Dyarchic system of administration under the Montford Reforms. Its main facts are the Brahmin-Non-Brahmin problem in the South, the Hindu Moslem tension in the North, and in recent times the Christian and non-Christian cliques in Travancore. All these types however do not co-exist: for example, there is no Brahmin-non Brahmins issue in the North and the Muslims live in perfect amity in the South; but the technique employed has been the same. These communalists (excepting Christians) were steadfast allies of British imperialism and as a corollary, the avowed enemies of Indian nationalism—and withal they stood to gain enormously both under British and Congress Governments. Temples have been their pet abomination. In East Bengal some of them have been converted into latrines, at Madras recently a Dravidasthan meeting went on right in front of a temple during the Navarathri festi-

val; and one knows too well the perils of Hindu temples in Travancore.

In South India, the non-Brahmin movement was at the start only defensive, devised mainly to place the Non-Brahmins on a par with Brahmins. But gradually it became not a mere Brahmin-eliminating process, which was effected rapidly and ruthlessly but one to establish a new privileged class pampered to a degree not even vouchsafed to the British personnel in the heyday of their glory. Curiously enough, the Brahmins have taken it all easy. Latterly the Brahmins have been making headway in trade and commerce and that is the motive force behind the Dravidasthan movement which is closely following the technique of the pre-partition Moslem League, having its own Iqbals and Altaf Hussains. This movement is fraught with peril for our country and only drastic action which Pandit Nehru has envisaged, can put it out of action.

The Hindu-Muslim problem in North India is a little different. The Hindus have ever been on the defensive although in the past in the virtually Moslem-governed provinces of Bengal, Punjab and Sind, they had been steadily outnumbered and thrown out from their positions of vantage and influence. In Bengal, especially, on the basis of a census of dubious accuracy, they were relegated to the status of a minority and discriminated against in appointments and educational advancement. Enactments like the Punjab Moneylenders Act, and the Bengal Secondary Education Act,

worsened their position still more with the added impact of the Poona Pact which effected a big hole in their political structure. The British Government would not interfere and the Congress too remained neutral lest it should be dubbed communal. The Hindus, however, did not make a public grievance of their sufferings, and even acts of Muslim fanaticism like the murder of Swami Shraddhandaji did not evoke reprisals. But events since 1937 when full fledged autonomy was conferred on these Provinces, had their own tales to unfold and they were sordid tales indeed. A man-made famine decimated lakhs of people, a State-aided 'Direct Action Day' accounted for inhuman savagery and the never ending trek of non-Pakistan nationals. A like fate has befallen the Sikhs after the Amritsar carnage. If in the earlier phases, the British Government or the Congress had dealt with the miscreants according to their deserts, militant organizations whose extremists have become so menacing now, would probably not have sprung up at all. At any rate that has been the psychological background of both Hindu and Sikh communalism. The problem is so complex and stupendous that even Pandit Nehru might be unable to reach a fair solution without the active co-operation and sympathy of his countrymen, but those who know only too well his outstanding achievements both at home and abroad have every hope that the demon of communalism will be put down if not by force, at least by the pressure of public opinion.

DRUG TO HALT PREGNANCY

A chemical which promises birth control so that the earth will be able to support its people, is under study at New York University.

The existence of this chemical and promising results in preliminary trials with mice were reported on 25th October 1951 by Dr. Eli D. Goldsmith of the University's College of Medicine at a New York Academy of Sciences conference on world population problems and birth control.

Dr. Goldsmith would not name the chemical because of fear that it might be used illicitly and even dangerously before further animal studies had established a safe human dosage.

When given to mice a few days after they have become pregnant the chemical prevents birth. The uterus, 21 days after the chemical has been given, shows that there has been a pregnancy, but the fetuses have disappeared by resorption.

The chemical is fed in a routine diet. Experiments are now starting to determine whether the chemical will prevent conception.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

By Nurgesh Kothawala

PRAKASH Sing wiped his spectacles and replaced them on his nose bridge, but his eyes had grown dim with unshed tears, and his hands shook a little as, sitting by the sick-bed of his wife, Sushila, he read aloud their son's letter which had just arrived.

"My dear father," it ran, "It is five years now, since the day you ordered me to leave your house, but not a day has passed since then without my thinking of you, and of mother. You cannot be blamed for having disowned me, for I know you had set your heart on my taking up a legal career, and I admit I was rude and impertinent to you when you tried to persuade me to give up my painting.

"But, father, if you only knew how much my art means, and has always meant to me, you would understand. I was not made for any other work save painting; I could never have shone in any other profession. I am doing well, but the one thing that prevents me from being happy is this estrangement between us. Many a time, in these last years, I have wanted to write or come over to you, and beg your forgiveness. But I knew how futile it would be, as I remembered still your last words to me: 'Go and never come back unless you agree to obey my orders, and give up your idiotic fads about becoming an artist.' And this I knew I could not do, as my art means more to me than life itself.

"But now I have just heard, through a mutual friend, that mother is very ill, and I am writing to implore you to allow me to come and see her. Please, father, grant me this one request. I have always held you in the greatest esteem, and had the tenderest affection for my mother; do not refuse to admit me to your house now, when she is so ill. I returned to my home town only a month ago, and am now living not very far from you, as you will see from the above address.

I shall be anxiously awaiting your reply, giving me permission to come. Your affectionate son, Sundra."

Prakash Singh's voice was scarcely above a whisper as he came to the end of the letter. Sushila, her thin hands nervously clutching at her blanket, looked up beseechingly into her husband's face; there were faint, purple shadows round her shrunken eyes, and her lips were parted in a mute appeal. There was a lump in his throat as he stroked her thin shoulder.

"Do not worry," he said gently. "Of course, I will let him come."

The sudden relief and happiness that flooded her was apparent in her expression and her smile. "Thank you," she whispered, "thank you. I know that if I can only see him again—it you will only forget the past and take him back once more as your son, I will regain my health and strength."

"I will; I promise you I will," replied Prakash Singh softly. "Perhaps I have been hard; I did not try to see his point of view."

"When can I see him?" asked Sushila faintly.

"I shall write immediately; he has given his address." He referred again to his son's letter. "He's in a flat in Lalsingh Buildings, Lothian Road. Why, that is only five miles from here."

He pondered over this a few moments, looking at his wife's thin face so full of longing, and made up his mind. "I will go there myself," he said. "A tram will get me to within a furlong from Lothian Road, and I will bring him straight home; that will save time. Do not worry any more, my dear, everything will be all right now."

Sushila smiled gratefully as her husband stepped out on to the verandah of their little bungalow, picked up his walking stick, adjusted his

spectacles and went down the steps. Yes, everything would be all right now, she told herself; her adored son, Sundra would come back and she knew that all she needed was the sight of his face, his bright disarming smile, to set her on the road to recovery.

As Prakash Singh set out briskly down the road, he could not help admitting to himself that, for years now, he had in his heart of hearts, longed to see his youngest son again; it had only been his pride that had stood between them. Accustomed to being obeyed, stern and authoritative in his ways, he had been not a little annoyed at Sundra's refusal to take up the profession he chose for him. His elder sons had been obedient, and were well settled in life, one as a doctor and the other as a pleader.

Sundra's stubbornness irritated him. When persuasion had failed, he had tried sterner measures, but all to no avail. His mind, now, went back to that day five years ago when the final breach occurred. He had lectured to Sundra on the folly of banking his future on such a profession.

"Art!" he had scoffed. "Painting! It's sheer lunacy to imagine even for a moment that such a career will get you anywhere. There are thousands of drivelling artists all over the world, unknown and unable even to earn a decent living. I insist that you give up these foolish ideas, and take up law."

"You don't know how much my painting means to me, father," Sundra had answered, polite but obstinate. "I can never give it up; it is too much a part of me."

Prakash Singh had got enraged. "You will give up your ridiculous dreams of being an artist, or else leave my house?" he had roared. And then Sundra, in his turn, had lost his temper, calling his father unreasonable and hard.

As the outcome of the quarrel, Sundra had packed a trunk with his clothes, and another trunk with his precious canvases and paints, and left the house, not without bidding a tender goodbye to his mother, who sat crying softly and helplessly.

In the years that followed, Prakash Singh had tried to shut Sundra out

of his thoughts. He lavished all his affections on his two elder sons, and a hard gleam of annoyance would come into his eyes if he ever heard the mention of Sundra's name. But, he wondered now, had he not deliberately steeled himself to behave in this manner? Was it not merely his pride, his resentment at being thwarted, that had made him so bitter against his youngest son?

Was he not welcoming now this excuse of Sushila's illness, to take Sundra back? It would be no loss of dignity if he allowed him to return for the sake of Sushila, and nobody need know that. Secretly, he was elated at the prospect of having his son back home again. Poor Sushila, he realised now with an overwhelming remorse, how hard it had been for her. Sundra, the youngest, had always been her favourite son—she must have eaten her heart out during these five years of separation. Well, he would atone for it now; he would welcome him home, and allow him to follow the career of his choice.

As Prakash Singh came nearer to Lothian Road, his heart beat fast. All the bitterness and harshness of the past five years was swept away—that shell of hardness and pride which he had built round himself, had suddenly crumbled—he was just a very human old man, yearning to be re-united with his long lost son.

He pictured him as he used to be—that laughing, care-free boy of eighteen—and wondered if he could have changed much. He had always been such a charming boy, with his abundant black waves of hair, and his disarming smile which few people could resist.

Here, at last, was Lothian Road. As Prakash Singh looked from left to right, searching for Lalsingh Buildings, he became aware of a strange oppression in the atmosphere, and presently a hot glare, mingled with smoke, became apparent.

The sudden clanging of fire engines, as they tore past him, made him quicken his steps. Other people also were hurrying along, and now Prakash Singh could see the building which was on fire. It was a huge edifice, double-storeyed and very long, but the fire was raging only at the extreme end of it. A large crowd

had gathered outside, and there was much excitement.

"What is the name of this mansion?" inquired Prakash Singh anxiously. "It is Lalsingh Building," replied, simultaneously, several voices from among the crowd. A sudden pang assailed the old man's heart which missed a beat; the blood seemed to ebb away abruptly from his veins. Lalsingh Building was on fire! And Sundra must be inside!

"My God," he exclaimed "I must find Sundra, I must!" He pushed his way through the crowd, and his spectacles got knocked off his nose bridge; he bent to pick them up, but they were broken into several pieces. However, this did not handicap him particularly, for his eye-sight was still pretty good for his age. He continued to jostle through the large group of excited people and at last found his way into the building.

Everywhere around him were people, all busily occupied in removing furniture, trunks and other valuables from all the rooms, lest the fire should spread to this part of the building.

Where was Sundra's flat? What was the number he had given in his letter? Prakash Singh, in his anguish, could not remember; it was 17? He could only recall vaguely that a seven figured in it.

"Which is Sundra Singh's apartment?" he kept asking, but those around him either did not know, or were too busy with their own affairs to pay any heed to him. At last he saw a small group of firemen hurrying in. "Which flat is on fire?" he asked, in a voice that shook.

"No. 17," came the reply, "and the

occupant is trapped inside; we are going to his rescue."

"Seventeen" cried Prakash Singh. "17" Was that Sundra's number? If only he could remember!...Yes, it was....No, it wasn't....Yes, yes, it was—it must be! Panic seized him, and for a moment he felt as though he were going to faint. Sundra, his son, was trapped in a blazing room!

Prakash Singh wiped the sweat from his brow with a trembling hand. Supposing Sundra should be burned to death? The shock would kill Sushila; and what of himself? Would his mental torture and bitter self-reproach ever leave him if his son should die, like this, after five years of separation? No, no, such a thing could not happen; the fates wouldn't be so cruel!

He pressed his way forward; there was one thought uppermost in his mind now—one idea which dominated all others—he must follow those firemen, and find his way to Sundra's flat, he must help to save his son, or die in the attempt! He realised the danger of such an action, but he realised, too, that his life would not be worth living if Sundra were killed. He felt that in risking everything to save his son, he was in some small measure atoning for all his hardness of the last five years. And so Prakash Singh pressed his way forward, in the wake of the firemen, towards the burning rooms at the end of the building.

It was then that, suddenly, in passing an open door, he saw Sundra in the room beyond. Sundra, hardly any different from the care-free boy of five years ago, save that he seemed

more manly, more handsome. He was holding a collection of canvases under his arm, and smiling—that charming, disarming smile that was singularly his own.

The old man's heart leapt and he tried to stop abruptly, but he got jerked forward and pushed along by other firemen who were just behind him and pressing their way onwards. He struggled free, got back at last to the room where he had seen his son, and looked about eagerly but Sundra was no longer there. It was a small room, and several people were busy emptying it out; tables, chairs and other pieces of furniture were being carried outside; pictures were being unhung from the walls and taken away to safety; the carpet was being rolled up.

"Where is Sundra Singh?" inquired the old man. "I saw him here just a few moments ago."

"Did you?" said one of the men who were removing the furniture. "Then he must have gone outside into the garden—through the door there." The door pointed out was the only other in the room, apart from the one through which Prakash Singh himself had entered. So the old man knew that his son could not have gone anywhere save out of the building. He made for the door, and stepped out into the open.

After the terror and dread of the last few minutes, the feeling of relief that swept over him now was intense—for he had seen Sundra, and he knew that the unfortunate who was trapped in the burning rooms at the far end of the house, was not his son. And also, he felt instinctively that everything was all right, for Sundra had been smiling.

How like Sundra, he thought, to smile as he carried his precious canvases away to safety, as if they were all that mattered in the world! Some years ago, this thought would have irritated and angered Prakash Singh, but now he found himself smiling indulgently over it, and he realised that his son's love for painting no longer annoyed him. After all, what did it matter, so long as the boy was happy in his work? Why had he not realised that, all these years? He swore he would do his best, in the future, to make up for the past.

The old man eagerly searched for his son in the dense crowd of people around him in the garden, but it seemed like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack. Never mind; he had seen him in that room, from where the only outlet was into the garden, and he knew he must be safe. He turned to watch the blazing rooms at the end of the building. Even from this distance, the heat was oppressive; the smoke and the acrid smell of the burning structure filled his nostrils. People were shouting; the excitement had reached fever pitch.

And then, swiftly, with a sickening crash, the roof fell in, and the side wall came crumbling down in a roar of flames. A cold shudder passed through Prakash Singh as he realised that, had he not seen Sundra in a nearby room, safe and smiling, he would have made his way to the blazing end of the building, looking for his son, only to perish in those flames! Even now, his charred remains would have been buried beneath those gigantic, burning rafters! God, what a narrow escape it had been! Despite the heat, his hands felt cold, and his knees shook beneath him.

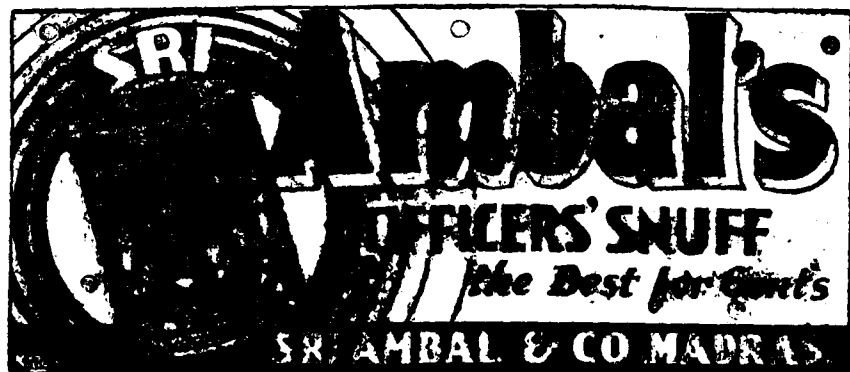
More firemen with hose pipes arrived, and—after what seemed an eternity—they got the fire under control. It would not spread now; the greedy flames were not leaping so high; in parts they were already almost quenched. Prakash Singh turned aside, and once more scanned the faces around him.

"Father! You, here!" It was Sundra's voice. The old man stretched out his arms, and the next moment father and son were locked in a fond embrace. With this happy reconciliation, the past years were blotted out and forgotten.

"You are safe, my dear boy, by the grace of God," said Prakash Singh, as he gazed fondly into his son's smiling face.

"Yes, father; and all my belongings are safe too; my furniture; all my paintings—and my paintings to me mean my wealth!"

"At first I was afraid it was you who were trapped in that burning flat," said the old man.



"No, my flat, No. 7, is far from the burning one. Moreover, I was not even at home; I had gone out to paint a portrait. I returned just a few minutes back."

"You were out?" asked Prakash Singh, surprised. "But I saw you sometime ago, over there—in that room." He indicated it with his hand.

"That's my room all right, but I wasn't there."

"But you *were*, my dear son—I saw you there! That's what prevented me from proceeding farther down the building to look out for you. That one glimpse I had of you in that room, saved my life!"

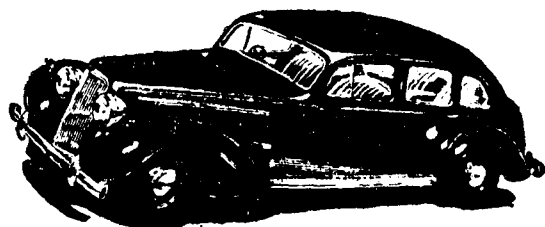
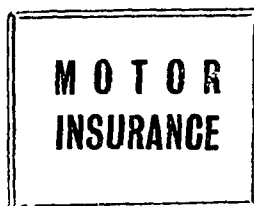
"But father—" Sundra looked astonished. "I just got back here five minutes ago, and haven't even been into my room yet. My neighbour told me that he had all my pictures and other belongings removed and brought outside, in case the fire spread. There they are—under that tree."

"But—" exclaimed Prakash Singh, bewildered, "I can't understand it at

all. I may be old, but I never suffer from hallucinations—and it's true I have broken my spectacles, but I can see fairly well even without them. I distinctly saw you in that room. You were holding a collection of canvases under your arm; and you were smiling—there's no mistaking your smile."

The young man was silent for a moment; then, slowly, a smile broke over his face; a look of realization dawned in his eyes.

"I know now," he said, "Come here, father. I'll show you what you saw." He led the old man to a corner of the garden where his belongings were piled up. From a heap of canvases, he drew out a large one and propped it up before him, against a tree. Prakash Singh stared at it, blinking and blinking again for there was Sundra holding a collection of canvases under his arm, and smiling his inimitable smile; and as the old man gazed at the picture that had saved his life, he heard his son's voice say: "Do you like it, father? It's my latest self-portrait!"—Copyright—CPM.



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A PRE-VIEW OF WORLD WAR III

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Collier's publishes a special issue, nine months in the making, a "Preview of the War We Do Not Want," showing the world after Russia's defeat by the U. N. in a world war, 1952-1960. Prominent contributors include Robert E. Sherwood, Ed Murrow, Walter Winchell, Philip Wylie, Arthur Koestler, Walter Reuther, and Sen. Margaret Chase Smith.

Sherwood sees shooting war precipitated by an attempted assassination of Tito, and gives an exciting battle-by-battle account. Dated July 14, 1960, Arthur Koestler's diary carries this observation: "What happened to Communism in Russia?... The answer is that there never was Communism in Russia; there were only Communists...."

According to these American experts the principal events of World War III are detailed as follows:

1952

Assassination attempt on Marshal Tito's life, May 10th, precipitates Cominform-planned uprising in Yugoslavia. Troops from satellite nations of Bulgaria, Romania and Hungary, backed by Red Army, cross borders. Truman terms aggression "Kremlin inspired"; Reds call it "an internal matter."

Third World War begins when Moscow, still insisting that uprising is "the will of the Yugoslav people," refuses to withdraw Red Army units. Stalin miscalculates risk; had believed U. S. would neither back Tito nor fight alone. U. S. is joined by principal UN nations in declaration of war.

Neutrals include Sweden, Ireland, Switzerland, Egypt, India and Pakistan.

Saturation A-bombing of U. S. S. R. begins, avoiding completely population centers. West concentrates on legitimate military targets only. Principal objectives: industrial installations; oil, steel and A-bomb plants.

Communists throughout West begin sabotage campaign. Trained saboteurs open attacks in U. S.

General Vassily Stalin, aviator son of Red dictator, becomes a UN prisoner of war.

Red Army, under vast air umbrella which outnumbers UN planes five to three, attacks across north German plain, in Baltic countries and through Middle East.

UN troops, fighting for time, retreat on all fronts, suffering heavy losses.

North American continent invaded when Red Army, in combined air-sea operation lands in Alaska, occupying Nome and Little Diomed Island.

Reds A-bomb London and UN bases overseas.

Far East "Dunkerque" takes place when, under unremitting air and submarine attacks, U. S. occupation forces evacuate Korea for Japan.

U. S. A-bombed for the first time when Red air force hits Detroit, New York and A-bomb plant at Hanford (Washington). Civil defense proves inadequate.

Turning point in war's first phase reached when atomic artillery smashes enemy offensive on Christmas Day in Europe.

1953

U. S. A-bombed for second time. Bombers hit Chicago, New York, Washington and Philadelphia. Red submarines fire atomic-headed missiles into Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Norfolk (Virginia) and Bremerton (Washington). Casualties greatly lessened by improved civil defense procedures.

UN air forces finally achieve air superiority over battle fronts.

Psychological warfare begins to play important role; propaganda emphasizes that UN is fighting war of liberation for Russian people; leaflet raids and broadcasts warn Russian people to evacuate areas scheduled for attack.

Moscow A-bombed midnight, July 22nd, by B-36s in retaliation for Red A-bomb terror raid on Washington. Planes flying from U. S. bases destroy

center of Moscow. Area of damage: 20 square miles.

Suicide task force lands behind U. S. S. R. borders, destroys Soviets' last remaining A-bomb stackpile in underground chambers of Ural Mountains. Of 10,000 paratroopers and airborne units, 10 per cent survive.

UN General Assembly issues momentous war-aims statement known as "Denver Declaration."

Underground forces in satellite countries receive arms and materials in UN plane drops; highly trained guerilla fighters parachute into U. S. S. R. to aid resistance movements and destroy specific targets.

Severest rationing since beginning of war introduced in U. S.

Yugoslav guerilla fighters begin to tie down large numbers of Red troops.

1954

A captured Soviet general reports disappearance of Stalin, reveals that MVD (secret police) Chief Beria is new Red dictator.

Uprisings take place in U. S. S. R. and satellite nations. UN parachutes Russian emigres into Soviet Union to aid dissident groups.

UN offensive begins on all fronts as West at last gains initiative.

Red army gradually retreats, then disintegrates under onslaught of UN air and ground forces.

Three Red generals desert to UN forces.

UN armored spearhead captures Warsaw, reaches Pripet Marshes in Poland. Another armored column crosses U. S. S. R. border into Ukraine.

UN forces clear Asiatic Turkey and cross border into Crimea.

Marines, in combined air-sea operation, capture and occupy Vladivostok.

1955

Hostilities cease as U. S. S. R. degenerates into a state of chaos and internal revolt.

UN forces begin occupation duties in satellite nations and Ukraine.

UNITOC—United Nations Temporary Occupation Command—set up in Moscow.

Premier Liaquat Ali Khan's Assassination And U.S.A.

When Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan and his good wife visited U.S.A. they made a host of friends by their charm and urbanity. In fact many Americans were puzzled that a couple so modern in everything should be associated with communalism and the Prime Minister should preside over a religious state. The tragic end of the Premier was a shock to all his American friends and admirers. American papers as a whole noted his demise as a blow to peace in Asia. An American reporter sent the following to his paper from Karachi:

"The underlying kinship of Indians and Pakistanis suddenly reasserted itself this week under the impact of a violent event—the assassination of Pakistan's Prime Minister, Liaquat Ali Khan, by an Afghan tribesman.

"The close association of a long history, before the two countries were split apart four years ago, showed its effect in the deep sense of mutual loss felt by both nations in Liaquat Ali's death.

"The eulogy of the late Prime Minister by Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India and by others was so deeply appreciated here that today there is a feeling in this capital that the existing serious differences should now be tackled in a friendlier spirit."

Hugh Deane, perhaps the most outstanding of all American experts on Asia, has this commentary to make:

"For general political purposes, and in particular to push its campaign for Kashmir (itself in part an externalization of domestic discontent) Liaquat and his associates for years voiced slightly restrained versions of the fanatic ideas and dark hopes which were in the mind of the man who yesterday pulled the trigger.

"Liaquat did not believe in a Holy War but only in Holy War games. He fell victim, as have other nationalists who act more cautiously than they talk, to a man who believed too much."



By V. P. SATHE

ON Sunday 21st October Ashok Kumar and Shubh Karan Ojha returned to Bombay from London by air. The arrival of Ashok Kumar must have made all those twenty producers who had signed him heave a sigh of relief. And from 25th Ashok is expected to have started work. It appears that Ashok would give first preference to *Raag Rang* and other producers will have to wait for their turn.

In an interview to the press Ashok Kumar declared that the English were the most hospitable people in the world. He was offered four contracts but he could not accept any one of them due to his previous commitments in India. Ashok went to Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, France, England and as a delegate he visited the Soviet Union as well. His stay in Russia was cut short due to serious illness and operation of his wife in London. He found Russia a most interesting place to visit. He averred that the crisis which the Indian film industry is supposed to be facing is nothing compared to the crisis that had overtaken the British and Hollywood film industries.

Along with Ashok came S. K. Ojha back to India. He was surprised to learn that there was a rumour current in India that he had not been given any facilities for shooting abroad. On the contrary, he said that he was given every facility in Egypt as well as Britain for shooting. The exposed film that he had brought with him would be the crushing reply to these rumour-mongers. In Italy, Ojha said that both he and Ashok were given offers to act in Italian pictures. In Britain, Ojha met several leading film personalities including J. Arthur Rank,

Alexander Korda and Herbert Wilcox. There was considerable interest about India and Indian films in the British film circles; and after seeing *Mahal* and *Adhi Raat* they had formed a very good opinion about Indian films. Some of the British producers were interested in making pictures in India in collaboration with Indian artistes and technicians but they were not all prepared to give equal share to the Indians. They only wanted to employ Indian talent and labour which is obviously cheap.

Ojha said he had a very good time and the picture that seems to have left the greatest impression on him is a British comedy entitled *The Man In White Suit*. Ojha also wanted to go to Russia but as he had no invitation he could not go and had to stay back in London.

Back in India Ojha is resuming the shooting of *Naaz* in right earnest.

Talking of foreign impressions of Indian film personalities it is interesting to note that Krishnan resorted to Satyagraha in Moscow, when the Russian Interpreter refused to translate part of his speech in which he compared Gandhism with Communism on the ground that Gandhism is not as great as Communism. He broke his fast only next morning when the Russian interpreter came and apologised to him for this incident. Krishnan also said at a reception in Delhi that there was no iron curtain in the Soviet Union.

Picture Of The Week

Some years ago I had seen a Telugu picture called *Swargaseema* and found it in some respects better than the social pictures produced in Bombay. Hence I for one was not sceptical about the advent of South

Indian pictures in the social sphere. And by all standards AVM's *Bahar* is as good as any social picture produced in Bombay. In the matter of photography, technique and rich production values it is a slick and spectacular production of higher standard than the average output of Bombay. In the matter of story, however, the picture also follows the Bombay pattern and most of the incidents are familiar.

The boy-meets-girl incidents follow the formula set by Mukerjee in the good old days of *Bandhan*. A girl who falls in love with the works of an author has quarrels with him as a neighbour not knowing that he is the author whom she adores. When the identity is revealed the love matures to the point of matrimony which is prevented by misunderstanding caused by the presence of an unknown child in the hero's apartment.

The story behind this child is also not known but at least it is very human and touching. It is the story of a village girl whose indebted parents were ready to marry her off to the old moneylender to save their home and honour. She came across a youth who promised to pay off the moneylender and marry her in spite of the stigma attached to her family. She fell prey to his desire and he went away promising to return and marry. He did not keep his promise, for he was keen on marrying the rich romantic heroine of the story. Meanwhile she became pregnant and came to the city in the search of her lover. She gave birth to a child and later when she encountered the man who had caused all this misery he refused to have anything to do with her, and turned her out.

In desperation she left her child in a basket of vegetables and rushed to the sea to end her life. Her life was saved and she found that her child was well looked after by the hero and his servant. In the end when she claimed back her child and recounted the tale of her misery the misunderstanding was cleared and the man responsible for it also repented and accepted her as his wife.

This is also a familiar pattern; but thanks to the superb performance by new comer Padmini who delineates diverse emotions with ease and restraint and sympathetic and imaginative direction by Raman her story

touches your heart and stirs you emotionally. Vyjayantimala, the romantic heroine is at her best in dancing; her freshness, youth and charm are her greatest assets and if she keeps herself trim and slim she has a bright future even in the Hindi film world. Unfortunately, however, in this picture she has a very superficial role and so has Karan Dewan.

With most of the situations hackneyed and artificial there is hardly any life in their romance; in fact it is only Om Prakash's self-boosting dialogue that puts some pep and life in these portions of the picture. Pran who provides the link between the two stories is a suave villain while Baby Tabassum is her usual self.

As is obvious it is through lavish production and spectacular presentation that this thin and familiar story has been successfully 'sold' to the audience. The direction by M. Raman is slick but he seems to make everything so clear and obvious that he leaves nothing to the imagination of the audience. Yet some of the symbols he has chosen to delineate the working of his characters are really commendable. Only one wishes he had taken more care to dramatise the climax which falls rather flat.

Rajendra Krishna's dialogues are more sumptuous than his songs and though all the tunes by Sachin Dev Barman are sweet none of the songs is inspiring or outstanding. This is incidentally the first picture from the South in which dialogues are not dubbed; all the artistes speak their own dialogues.

All said, one welcomes AVM Productions to the sphere of Hindi pictures; they seem to be the only serious rivals to Geminis.

Star Of The Week

Vyjayantimala who made her debut in AVM's Tamil picture *Life* made her debut on the Hindi screen in *Bahar*. And before the release of *Bahar* Producer V. M. Vyas secured her services and brought her to Bombay to star in his new production *Anjam*. As is evident from *Bahar* Vyjayantimala speaks Hindi very fluently; her diction is quite good—a great asset for the star from the South.

She is the daughter of a well-known South Indian film star Vasundhara Devi and film director M. D. Raman. Unfortunately her mother and father

are not on good terms and Vyjayantimala is staying with her grandmother while her mother is reported to be in financial straits.

She had an inborn aptitude for classical dancing and she received training from Govindraj Pillai. Apart from Bharatnatyam, she is well versed in other styles of Indian dancing as well, and as a dancer she enjoys such great popularity that last year there were rumours that she would abandon the screen career and devote herself to the art of dancing which would have brought her more money than films.

She was introduced to the journalists of Bombay at a tea party by producer V. M. Vyas. And though her description as 'vivacious, darkish, lynx-eyed' is apt one must warn her to keep her figure trim. For she seems to have added considerable weight recently.

Young and talented that she is, if she keeps up her freshness she will soon be a serious rival to the leading

female stars of Bombay. So let them beware!

News Of The Week

—The muhurats of Omar Khayyam's new picture *Ann Data* directed by Shaikh Mukhtar, Globe Pictures' *Mamta* starring Nimmi and Motilal and produced by Hasrat Lucknavi were performed on 26th and 28th October respectively.

—The dispute between Madhubala and Talwar has been settled amicably thanks to the good offices of producer P. N. Arora who acted as a peacemaker between the two.

—Ramanand Sagar is writing a story entitled *Fitna* for Bakshi Brothers.

—Film Federation of India and Central Censor Board are meeting in Calcutta in the first week of November.

—Mehboob who has been shooting outdoors of *Aan* at Igatpuri is going to Indore to shoot the remaining sequences of the same picture.

M. C. C. Vs. SERVICES XI AT DEHRA DUN

THE M. C. C. match against the Services XI at Dehra Dun ended in an exciting draw, with the M.C.C. batsmen. Graveney and Kenyon foiled in their attempt to score the five runs for victory in the final three minutes of play. The credit for this goes to Rai Singh whose bumpers could not be reached by Kenyon. But the Services could have been outmanoeuvred and the match turned into an exciting win for the M. C. C. if only the batsmen at the crease had that inspiration which brought victory to a Madras club a few years ago.

It was a League Championship match and the batting side (it was the Corporation Sports Club), as the day was drawing to a close, had to take one more run to win the game, with the last ball of the last over to be bowled. A medium-pacer was in operation with the wicket-keeper standing well back. As the bowler was moving over to his starting place, his skipper in an aside told him to pitch the ball 'wide' of the batsman. The runner, a shrewd player, caught

the word 'wide', walked upto the striker and whispered something. And then scarcely had the bowler finished his run and delivered the ball, to the surprise of everybody, the batsmen dashed for a single, and before the wicket keeper had finished his frantic attempt to gather the ball and put down the stumps, the vital run had been made and the match was won.

In the Dehra Dun match, the visiting batsmen were in a better position as Rai Singh had been advertising his tactics beforehand; and as it was his opening over the wicket-keeper must have been evidently standing at a distance from the stumps. All that the batsmen had to do was to have made a straight dash for the run timing their start with the release of the ball by the bowler. The risk could have been worth taking; it could have added more thrills to the final minute, and most probably victory for the M. C. C. And if even the batsmen had been run out, the match would still have ended in a draw. —EMARSEE.

INDIAN FILMS & PROPAGANDA IN CEYLON

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

I have seen for the thirty second time, the Indian documentary film "Rajasthan," which won the first prize among the world's documentaries in the Venice Film Festival. I have been instrumental in taking the Indian documentary film round a number of places in Ceylon, and feel entitled to point out some of the good as well as bad features of Indian Government propaganda abroad.

We have one great asset in our documentary films; they are inherently good. Not only does our prize-winning at an international film festival prove it. There are plenty of other facts which do so. In all the places in Ceylon, where I have arranged to show the film, the reaction of the audience, whether it consisted of school children or teachers, the common people or elite, was always one of enthusiastic appreciation. This is in spite of the fact that the American film unit and the British film unit, are giving shows here frequently with greater resources at their disposal. Many of the elite in Jaffna Town have told me that this is the type of documentary they would like to see often. They did not feel in the least enthusiastic about seeing American and British documentaries.

I would like to congratulate our documentary film producers, particularly, on this achievement; they had scrupulously avoided imitating American and British technique, as some of our less gifted film directors do, and they have made the films as Indian as possible. This has made them more capable of appealing not only to Eastern audiences because of the familiar themes, but to audiences in the West, which are taken up by the picturesque Eastern atmosphere. Secondly, they have concentrated on our arts, as found in the temples, statues and paintings, and dances, and have carefully avoided politics of any sort. The strips dealing with the cave temples of India, especially the one dealing with the Buddhist cave temples, like Ajanta, always make a

hit with any cultured audience. The strips dealing with the dances of India, like Bharatha Natyam and Kathak, and the one dealing with "Shantiniketan" rarely fail to evoke enthusiastic appreciation, while the strip called "Accent on Asia" portraying the Asian games in Delhi in 1950, is always a winner with student audiences.

There are a few strips dealing with our advances in science, and some of them are very well done. The strip called "The private life of a silkworm" describing silk manufacture in India is of a very high order, with an extremely well done running commentary, while "The tree of wealth," dealing with coconut products, comes a close second. Strips like "The story of steel" and "Research aids industry" are fairly well done. But there are not enough of such strips, on science, probably because we have not enough subjects to make films about. But films on the river projects of India, the ports of India, the flora and fauna of India, and the Indian Science Congress, could be easily made for at least Eastern audiences. Secondly, films on science subjects should concentrate a little more on better technique, and by slow motion, close-ups and other tricks educate the audience about the intricacies of these processes. In our newsreels the producers seem to concentrate on lionizing little men in office. I remember a recent newsreel where, of all things, quite a bit of time was spent on the amalgamation of three South Indian Railways, to form the Southern Railways. Any number of other more intrinsically important news items could be exhibited within that time. Lionizing Nehru in strips dealing with his American or Indonesian visit is excusable, but putting little officials, and innocent III class compartments in to magnify an act of official significance, has made our newsreels open to criticism.

In consequence, in the field of direct and blatant propaganda, Indian films

are very sorry failures. Valuable film space and time is not only wasted on little acts, but the film production unit often indulges in a bit of childish self-publicity. A strip dealing with Nehru's visit to Ladakh is a case in point. The film begins with a telegram received in the film production office, Delhi, from Ladakh, asking them to come over to take interesting documentaries; and all the little fuss that is made in bureaucratic circles over such a telegram, is faithfully photographed. I understand that a year or so ago, a film on Kashmir, produced after the invasion by the tribesmen, to show their atrocities and the deserted villages they left behind, took nearly eight months to be okayed by the concerned clerks and officers. When at last it was released for show, the Kashmir ceasefire line had been drawn. Such criminal delays are probably far less common now, and except for a general insipidity, our newsreels do not have many crying defects.

The defect of Indian publicity in Ceylon is not so much in lack of good material or men, but a general lack of flexibility and over-preoccupation with curtailing expenditure. In general, the Indian High Commissioner's office in Colombo is extremely accommodative and obliging, when private individuals like me are prepared to take the initiative. Twice I arranged for a series of free film shows of Indian documentaries, each time at least for fifteen shows, and both times, they were obliging in sending their unit and reels with no strings attached. But in other things they are far too pre-occupied with curtailing expenditure, to the very detriment of the larger interests of Indian publicity. Firstly, our film unit in the Colombo office has reels and projector and all that but as yet it has not provided itself with a van and a generator, a great handicap which restricts its mobility and area of operation. Secondly, even in sending out the film unit for out-station programmes, they seem to count the cost so carefully as to restrict the freedom of movement of the unit, even to nearby areas, not on the main scheduled route. No tourist pamphlets or information is made easily available to the outstation public, who become interested in it after

seeing the films. In this respect, one should say they are penny-wise and pound-foolish. The amount that will flow into India as tourist revenue will more than compensate any additional expenditure on these little things. While Ceylon does not count the cost of tourist propaganda, in other countries, including India, and reaps a rich dividend on it, our Government is too complacent in exploiting an already fertile field here. I will cite two instances to illustrate this.

One third of Ceylon's population is Tamil-speaking and of these a good number are pious Saivites, anxious to visit the Saivite shrines of South India. Quite a bit of them do go out every year to Chidambaram. By judicious propaganda, not only can more people be made to go and see the temples of South India, but some could be drawn on to tour parts of North India as well. I know from personal experience how many teachers and students would like to go and see the originals when they see these architectural wonders, shown on the screen. This number could be increased, if the running commentary were in Tamil, instead of in English as it is now. Already these films I understand are available in South India with a Tamil commentary but so far no attempt has been made to stock them in Ceylon. Secondly, the strip "Buddhist Cave Temples of India" dealing with Ajanta is an excellent strip by any standard, and with its excellent commentary it never fails to grip Buddhist audiences. Suggestions made to have it dubbed in Sinhalese to increase its appeal, have been shelved, since the cost is more than a thousand rupees per copy. This cost is a mere bagatelle, in view of the fact that nearly two-thirds of the population of Ceylon is fervently Buddhist.

This over-pre-occupation with curtailment of expenditure is in sorry contrast with what the Pakistan High Commissioner's office in Colombo is doing. At one time, the Pakistan H. C.'s office was exhibiting pictures of Taxila, right in the sanctum of the Tooth Temple at Kandy. The Indian High Commissioner's office in Colombo is doing a fine job of work, but it can do better, if they are more flexible with their publicity expenditure.

CHUGHTAI

By Dr. JAMES H. COUSINS

WELL nigh a quarter of a century ago, when I was blazing the trail of Indian art in the United States of America (a process waggishly described as "trailing the blaze" because of its warmth on my side and its inflammatory effect on others) a diversion was caused by the arrival of a copy of a book of colour reproductions of paintings by M. A. Rahmin Chughtai of Lahore. I had come across occasional originals of his, and had a couple in the collection that I was exhibiting from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans. I had realized the illuminating effect of good reproductions in colour when a small print by Chughtai, crumpled in my pocket in case I was asked something about Indian art, started the blaze in New York that I was destined to trail to San Francisco.

The arrival of the book of Chughtai reproductions necessitated the finding of a small tall table at my numerous artistic halts across the continent, and the table became the centre of keen interest. This interest I found to be not wholly pictorial. Note-books and pencils came; and discreet enquiry discovered a two-horned ulterior motive. Each print was "framed" in a line-design that lured the eye to follow its fascinating intricacies. Hence (motive one) teachers of drawing copied parts of a design to give to their classes; and (motive two) designers of jewellery and feminine ornamentation found something new, "cute," and oriental to utilise in their temptations to customers.

This did not take away from the peculiar charm that Chughtai's paintings exercised over all but a few who had come under the influence of realism and modernism—as if realism could exist without the reality of spiritual and aesthetical idealism, or modernism could carry over its mental blindness and its ugliness to the year after next. None of these considerations, as far as I know, affected the artist born in Chughtai. His conscious relationship to his art has never been narrowed to an *ism* in either subject or technique. Not that

he was aesthetically unintelligent. He had ideas—not mental notions or speculations, not any attitudinal



Rahmin Chughtai

claims of self-expression; but a deep sense of sharing in a mission for the discovery of the supreme achievement in creation. This may sound cryptical; but its seeming darkness disappears when we think over the sentences with which Chughtai opened one of his books of colour reproductions ("Chughtai's Paintings") some years ago.

—The heavens and the earth were finished.

—The Creator paused and surveyed His creation; He wished to name what was His masterpiece.

All the world lay before Him.

But he could not name what was His masterpiece.

—Then said the Creator, Let Him we made in Our image do this work for Us.

Thus it fell to Man to name what was His masterpiece.

The Angels bowed low before this honour done to Man,

And a Light spread over the entire cosmos.

The chosen one is still immersed in the work entrusted to him.

—In spite of all his efforts, out of the creation of his creator he has not been able to name what is His masterpiece."

There is no studio jargon here, no pandering to mere personality, no technical rhetoric. What we find is a figurative statement of a conviction that the creative Power in the universe delegated the recognition of perfection to that emanation of itself that was nearest to it, namely, humanity, and, within that humanity, that section of it which is most responsive to the creative impulse in life. This, we may presume from Chughtai's miniature myth, refers to the artist. All the activities of humanity are tested by their proportion of creativeness. (Who feels disposed may apply this to world affairs today). In the arts it is actual creation, not simply the quality of creativeness, that matters. The primal act of the cosmic creation, as far as humanity is concerned, is the making of Man "in the image of God." The primal act of artistic creation, its ultimate and sole justification, is the revelation of God through the various images of the artist's response to the art of creation. (Who feels disposed may apply this to world art today, and perhaps realise with a shock, which may be pleasant or otherwise according to temperament and complexes, that the history of real art has yet to begin to any notable degree).

No anthropomorphism or theological limitation and authority is implied in Chughtai's use of the word "God." His connotation of it is after the mind of the English poet Shelley who in "Adonais" sang of the omnipresent Power

"Which wields the world with never-wearied love,

Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above."

Such an attitude is the source of the artistic tolerance of personalities and

events outside the strict canon of the faith into which Chughtai was born, a tolerance that has been noticeable in his work all through his career. This has been brought together in the superb volume of reproductions, "Chughtai's Indian Paintings," published recently by Messrs Dhoomi Mal Dharam Das, Connaught Place, New Delhi (Rs. 40). This contains 27 large-sized colour plates and 8 in black and white. The book is authoritatively introduced and each reproduction is annotated. But the feature of the book, (the feature which, indeed, evoked this note in view of the unfriendly feelings between the religions in India, not to mention sectarian differences elsewhere), is the fact that the subjects depicted by this Mohamadan artist are all taken from Hindu religious tradition, and are translated through the pictorial vocabulary which Chughtai has made peculiarly his own into images of reverence and beauty.

In a poem in memory of another painter, Yeats refers

To that stern colour and that delicate line

That are our secret discipline

Wherein the gazing heart doubles her might.

This could well be applied to Chughtai's paintings as far as line and discipline are concerned; but his colours are not "stern;" they are delicate, refined, and given by their lyrical and ceremonial intensity a spiritual, not a muscular or emotional strength that turns what may at first sight appear to be effeminate figures into personifications of inner power that exerts a subtle influence on the observer. In a prefatory note Chughtai tells us that he has painted 200 Hindu subjects, and that the selection of 35 in this charming volume goes back to his early years. The publishers promise to bring out the remainder in due time. For such generous and excellent patronage of creative genius and its achievements at a deep sag in the artistic morale of India they are much to be thanked.

The long continuance of the one-party rule had put the Government out of touch with the current of opinion and had gradually weakened the sense of responsibility of Parliament as a whole.

—Dr. John Matthai.

R. K. SIDHWA

By GALLERYMAN

PARSIS in politics whether in India or in Pakistan are few and far between. It is business which occupies their main attention, business where they pile a great fortune, endowing large chunks of it in charity. There are however exceptions and one such was the late Mr. K. F. Nariman who worshipped at the shrine of the Congress, though later he became disillusioned.

Mr. R. K. Sidhwa, late of Karachi, who has been appointed as Minister of State in the Union Parliament is one of the shrewdest politicians of this country and one of the most hard-worked. He has had a long and gruelling apprenticeship in public life. Starting as an unknown clerk in the Posts and Telegraphs department in Karachi, he later had a crack at journalism, having edited a journal known as "Parsi Sansar." It was through the columns of this that he fought the battles of the underdog with unflinching courage. Matters pertaining to the Posts and Telegraphs department and Railways exercised his chief attention. He was elected as a city father of Karachi as early as 1927. Since then he had been a corporator without break till he migrated to Bombay after the advent of Pakistan.

In politics he came under the spell of the late Dr. Annie Besant and was one of the pioneers of the Home Rule movement. The police used to shadow him during those days and his house was searched on more than one occasion. With the capture of power by Gandhi in the Congress, Mr. Sidhwa became a Gandhite. He attended almost every Congress session since 1913 and has been a member of the A.I.C.C. for more than quarter of a century. A polished speaker in Hindi and in English, he always speaks to the point and is heard with respect even by those who differ from him.

When Sind was ushered as a new province, Mr. Sidhwa stood for elections and was returned with a thumping majority. He became the Secretary and later leader of the Congress

Party and was mainly instrumental in installing the late Mr. Allah Baksh as Premier. Afterwards Sir Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah became the Premier and his defeat was also brought about by Mr. Sidhwa. Sir Ghulam tried to woo Mr. Sidhwa first by an offer of Ministership and later the Chairmanship of the Sind Public Services Commission but Mr. Sidhwa refused to accept both the offers. In 1939 he became the Mayor of Karachi and it was mainly through his efforts that the first Mayor's conference was held at Karachi.

Though many advised him that life in Pakistan would not be a bed of roses for Congressmen, Mr. Sidhwa stayed in Karachi for a long while. He however came to realise that Pakistan was developing along theocratic lines and decided to seek his political fortunes in the Indian Union. His election to the Indian Parliament from a constituency in Madhya Pradesh was a surprise. He took to the spaciousness of Delhi life like a duck to water. He soon made a mark both during question time and debates. He was a glutton in mastering blue books. Many were the uncomfortable moments he gave to members of the Treasury benches. As a crusader of popular causes he has few equals and no rival in the Indian Parliament. The nickname he earned at Karachi as the "Registrar of Public Grievances" he carried to Delhi too.

Normally, Mr. Sidhwa would have been chosen as Minister long ago. His choice as Minister of State at the fag end of the present session of Parliament is a belated recognition of his talents which are of a high order. He is a man of high purity of principles and probity of character. His home life is a very happy one. He is the father of seven children, three of whom are sons. His return to the House of the People is a certainty and though prophecy in politics is a dangerous thing, it may be said with a certain amount of certainty that he would continue to adorn the Treasury benches, whatever party returns to power in Delhi.

CHURCHILL'S VICTORY STRAIT-JACKET

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: Indian opinion on the Conservative victory has been keenly watched in London and the editorial opinion of Indian newspapers widely published. The Conservatives are self-conscious about the fact that Churchill was never a friend of Indian freedom. They insist now that Mr. Churchill has accepted the new situation in Asia. But whether he has or not, there is comparatively little that a weakened Britain can do about it. This realization is now sinking in.

The Bitter Cup

After the excitement of the British election campaign and the thrillingly narrow Conservative victory, the cheers of the Conservatives are curiously muted. The taste of the cup of victory does not seem as stimulating as anticipated after six long years of abstinence. Even Mr. Churchill lost his wonted eloquence on the day he was asked to form a cabinet.

In winning Mr. Churchill has donned the tightening strait-jacket of Britain's difficult internal and international position—a strait-jacket which leaves him precious little room to squirm, much less manoeuvre. Whatever his skill the limits within which he can operate have been firmly set by circumstances over which he has little or no control. He cannot change the fact of Britain's relative decline as a world power compared to the U. S. A., the U. S. S. R. or the new countries of Asia; he can only attempt to slow the rate of decline. He has no desire to alter the alliance with the United States—only the hope that Washington will listen more often to its junior partner now that the voice is Winnie's. He has no desire to diminish the heavy burden of rearmament which so strains the over-stretched economy of Britain and complicates its economic relationship with the U. S. A. and the Commonwealth. He can no longer change the fact that the bulk of the population of the self-governing dominions are Asians, and he must defer to their

wishes unless he wants to drive them out of the Commonwealth. He also cannot ignore the fact that his electoral victory has been gained by the amazingly small shift of 1.5% of the electorate and that the Labour Party secured 49% of the votes to the Conservatives 48%, and, above all, he cannot forget that behind the strong Labour opposition in Parliament stands the powerful Trades Union Congress, which can bring the country to a standstill if it feels threatened.

Because both sides are bound by Britain's straitened circumstances the difference between the victorious Conservatives and the tired Labourites they defeated is likely to be limited largely to a difference of *style*, particularly in foreign affairs. Mr. Churchill himself predicted this when he said at Liverpool: "In the main lines of foreign policy the Socialists have followed the course suggested to them by the Conservative Party. But they have done this so clumsily and tardily that much of what we might have gained has been thrown away in the execution."

This stylistic difference seems most likely to be displayed in Britain's relations with the United States. Mr. Attlee and his colleagues approached the U. S. like a middle class householder who has seen better days asking for more time to pay his mortgage. Mr. Churchill's approach will possibly resemble that of the free-spending but penniless aristocrat who disdains the mention of money but who expects to be kept in funds by his friends and brothers-in-arms. This new approach may succeed better, but it does not change the fundamental of Britain's continuing impoverishment.

Conservatives hope that Churchill's victory will set what the *Financial Times* describes as a "new tone" in Anglo-American relations. Certainly Mr. Churchill has lost no opportunity to emphasize that the Anglo-American alliance is Britain's chief support in a difficult world. "Obviously, at this anxious time, our first interest is to

maintain the best and closest relations with the U. S." he underlined at Woodford on October 9. "If we lose our moral unity and contact with the U. S., and they felt themselves free to judge the world situation in isolation, it might well be that we should run the gravest of perils without having our proper say in the course of events." This pro-American position was put even more sharply in the *Observer* of October 28: "This world is an American-centred and American-led world.... We have to accept the climate that is made in America".

Conservatives who feel the necessity of the American alliance still resent it when they feel the U. S. does not jump to the aid of its junior partner with sufficient speed and enthusiasm. "The Anglo-American alliance cannot continue on a basis of whole-hearted British Liability in Europe and Korea and half-hearted American liability in the Middle East," pouted the *Economist* recently. Even Mr. Churchill, who usually considers any criticism of the U. S. to be sacrilege, said he was "concerned" that the U. S. had not supported Britain better in Persia.

In the Middle East the Conservatives can be expected to continue the "strong stand" taken by the Labour Government in Egypt, with a certain amount of increase in skill. No objective observer can doubt Mr. Eden's greater professional competence in the Middle East. He was a student of Persian and Arabic and long specialized in Middle Eastern affairs. He has few illusions about the Arab countries since he himself godfathered the Arab League in his 1944 Mansion House speech. Most important, he is capable of leading the Conservative-minded Foreign Office experts, without being misled by their bad judgment as frequently as Mr. Morrison was. Thus, for example, the conscientious and well-informed Mr. Eden would have been less likely to bank everything on the collapse of Dr. Mossadeq's Government.

While granting Mr. Eden a considerable professional skill and a superior diplomatic style, it is difficult to imagine that he will be able to solve Britain's basic problems in the Middle East. He can do little to curb the anti-British character of Arab nationalism or stretch Britain's inade-

quate military manpower any further. No more than Mr. Morrison can he evolve an effective defence policy for the Middle East which runs against the wishes of the bulk of the Middle Eastern peoples.

Commonwealth And Empire

It was striking that the *Observer*, which tends toward a Churchillian stand on relations with the U. S., insisted in its leading editorial of October 28 that the Conservative Government "make plain, promptly and unmistakably, its attitude towards India and the Colonies. India will be waiting anxiously to see whether the Tories, and particularly Mr. Churchill, are now fully reconciled to her independence and prepared to co-operate with her on a basis of free partnership.... In the Colonies, and especially West Africa, there will be similar suspicions to overcome."

It is still not clear whether Mr. Churchill and the top Conservative leadership realise that the clock cannot be stopped or set back. In parliamentary speeches this past summer Mr. Churchill displayed his yearning for the past when Indian and Pakistan troops could be used in the Middle East and forced loans (sterling balances) from dependencies did not have to be repaid. And the second-string Conservatives have made crystal clear their adherence to old-fashioned imperialism, describing Labour's policy of transferring sovereignty as a "policy of scuttling."

The appointment of General Sir Hastings Ismay as chief of the Commonwealth Relations Office makes it difficult to decide just how the Asian dominions will be handled because General Ismay's past can be read two ways. He was chief of staff to Churchill in the latter's position of Minister of Defense during the war but was also chief of staff to Viscount Mountbatten in 1947 during the latter's brilliant execution of the transfer of sovereignty to India and Pakistan.

The Conservatives' desire to redress Britain's loss of economic strength through the development of its remaining colonies can be read into the appointment of Captain Oliver Lyttelton as Colonial Secretary. Chairman of Associated Electrical Industries, one of Britain's greatest industrial aggregates, he has usually been

considered one of industry's chief spokesman in the Conservative Party. If Capt. Lyttelton's policy emphasises the economic development of the colonies predominantly for Britain's benefit, there will be little divergence from Labour policy, as evidenced by the "groundnuts scheme." But Labour combined economic development with a steady advance toward self-government. And in the Conservative party there have been many who have said—particularly about tin- and rubber-rich Malaya—"We must make it clear that we intend to stay!"

The *Observer* warns that by running against the stream of nationalism, the Conservatives would risk harvesting the colonial revolt Labour was able to avoid: "The transition from paternal rule to free association is proceeding fast in the Colonies; the Conservatives must take the chance they now have to prove that they accept this process as a necessary historical development, without which the friendship of the colored peoples—who numerically form the vast majority of both Commonwealth and Empire—cannot be retained."

THE SUDAN

By CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE

THAT great wedge of Africa known as the Sudan is a land as large as (British) India and one of amazing contrasts. For the traveller it offers something uncommon, off the beaten track, unique.

This was my impression of the vast Sudan: a million square miles of country, which as one crosses it from Egypt, in the north, or by way of its own front door at Port Sudan on the Red Sea, to Kenya, Uganda, or the Belgian Congo in the extreme south, changes from the cool and sunny deserts to the great rivers and forests of Central Africa, inhabited by six millions of people varying in hue from the bronze-skinned Arab to the blue-black Shilluk and naked Nuer. A realm of vivid contrasts, with modern hotels, trains, steamers and motor cars, wherefrom a still primitive Africa passes in review before the comfort-demanding twentieth-century traveller.

It is no uncommon occurrence to look out of the window of a *train-de-luxe* and see a forest of glittering spears in the sunshine above the matting covered booths of *suks* or markets; to be enjoying an iced drink on the deck of a White Nile steamer when suddenly there comes into view the tossing horns and shaggy heads of a herd of wild buffaloes; to walk, with perfect safety, amid gigantic negroes with armlets of brass and beads, carrying daggers in lizard-skin sheaths, or antique swords in scarlet leather scabbards; and yet one may

dance the cool night hours away to the strains of a military band in the grounds of a hotel, or watch countless thousands of birds fly from feeding ground to roosting place when the orange of the African sunset tinges the White Nile with fiery ripples.

Those days of great deeds which one remembers whenever the names of Gordon, Kitchener, Rudolf Von Slatin Pasha, Sir Samuel Baker, Sir H. M. Stanley, Emin Pasha, and a score of other pioneers are mentioned, seemed far away as I stepped out of the Grand Hotel, on the Blue Nile shore at Khartoum, and was whisked away by motor car to see the last remains of the old palace on the stairs of which Gordon fell just before dawn on January 26th 1885.

It is, however, the wonderful gardens which now constitute the main attraction. Here, amid the waving palms, is the still flowering rose-tree planted by Gordon. At one end of the three-mile-long avenue, on the banks of the Blue Nile, is the Memorial College, and at the other end the Zoological Gardens, containing an excellent collection of the fauna of the Sudan. At the Gordon College, where education is dispensed to the young natives of the Sudan, there is an interesting museum of antiquities and also of biological and physiological specimens. The racecourse, and the Sudan Club, with its fine swimming pool are well worth a visit.

A visit to Khartoum results in

several surprises. The first is the comparative coolness of the atmosphere during the winter season, which is due to the elevation of over 1,000 feet above sea-level, and the prevailing northerly breeze; the second is the entire absence of the mosquito; and the third is the number of travellers who now include this southern city in their winter quest for sunshine.

Built on the desert, made of the desert sand, Omdurman possesses an atmosphere which is both Arabic and barbaric, peculiar to this one great and purely African metropolis. There is the Mosque Square, a walled enclosure where, in the days of the Mahdi, the population gathered in prayer with each setting of the fiery desert sun. In one corner of this great open space is the tomb of this warlike prophet and the palace of his successor, the Khalifa. Here some very interesting relics of Gordon and of the battle of Omdurman are shown by one of the Khalifa's old bodyguard.

Surpassing all else of interest in Omdurman there are, however, the marvellous *suks*, wherein ivory, fashioned into all the crude designs of native handicraft, filigree silver, suits of chain armour from Darfur, wonderful swords and barbaric spears from the deserts of the north and the forests of the south, combine with the skins of wild animals and the black and brown faces of the tribesmen, which even a trained ethnologist would find it hard to classify.

The Arab towns south of Khartoum, now easily reached by train, or motor car, afford many unique sights, especially for the traveller who desires to get away from the better-known places and to see something of native life and customs. Wad Medani, for example, is the centre from which to explore the great cotton fields of the Gezira, where every horizon during certain hours of the day, is closed by an ever-changing mirage.

From Khartoum I voyaged—or really cruised—southwards up the White Nile in one of the Government steamers equipped with every convenience for tropical travel. Life on board was peculiarly fascinating. Explorers, big-game hunters, and Government officials—many travelling down the African corridor to Uganda, Kenya, and the Union of South Africa

—rendered every minute of interest, quite apart from the extraordinary scenery gliding past, and the halts at native towns and villages far removed from the beaten track.

It is not exclusively a "man's journey." There were women aboard, either sharing their husband's work or blazing a new trail of interest for themselves. Perhaps the most curious experience is to be sipping one's after-dinner coffee while watching a barbaric display by spearmen on the river banks; to see within a radius of a few hundred yards the great open mouths and flat, white teeth of half a dozen yawning hippopotami.

When Renk, 291 miles from Khartoum, has been passed, the country of the Arabs is exchanged for that of the black races of Central Africa. Hereabouts one lands at villages of pointed *tukls*, or mud-walled and thatched huts. These are the dwellings of the Shiluks, a weird race who dress their hair in elaborate style and walk about among the thick grass with hunting spears. They are a friendly people, still much interested in the "gadgets" of civilisation.

After passing through the Sudd region, where the hippopotami and crocodiles are so numerous as to be a danger to the little *ambach* (light wood) rafts of the natives, the ground on both banks becomes more solid, and the elephant country is entered when the raised trunks of these beasts can be seen above the undergrowth. Hereabouts also are the rhinoceros, leopard, cheetah, hyena, wart-hog, duiker, gazelle, eland, roan antelope, reed-buck, white-eared cob, bartebeeste, lion, and such game birds as the bustard and the guinea-fowl.

For those who desire to hunt the big game of these virgin lands, well appointed river-steamers, with bearers, skimmers, camp equipment, and all the impedimenta and transport facilities needed for an expedition into the African "blue" can be chartered from the Government.

Only when Juba has been reached, over 1,000 miles south of Khartoum, does the steamer come to a final halt on the borders of Uganda and the Belgian Congo. This section of the route from Cairo to the Cape, originally planned by Cecil Rhodes, affords unique opportunities for seeing Equatorial Africa from an easy chair.

SPEAKER WHO ENDEARED HIMSELF TO COMMONS

Col. CLIFTON BROWN

"MAKE way for Mr. Speaker!" The historic cry rings out through the Central Hall of the House of Parliament. The way has already been meticulously cleared by the policemen on Parliamentary duty, and the little crowd of members of the public—visitors from overseas, constituents waiting to see their M.P., perhaps a party of schoolchildren getting a practical lesson in constitutional history—stand respectfully back, the men taking off their hats, while the Speaker's procession goes past.

For the past eight-and-a-half years they have seen Colonel Douglas Clifton Brown, a slim, upright figure in court dress, long black silk robes, and full-bottomed wig, following the Serjeant-at-Arms who carries the great silver-gilt mace. But he will not walk in that procession again. At the last General Election he announced that he would retire at the end of the coming Parliament. He has made a name for himself as one of the most respected and successful Speakers the House has known, and he has carried the burden of the Speakership recently in one of the most difficult sessions of Parliament that it has ever fallen to the lot of a Speaker to control.

Colonel Clifton Brown had represented Hexham as a Conservative M. P. for many years when he was elected Speaker in 1943. However the House, with its big Labour majority, re-elected him in 1945.

Mr. Neil Maclean, the Labour member who proposed him, summed up the great tradition of the Speakership when he said: "I have sat under four Speakers... and I have always found that a Speaker, though elected at a General Election on a Party issue and on a Party programme, from the moment when he became the Speaker seemed to divorce himself entirely from his political aspirations and beliefs, and immediately looked upon every member of this House of Com-

mons, even the newest, as one who was entitled to have equal rights and privileges with the oldest member."

In the last two General Elections Colonel Clifton Brown made no political speeches but stood as "Mr. Speaker seeking re-election." He was opposed both times—unusual but not unprecedented—but won his seat, last time with a handsome 20,000 majority.

Service In India

Before entering Parliament he was an officer in the Regular Army. He was born in 1879 and educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he took an engineering degree. He worked for a few months in a Tyneside engineering firm, but left it to join the Army. He saw service in South Africa and India before turning to politics and going to London to fight and lose his first election. Recalled to the Army in World War I, he served at first in the Dragoon Guards and later with the infantry in the trenches in France. Then, in 1918, he went to the Hexham Division of Northumberland, won it, and held it up till his retirement, with one short break in 1923-24.

He kept up his connection with the Army by joining the Territorials, and commanded the Northumberland Hussars for four years. Last year he became Honorary Colonel of the Regiment.

For 20 years after his election to Parliament Colonel Clifton Brown was known as an earnest and capable back-bencher who specialised in problems of mining and agriculture, the two chief industries of his constituency. He was chairman of various Parliamentary committees, and in 1938 was appointed Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means. As such, he deputised in the absence of the Chairman, when the whole House was in Committee, or took the Chairman's place as Deputy Speaker. He was actually called on to do this in the

debate on the King's Speech within two hours of his election.

Engaging Manner

He soon gained a reputation as a firm and tactful chairman, and in January 1943, when the Chairmanship of Ways and Means fell vacant, was chosen to fill this office. It was said at the time: "He has an engaging manner in the Chair. A rebuke from him may sound at first almost like a compliment—but the member concerned is left in no doubt that it was intended as a rebuke." He had been Chairman of Ways and Means for only three months when Mr. Speaker Fitzroy died, and he was elected Speaker.

Colonel Clifton Brown's genial nature, his courtesy, fairness and kindness have endeared him to successive Houses of Commons. It was Labour's David Kirkwood who proposed him as Speaker in March 1950, saying: "A long and not always quiet experience in the House has taught me that a perfect Speaker must have four qualifications. He must have a complete knowledge of the Rules of Procedure... a full acquaintanceship with Members and their temperament and an absolute impartiality towards them; absolute fairness; patience that knows no limit and good humour that never grows weary." Colonel Clifton Brown, he declared, had these qualities in abundant measure, as well as others of a more personal character.

Colonel Clifton Brown presided in 1944 over the Speaker's Conference on Electoral Reform, a thorny and controversial subject, and won high praise for his skill in handling it. During the last Parliament he bore the strain of late sittings and stormy sessions with the patience and good humour of which Mr. Kirkwood had spoken. Gone are the days when no one could deputise for the Speaker, when the House had to adjourn temporarily while he snatched a meal—the interval used to be known as "The Speaker's Chop"—but even so, Colonel Clifton Brown often spent stretches of 12 hours in the Chair, and indeed made himself ill last spring and had to take a short rest on doctor's orders.

He has paid many official visits overseas during his Speakership, and

made history in 1949 by being the first Speaker to lead a Parliamentary delegation to another Parliament. This was when he and other M. P.s visited Rome. He followed it up by leading another delegation to Copenhagen for the Danish Parliament's centenary celebrations.

Three Ambitions

Before he became Speaker in the middle of the war, Colonel Clifton Brown acknowledged three ambitions. One was to switch on again the beacon light over Big Ben which shines in peacetime when Parliament is sitting at night. On April 25, 1945, when the black-out was lifted, he pressed the button beside the Speaker's chair, and the light went up.

His next ambition was fulfilled when two weeks later he led the M.P.s to the thanksgiving service in "their" church, St. Margaret's, Westminster, at the end of the war in Europe. Finally, a year ago he was the first Speaker to take his seat in the rebuilt Commons chamber, whose foundation stone he had laid himself.

Members of all parties felt they were losing a friend at the end of the last Parliament. It was a poignant scene. When the Speaker returned to the House of Commons after the pro rogation ceremony in the Lords, he took his seat at the Clerk's table, normally occupied by the Chairman of Committees. With his three-cornered black hat on the table before him, he read the King's Speech, to which Members, once more crowded on the benches and behind the Bar, listened in silence.

Then Mr. Attlee rose from his seat and shook hands with the Speaker. One by one the rest of the House followed him, saying good-bye and expressing their good wishes to the Speaker in his retirement. Colonel Clifton Brown was visibly moved, and more than once lifted his silk handkerchief to his eyes.

Last January Colonel Clifton Brown was elected High Steward of Cambridge University. In his retirement he will not be parted altogether from Parliamentary institutions. He is President of the British Group of the Inter-Parliamentary Union.

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WOMEN'S ROLE IN A GENERAL ELECTION

By WENDY HALL

THERE were 19 women among the 625 Members of the last House of Commons. Anyone taking those figures as a pointer to political activity among women in Britain would soon find that he was being misled. Female representation in Parliament may be comparatively small, but when it comes to a general election, women are as active as men in all branches of the campaign.

You find them as candidates—though not in enormous numbers. This time, women will probably account for six or seven per cent of the total number of candidates put up by all parties. You find them in the party organisations, turning the machines with as much energy as men; on party committees, national and local; as party agents, running the campaign in the constituencies; and at the other end of the scale, addressing envelopes, pushing literature through letter-boxes, and doing the hundred and one jobs which must be done if the electors are to be properly informed of the issues of the election and to know what each candidate stands for.

These are the women who are usually politically active all the year round, election or no election. There is another much smaller, but important, group of women who play an essential part because they are totally non-political. The absolute fairness of the election depends, in the ultimate, on the machinery which is put in motion by local government officers. The Town Clerk, or the Clerk to the County Council is largely responsible for receiving nominations, setting up polling stations, conducting the count, and announcing the result. Many Assistant Town Clerks are women, who are sharing these duties, and are ready to take over should the Town Clerk fall ill, and be unable to carry the election through.

At Polling Stations

In many local authorities, a woman officer is entirely responsible for the compilation of the electoral register, which establishes a citizen's right to a vote. Many of the polling stations will be in the charge of women presiding officers, chosen from local government officials. They will be assisted by polling clerks, of whom about 40 per cent may be women.

In one sense, women are playing a more important part in the politics of this election than they ever have done before. It happens quite accidentally this year that both the Labour and Conservative parties have women chairmen. The Labour party, has young Miss Alice Bacon, a school teacher who has been in the House since 1945, and the Conservatives Mrs. Emmett, an energetic grandmother in her fifties. It is also to be noted that this year's national chairman of the Young Conservatives is a woman, 28-years-old Miss Francis Vale another teacher.

All 19 of the women Members of the last House are seeking re-election. Many of them are well known names in political life. For example in the Labour party there is Dr. Edith Summerskill, Minister of National Insurance in the retiring Government; among the Conservatives Miss Florence Horsburgh, a Minister in the wartime Coalition; and among the Liberals Lady Megan Lloyd George, daughter of a famous Prime Minister.

70 Candidates

As candidates they are joined by women who have been in the House before, but lost their seats, women who have been unsuccessful candidates before and are trying again, and women who are experiencing the hurly-burly of the elections for the first time. These 70 or so women represent many different age groups and walks of life. Probably the majority are in the thirties or early forties;

among the youngest are Margaret Roberts, 26-years-old scientific worker, who is fighting for the Conservatives for the second time, and Jenny Auld, 23, and daughter of the Labour party's Scottish woman organiser, who is contesting a Scottish seat for Labour.

The gruelling job of organising the party campaign in the constituencies falls to an increasing number of women at every election. This time, more than a hundred women are acting as party agents, and an even larger number as assistant agents. One, only 24, is running the campaign in one of the biggest London boroughs.

Meanwhile, behind the stars, is the mass of women who do the hack

work of an election in every party. Party organisers are quite frank in saying that they rely on the women to cope with the drudgery, the envelope addressing, the delivery of literature. But they also pay them the compliment of saying that they make better canvassers than men—being more conscientious, convincing and persuasive. At the same time, they are seen more and more frequently on platforms at meetings. Many local party organisations now consider it essential to have one woman speaker at every meeting. Equally, at a national level, the main parties have insisted on a woman giving one of the broadcasts which now play so important a part in the campaign.

The young barrister, in a harrying cross-examination of a landlady, was trying to discredit her boarding house in the eyes of the jury. She spoke of certain lodgers who never went out at night and the barrister pounced on her at once.

"A queer set of people seem to live in your house, madam," he said. "Are they in training for monks, or is there some reason for hiding themselves from the public?"

"No Sir," replied the landlady, "they're studying for the law!"

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Letters To The Editor

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

Sabotage Of Public Opinion

I wish to draw your attention to a report in The Hindu dated 11th October, under the caption "Army's Jeep Purchase". It is alleged that the Government of India are contemplating an open enquiry into the leakage of the "Jeep scandal" and under instructions from the Ministry of States, Sri K. R. Rama Ayyar, a retired official of the Audit Department (formerly Director of Audit Defence Services) who was re-employed as Financial Adviser, PEPSU, has been placed under suspension for alleged leakage of the Jeep affair to some M.P.s.

It would appear that a sum of 425 lakhs was lost in the Jeep muddle due to the mischief and corruption of high ranking officials of the Indian Embassy in London and the Ministry of Defence. The Government of India regularised the action of these officials and wrote 425 lakhs off their accounts. Information had somehow leaked to some M. Ps. and questions were raised in Parliament about this Jeep business. In reply to Pandit H. N. Kunzru, the Prime Minister Pandit Nehru with his usual childlike petulance observed that he had personally enquired into the whole affair and found nothing out of the way and incriminating against any official and that "the only scandal about the Jeep affair was the use of the word scandal". Coming close on this, the action of the Government of India of placing under suspension Sri K. R. Rama Ayyar on the alleged ground of leakage of the Jeep affair secrets to some M. Ps. does not enhance their reputation. It is worth while noting that no action was taken against the officers responsible for the muddle and action is proposed to be taken against leakage of this "secret."

In a democracy the Government is responsible to the people and is the guardian of their interests. It is not a democracy in which the action of unpatriotic, corrupt and dishonest officials resulting in the loss of crores of rupees is sought to be screened from the public. If the personal enquiry by the P. M. was really genuine what prevented him from taking Parliament into his confidence and making public the jeep affair? But for the leakage the country would not have known anything about this "jeep scandal." As is usual with Pandit Nehru emotion overwhelmed his reason. We are not holding a brief for Sri K. R. Rama Ayyar but we are concerned about the welfare of the country when those in authority

try to sabotage public opinion and screen the nefarious activities of officials.

R. SRINIVASAN.

All-Round Degeneracy

The new Health Minister of Madras chose to visit the General Hospital and the Stanley Hospital, on the 28th and 29th October, both days holidays. To make the staff come earlier than usual, and make them stay for a long period on days when they generally ease off, is unfair to them. It may be that the new Health Minister, as an election stunt, wished to create an impression in the mind of the public that holidays do not matter to him and that his thoughts by day and dreams by night are only about the welfare of the people. Or it may have been done out of sheer ignorance of procedure. The Director of Medical Services should have told him that such things are not done. Our spineless heads of departments dare not stand up for the rights and privileges of the departmental staffs. There is no blaming them either. They are very often unceremoniously brushed aside by autocratic Ministers.

Democracy consists in helping people to find their self-respect, and when once found, to help them to retain it. The Health Minister has effectively trampled on the self-respect of the men in various hospitals and the Director, the Dean and the Superintendent have aided and abetted him, may be against their will.

When once a convention is established that holders of certain administrative jobs should not indulge in private practice, it should never be broken. It is the height of folly to hold that any particular individual is indispensable. When men like Birkenhead, Maxwell Fife and Stafford Cripps, and nearer home K. Srinivasa Iyengar, were offered positions of honour, they gave up lucrative jobs and made no song about it. No man in his senses will ever make statements like the one made by the Health Minister with respect to the appointment of the Director of Medical Services.

"OBSERVER."

It is regretted that owing to Saka's illness the usual feature Sidelights has had to be omitted this week.

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WEEKLY

CHALLENGING THE CONSTITUTION

IF the Mysore Government felt that the supervisory powers conferred on the Central Government by Article 371 of the Constitution in respect of all Part B States should not be exercised in regard to itself, it could not have chosen a more ill-advised occasion for asserting its claim to non-interference than the Raju case. The facts of the matter are simple. A leading advocate of the Mysore High Court and some others have been accused of conspiring to murder the Chief Justice of Mysore by administering poison. The accused feel that in the circumstances of the case their trial would be prejudiced unless it was held outside the Mysore State. After failing to get the case transferred by the Mysore Government, they approached the Government of India, who suggested to the Chief Minister of Mysore either to transfer the case to some other State under Sec. 527 of the Criminal Procedure Code or to appoint a Sessions Judge from outside the State to try it. On the refusal of the Mysore Government to adopt either course, the President issued a directive under Article 371 calling upon the Mysore Government to take steps to get the Raju case transferred to a sessions court in Madras or Bombay. The Mysore Government, instead of complying with this directive as they were bound to under the Constitution, chose to place the President's directive before the Mysore Assembly, which unanimously passed a resolution characterising the President's directive as "neither just nor called for" and calling upon the Mysore Ministry "to take all neces-

sary steps to vindicate the honour and prestige of the State of Mysore."

It is preposterous to suggest that the President's directive affects the "honour and prestige" of Mysore in any way. The power under Sec. 527 Cr. P. C. given to State Governments to transfer cases for trial outside their State is one to be exercised in just the circumstances like the Raju case. By ordering a transfer no slur would be cast on the impartiality of the Mysore judiciary at all. Its whole purpose would be to give the accused the assurance that they need have no apprehensions about a fair trial. The Mysore Government should have taken the step *suo motu* so as to save their subordinate judges from the embarrassment of having to sit in judgment over the testimony of the Chief Justice of Mysore, who is the chief witness for the prosecution in the case. It would be naive to deny that the accused in the case might have quite natural apprehensions as to the trying judge in Mysore being entirely uninfluenced by the fact that it concerns the Chief Justice of the State. It is doubtless desirable, as the Law Minister of Mysore suggested, that the power to order transfer of cases from one State to another in the interests of justice is vested in the Supreme Court. An amendment of the Constitution for this purpose will have to be undertaken at the earliest opportunity. But the absence of such a provision does not affect the merits of the President's action in this particular case.

The Mysore Ministers, while declaring that they have no intention to

defy the Constitution, have made it clear that they do not propose to implement the directive of the President. They do not question the President's constitutional right to issue such a directive, but they claim that there was a tacit promise that Article 371 would not be invoked in the case of a progressive State like Mysore. They have fortified themselves with the resolution of the Mysore Assembly in the attempt to get Mysore out of the purview of Article 371. While there might be wide sympathy with the Mysore people's desire to get out of the state of tutelage implied in their inclusion in the list of Part B States (to whom Article 371 applies), the course of action proposed by the Mysore Ministry can have only one effect—an immediate declaration of breakdown of constitutional government in the State and the taking over of the administration by the President. The Mysore Ministers are apparently prepared for this. They seem

to regard such a development as a heroic vindication of their struggle for autonomy. They may have calculated that this will definitely improve their chances in the impending elections, in which they might well make Article 371 the issue—although that would be hardly fair to the Centre or the rival parties who will be opposing them in the elections. The exclusion of Mysore from the ambit of Article 371 is an issue which does not properly arise from the judicial proprieties in the Raju case. The Mysore Government have clearly placed themselves in the wrong by creating a situation in which the President had to act under Article 371 to uphold a citizen's right to a free and impartial trial. Mysore, we are afraid, will have to come under a short spell of direct Central administration before it acquires the full-fledged autonomous status it seeks. And for this, the State's people will have to thank their own Ministers.

Sotto Voce

MALTHUS FOR MADRAS SCHOOLS

THE Madras Government have decided in their wisdom that no more High Schools shall be opened, because trained men are not available in sufficient numbers. How lucky for us that the benighted bureaucracy of other days did not decide that as Madras City could not go on supplying filtered water to all who might come, it should bang the door in the face of newcomers. Instead they gave us Molony's mixture and even had the old wells reopened rather than allow the city to



indulge in the refined hedonism of population planning, with the result that we have not only survived but thriven on Molony's mixture. When the Commissioner says that shortly we shall have to do as the Laplander does and dispense with the daily bath, we figuratively cock a snook at him and say, "Tell that to the marines!"

Education, even of the variety dispensed in our High Schools, is far more necessary for the survival of a modern society than water. I will not

insult the reader's intelligence by arguing that self-evident proposition. But I cannot help recalling that our Education Minister used to think aloud about the logical necessity, in the interests of social justice, of introducing the communal principle in schools also. Of course the Communal G. O. has latterly suffered a sea-change. And you may be sure that the latest order proclaiming an indefinite ban on High Schools has nothing to do with the communal balance. But I wonder.

The days are long gone by when schools in any area were in danger of being monopolised by Brahmin students. But when it comes to staffing them, the community has perforce to be indented upon heavily, for the simple reason that aspiring young men from other communities look upon teaching not so much as a *pis aller* but as an unrelieved misfortune. The salary offered is an insult, while pep talk about "the noblest profession in the world" is apt to leave them cold, since neither tradition nor instinct pulls them that way. Neither are they inhibited by sentimental attachments.

The Government complain of dearth of trained teachers. But how could they have expected their teacher-training policy to produce any other result? In the far distant days when I was at school, teachers were held in much higher esteem by the community and salaries were far more adequate to their modest needs. Nevertheless the Government thought it necessary to offer trainees the inducement of a stipend. Nor were the schools so rigorously compelled to have a percentage of trained teachers. If they could get trained men, well and good. If not, they were content with untrained men. And among the latter were some of the finest teachers I have known.

Later the Government not only stopped the award of stipends, they put any number of hurdles in the way

of men with a natural vocation—and these are the rarest of rare birds—taking to teaching as a profession. The founding and running of High Schools, which had been mostly done by volunteers with a sense of mission, became itself an industry and then a racket. Brick and mortar assumed far greater importance than the souls of men. And schools have been taught to look upon themselves as factories for mass production.

Like Viswamitra disowning the fruit of his amours, the Government ostentatiously decline responsibility for the system they have spawned. They suggest salary-scales—which, incidentally, compare unfavourably with those fixed for their own menial establishments—but coyly turn their faces away from blatant evasions by the managements. They see no harm in the shift system which means slow death to the under-nourished and over-worked teacher. But woe to him if the management should catch him in the act of making a few fugitive rupees from private tuition. Need we wonder then that the average teacher is a cynical opportunist and glories in it?

A Government that was really keen on liberating the people would have given top priority to teacher-training. In the most stringent years of the war, the Government of Great Britain did not for a moment relax in this paramount duty of tending the nursery of culture. They estimated in advance the requirements of many years and laid their plans accordingly, raising salaries, strengthening training institutions, taking the teachers themselves into counsel, and doing everything to give the profession a good conceit of itself. But the Madras Government have not only done their best to turn the *guru* into a proletarian. They have gone further and realised the Marxian dream. They have decreed that the school shall wither away!

VIGNESWARA.

The eye of the understanding is like the eye of the sense; for as you may see great objects through small crannies or holes, so you may see great axioms of nature through small and contemptible instances.

—BACON.

WIDER SWINGS THE PEACE PENDULUM

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: Although he may not resemble Picasso's dove, Mr. Churchill may soon serve the same peaceful purpose. Chances are increasing for a Churchill-Stalin meeting around the beginning of the new year. It cannot come much sooner because such talks must be preceded by Churchill-Truman talks which cannot be scheduled earlier than December. Soviet feelers have already indicated that Churchillian approaches would be welcomed.

Although the Conservatives suffered during the election campaign from the widespread popular belief that Mr. Churchill's return would increase the danger of war, a combination of personal and economic forces are pushing him toward a negotiated settlement with the Soviets.

Not the least of the forces is Churchill's own pride in his place in modern history and his desire to wind up in a blaze of glory for himself and his country. In his election speech in Plymouth he emphasized that the "last great prize" he sought was to secure world peace through personal talks with Premier Stalin. True this statement, like a similar statement in the campaign of February 1950, was certainly aimed partly at the thinly-disguised Labour attack on him as a "war-monger". But equally true is the fact that such a mission would assure Mr. Churchill of the final acclaim of his own country and the history books, which he so much desires.

It is clear to all who have watched him in Parliament these last months that Mr. Churchill has to hurry to earn this "last great prize." Not only is he, at 77, the oldest Prime Minister since Gladstone, but he is showing signs of losing his grip on details. Out of a mistaken idea of "good taste," most newspapers did not report how badly Mr. Churchill fumbled in his first day in the House of Commons as Premier. In discussing the rival candidates for the Speaker's chair he

had to turn repeatedly to his front bench to ask the name of the constituency for which the white-haired Mr. W. S. Morrison has sat since 1929. This sort of fumbling strengthens the reports that Mr. Churchill intends to hand over the Prime Minister's post to Anthony Eden in six months or so.

Mr. Churchill's dramatic gestures are virtually restricted to the field of foreign affairs because the Conservatives are completely hedged in the domestic field by the smallness of their majority, their promise to continue the 'Welfare State' and the silent threat of the 8,000,000-strong Trades Union Congress. The incoming Conservative Ministers are reliably reported to have been staggered by the economic burdens which they have taken over. During the election campaign there was very little discussion of Britain's deteriorating balance of payments or raw materials problems. But the new economic ministers had their hopes quickly dashed by the situation summaries they were handled as soon as they assumed office. The frustrating thing is that virtually all the measures which might ease the situation are almost certain to be unpopular. The anticipated tightening of credit is likely to drive many small marginal businesses to the wall and create the "moderate unemployment" called for by most Conservative economists but is likely to arouse both small businessmen and trade unionists. A reduction of imports and expansion of exports will intensify the austerity which the Conservatives have so often attacked. A small percentage of "fat" can probably be cut out of the National Health Service expenditure but any substantially increased charge is likely to be unpopular. It is difficult to hold down wage levels because the 8,000,000-strong Trade Union Congress will not show the same restraint toward a Conservative government as it did under Labour. In short, the Churchill Government has from

its very inception been brought face to face with the fact that unless the burden of rearmament is reduced it must either get considerable aid from the U. S. A. or undertake unpopular measures which will lose it the next election. The President of the Liberal Party, Philip Fothergill, has warned: "The real danger is that one false move, one unpopular step in the part of the Conservative Government may produce a strong emotional reaction and the election of an extreme Socialist majority."

Having found during the elections that the peace issue was the one on which they got the greatest response, the Labour opposition is certain to take a stronger anti-rearmament position in opposition than they did when they formed the government. Therefore, with another election in 12 or 18 months always in view, the Conservative leadership must always have in mind some issue on which they can win wide popular support. A visit to Moscow in quest of peace is sure to earn for the Conservatives the plaudits of many who voted for Labour because they felt Labour would represent less risk of war.

Rescuing The Americans

The enthusiastic response which the Conservative victory has been accorded in the United States strengthens the belief that Mr. Churchill can negotiate with more chance of American support than almost any person in the West. He can rescue the Truman regime from its paralysis in thinking on how to end the "cold war." President Truman's administration has been too badly smeared by the McCarthyite accusation of having harbored and appeased Communists to take any initiative to end the "cold war." Similarly the Attlee government was smeared as "socialist appeasers" in the U. S., especially for having recognized Communist China. But Mr. Churchill, whose 1946 Fulton, Missouri speech helped launch the "cold war" cannot be accused of harboring any secret fondness for Communism. He may furtyher appease American opinion by "de-recognizing" Communist China.

Strangely enough Moscow has indicated in its own stylized manner that it would welcome Mr. Churchill as a

British-style dove of peace. The Soviets have long built high hopes on splitting Britain from the United States on the peace issue. This is clear from all issues of the Soviet English-language fortnightly "News" launched largely for this purpose. "There is no doubt," the November 1 issue comments "that Britain can always pursue an independent policy when such important matters as trade relations with the countries of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union are concerned." There is no doubt among experts on the U. S. S. R. that the Soviets would be delighted—particularly after the Kirk-Vyshinsky exchange of October—to make more extensive offers to a British prime minister seeking peace than to any American, if only to attempt to widen the Anglo-American gap. In September, just before his retirement, the British Ambassador, Sir David Kelly, was the object of friendly gestures which have had no counterpart so far as Western diplomats are concerned. About the same time the Russians concluded a major grain deal involving the supply of one million tons of raw grainstuffs this next year. And scarcely had Mr. Eden moved into the Foreign Office when Soviet feelers made known Mr. Vyshinsky's desire to talk with him in Paris. Analysts of the Soviet press have all noted the care with which the Communist leaders have sought to indicate that the door to negotiations remains open to Britain. The epithets of "war-monger" and "interventionists" no longer precede Mr. Churchill's name. The Tass report on the election emphasized that Labour's defeat was due to its betrayal of its "peace promises." It is presumably not accidental that the Chinese Communists have proved more conciliatory these last weeks.

Stalin is quoted by Churchill in his war memoirs as having said to him: "We like a downright enemy better than a pretending friend." As Communists the Russian leaders would probably outdo themselves for Mr. Churchill as an inverted way of reproving the Labour government for never having dared such a step. There is little doubt the British Tories are better equipped for the sort of hard-bolled spheres of strategic influ-

ence talk which seem to be preferred by the Soviets. The difference between the Conservative and Labour approach to these issues was illustrated in Korea. Many Laborites were initially opposed to the U.S.-U.N. forces crossing the 38th parallel but, having voiced its concern, the Labour government tailed behind the American drive to the Manchurian border with subdued murmurs of protest. It was during this period that Anthony Eden and other Conservatives urged that the U.S.-U.N. forces stop at Korea's narrow waist—before the frontier—and dig in. This was essentially a hard-boiled strategic proposal, but it might have avoided bringing China into the Korean war.

The Times, which favoured Mr. Churchill's return to power and which seldom wanders far from the viewpoint of top Foreign Office echelons, has already outlined what it feels to be the right road to a world peace settlement. According to its editorial of November 2nd, a settlement hinges about deciding on two outstanding problems: Korea and Germany (with Austria). It feels that the West should stop complaining about the treaty violations in East Europe and the Soviets should stop complaining about the Japanese treaty because both are water under the bridge. On the other hand disarmament and the control of atomic energy must be "ruled out" for the present. "Disarmament is the last and most difficult of all diplomatic feats, to be attempted only when confidence has been restored and some kind of equilibrium has been established.... It would be quite unrealistic to discuss it now, when the highest hope is to achieve a stable balance of power which will be recognized by both sides." On atomic energy control: "The truth is that the necessary conditions of trust do not exist; but if ever a system of international control could be established, it might be nearer to the Russian plan than to the arrangement proposed by Mr. Baruch."

For the present, this authoritative British voice feels, Korea, Germany

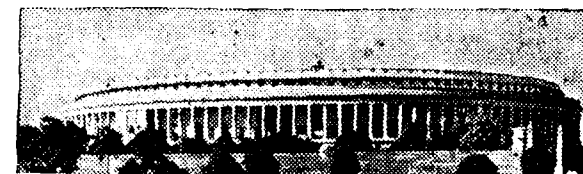
and Austria "are proper subjects for diplomatic talks and all of them offer some hope of agreement. In Korea talks are in fact already proceeding with a view to finding a suitable armistice line. Since the Communists have apparently accepted that this line should be based on the actual position of the two armies and not on the 38th parallel (which, incidentally, *The Times* had suggested as the proper line a month before) there is now for the first time good hope that agreement will be reached and the fighting brought to an end."

"The Soviet Government may have some reason to fear a rearmed Germany when backed by the might of the western Powers, but it must recognize that the western Powers have just as much reason to fear a Communist Germany or a Germany allied to the Soviet Union," *The Times* continued. "Any proposal would have to take account of these two equal fears and offer some guarantees against them." *The Times* own suggestion is free elections throughout Germany under the control of an international commission plus the guarantee that "an independent Germany, so created, should have the means to defend itself and should have some freedom of foreign policy. The idea of a strictly neutral and wholly disarmed Germany is quite impracticable and would not last nine months if it were attempted."

It is over this difficult German problem that talks seem likely to break down even if Mr. Churchill flies to Moscow in January after a December visit to Washington. It is not possible to confirm Alexander Werth's story that in September Mr. Churchill told French leaders that he would "talk to Stalin and if this talk failed, authorise all-out German rearmament. Mr. Churchill has denied this, as he would have to, even if it were true. There can be little doubt, however that the pendulum at the moment is swinging further toward peace. But, like all pendulums, it can swing back as far into the other direction.

The new era of peace will begin when somebody invents a way to get all the national axes on the grindstone at the same time.
—MARTHA LUPTON.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

WHEN King George visited the U. S. A. some years ago, the national newspapers of America carried banner-headlines which said, in effect: "British King Conquers U. S. A." The same kind of thing has happened in Delhi now. The Chinese Cultural Delegation has completely captured the hearts of the people of the Capital. No foreign delegation visiting Delhi has ever had such a warm reception as the Chinese Delegation. There is an outburst of popular enthusiasm for our distinguished guests, apart from official enthusiasm. We in India are rather restrained in giving cheers, and are often suspicious of any foreigners that come to our country. But in the case of the Chinese Delegation, there was no room for suspicion or restraint. They are acclaimed everywhere with wide applause.

The people of India are thirsting to hear the story of the achievements of New China. When the Chinese delegates speak about the gigantic reconstruction that is going on in their country, we simply listen in utter amazement. Members of the Indian Cultural Delegation have just returned from China, and they are filled with admiration for the achievements of New China. The Chinese have no propaganda technique. They don't need any propaganda. One has just to keep in touch with what is going on in China in order to become an admirer of China.

The position of the scientific worker, the writer and the artist has improved so greatly in New China that our Prime Minister was quite apologetic about the status of such professional people in India. "I am sad and sorry," he said, "that we have not done much for the development of artistic and cultural life in India. I hope it may be possible to do more." The Prime Minister was speaking at

the magnificent Chinese Art Exhibition, which he opened. He had himself often told the Congress Party that if they did not pass the Hindu Code Bill, a revolution would occur in this country as in China. But he is himself the perpetrator of conditions which make revolution inevitable. It was good to see the Prime Minister on the defensive for once, because he is in a perpetual state of righteous indignation, blaming everybody else for everything. It rarely occurs to him that he may be wrong. (That, in fact, is the secret of successful leadership).

He has made a mess of the selection of candidates to fight the elections on behalf of the Congress Party. When questions were put to him at the last Press Conference, he flew into a rage and shouted loudly into the microphone. A national hero has reduced himself to the position of an extremely partisan party leader. Jawaharlal Nehru is but a Winston Churchill in miniature. When men and women of ability and integrity were willing to fight the elections on behalf of the Congress, his ultimate selection fell in most cases on blackmarketeers and their stooges. He spoke valiantly about the "screening" of candidates. Mr. R. K. Patil, I know, made elaborate study of the appeals filed by Congressmen from the South, and in several cases he had recommended their reversal. But the impetuous Pandit paid no heed to Patil. This indeed is our great little Nehru!

Some of the best people in the country were left out of the Congress list because they did not have the sum of Rs. 40,000 to throw away as election expenses. Pandit Nehru seems to be absolutely out of touch with realities. If he seriously believes that there is ability, integrity and character in more than one per cent of the candidates whom he has



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chosen, he is deceiving himself. Self-deception is practised by all of us to a greater or lesser extent. But Panditji is the limit.

I have never seen such a poor performance by the Prime Minister as when he was asked about the Congress way of conducting the elections. When a question was raised about the use of I. A. F. planes by the Prime Minister for his election tours, he pleaded that certain rules were framed by others on grounds of security. He was not allowed to travel by ordinary aircraft, he said. He could travel only by the I. A. F. service. The security police went with him wherever he went. Even if he went in a commercial service, the security people would accompany him, and he was not prepared to let the Government bear the expenses for that. Pandit Nehru went on to explain that the Air Force planes had to complete a schedule for purposes of practice. Whether anybody travelled by those planes or not, they had to fly. No extra expenditure was therefore incurred by the I. A. F. on his account.

I asked the Prime Minister whether the remedy did not really consist in letting other political Parties also use the I. A. F. planes so that the Congress Party may have no advantage over the other parties in this matter. Pandit Nehru simply said: "They will have to wait till they are members of the Government." In all humility, we must come to the conclusion that the Prime Minister refuses to admit the mistakes of his party. "My party, right or wrong": that seems to be his slogan now.

I have rarely attended a Press Conference which was as refreshing as that of Ambassador Bowles of the U.S. He always seemed to agree with you, or at least appreciate your point of view. I asked him whether he had noticed that there is a psychological Monroe Doctrine in Asia, and that the presence of American troops in Korea is therefore resented all over Asia. He began by saying that he quite understood that there was that

feeling, for Asia had had more than her share of exploitation by Imperialism. But, he said, there was no basis for such fear. He found that people in India and elsewhere in Asia looked upon foreign capital as one form of Imperialism. He thought that it was quite unnecessary to have such suspicions, and that foreign capital should be welcomed in India because it would help develop the country rapidly. But the impression we got from other sources is completely different. In his "Problem of China," Bertrand Russell forecast twenty years ago that American Imperialism would be economic rather than territorial. From our chats with some of those who returned from China recently, we get the impression that the Chinese have been able to transform their country in the brief space of two years. The Editor of an Indian economic journal, on visiting the Faridabad refugee colony, said: "I was always under the impression that money produces wealth. Now I find that work produces wealth in China. American capital does not flow into China, but they seem to manage all the same."

Ambassador Bowles is a great believer in American Capitalism. He thinks that his is superior to European Capitalism. It probably is. He was asked how he could be in favour of price control when he was at the same time in favour of free enterprise. He replied that free enterprise was sometimes not sufficiently free. It was restricted so that artificial scarcities might result in increased price. If there was free competition, he said, price would be at lowest. What Ambassador Bowles says may be true to some extent in America. But it involves so much duplication of effort, bankruptcies and ruination that planning is certainly to be preferred even there. And there is a great deal of planning in U. S. economy. Mr. Bowles was one of those who advocated continuance of price controls in the U. S. even after the war. But high-level ignorance about economic matters be-

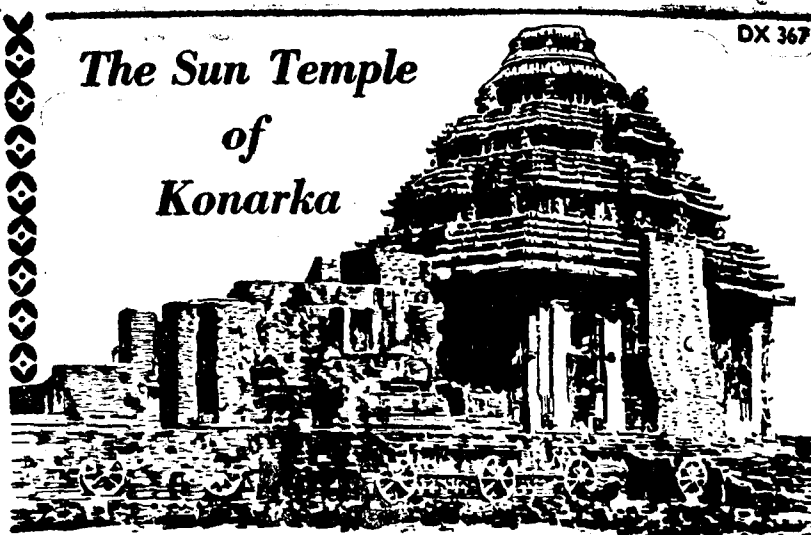
ing widespread, price-control was lifted and prices shot up a greater deal. The American Constitution is dominated by the philosophy of Jefferson, which was eminently suited to an expanding agricultural economy. But the administration in America has all along been dominated by the spirit of Hamilton rather than of Jefferson. America has, in the meantime, become a highly industrialized country. The present Constitution therefore comes in the way of any President who wishes to do some good to the people of America. President Roosevelt had any amount of trouble with the Supreme Court over the New Deal. He had ultimately to appoint new judges to the Supreme Court in such a way that a majority of them were known to favour the New Deal.

Four languages were used at the special convocation of the Delhi University when Dr. Tin Si-lin and Dr. Fung Yu-lan were awarded the degree of Doctor of Letters by the President, who is Chancellor of the University. Dr. Tin Si-lin, who is Vice-Minister for Cultural Affairs and is leader of the Chinese Cultural Delegation, is a well-known physicist, novelist and playwright. Dr. Yu-lan is one of the outstanding modern philosophers in China. The Chinese scholars spoke in Chinese and were translated into English. The President spoke in Hindi and was translated into Chinese. The Vice-Chancellor and the Dean of the Faculty of Arts spoke in Sanskrit and translated themselves into English.

The only speech that was not understood by some people was the President's, because some at least among the Indians present did not understand Hindi. The use of Sanskrit seemed none too happy, for the pronunciation was none too good. Unless one pronounces Sanskrit beautifully, there is no point in speaking it. Sanskrit is a language of great beauty, although it is a dead language. There is nothing so deplorable as Sanskrit badly pronounced.

Convictions that are worth repeating have to be forged in the furnace of life. They may exhibit peace and serenity, but peace and serenity are always born of struggle. This, indeed, is an aspect of human existence which is almost entirely overlooked by socially minded and naturalist thinkers.—MANAS.

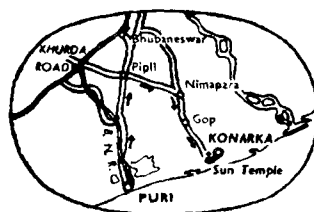
The Sun Temple of Konarka



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

Touring by motor car was made possible by John Boyd Dunlop: and the tyres that bear his name remain the best and safest for all conditions of load, surface, and climate.

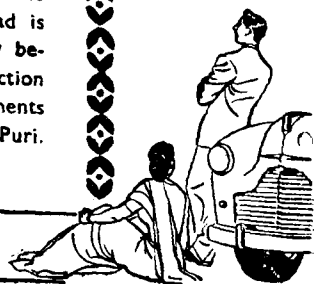
DUNLOP



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

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

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A WARNING TO THE FREE WORLD

By BELAND HONDERICH

What has happened to Argentina's La Prensa could happen elsewhere if the freedom of the press is violated. This is the warning implicit in the ruthless silencing of a newspaper and its free services by a power-happy dictator.

DAWN was just breaking over the city as a young lad, his arm swathed in a crude bandage, hurried across the sleepy avenida de Mayo to the offices of the newspaper *La Prensa*. A deep cut on his arm was beginning to fester and his mother had sent him to get a ticket to *La Prensa's* free medical clinic.

But this morning there were no tickets—only policemen guarding the entrances to the stately building. For *La Prensa* had been silenced by Dictator Peron for daring to criticize his ruthless Government. And, by his action, the needy people of Argentina have been robbed of the free public services that long have marked *La Prensa* as one of the world's outstanding newspapers.

For 55 years *La Prensa's* medical clinic ministered to the needs of all who came for help. Its free legal bureau offered expert advice to anyone with a problem, and a free conservatory of music provided special training for promising young musicians and vocalists.

The newspaper's farm and live-stock bureau was consulted annually by hundreds of farmers seeking up-to-the-minute counsel on new farm techniques. And its library, long recognized as one of the finest collection of books in South America, was open to the public from early morning to late at night.

Now all these public services have ended. Like the great Spanish-language newspaper itself, they have become victims of an arrogant dictator whose vanity and lust for power will brook no criticism. And that was *La Prensa's* only crime. It insisted upon its right to criticize the Government as it saw fit.

It is a rather tragic sight to stand on the Avenida de Mayo, as I did recently, and look at the darkened *La Prensa* building which was the

headquarters for all these public services. For it is a stark reminder of what happens to the social activities of a public spirited newspaper when a Government seeks to silence its criticism by ostensibly constitutional means.

For 82 years *La Prensa* championed the cause of truth and honesty throughout South America and, indeed, the world. Liberty, progress and civilization were its only objectives. Governments that betrayed their public trust were its particular foes. Now that it has been expropriated by the State, the people of Argentina have suffered a double loss.

Spies Everywhere

They have lost public services that were financed out of the newspaper's profits. And they have lost a stout champion of freedom and liberty which is, perhaps, Argentina's greatest single need today. For without a free press to protect the rights of the people, freedom is fast disappearing in this bountiful land and fear is taking its place.

No longer is it safe to publicly criticize the Government. Some people who did have been dragged out of their beds at night by police. Nothing has been heard of them since. Several newspapermen have disappeared under peculiar circumstances and later been found dead. Businesses have been closed by Government decree simply because their owners refused in one form or another to pay tribute to the Government.

In fact, it is no longer wise to speak too freely on the telephone for fear of who may be listening. When you are invited out to dinner, your host invariably warns you to guard your remarks while the servants are present. For they suspect that Peronista spies are everywhere.

Even Argentina's labour movement

is beginning to suspect that the many reforms instituted by Peron are but window-dressing for his dictatorial ambitions. More than 400 railway workers have been jailed without fair trial because they sought by means of a strike to improve their working conditions on the State-owned railway.

These are classic examples of what happens to liberty when a dictator silences a free press and bans the free dissemination of news and comment. But it is more than an illustration. It is a warning to other nations of what can happen when a dictator violates the freedom of the press.

Dictator Peron tried for years to silence *La Prensa's* voice. But *La Prensa's* distinguished editor, Dr. Albert Gainza Paz, was not a man who would be intimidated. He was made the object of resto-active legislation. He was threatened with libel action by Peron himself under Argentina's infamous "disrespect" law. This prohibits a newspaper from criticising a Government official.

All these attacks and more were directed at *La Prensa* in the hope of destroying the paper financially or of forcing the owners to sell to interests friendly to the Government. But even though Dr. Gainza Paz realised the risk he faced was great, his newspaper continued to speak the truth about the Government.

It was then that Peron realized that more direct action would be required to still *La Prensa's* voice. So he had his Government-controlled General Federation of Labour trump up a labour dispute involving *La Prensa's* employees. He used this as an excuse to order the expropriation of the newspaper by the State.

The death of the free *La Prensa* gave prophetic meaning to an editorial *La Prensa* published some months ago on freedom of the press. On that occasion it observed that "when freedom of the press is ignored or threatened 'all other civil liberties are in danger. People who have not understood this have paid very dearly for their incomprehension or indifference.'"

It is not surprising that the owners and editors of the paper preferred expropriation to a policy of subservient obedience to a dictator. For this

was repugnant to *La Prensa's* fine traditions and, in fact, everything it stood for.

From the day it was founded in 1869 by Senor Jose C. Paz, grandfather of Dr. Gainza Paz, *La Prensa* prided itself on its free and independent treatment of the news. Its owners and editors remained strictly aloof from all business and political affiliations on the ground that it might interfere with their impartial handling of news.

As Western newspapers go, *La Prensa* was something of an oddity. Nevertheless, it was recognized as one of the great newspapers of the world and was, in fact, the largest Spanish language newspaper in the world.

In appearance it was something like the *London Times*. With the exception of a small box summarizing the news, the entire front page was devoted to one-line classified advertising. These advertisements were so popular with the public that would-be-advertisers lined up early in the day to have their advertisements inserted in the paper.

World Was Its Beat

In editorial content and make-up, *La Prensa* resembled the *New York Times*. It was a paper of record and the world was its beat. It devoted as much as five pages a day to foreign news before the newsprint shortage developed.

It faithfully recorded complete textual reports of important political speeches or Government announcements from all over the world. Its story on the Dawes plan for German reparations following World War I ran to 29,000 words.

Finally, *La Prensa* was a mass-circulation paper. Its comments and extensive news coverage had wide appeal. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that in thousands of homes it commanded the respect of a king.

La Prensa, in brief, was more than just a newspaper. Its widely recognized integrity and social services commanded public respect. Its extensive circulation (which reached 470,000 before Peron restricted its size) made it an influential force in the nation's affairs.

This, no doubt, was why Peron found it necessary to expropriate it. For it was a threat to the future of

his Peronista party and his personal lust for power.

But *La Prensa* was unique in other respects, too. It did not employ any advertising salesmen. The owners felt people who wanted to advertise would bring their copy to the newspaper offices without solicitation. Advertisers came in such large numbers that *La Prensa* had by far the largest classified advertising section of any newspaper in the country.

In line with its impartial treatment of the news, *La Prensa* would accept no political advertising. It preferred to print political statements and speeches on the basis of news value and public interest. The editors felt that this policy would not favour the party with the most funds.

Something Of A "Slush Fund"

Despite its opposition to the Peron regime, it never failed to report Peron's speeches. It also published the speeches of opposition political leaders which Peron seemed to think should be ignored.

La Prensa found it rather difficult to accept Eva Peron as the first lady of the land. In fact, it usually referred to her as "the wife of the President! No doubt this added to the Perons' resentment against the newspaper.

Senora Peron also resented *La Prensa's* social services, particularly its fine medical clinic. For she prides herself today on looking after Argentina's needy through her Eva Peron Fund. The fund undoubtedly has done much good. But it is also something of a "slush fund" for the Peronista Party. It receives public funds to aid it in its works, but makes no public accounting of its expenditures.

Nevertheless, businessmen are careful to heed its requests for contributions. A prominent candy company with perhaps the most modern plant of its kind in the country refused to contribute to the fund. A short time later it was visited by a horde of Government inspectors who found the plant unsanitary and ordered the owners to close it down.

As this demonstrates, it does not pay in Argentina today to cross the Perons. And now without the voice of a free *La Prensa*, the tempo of these activities may well increase. For

there no longer is a free press to restrain the Government.

It is a courageous man, indeed, who will defend his principles at the risk of great monetary loss. But this is precisely what Dr. Gainza Paz did for many years. *La Prensa* was a family newspaper, and he was brought up in the traditions of a publishing family who regarded their newspaper as a public trust.

He assumed editorial control of the paper in 1943 and since then actively directed the newspaper's policies. A tall, rather distinguished-looking man of 52, Dr. Gainza Paz was educated to be a lawyer, but spent all his working time from early youth at the newspaper office.

Public Spirited Founder

To meet Dr. Gainza Paz is to like him. Friends say he is inclined to be a perfectionist in everything he does. Yet he has a warm, friendly personality. He speaks several languages. His English is fluent and precise.

Dr. Gainza Paz takes a great deal of pride in his family of five sons and two daughters. While I visited him, his wife entered the room and proudly announced the birth of their sixth grandchild.

"It makes me feel old," he commented.

To meet Dr. Gainza Paz, I had to travel by ferry across the broad River Plate that separates Argentina and Uruguay. For circumstances had made it necessary some weeks before for him to leave Buenos Aires and seek a temporary haven in Uruguay, at his mother's beautiful estancia and one of the showplaces of Uruguay—Barra de San Juan. Never before in my travels have I encountered an estate quite so beautiful and picturesque as the Barra de San Juan on the shore of River Plate.

I was particularly anxious to learn from Dr. Gainza Paz something of the background of *La Prensa's* free public services and therefore asked him why the free medical clinic, legal bureau and other public service projects were started. They were founded long before social services attained their present popularity, and obviously were pioneer ventures in the field of public services.

His answer was short and to the

point. Senor Jose C. Paz, founder of the newspaper, was a public spirited man with a keen social conscience. Because the success of his newspaper was made possible by the wide public support and confidence it enjoyed, he thought it only proper that some of the profits should be returned to the people who made them possible.

It was with this idea that the medical clinic was founded just before the turn of the century. It grew so popular with the public that it became necessary to restrict admissions by means of tickets. These were distributed each morning at the *La Prensa* building and people lined up to get them.

The free legal bureau was established about the same time as the medical clinic. The agriculture and livestock information bureau followed later, as did the free conservatory of music. The *La Prensa*-sponsored popular institute of conferences provided an annual series of lectures by outstanding scientists, authors and writers until Government intervention forced their cancellation. Now that *La Prensa* exists no longer as a free newspaper, the other public services have been discontinued, too.

A man who dearly loves his country, as Dr. Gainza Paz does, hesitates to criticize it from abroad. Moreover, he is in the rather delicate position of having his assets seized by a dictator whose revenge knows no bounds. For these reasons, I should hesitate to embarrass him further by reporting our conversation here.

It suffices to say that Dr. Gainza Paz feels keenly about what has happened to *La Prensa*. But what is more important to Indians is his warning that what has happened to *La Prensa* can happen in other lands unless freedom of the press is defended against any and all encroachments.

Until I visited the Argentine, I don't suppose I realized the true meaning of freedom of the press. For here, with the possible exception of brave little *Na Nacion*, an independent newspaper of *La Prensa*'s traditions, there is no free press and little freedom.

A Land Of Fear

Most newspapers are said to be controlled by Senora Peron herself.

Certainly they follow the Peronista Party line with slavish devotion. I am told on the best authority that their editorial comment and even the manner in which they display news stories is directed by Peron's sub-secretariat of information.

Without free and independent newspapers, the people of Argentina to-day read only what Dictator Peron wishes them to read. They only hear what he wants them to hear, too. For the State controls radio broadcasting and censors its use to suit its selfish desires.

This "iron curtain" around the free and frank dissemination of news has reduced Argentina to a land of fear for all who oppose the Government. For Peron, like other dictators, is not a man who welcomes even fair criticism.

Peron no doubt has done much to improve the lot of the workers. But unfortunately he has done it at the expense of freedom. And this is a price that even his staunch labour supporters are beginning to think is too high.

You must wonder, as I did, why the people do not rise up against these injustices. The answers to be twofold. In the first place, democracy has no deep-rooted traditions here. With the exception of a comparatively few years before the advent of the Peron regime, the country has always been ruled by autocratic Governments. The second reason is simply that Argentina today is a police State. And in a police State uprisings against the Government are almost impossible.

La Prensa, with its mass circulation and fine public services, was a check-rein on Peron's activities. Its critical voice told the public the truth about his Government. Its courageous editors hurt Peron's vanity and threatened his lust for power. And so it had to be liquidated and handed over to Peron's Government-controlled trade unions to operate as Peron himself sees fit.

While *La Prensa* has ceased to exist as a free and independent newspaper, its name will not soon be forgotten by people everywhere who value freedom. For its death exposes the foul methods of a dictator for all to see and remember.—Copyright—N.N.F.

THE MADRAS FIVE-YEAR PLAN

By R. RAMADAS

THE National Planning Commission has published the Draft outline of the five year plan for the period 1951-56. The plan consists of two parts, the first part covering an estimated expenditure of Rs. 1,493 crores, and the second part Rs. 300 crores. The plan constitutes the first official attempt to co-ordinate the development activities of the Centre and states. It tries to strike a balance between pressing problems of the day such as shortage of raw materials, high prices and rehabilitation—the legacy of World War II and partition of India—and long-term developmental needs such as re-organisation of agriculture, extension of irrigation facilities and generation of cheap power.

Our present objective however is not a discussion of the plan taken as a whole. The scope of this essay is limited to an analysis of the Madras state plan in certain aspects of its working.

The total outlay of the Madras plan is about Rs. 137 crores out of Rs. 1,493 crores of the first part of the National plan. The plan for our state is the largest of all states, Bombay coming next with Rs. 120 crores and U. P. coming third with Rs. 91 crores. The larger total of the Madras plan is in keeping with the geographical and economic needs of the large state. The distribution of the expenditure is as follows:—

Expenditure	In crores of Rs.	Percentage of total outlay
Agricultural & development	21.90	16.0
Irrigation and power projects	80.40	58.5
Industry	2.12	1.6
Transport Roads	5.00	3.7
Social services	27.59	20.2
	137.01	100.0

As can be seen from the above table irrigation and power claim Rs. 80.40 crores out of the total of Rs. 137 crores, nearly 60% of estimated resources available. This is no doubt in conformity with the general priorities accorded by the planning commission. But the amount provided is large—both the absolute figure and the percentage of the total outlay. The figure also looks somewhat out of harmony with provisions under the same head in other states. The percentage allocation for Irrigation and power in the several part "A" states is as follows:—

Name of the state	Percentage of allocation
Assam	11.6
Bihar	27.34
Bombay	27.54
Madhya Pradesh	21.23
Madras	58.69
Orissa	27.13
Punjab	21.54
Uttar Pradesh	31.58
West Bengal	23.19

The appropriation looks equally incongruous in the company of the Central Government's expenditure, the part "A" states taken together part "B" states taken together and part "C" states, as also the National plan as a whole.

National plan (The draft 5 year plan)	30.2%
Central Government's expenditure	29.96%
Part "A" states	34.23%
Part "B" states	46.77%
Part "C" states	10.4%
Madras state plan	58.69%

The only figures with which the Madras percentage compares is with that of part "A" states and that of part "B" states, with 34% and 47% respectively. The former is weighted by the Madras share itself and it would have been much less if the Madras figure were otherwise. The need for undertaking large-scale irrigation and power schemes in part "B" states can be readily conceded, when

their geographical location and needs, as also the retarded progress of such schemes in most part "B" states, (except in a progressive state like Mysore), is borne in mind. But even this figure is overtaken by the Madras figure which constitutes nearly 60% of the total.

The above discussion may be dismissed as academic. It may be further argued that the large deficit in food that this state faces and the unreliability of the Monsoon make large scale irrigation works essential. The significant points that should not be missed in such a discussion are these:—

(i) Public cooperation and voluntary service are the twin concepts upon which the execution of the state plan as also the National plan rely. Are the schemes taken up and proposed to be taken up by the Madras state Government such as are calculated to secure the largest measure of public support? Krishna-Pennar project proposed to seek inclusion in part II of the 5 year plan negativates any such view.

(ii) When a long-term plan for optimum exploitation of all available resources, involving the spending of crores of public expenditure is drawn up, the plan should be such as would substantially raise the economic potential of the state as a whole. It should provide opportunities for a rapid and balanced development of all regions in the state. Is the Madras plan so conceived as to provide equal opportunities for advancement of all the districts? The "special planning Number" of the "Madras Information" contains little information as regards this vital aspect of the plan. In a composite province like Madras, comprising distinct geographical and economic regional units, one at least of them on the threshold of a province of its own, an equitable distribution of resources over the distinct regions is inevitable. Neither the "Madras Information" nor the Government spokesmen have adequately convinced the public on the regional aspect of the distribution of the resources of the state plan. In the absence of definite information the public are compelled to draw conclusions of their own, and at least in Andhra Desa the conclusions are not

of commendation or approbation. Why this is so would be clear from the list of prospects included for execution in the Madras plan. It has been pointed out that one defect of the National plan is that it fails to include even one giant multipurpose project in the South, of the type of the Damoder valley scheme, though not of the same magnitude. Even so, the defect of the Madras plan is it fails to convince the public of Andhra, at any rate, that it is also to their progress and economic advancement. Greater freedom in planning and more careful attention is desired by most Andhras, educated and illiterate alike.

(iii) The disproportionate and lop-sided character of distribution of resources in the Madras plan results in large provision for such items as irrigation on the one hand, and meagre provisions or no provision at all for such important items of Education, Labour and Labour Welfare, or Roads and Road transport. The plan fails to secure equi-marginal returns or maximum social advantage.

Transport

Next as regards the provision for transport, the Madras state plan sets apart only Rs. 5 crores for "Roads." Here also the emphasis of the state plan is different from that in the plans of other states. The difference is that the percentage allocation for Transport is much less than in that of other state plans. Whereas Bihar proposes to spend Rs. 8 crores on Roads, Bombay 11.64 crores on roads, 2 crores on road transport and 25 lakhs on ports and harbours, U. P. to spend 5.22 crores on roads, and 1.20 crores on road transport, and West Bengal Rs. 13.85 crores on roads and 1.91 crores on road transport, Madras provides only Rs. 5 crores for roads. The smaller provision in the Madras state cannot be fully explained by the considerations suggested in paras 34-37 in Part II of the draft outline. The public would like Government spokesmen to explain

(i) Whether the provision of 3.7% and of the total outlay is adequate bearing in mind the present road mileage in the provinces and the unsatisfactory nature of our rural roads,

(ii) Whether the non-provision of

any amount for "ports" indicates that the development of minor ports is not contemplated in the five year period and;

(iii) Whether the public is to infer that the non-provision of any figure under the head "Road Transport" indicates the conviction that any further commitment on roads nationalisation schemes is futile. It is surprising that the special planning number of the "Madras Information" ordinarily expected to explain the full

implications of the state plan fails to answer any such possible doubts.

A study of the Madras state plan leaves one with a number of doubts and a few misgivings. The plan is not based on any clearly recognised priorities and the emphasis of the plan is uneven and lop-sided; nor is it calculated to rouse public enthusiasm for its successful implementation. The publicity aspect of the plan is inept; it fails to explain a good few of the aspects of the plan.

CRISIS IN MYSORE

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

ONE of the disquieting trends in the post independent era in our country has been the ever-increasing tension between the Centre and the State units, and the tendency on the part of the latter to cross the path of the Union executive on even the most trivial of issues. Our country has trouble enough from our neighbouring Dominion; but it is lamentable that certain states should adopt a refractory and militant attitude, forgetting in the context their allegiance to the Constitution and forgetting too the circumstance that those who function in both are members of the same political organization. A small administrative measure dictated by the needs of justice and fair play, seems to have upset the whole Mysore Cabinet and Assembly; and at the end of an unusually excited debate, the Chief Minister has told us for certain "steps which will be taken to vindicate the honour of not only of Mysore but of the whole country." Language less explosive has not come out of the mouths of even of the Pakistan rulers; yet, withal, the issue is quite simple and warmth and vehemence are not called for.

Sri L. S. Raju, a leading Bangalore Advocate and politician, stands charged along with some others, for conspiring to poison and attempting the murder of the Mysore Chief Justice. The charge was enquired into by the First Class Magistrate of Bangalore, who has committed the case for trial to the Bangalore Sessions Court. The Chief Justice is

not the complainant, but his report to the Police has formed the basis of the charge, and he may be examined and cross examined. The case has naturally enough aroused keen interest not only in Mysore but throughout the country both by reason of the status of the principal parties therein and of the objective of the alleged attempted poisoning of the head of the state judiciary. That the entire proceedings in the committal court should have been published in the press, was perhaps inevitable; that in the circumstances an unconscious impression would have been formed in the minds of the public of Mysore, could not be reasonably denied. In such a situation what are the duties of the State and how are the rights of the accused to be safeguarded? Theoretically of course the State is a party in these proceedings being the proforma complainant in the case, and in any reckoning, ought not to have higher rights or privileges than the accused. As regards the accused, the position is perfectly clear. Law, or rather as Sec. 527 Criminal Procedure Code mentions, "the ends of justice" require that every accused person should have a fair trial, and, what is most important, that justice should not merely be done but should manifestly appear to have been done. One method by which this is secured is to permit him to obtain a transfer of the case whenever he entertains reasonable apprehension that he might not get a square deal on account of uncongenial atmosphere

either in the court or in the locality. Confidence in the administration of justice is so essential to social order and security that even suspicions however wrongly felt, and susceptibilities of the accused are considered and respected. No other factor is taken into account, and this individual privilege overrides every other consideration, such as public agitation or breach of the peace; and even the integrity of the judiciary is beside the point. In cases where there has been undue publicity in the press or otherwise, or where the concerned persons occupy high places in society, the states themselves have in the past invariably, have shifted the venue of the trial to some other state. Thus in Madras the De Law Hay murder case was transferred to Bombay and that against Mr. Justice Byers was ordered to be sent up to Calcutta, should it be committed. More recently defamation proceedings in which an M. L. A. and an ex-Minister in Travancore state are involved have been transferred to Tirunelveli. In all these cases, no reflection on the integrity of the judiciary was meant or ever in question. In the present instance a well known public man and the judicial head of the state figure as main parties and its public importance has been vouched by the fact that as the Chief Minister has revealed in the Assembly, the cabinet itself had discussed about it. Hence in the circumstances, one would normally expect either the case to be transferred to some other state or steps taken to bring in a sessions Judge from the adjoining state to try the case. This was precisely the advice given by the President, which the cabinet appears to have rejected after "deep and detailed consideration." Now if the state is not at all interested in the prosecution, it need not have stood in the way of the usual procedure being adopted; if however it was concerned in it, then all the more reason why the accused should seek the intervention of the President. It is again difficult to understand how the government which as prosecutor has become an interested

party, can claim to choose the venue of the trial in prejudice of the accused's rights. In any event, even assuming the baseless, is it not abundantly clear *at least now* after the exciting speeches in the Assembly that no judicial officer in the state can remain unaffected by the sentiments expressed by the Chief and the Legal Ministers?

States after integration have acquired a new status, and citizens of Mysore have become *ipso facto* citizens of Indian territory also, under Article 5 of the Constitution. The State judiciary which previously was beyond the purview of our courts and even of the Privy Council, has since become part of our legal system. Sri L. S. Raju is quite entitled to seek redress at the hands of the supreme court or of the President, which the cooperation of the Mysore state if possible and without it if necessary. Supposing he had invoked the intervention of the the Supreme Court under Act 136 of the Constitution and obtained redress, would the state regard it as an affront to the judiciary and "take steps to vindicate its honour and prestige?"

The President has taken action under Art. 371, and the Law Minister, in a speech more swayed by emotion than by a dispassionate appraisal of the legal implication, has characterised it as "uncalled for." Art. 371 requires Part B States to be under the general control of and comply with the directions given by the President. Here is a direction given by the President, which the Mysore State has thought fit to disobey. Is the President to sit still and allow things to proceed in their own fashion? What greater insult to the authority and prestige of the President can be conceived? And is the Constitution itself to be consigned to the scrap heap and the oath of the Ministers and M.L.As rendered nugatory? Finally, how can the Congress Working Committee watch the whole affair complacently and allow the members to flout the authority of one of the most eminent and respected personages in India?

The unconscious spite, which inferior persons nourish against men of superior ability or talent, forbids them to neglect any opportunity of taking it out of those who make them feel conscious of their inferiority.—C. E. M. JOAD.

GOPALAN: 25 YEARS OF GLORY

By P. N. S.

AN incident took place in the beginning of 1949 when the West Indians were at Madras. The Southern Zone were in a sorry plight facing innings defeat. Half their side were in the pavilion, and John Trim wore the broadest of grins on his face, for he had been the agent of destruction for the home team. Slowly a tall, slim figure, with a fringe of grey hair around his head, wound his way to the crease. He took stance and faced the bowlers, Trim and Atkinson. For some minutes the ball beat the bat and the batsman prodded hesitantly. Then as a bolt from the blue it happened. The batsman lunged forward, the bat flashed and ere the resounding crack had died down the ball had reached the ropes. It happened again the next ball, another majestic drive past mid-off for four; and again, now a glorious four off the back-foot beating Christiani at cover. The atmosphere became charged as the batsman, paying scant respect to the bowlers, raced along with brilliant drives and hooks. And then, as suddenly, the end came. Cheers rent the air as once more the bat cracked the ball powerfully through the covers, but the ball rose slightly, ever so slightly, above the ground. Still nobody thought that Christiani could get his hands to it. But the fieldsman dived beautifully as the ball reached him and with astounding ease picked it up. The cheers continued—now for the fieldsman. And as the batsman wended his way back the cheers shifted again, now for the departing hero.

The batsman was none other than M. J. Gopalan, idol of the Madras crowd. And soon after, as the crowd dispersed they forgot the bitterness of the home team's defeat in the glory of Gopalan's batsmanship.

Gopalan rose to eminence in the field of sport and, in cricket in particular, by travelling the hard road. He springs from Triplicane, where cricket is a game, not a pastime. Three charcoal lines on some wall, an improvised bat and a ball are all the "gear" of the young heroes of that place to score runs and bag wickets

in crowded streets and lanes. Not for them the regulation stumps, pads, gloves, county caps, a playing area and other paraphernalia of the Mylapore youth, who at the end of it all calls for a 'Vimto'; but in Mylapore cricket is more a pastime than a game. Naturally, players from Triplicane have to learn the ins and outs of cricket the hard way—and Gopalan was no exception.

When in the twenties the Indians were on the search for a speed bowler the doings of schoolboy Gopalan, tall and well-proportioned, who could send the bails flying yards, fell on their ears. And in 1926 Gopalan played his first big match for the Indians against Europeans in the Presidency match. From that day he never looked back. In 1927-28, when the first M. C. C. team visited Madras, Gopalan was in the forefront and captured four wickets for 87 for the Indians and three wickets for 108 for All-Madras and kept his end up by long spells of bowling.

The abilities of the youth caught the eyes of all but none more than those of C. P. Johnstone. In order that he may toil at the wickets without a thought for the morrow, Johnstone provided Gopalan with a job in his organisation. As the years rolled by, learning by experience and example, Gopalan gathered wickets, runs and fame; his proudest moment, and also ours, was when he beat the famous Jack Hobbs and scattered the bails. Slowly and surely his prowess in cricket in local matches as well as against visiting sides reached the ears of the sportsmen of the north, and when for the choice of the Indian team to England in 1932 players from all over the country were invited for trials, Gopalan was among them. Despite a creditable performance which kindled hopes of his selection he did not find a place. Gopalan returned to Madras, not downhearted but chastened by the experience, and with determination to improve upon his past good work.

Gopalan did continue his grand work. A fine piece of bowling for an All-India XI in Calcutta against the

Australian XI under the leadership of Ryder in 1935-36 earned for him the distinction of playing for India in the second 'test.'

By his performances with both bat and ball Gopalan had by now earned the reputation of one of the best in the land and when the Indian team to tour England in 1936 was chosen he found a place and Madras sportsmen were overwhelmed with joy. But during that tour, Gopalan was given little opportunity to do justice to his skill. Yet, throughout the tour, which created such a furore, he carried himself on and off the field like a gentleman, and earned the testimonial of no less a person than Sir John Beaumont. Madras was proud of its son!

While from afar we regretted that Gopalan was being denied opportunities, the player himself wasted none. Away from the din of actual battle he was able to watch and learn from such master-craftsmen as Walter Hammond, Gubby Allen and Hedley Verity. On his return home we could discern in his game a richness and elegance not present before.

On figures alone Gopalan is entitled to an honoured place in the history of the game, but his greatness can never be measured by the yardstick. If only he had wanted he could have hit more centuries, but Gopalan never stays at the crease unless he must. To him the game alone is all that matters and nothing else. He approaches it in a cavalier spirit and bats and bowls with a freshness and vigour that fills the field and heightens the game.

The greatest virtue of Gopalan's batsmanship is its spontaneity. In an age of coached cricketers he stands bat aloft at the crease with the prime purpose of hitting the ball and sending it hurtling against the rails. And how gloriously he reveals his art, and the stupidity of rules of thumb like the 'forward defensive.'

While in batting Gopalan is a law unto himself, in bowling he is a stickler for the fundamental—the length. He began his career with all the vim and vigour of an adolescent youth and was prone to pitch them short; his great speed however made up for this defect. Then experience took a hand, and after his 1936 tour of England Gopalan shortened his rhyth-

mic run, lessened his speed, concentrated on length and spin and became more effective. The years passed by and the fingers lost some of their skill; but subtle changes of flight now played their part in bewildering the batsman as much as the vicious spin before. Based on the attribute of length Gopalan has so changed and adapted his bowling skill that even today, in his early forties, he is in the forefront of bowlers in the State, respected by all and feared by most.

The history of the game abounds with players whose heads should have been graced by the greatest honour of a test cap. It is equally lined up with those who had the distinction thrust on them. But this incidence is merely the result of the times in which a player performed. A Sutcliffe baulked the hopes of Sandham and Holmes for ever; in recent times with no one to fill the bill the cap has been handed over in turns that even Hobbs remarked that 'the test cap has become cheap these days'. Gopalan unluckily fell in the company of Sandham and Holmes; while he was at the pinnacle India had no dearth of bowlers, fast and fast-medium. Nissar, Amar Singh, Jehangir Khan, Nazir Ali—what a galaxy of talent!

But still to the masses at Madras, Gopalan was and is the idol. If India could not afford a place for him in her test teams, well, India was the poorer for that. And they loved him not because of his technical skill in cricket (or hockey in which he was equally proficient and famous). Success or praise has never turned Gopalan's head; he still enters and leaves the field as unostentatiously as he did in 1926. He is still like one of the boys of Triplicane who bowl at wickets drawn of charcoal in the lanes, bashful and unspoilt.

It is now 25 years since Gopalan stepped into the lovely field at Chepauk in representative cricket—25 years during which he has given to the game all that he had and asked for nothing in return. Very soon, our captain to skipper the Madras side will have to be chosen. Can we, who have in the past basked in the sunshine of Gopalan's cricket, pay a better tribute than ask him to lead the side in the Ranji Trophy matches this season and against the M. C. C. at Bangalore in February next?

HISTORICAL STORY

ROYAL GHOST

By Dr. N. VENKATARAMANAYYA, M.A., Ph.D.

VIRUPAKSHA sprang up from his bed with a hoarse cry. The attendant annagalu who were sleeping in the anteroom rushed into the emperor's bed-chamber and found him seated on the bed holding the frame-work firmly with both hands in a vain attempt to steady his body trembling with fear. Perspiration was coursing down his cheeks in profuse streams; and he was staring wildly at the curtained walls of the chamber. The golden mosquito net which was violently pulled down was lying in a heap in one corner of the bed; and the pillows of damask and velvet which were evidently thrown off from the couch lay on the ground all round in utmost confusion. On the entry of eunuchs, Virupaksha regained by a mighty effort some measure of control over his emotions and cried in a voice still trembling with agitation 'Sirrah!'

'Sire', replied the annagalu, 'Your Majesty is ill. Shall we summon....'

'How dare you interrupt us? Where are they?'

'Who, Your Majesty?'

'Those that streamed in here.'

'None came into Your Majesty's bed chamber.'

'None came? Liars! Is it a conspiracy?'

'Conspiracy, sire? We are old slaves of the family who faithfully served Your Majesty since your august boyhood. Treachery does not find room in our bosoms sire. Perhaps, the Uriyas....but how could they have passed unseen, entered the bed-chamber and disturbed Your Majesty's peace?'

'The Uriyas? They are our friends and allies; they are here to guard us from our enemies, and not to make a deadly attack on us. Friends do not attack friends, do they? What rascals have I in my service? They run away from their post, and try when discovered to shift the blame on some innocent victims.'

'Pardon us sire, for daring to contradict Your Majesty. We never left even for a moment Your Majesty's apartments. Snakes eat snakes and fish swallow fish; and his His Majesty, the King of Uriyas....'

'Hold your tongues, villains, or I shall have them cut.'

'As Your Majesty pleases; but think of the way in which he dealt with his benefactor and foster father. His greed for land is unsatiated.'

'Stop your insinuations. I cannot

believe that our brother Kapila has designs on our kingdom.'

'Why then, sire, should he volunteer to help Your Majesty?'

'Why?'

'Because he covets this fair empire of Karnata. He has taken possession of some of the richest and strongest rajyas and durgas. Had he not been kicked out of the Tigula country by young Narasinga, he would have conquered the whole Rayarajya.'

'So?'

'He changed his tactics. What he could not get by force of arms, he is determined to acquire by guile.'

Virupaksha was not convinced. He sat in silence brooding over the allegations of the eunuchs. The more he thought over it, the more certain he felt that the Uriyas had no hand in it. Kapileswara was his ally; he stood to gain by his rule over Karnataka rather than by his death. Hamvira whom Kapileswara sent to help him was his friend. The idea that they attempted to murder him was not worthy of credence. But who could have entered his apartment? Who would be benefited by his death? Or, was this an act of vengeance? Could they be the adherents of his predecessors lurking unseen in some hidden corner of the palace? The thought galvanised him into activity. He jumped up and proceeded towards the wall of the chamber followed by the astonished annagalu, whom he commanded to draw aside the velvet hanging screening it. He began to sound it methodically, as if he was searching for a secret entrance through which intruders might have crept in unseen. When he finished one wall, he passed on to the others; but his search was fruitless as no sign of a secret door was found in any of the walls. He returned to the bed and sat upon it in perplexity. Suddenly he heard a foot-fall; then another and another, as if some one was moving about. He looked up but he could see none. The Annagalu were standing where they were near the entrance.

'Sirrah!' he cried, 'seize him, do you hear? seize him. Why don't you move, you sons of....'

He did not finish his sentence. The rush of cold breeze made him shiver; and the musty smell which wafted with it created a feeling of nausea. Suddenly a face materialised before him; behind it appeared others of men old and young

which were somehow familiar. They began to advance towards him, came nearer still nearer with outstretched hands as if to clutch at his throat and strangle him. Panic seized him; he attempted to shriek, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth and with a groan he fell upon the bed and swooned.

II

The summer sun was setting behind the hills to the west of the city; and the sky was covered by a multi-coloured carpet of the clouds. Two young Vaishnavas, one carrying a palm-leaf book wrapped partially in the folds of a faded green shawl under his right arm, and another bearing an asimi containing the few articles of their luggage on one of his shoulders slowly trudged along the bhara-marga which connected the eastern provinces with the metropolis. As they approached the Vishnu temple near the Bhima's Gate, one of them addressing the other said,

'Sriranga!'

'Anna,' responded the other.

'The sun is just setting; it is time for sandhyavandana,' observed the first.

'Yes, Anna, shall we go into the temple of the Perumal, and perform the sandhya in the Kolam.'

'Is there one?'

'Let's find out; if there is no kolam, there must be a well.'

Leaving the road they walked towards the temple, and reached it within a few minutes. There was as a matter of fact no kolam; but behind the temple in the right hand corner of the prakara, near the entrance into the nandavana there was indeed a well by the side of which lay a bucket and a rope for drawing up the water. As they approached the well, a Vaishnava servant of the temple emerged from the doorway leading to the nandavana with a basket of flowers. On perceiving strangers within, he advanced towards them and greeting them with the usual Vaishnava salutation 'adiyen' asked, 'Svamis, you are welcome, this dasa is honoured by your arrival. People seldom visit this shrine. Where do the swamis hail from? What is your pleasure? Can this dasa render you any small service? He is ready to serve your auspicious feet.'

'Etiraja!' cried Sriranga.

'Svami,' answered the servant. 'Your reverence seems to know this humble dasa? When had he the privilege of worshipping your holy feet?'

'No, no,' said Sriranga with a smile. 'I merely uttered the name of Udayavar. I don't at all know you, as I never had the pleasure of meeting you before. We are strangers having come here for the first time to see the city.'

'Have you come a long way? I am afraid that the time is not quite propitious.'

'Yes, from Etur in Gandikotarajya; but why is time unpropitious?'

'Because you won't be able to see the Raya.'

'Why?'

'He is ill; none is permitted to see his Majesty excepting the pradhanas.'

'What ails him?'

'Nobody knows for certain; but rumour is busy. He is said to be assailed by ghosts which never leave him in peace day and night; they torment him incessantly, dog his footsteps, scratch him with their nails, pull his hair and stifle him to death in his sleep, they turn his food into garbage swarming with loathsome worms and his drink into blood; they dance before him, jeer at him and terrify him by assuming dreadful forms. Unable to live in the royal palace, he is said to have fled from it to Anegondi where he is believed to be living now in utter isolation; but the learned always find patronage in the city; the Sankaracharyaswami for instance,....'

'He is the head of the Smartas?'

'Does it make any difference? He is the successor of Vidyanaraya who begged the great Vedanta Desika to honour the court of Vidyanagara by a visit; the present holiness is a great admirer of Vidyanaraya and attempts to follow the example of his great predecessor.'

Sriranga turning towards his companion who remained silent during this conversation asked, 'Anna, what shall we do?'

'Why,' replied he, 'we perform the sandhya for which we came here, and wend our way into the city.' Then addressing the paricharaka, he asked, 'can we perform the sandhya here?'

'Of course, Svami. You can even rest here for the night, if it is your pleasure.' The temple servant then departed feeling certain that the strangers were honest folk whose presence within the precincts of the temple need cause no alarm. Sriranga proceeded to the well, deposited the asimi on the ground, and let down the bucket into the well, for drawing up the water to wash their hands and feet before commencing the sandhya ablutions.

The night set in; a mantle of dusk lay over the city hiding under it the highways, streets, palaces, temples and residences excepting in places where the torches carried by the passers-by appeared like rents in the garment. The Vaishnava brothers finished their sandhya ablutions, partook of some pulihorai and dadhyodanam which they brought with them in a tirpakudai in their asimi, and entered the city with the object of spending the night with a distant cousin, who was one of the archakas of the Kodandaramaswami temple on the bank of the Tungabhadra. They walked in silence along the straight road leading from the Bhimasena Gate to the Sringataka in

front of the Ganugitti temple where they came to a standstill, not knowing the right path which might take them to their destination. As they stood there hesitating as to which of the five roads that ran in different directions from the Sringataka, a nude Jaina monk accompanied by several lay disciples emerged from the temple and passing close to them stood at some distance in a knot bidding one another adieu before dispersing finally. The brothers approached them and enquired how they should proceed to reach the Kodandaramaswami temple. One of the lay disciples stretching his right hand towards the broad street going northwards directed, 'follow the Palace Road, pass the gate of the inner fort, the royal baths, and water course, you arrive in Maila-Santa, where at the junction of two roads stands the temple of Durga; then take the road to the left which skirts by the side of the Matunga hill; pass through the Akke-Tangi rocks, you arrive on the crest of the Hemakuta; anybody will direct you from that place to Kodandaramaswami shrine which stands at a distance of a bowshot.'

'Iruga!' intervened the monk, 'you live somewhere near the Parsvanathaswami temple, don't you?'

'Yes, svami.'

'They seem to be strangers; they may find it difficult to follow your directions. Can you not take them with you and show them the place?'

'As the svami commands.'

They followed the guide whom providence in the guise of the Jaina Sanyasin had provided for them, and proceeded in silence through several streets which ran up and down as if they were on the slopes of a series of hills. When they turned round a huge boulder which seemed to completely shut out the road, they suddenly found themselves in front of the gate of the inmost fort which revealed itself in the highest of blazing torches. 'Halt! who are you?' rang out the voice of the sentry.

'I am Irugappa, the banker; and these are friends,' replied the guide.

'Pass Irugappa with your friends.'

Once again they pursued the path silently for a while, and they arrived in the environs of the palace, which was lighted by innumerable torches of venuturu sticks which filled the air with the smell of burning resin. A large caravan of heavily laden asses and bulls which blocked the road leading to the Maila Santa arrested their progress, and they had to wait until the road was cleared. The blaze of trumpets and the sound of kettle-drums and of cantering horse-hoofs stirred the drovers of the caravan to activity; but before they could drive their laden animals off the road a company of rahuts rode into them scattering them as

well as the drovers and passers-by awaiting the road to be cleared. In the confusion caused by the arrival of the cavalcade, the Vaishnava brothers got separated from their guide and their search for him proved in vain, as they failed to find him anywhere. Unable to find the direction in which they had to go and perceiving a group of people in front of the hazara of the royal palace, they advanced towards it to learn how they should proceed to reach their destination. As they approached the hazara, the people from whom they expected to get help passed into the interior and the gollas of the gate believing that they also wanted to enter the palace put their long bamboo staff across the door-posts to bar the passage and demanded who they were and where they expected to go. At this Narasimha, the elder of the two brothers who preferred until then to remain in the background overcome by an impulse stepped forward and said,

'We are Ramadasas, we have come to see His Majesty by the command of the Lord.'

A sudden change came over the gollas; they began to tremble as if they were seized by ague. The bamboo staffs fell from their hands with a clatter on the hard granite threshold of the gateway; and they fell back as if pushed back by some unseen hands. Narasimha and his brother then passed unobstructed into the courtyard of the palace where a throng of courtiers and visitors awaited seeking audience of His Majesty. They met with no obstruction on their way. Even the avasarikas who usually set upon the visitors to the royal court did not come near them. They therefore entered the audience hall unannounced. The assembled courtiers and ministers cast upon them mute glances of enquiry. In answer, as it were, to their unasked question, the brothers, taking from a brass casket a few grains of yellow akshatas, began to recite in a loud voice a panasa from the Veda. The court listened to them in silence and when they cast the akshatas after pronouncing benediction on the king and his ministers, the Raya enquired through his sarvasirah-pradhana who they were and what they wanted. In reply to the question, Narasimha said, 'we are Sri Vaishnavas, devotees of Sri Rama; we have come here from Etur in the Gandikotarajya of Your Majesty's dominions at the bidding of the Lord to expound the Ramayana; we want nothing from Your Majesty except a patient hearing to our recital of Sri Rama's blessed story.'

'The Lord has mercy on us,' exclaimed the Raya. 'We'll be happy to hear this story; but during the course of the recital you must live within the precincts of the palace in quarters that will be shown to

you. You must on no account go outside or hold intercourse with any one. If you are agreeable to these restrictions, you may begin the recital forthwith.

'As Your Majesty pleases.'

At a sign from the Sarvasirah Pradhana, the avasarikas arranged seats near the throne for the brothers and led them to the place. They seated themselves comfortably; and Sri Ranga taking the bulky volume of Ramayana from his elder brother placed it on the ground before him, and after offering worship to it chanted in a sweet sonorous voice the slokas usually recited by all the habitual readers of the holy epic. He unfastened thread wound round the book and began his reading with the familiar *tapasvadyayaniratham* with which Valmiki commenced his great poem.

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III

An avasrika entered the apartment in which Virupaksha was sitting in moody silence and announced, 'sire, the Sarvasirah Pradhana desires to know whether Your Majesty will be pleased to grant him avasaram.'

The words of the avasrika fell on deaf ears. Virupaksha who was lost in thought did not heed them; for they sounded in his ears indistinctly like the words uttered at a distance. The avasrika getting no response to his announcement waited for a while in silence; but perceiving that the King was preoccupied summoned up courage and repeated his announcement in a voice somewhat louder than before. Awakened from his reverie by the noise perceptibly buzzing in his ears Virupaksha became aware of the presence of the avasrika who stood in front of him like a granite statue and sternly demanded how he dared to intrude on his privacy contrary to instructions. The avasrika repeated his announcement for the third time and begged to know whether His Majesty was inclined to grant the Pradhana's request. Virupaksha nodded assent; and the avasrika ushered the Pradhana into his presence with the usual formalities.

'Long live Your Majesty,' cried the Minister, 'how are you, sire.'

'Worse and worse. How long have we to submit to this torture? Wish that we are dead.'

'Why so, sire? I believed that Your Majesty must have become free from tribulation by now.'

'Free from tribulation? Lord have mercy on us! Last night was the worst since the manifestation began. We were still awake, though our eyes were closed; our mind began to wander seeking ways and means to end the torment. Something fell with a soft thud on the bed by our side. We opened our eyes and began

to search for the thing that caused sound. There it was, a small worm about two inches in length with two red pin point eyes, and bristles like those of an outbat wriggling towards us. We brushed it off the bed; it fell down to the ground, but did not leave us. A few seconds later hearing a hissing noise by the side of the bed we looked down; but the worm was nowhere; but in its place a small snake a span in length lay on the ground; we sat up and attempted to shout for the annagah; but no sound escaped our lips though we shouted with all our strength. At this an indescribable terror seized us; and the snake from which we had never taken off our eyes began to increase in size minute by minute; it grew and grew. At first it assumed the shape of a thread, then it became a string of the thickness of a thumb and ultimately a shining rope of four or five feet. It reared its head, and lo! it had a hood, which began to unfold and spread. That small snake developed within a few minutes into a huge hissing cobra which stood erect on its belly hinging furiously at us as if to strike. We fell back in fear; but the cobra rose to its full height until it appeared to support itself on the tip of its tail. With a mighty hiss which emitted fumes of poison, it fell on us; but as it fell, it changed its form. The fierce cobra somehow assumed a new form. It was no longer the loathsome reptile, but my late predecessor who sat upon our chest and clutched at our throat to strangle us. We felt that we lay under a huge boulder which was crushing us by its weight to death. Then we lost consciousness; but as soon as we regained our senses, we were assailed by scorpions which swarmed into our apartment from Lord knows where. When they vanished horrible forms made their appearance. We were tormented in this way throughout the night.'

'Evidently, sire,' said the Minister, 'Your Majesty was the victim of a nightmare.'

'Nightmare? no, no, don't....'

Virupaksha stopped suddenly in the middle of the sentence by the outburst of a peal of ironical laughter near at hand. 'Hark!' cried he, 'don't you hear them laughing?'

'Whom sire,' queried the Pradhana, 'I have heard nothing, neither laughter nor anything excepting Your Majesty's august voice.'

'Heard nothing? Nevertheless they are here right enough listening to our conversation.'

'Who, sire?'

'Why, surely our enemies.'

'How can that be, sire. The unhappy shades of his late Majesty and his friends are said to have even left the royal palace, being driven out by a mantrika. How can they still torment Your Majesty?'

'Is that true? Who are they? and how did they manage to dislodge those horrible Pisachas?'

'No one seems to know who they are; and they refuse to speak.'

'Where are they now? Have they left the city?'

'No sire; I have instructed the chief talari to watch them secretly, and keep track of their movements.'

'They seem to be holy men of great spiritual eminence. Could it be possible for us to meet them?'

'Nothing is easier. If it is Your Majesty's pleasure to honour them by granting an audience, surely they won't fail to take advantage of Your Majesty's kindness.'

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'May the merciful Rama, the slayer of Rakshasas protect Your Majesty!' With these words of benediction Narasimha and his brother scattered akshatas on the head of Virupaksha, as he rose up from his couch in the inner apartment of the palace in Anegondi to receive them.

'So be it,' cried he, 'we are highly honoured by your visit.'

'The will of the Lord is accomplished,' declared Narasimha.

'How so?'

'By the command of Your Majesty summoning us to your august presence.'

'Pardon us, sirs. The Lord has nothing to do with our desire to meet you. We have heard that you are mantrikas of great eminence who exercised by the power of your incantations the ghosts haunting our palace in the city. We don't know why and how you did it; but that is of no consequence. As we are the beneficiaries of your act, we sent for you to reward for your meritorious service.'

Your Majesty misjudges us, sire. We are not mantrikas. We know of no charm other than the Ramataraka mantra. We serve none but the Lord and his bhaktas for which he knows how to reward us. Besides by the generosity of his late Majesty Mallikarjunadeva Maharaya we are amply provided with worldly goods. We need nothing more. It has pleased the Lord to choose us as his instruments and accomplish through us his divine purpose.'

'Mallikarjuna? Had you known him long?'

'Long enough. We lived for two months in His Majesty's palace until the night before last when he bade us adieu before his departure to Heaven.'

'Impossible, he died three months ago.'

'So we heard from His Majesty.'

'How then could he have taken leave of you the night before last?'

'In the same way in which he had compelled Your Majesty to flee from the palace of Hemakuta.'

'Do you mean to say that you lived with

his ghost for two months in the palace?'

'So it turned out.'

'Were you not afraid?'

'Afraid? no sire. His Majesty and the members of his palace and court were very kind to us. Nothing in their appearance or demeanour indicated that they were not human. Besides, we did not know until the night before last that we had been living in a palace tenanted entirely by ghosts.'

'How was that?'

'It all happened in this wise, sire. We set out from Etur, our native village in the Gandikota Rajya in search of our fortune. Having wandered over the provinces, we arrived at last in Vijayanagara (to which lead all the roads) one evening towards nightfall hoping to find a patron who might introduce us to the king. We accompanied Irugappa, a Jaina banker whom we met by chance near a Jaina shrine as he undertook to show the way to the Kedandaramasvami temple where we hoped to spend the night in the house of a relation. Providence however willed otherwise. An accident near the Mailasanta separated us from our guide, and we approached a group of men who stood near the hazara of the palace to scarn from them the direction in which we had to go; but as we came near the gate, they entered the interior of the palace enclosure and disappeared from our sight. Here it was that we received the commission from the Lord. A great change came over me. The Lord spoke in my heart, and commanded me to enter the palace and expound Ramayana to the Raja and his court. I forgot everything and followed by Sriranga my younger brother, I crossed the hazara and having gained admission into the hall where the Raja was holding audience announced to him that the Lord had commissioned us to expound the sacred epic before him and his courtiers. He was pleased to grant us permission on condition that we agreed to live within the precincts of the palace, and never go outside nor hold intercourse with anyone outside. We consented. We read Ramayana every night for nearly two months, and received from the royal treasury a fee of a nishka for every sitting. The real character of our audience was not revealed to us until the last day when we read the portion describing Sri Rama's Pattabhisheka. The occasion was celebrated with fitting solemnity. We received many thousands of gold coins and precious stones as presents. When the reading was completed, the Raja, addressing us, said as we were preparing as usual to retire to our quarters, 'I am, venerable sirs, Mallikarjuna and these are my relations; we are all related to Virupaksha, the present sovereign of the country, and have been foully murdered by him with all our dependents in our

sleep. This horrible death transformed us to the state of Pisachas, and in this unhappy condition we were forced to haunt the palace. It was on our account that Virupaksha left this palace and is living at present in Anegondi to which place he banished himself. He had been trying ever since to get rid of us by vows and charities. But all that was of no avail. You two holy people by reading to us the Ramayana every night rid us of our sins and now we go to the Heaven of Satanika.' The King had scarcely uttered these words when he together with the people that assembled there to hear the Ramayana faded away. The torches and lights which illuminated the place lost their brilliance and died out completely. The audience hall was plunged in darkness; and a great silence prevailed. Uttering the holy name Sri Rama, the dispeller of evil, we groped our way out of the darkness and reached our quarters.

'Did the ghost of Malikarjuna say that it was going to Heaven for good?'
 'Yes, sire. Why this doubt?'
 'Because he has not kept his word.'
 'How so, sire?'
 'He honoured us by his presence.'
 'When, sire?'
 'Last night.'
 'Last night? impossible sire. We are certain that his late Majesty got rid of the pisacha state and ascended to Heaven. Those that attain the world of the Blessed never more come back to the mundane plane.'

'But, the apparition?'
 'O! the apparition. It has not emanated from him; he is as much connected with it as water with mirage.'
 'Do you mean to suggest that what we saw is an illusion?'
 'In a sense, sire. Though it is not real, it is not totally false.'
 'You speak in paradoxes.'
 'Not so, sire. Our karma, good or evil, never fails to produce fruit; and whether pleasant or unpleasant none can avoid tasting it. The apparition which haunts Your Majesty is not an emanation of the late king's soul but is engendered by the foul deed which Your Majesty perpetrated. How is it possible sire, for anyone however exalted to nullify the workings of the inexorable laws of karma?'
 'Are we then doomed to suffer in this wise for ever?'
 'It all depends on Your Majesty.'
 'Depends on us?'
 'Even so, sire; every malady has its remedy; the physician, however eminent, cannot effect a cure without the co-operation of the patient.'
 'Who is the physician that can cure us?'
 'The Lord!'
 'Where can I find him?'
 'Everywhere. Your Majesty must be aware of the Mahavakya of Prahlada.

'Have no doubts, O! most excellent of the Danavas, that the Lord is here and not there; wherever you search for him, there you are sure to find him.'

'That was in the Satya Yuga when Dharma walked on four feet.'

'The Lord's ways are inscrutable. He never abandons his creatures in his infinite mercy.'

'How can we find the Lord?'

'He has already come to you. We are his instruments; and we have been commissioned by the Lord to show you the path which may lead you to him.'

'Wish you could free us from this never-ending harassment.'

'We cannot, but the Lord can. Have faith in His infinite mercy, sire; faith and devotion are sure means of winning His grace.'

'We hope they are; but they cannot afford us immediate relief. Cannot something be done to mitigate its virulence?'

'We can but try an experiment; but unless Your Majesty has faith, it may not yield any efficacious result.'

Narasimha then approached Virupaksha, and uttering in a loud voice the rakshoghna mantras took off from his neck atavala of tulasi beads and placed it around the king's neck.

The morning sun had already advanced far towards the mid-heaven when the procession halted in front of the new temple of Rama which Virupaksha erected near the hazara of the royal palace to commemorate his emancipation from evil spirits. The state elephant on which were seated Virupaksha, and Narasimha with the Ramayana on his head kneeled down at the command of the mahout. The Sarva Sirah Pradhana who nourished the belief that the recovery of his master was entirely due to himself came to the foot of the ladder to offer his arm to the king for support as he descended from the back of the animal. When the king reached the ground he turned round and assisted Narasimha to dismount. Sriranga who was seated at the back of the howdah by the side of umbrella-bearer followed his brother. Virupaksha proceeded with the two Etur brothers one on either side to the mukhamantapa of the newly-built shrine, accompanied by all the nobles and captains who came to the capital to attend the Kumbabhishekam of the temple and Samasrayana ceremony of the King which admitted him into the fold of the Sri Vaishnavas. As they approached the steps leading to the arthamantapa, Viranacharya, the superintendent-architect came forward from the ranks of the workmen who were allowed as a special favour to be present on the occasion and prostrating before the king begged His Majesty and the courtiers to inspect the scenes from the Ramayana sculptured on

the walls of the shrine and the Prakara. The king enquired how far the Kumbabhisheka which commenced in the morning had progressed and having learnt from the Sthanadhipati that it would last for another hour, told the sarvasirahpradhana that he was pleased to comply with the request of the architect. At first he went round the shrine pradakhshina wise beginning in south-eastern corner of the Southern wall halting here and there a moment or two to observe closely such of the panels that caught his eye. He approved of the representations of the slaying of Tataka, discomfiture of Parasurama, mayamriga and lankadahana and suggested improvements in Sitasvayamvara, saptasalabhanjana, Hanuman's interview with Sita in the Asokavana etc. The inspection came to an end with the outer face of the western wall. As the king came near it the Sarvasirahpradhana attempted at the instance of the architect to dissuade him to proceed further declaring that the work on the outer surface was not yet completed and that it contained only rough charcoal drawings and no sculptured panels; but he passed on without heeding. There were as a matter of fact no sculptures; but the charcoal drawings and the roughly cut outlines of the panels attracted his attention. The surface of the wall was divided into four compartments each of which contained a sketch to guide the sculptor. One represented two weary travellers, twice born to judge from their yajnopavitas trudging their way to a city; another portrayed a large hall in which a couple seated on a cushioned settee placed before a small table, one reading a book while another explained it to a person obviously a king seated on a throne surrounded by a large number of servants and dependents; the third showed the same couple placing a necklace around the neck of a person standing before them; and the last exhibited a temple in the process of construction with a group of labourers receiving instruction from a person evidently their foreman. The king stood gazing at each panel for a few minutes and observed as if he were thinking aloud, 'the story is but half told.' On hearing him speak, the Sarvasirahpradhana who was a step behind him came forward and asked, 'how so, sire?'

'What is represented on the wall is only the uttarardha; where is the purvardha of which it is a sequel? Without the former the latter is not only utterly unintelligible but false.'

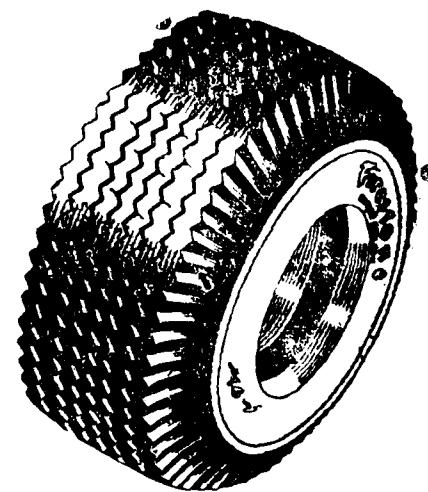
'How false, sire?'

'The true story is not portrayed. Half truth is nothing more than falsehood masquerading in disguise.'

'What is your Majesty's pleasure, sire?'

'Portray the true story fully or scrap it altogether.'

The samasrayana ceremony came to an end. Virupaksha was now a full-blown Sri Vaishnava, with fresh marks of chakra still smarting on his shoulders and all the twelve pundras painted distinctly in white and red in prescribed places in different parts of his body. At the conclusion of the ceremony, he stood up with palms of his hands joined in anjali over his head in the midst of a large concourse of Sri Vaishnavas of both denominations. Virupaksha made a deep obeisance, and turning towards the Etur brothers who were seated by his side on lohasanas, took off his person a necklace of pearls which he was then wearing and put it around the neck of Narasimha; he decorated similarly Sriranga with a valuable hara of nine gems. He next took into his hands a large golden harivana containing gold tankas, dinaras, pratapas and other coins of various kinds lifted it over the head of Narasimha and poured them over it slowly so that the coins fell in a heap on his head and then glided down his body on all sides. Then he announced to the assembly that he accepted Narasimha as his guru and deposited simultaneously in his hand a set of copper-plates secured by a ring bearing the emblem of Varaha granting to him and his brother the village of Etur as a sarvamanya agrahara in perpetuity.



Firestone

**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

REARMING THE GERMANS

By MATTHEW HALTON

ON all sides and wherever we look, the free world is beset by problems of frightening magnitude. The issue of war or peace—in a day when our very survival and perhaps civilization itself would be jeopardized by war—depends on whether the problems are solved or not. And of all the problems, perhaps the most difficult and dangerous is that of the rearmament of Germany.

This is not an academic question, or one for the future. In fact, the decision has been made. Rightly or wrongly, for good or for disastrously ill, the makers of Western policy have decided that Western Europe cannot be defended without the help of German soldiers. The Big Three foreign ministers have given General Eisenhower the go-ahead to create a unified European army that would include German forces.

This decision conjures up at once matters of extreme complexity, and one of the gravest is the problem of Russia. Will not German rearmament provoke Russia to take the fatal plunge?

We of the West all know that in rearming Germany we have no intention of starting a war against Russia. But what must the Russians think? Who could blame them for fearing a war of revenge? The Russians believe that a rearmed Germany would somehow drag the rest of the Western alliance into war. It would be inevitable. And if it is inevitable—so the Kremlin may reason—why not have it now before the military might of Germany is rebuilt?

The American, British and even French strategists, however, have calculated this risk and decided—rightly or wrongly—that it must be accepted. All our leading soldiers will tell you—and I have talked to many of them—that the North Atlantic powers are incapable of defending Western Germany without the support of the Germans.

"But why take the risk," I often ask, "when there is no sign that Russia is planning a world war or an onslaught on Western Europe?" And they gene-

rally reply: "We cannot afford not to take the risk. There's no indication today, it's true, that Russia is about to attack. The Russians have only 35-40 divisions in Poland and Eastern Germany, and they have not strengthened that force in the last two years. But the point is that the total Russian army west of the Urals is nearly 200-divisions, not to mention the satellite armies, whereas we have a mere handful. Early next year we shall have six U. S. divisions in Germany, five French divisions, four British, one Belgian and few odds and ends of Danes and Norwegians; a total of 18 divisions. It is not enough."

What The French Think

Our governments decided, in short, that there is in the long term a great and urgent danger of Russian aggression, and that therefore German manpower and resources must be integrated into the defence system of Western Europe. The problem was to find a system of rearming Germany, while preventing a rebirth of German power. This brings us to the heart of our subject, and a fascinating subject it is.

It can best be examined, I think, if we trace the evolution of French thinking on this question. It is important because it may lead to a real, organic union of Western Europe—and to a new great power in the world.

The French are preoccupied even more than the rest of us with the menace of German militarism. It is in the marrow of their bones. And as the German general staff is the spine of that menace, they maintain, it must never be rebuilt. The original French suggestion, when it first became clear that the West needed German fighting manpower, was that we should recruit small German units, of no more than battalion strength, and incorporate them in Allied formations. Thus, we would have the excellent German soldiers without the dangerous German generals.

But this plan never had a chance. The Germans themselves saw our

need of them and used it as an instrument with which to press for concessions, for equality. Our own military people, moreover, agreed with them that the plan was useless, both tactically and administratively.

It was then proposed that we should recruit and organize German brigade groups of about 6,000 men each to serve with British, French and U. S. divisions. But this was still not acceptable to the Germans, nor to our own military experts. The system has worked fairly well in Korea, because it had to work: but it is still inefficient and wasteful. The soldiers maintain that the division is the smallest formation that can operate handily on its own within a composite army of many nations. Reluctantly, the French agreed.

But not the Germans. The division was still not enough. "Equality or nothing," said the Germans. "If Russia strikes, the first blows will hit us. We shall be the battlefield. We are ready to stand side by side with the peoples of the free world, but only as allies. You need our army, but it cannot be a good army without a German staff."

Pleven Plan Produced

So there it was. The bogeyman was walking again.

France then produced the Pleven plan, the famous plan for a European army. It may transform history. France had already produced the Schuman plan, designed to banish the German menace and advance the integration of Europe by pooling the iron and steel industries of France, Germany and other European powers. The Pleven plan would hasten and consolidate the process. It provided for a European ministry of defence and a European general staff. France and all the other countries except Germany would retain national armies in addition to what they contributed to the European army. But Germany would vest her entire military establishment in the European army. Germany would be allowed to have divisions and even army corps, but they would be controlled and run by the European ministry for defence and general staff. In this way the restoration of German military sovereignty would be avoided and German pride would be satisfied.

When France first put forward her plan, U. S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson and British Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison were cool. It was not until General Eisenhower gave it his unqualified support that they agreed. But the plan is not enough for the Germans, who still demand complete equality. If France and the others retain national forces, they say, Germany must have them too.

And that brings us to the last stage in this evolution. There is a growing feeling in Europe that France, Germany, Belgium Holland, and Italy should go the whole hog; do away with national armies altogether, and merge their entire military sovereignty under one general staff and one ministry of defence.

It is a marvellous conception. It kills three birds with one stone. It gives us the formidable Germans as allies in the defence of the West. It banishes the danger of German militarism. And it takes these nations at one bound into that United States of Europe without which the distracted continent cannot survive, and which could not otherwise have been achieved in time. The Schuman plan—which has actually been initialled by a German government—will be the economic backbone of the federation; the European army will be the military backbone. Only four years after Winston Churchill made the famous speech at Zurich summoning the Europeans to sink their feuds or be sunk themselves in shallows and in miseries, we are within sight of the union of Europe. No wonder the project inspires excitement in the breasts of federalists everywhere.

But wait. It is now Britain's turn to see a ghost. Britain was worried about some of the implications of the Schuman plan. She felt it might wrench her away from the commonwealth and empire; she feared her socialist economy might be at the mercy of some future European anti-socialist monopoly. And the new military plan strikes some Britons as even more dangerous. "If the Schuman plan contains the danger of a technocratic, managerial dictatorship determining European economic policy" said the London Observer before the plan was approved, "the European

army plan contains the starker danger of a military dictatorship ultimately ruling Western Europe. What with the neo-Fascist and authoritarian trends in the countries concerned, and the possible later association of Spain, it is not entirely fanciful to imagine that if European military federation goes through without our participation we might one day find ourselves face to face across the channel with a new Fascist-military great power of 200,000,000 people.

Britain Wants Utopia

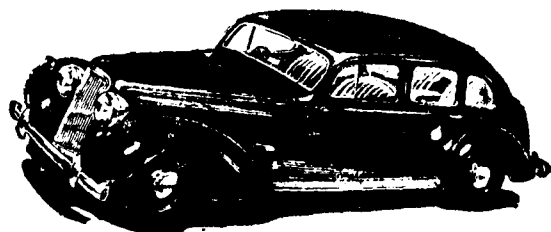
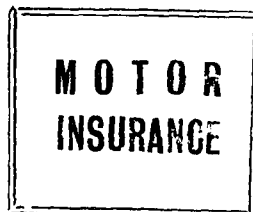
For this reason, and for others, the British want something even bigger and more revolutionary than a United States of Europe. We must press on, they say, towards Atlantic union. It may sound utopian, but it is nothing less than what we need: an organic union of the Atlantic world, including Germany. The boldness of the conception is surely matched by the danger of the hour. But if the conception is too bold, too utopian, then Britain must enter the continental super-state and use her influence

within it to develop it along democratic lines.

Just to set down these ideas, just to describe the ferment now agitating thinking people in Europe, is to show how the tempo of history has been accelerated in our own times.

I believe the British fears about the danger of a European army are chimerical. It seems highly unlikely that a United Western Europe ever could or would want to make a bid for domination. This is the atomic age and the Europeans, including the Germans, know they would be among the first to be destroyed. And there is a much more immediate danger than the hypothetical one of a European neo-Fascist state.

Against that danger we have decided to rearm the Germans. The decision was inevitable. Germany will be for us or against us. And this is the chance to bind her to us: to harness her genius to the wheel of Europe and at the same time chain the demon which would still run amok if it could.



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RAJAJI'S PLACE IN PUBLIC LIFE

By GALLERYMAN

CHAKRAVARTHY Rajagopalachari has taken leave of Delhi and the Government of India. Discerning observers of Indian political conditions and of the leaders who have grown under the inspiring and exalting influence of the Father of the Nation who are still left with us today, devoutly hope and trust that Rajaji, as he has come to be called all over India, will continue to give his sagacious counsel to our long-suffering and much distraught country. This yearning is shared by intelligent friends of India in U. K., U. S. A. and other countries abroad and by far-seeing statesmen in our own country.

Rajaji, some say, is an enigma. So, however, was Gandhiji. In fact, John Gunther referred to Gandhiji as "The Incredible Mr. Gandhi."

Not All Know The Truth

True greatness is neither simple nor easy to define and comprehend. It is in its nature complicated and difficult. Socrates, Plato, Napoleon, Gandhiji—all different from one another as chalk from cheese—were complex characters. Rajaji is made of similar stuff.

Hundreds of millions of people know Einstein as a great scientist. But it is doubtful if more than a score of persons in the whole world are aware of the *measure* and *character* of Einstein's greatness. Similarly, everyone speaks of Rajaji as a great man. But very few know the magnitude and nature of that greatness. In fact, people have admired him for his so-called astuteness and cunning! I do not know if there is any other contemporary figure who has been admired for such flagrantly contradictory reasons as Rajaji. There are people who admire him for his realism. There are others who revere him for his Vedantic detachment!

There is a tendency to regard "vested interests" as always comprised in groups of individuals or of institutions. This is a fallacy. A vested interest may consist of a single powerful individual. During the No-change *versus* Council-entry controversy, dur-

ing the period of the interim Ministry when the question of accepting office in the Provinces was being hotly debated, during the subsequent period when the Congress was actually in office, again during the depressing period of stalemate when Rajaji came out with his penetrating pamphlet "The Way Out"—in fact during *every* critical period of modern Indian history, Rajaji's wisdom and courage were a source of acute embarrassment, if not of intense personal loss, to several powerful interests and individuals.

It is these who have sedulously propagated the current myths about Rajaji being a cold, calculating, cynical individual. Prohibition, Temple-entry, Agriculturists' Debt Relief Bill—every one of the many schemes of reform championed by C. R. created joy among many and grief among a powerful few.

Friend In Need

The writer has seen and studied Rajaji's life and work both with zeal and sympathy. Rajaji is a hero, a philosopher, a statesman and a Karma Yogi—all rolled into one. Just as the contemporaries of Socrates and Plato, and even of Buddha and Jesus, did not realise the true measure of their greatness, so also we in India today have not understood the uniqueness of the qualities which mark C. R. It will be trite to say that his has been an eventful and glorious life, full of achievements. But it will not be trite to say that he has been the Dues-ex-machina who saved the situation for our country at every one of its recurring crises. When Gandhiji was hovering between life and death and when Ramsay MacDonald had not yielded on the Communal Award, it was Rajaji's ceaseless activity that brought people together and evolved a formula acceptable to all.

Similarly, not only did he interpret Gandhiji but he fashioned and moulded many of Gandhiji's schemes. To representatives from abroad, he explained the country's situation with a matchless lucidity and created a public opinion in favour of doing the

right thing by India which eventually became irresistible.

Amazing Courage

Few men are equal to him in physical, mental and moral courage. At a time when wearing Khaddar, running an ashram in an interior village, mixing freely with untouchables, preaching Prohibition—at a time when practising the ideals of Gandhiji were fraught with very grave consequences in terms of social ostracism and public obloquy, Rajaji adhered to everyone of the items of the Constructive Programme! To do all these things or even to seem to do these things is comparatively easy today. But in the early twenties and thirties it was Rajaji alone, who was second perhaps only to Gandhiji in point of courage, who could practise them. No man has faced so much opposition, deliberate maligning and grotesque misrepresentation with such calmness as C. R. has done.

Litterateur And Orator

As a writer of simple, idiomatic, lucid, convincing Tamil and English prose, he has very few equals. His short stories and essays are a reflection of his capacity to go to the core of every problem. His essays on religious, philosophical and literary subjects have been a source of inspiration to many thousands of readers.

His speeches have always been a treat to hear. Simple, direct, full of picturesque imagery and appropriate parables, I have heard Rajaji speak for hours on end, and everyone of those orations were enjoyed by large audiences as they would enjoy a Harikatha. Kalakshepam by savants of the calibre of Chidambara Bhagavathar and Panchapakesa Bhagavathar.

Somehow a legend has been spread

about him that he is all head and no heart. Close friends of his know that nothing can be farther from the truth. He keeps his emotions under restraint. That does not mean that he has no emotions at all. I know the love he bears to intimate friends and disciples like Kalki and T. K. C. He is steadfast in his loyalties to men, but he is not fussy or demonstrative about them.

The unkindest cut of the many that he has received in his busy life was the report that his retirement is itself a strategem. No wonder that even Rajaji, who has developed the art of smiling at the most mischievous of insinuations against him felt "hurt" by this.

Straight And Narrow Path

I recall an instance of a nephew of his going to him for a letter of introduction to a high-placed official for the purpose of securing a job. Rajaji's calm reply was "My dear nephew, if my helping you is not nepotism, what else is it? Are you not aware that the word nepotism itself has its origin in nephew?" The nephew has never forgiven him for that!

Freedom from the rough-and-tumble of actual and direct participation in politics will, it is hoped, preserve him in his full faculties for several years to come. That can be the only solace to those who know what his counsel has meant to the country.

Be it Thyagarayanagar or Courtallam, wherever he may stay, that place is sure to become a place to which philosophers, statesmen and scholars will make a pilgrimage atleast once a month in order that they may come back to their posts refreshed by his sparkling wit, radiant cheerfulness and penetrating and constructive analysis of every situation.

Faith may be defined briefly as an illogical belief in the occurrence of the improbable. Or, psycho-analytically, as a wish neurose. There is thus a flavour of the pathological in it; it goes beyond the normal intellectual process and passes into the murky domain of transcendental metaphysics. A man full of faith is simply one who has lost (or never had) the capacity for clear and realistic thought. He is not a mere ass; he is actually ill. Worse, he is incurable, for disappointment, being essentially an objective phenomenon, cannot permanently affect his subjective infirmity. His faith takes on the virulence of a chronic infection. What he says, in substance, is this: 'Let us trust in God, who has always fooled us in the past.'—H. L. MENCKEN.



By V. P. SATHE

IS film industry going through a crisis? Will it soon have to face the same depression through which it passed only five years ago? All the experts in the trade are very pessimistic about the immediate future of the industry; they are all predicting that the industry will go back to the days of 1946-47—the worst days in living memory.

Why? For two reasons. First, the collections are rapidly falling down. Second, the cost of production is mounting up beyond all limits. An average picture costs today not less than five to six lakhs for the producer. How long is the producer going to suffer this loss? How long can he live on the uncertain hope of a fluke hit like *Barsaat* or even *Badal*? Moreover, the ratio of miserable flops to successful pictures has become so disparaging that out of 100 at least 75 pictures are a dead loss to the producers and distributors.

Is there no way out of it? There are many ways. The correct way is of course to increase the standard of living and also the standard of pictures so that more people come to see more Indian pictures again and again. But with the growing inflation and unemployment the standard of living is more likely to go down. Besides, as long as there is restriction on building of new theatres, there is no possibility of increasing the audience. The ban on touring cinemas hits at the very root of the development of the film industry since the peasant is today in a better position than the worker to visit theatres.

The standard of motion pictures is deteriorating in the sense that the stories have the same pattern. Recently within a week two pictures

with almost the same story idea were released in Bombay. Even South as is evident from *Bahar* has failed to break the rut into which our screenplays have fallen. Unless the standard of our stories improves—unless at least the stories can provide a good meaty plot—our pictures inspite of all their lavishness and technical finish have hardly any chance of success.

Indeed, one is reminded in this connection of Samuel Goldwyn's classical words "There is no problem that good pictures cannot cure." Yes, good pictures offer solution to all problems, including star-system.

Picture Of The Week

Talking of good pictures, it was really heartening to see Prabhat trumpet blowing again on the screen. And the trumpet which had lost its vigour during last four years and had been almost silent for last two years, seem to have recaptured some of its old charm that made it so popular in Prabhat's latest picture *Sant Janabai*, directed by a new comer Govind Ghanekar and produced by veteran S. Fatehlal.

Of late, mythologicals and devotionals are again very much in vogue. The main purpose of such pictures is to delight the audience with supernatural miracles performed with the help of the trick photography. There is nothing human, nothing sincere in these pictures and even the *vaishnav* philosophy of devotion has been conspicuous by its absence. In a refreshing contrast to these 'miracle' mythologicals *Sant Janabai* offers a sympathetic human study of an orphan girl who had faith in her devotion and in the rich human virtues which made her great as a human being.

As an orphan child, she was picked from a temple and brought home by Damasethi. While his wife resented this new addition to the family and harassed her, his young son became her chum and disciple. The first half of the picture mainly depicts the orphan girl in a human manner which reminds one of Charles Dickens' novels. And the admirable part of it is that the roles of child Janabai and Namdeo are superbly played by Lalitha and Umakant, two talented children whose acting is so natural without any affectation and precociousness. The mother is converted and the childhood ends on a happy note.

Janabai and Namdeo, who is married and has two children are recognised as great devotees. But mere devotion is not enough to keep the body and soul together, especially when one has children to feed. And it is the constant clash between the material and spiritual life that provides drama in the second half of the picture. Here also both the author Madgulkar and director Ghanekar have laid stress on the human outlook of saints. For instance, Namdeo takes a loan from a moneylender to start business and when on the way he meets poor desolate villagers robbed of their clothes by decoits, he distributes the clothes among them. To be humanitarian is always bad business and to pay Namdeo's debts poor Janabai works day and night to keep the family going.

Out of these domestic and human incidents comes the climax. Even God gives a human colour. Lord Vishnu comes to help Janabai at night in her work and one day he sleeps there covering himself with a quilt given by his devotee. Early morning he is shown rushing to the temple. In the rush he takes away the quilt and drops down his diamond necklace.

The priests discover the quilt and find the necklace missing. Janabai is arrested and no one believes her story with the result that she is sent to the gallows. But in the gallows itself she meets Lord Vishnu in his image—a miracle which is rather symbolic than supernatural.

The story is thin and at times patchy, but still it is the sympathetic human treatment and the Maharashtrian atmosphere which is so real and

life-like that sustain our interest for two hours and elevate our minds. The production is indeed upto the Prabhat standard; the acting of children is the highlight for which credit is due to Govind Ghanekar who in his very first essay in direction has captured the Prabhat tradition. One wishes that they had selected a better artiste than Hansa to play the title role; The choice for the role of Namdeo also is not happy. The music is good and Narendra Sharma seems to have done an excellent job in his transcription of script from Marathi to Hindi.

Reminding one of the old Prabhat pictures *Sant Janabai* will be liked by all those who vote for human devotional pictures and abhor miracles.

Personality Of The Week

From a clerk in newspaper office, ever smiling, enthusiastic fast-spoken handsome Govind Ghanekar has grown up into a film director—and a promising film director at that.

In the thirties, he left his job in a Marathi newspaper and joined B. P. Samant & Co. As a publicity expert, he conducted the campaign for many films and introduced the illustrations and designs in film publicity for the first time in India. As a creative publicist, I believe, he is still unsurpassed. In 1941, he became the publicity officer for Famous Pictures and through Famous he joined Prabhat as the production secretary in the days Prabhat was making *Chand* and *Ramshastri*.

Later when Famous started producing pictures Ghanekar came back to Bombay. But with the rise of Kashyap to the helm of affairs in Famous, Ghanekar was again transferred to Poona three years ago. Ghanekar who had by now gained great experience in production put on the mantle of director and made *Janabai* for Prabhat. During the concluding stages of the production, the internal quarrels of Prabhat came to a head. The picture was hurriedly finished and Ghanekar bade goodbye to Prabhat even before seeing the final print of his first directorial vehicle.

And thanks to the internal dissensions, for two years *Janabai* was lying in tins. There was no distributor to release it. Meanwhile Ghanekar esta-

blished himself as a director by making two pictures in Marathi.

Now happily the quarrels are settled; Prabhat and Famous have joined hands and they are functioning as before. So at last *Janabai* was released and the true calibre of Ghanekar as a director has come into limelight. If *Janabai* is any indication, Ghanekar is bound to win many laurels in this new field of his career.

At the moment he has joined Famous Pictures and he is associating with R. S. Crowdhary in the production of *Jalimwalabaag*.

News Of The Week

—Santoshi performed the muhurat

of his new picture *Chorus* on Sunday 28th at Prakash Studios. Rehana and Ranjan are co-starred again.

—Pancholi started the shooting of *Aasman* on Saturday 27th October at Eastern Studio and has by now completed one set.

—*Jhanjor* is the title of Sai Productions maiden venture starring Kamini Kaushal.

—Bade Ghulam Ali Khan and Amir Khan have been engaged by Prakash to sing for *Baiju Banwara*.

—Abbas has returned from China and had resumed the shooting of *Anhonee*.

MOVIE MAKERS IN TROUBLE

By W. G. MATTERS

BRITAIN'S movie makers are in trouble. They have been in trouble for a long time but during the past two years a crisis has been developing which threatens to bring film production virtually to an end. Employment has gone down by half since 1948. Three major studios have been sold and turned to non-film uses, and many others are idle or only partly occupied.

In the early post-war years the future looked bright enough. Britain's movie makers were on top of the world, winning universal acclaim with films made in the great new tradition built up during the war. Even now it is estimated that at least 62 first features will be coming on the world's screens in the next 12 months. Yet people in the industry are predicting that British film production 'may soon "cease to exist as a factor in the economic and artistic life of the country"—unless the drastic changes they propose are made quickly.

What is wrong with British film production? The problem dates from World War I which all but killed a thriving British industry and left the rival U. S. companies a clear field. Since then, the production of films in Britain has been a relatively small and uncertain side activity of an industry built up for the distribution and exhibition of mainly U. S. films.

As a result, British producers get only a small share of total box-office takings for the films they make, not enough to keep them solvent, while the more powerful theatre owners take large profits. The complicated business machinery operating silently but inefficiently behind the theatre screen would work just the same without any British films at all. The theatres would show only Hollywood movies which are less popular with the public but equally profitable to the theatre owners.

With the industry geared in this way, it has always been difficult for British producers to make a profit or even to recover their production costs. Their efforts have been described as like "trying to get a footing on an already spinning wheel." In the long run they never succeed. The movie magnate owning interests in both theatres and studios can either make a picture to show on his screens or hire one from Hollywood. Why should he risk a fortune in the studio when, with infinitely less trouble, he can fill the screen and make a certain profit?

J. Arthur Rank, ruling prince of the British movie industry—12 of the 15 British films showing recently in New York were his—made a gallant attempt to conquer the U. S. market in order, to produce sufficient extra

income to make production pay. Rank believes, and few will disagree with him, though some may criticize his methods, that Britain has a tremendous contribution to make in the world of films and cannot afford to allow other countries to monopolize the medium. He has done well. His current dollar earnings from Canada and the U. S. are the highest ever. Yet they are not enough. Rank is cutting his losses by curtailing production, and no one is sure where the process might end.

Last year, when unemployment among film workers was already heavy, leaders of one of their trade unions, the Association of Cine Technicians, decided to take things into their own hands. They formed a co-operative production company, Act Films Ltd., with a board of 16 unpaid directors headed by producer Anthony Asquith (who produced for Rank "The Browning Version"). The company's first film, a comedy feature called "Green Grow the Rushes," starring Roger Livesey, was completed in 10 weeks. All the actors, the producer and director accepted minimum fees and deferred a percentage to be paid out of box-office profits if any. This experiment is intended to prove that the craftsmen who make British films are able to do the job, and that only the top-heavy structure of the industry prevents them. The picture cost under \$300,000.

Faulty Structure Blamed

The money was borrowed from the National Film Finance Corporation, a film bank set up by the Government in 1949, with a capital of \$18,000,000. The bank was established to help independent producers in their efforts to compete with the big combines. Of the 25 first features financed by the Corporation, it is estimated that 12 will make a profit. Only two of them, "The Happiest Days of Your Life" and "Operation Disaster," are considered certain to recover production costs in the U. K. alone. Even with those successes, however, and allowing for repayments in the next two years, the corporation says that, unless more money is made available, it will soon have to reject most of the loan applications received. Critics claim these loans are subsidies in disguise and that, in effect, taxpayers' money

is being used to prop up the existing faulty structure of the industry.

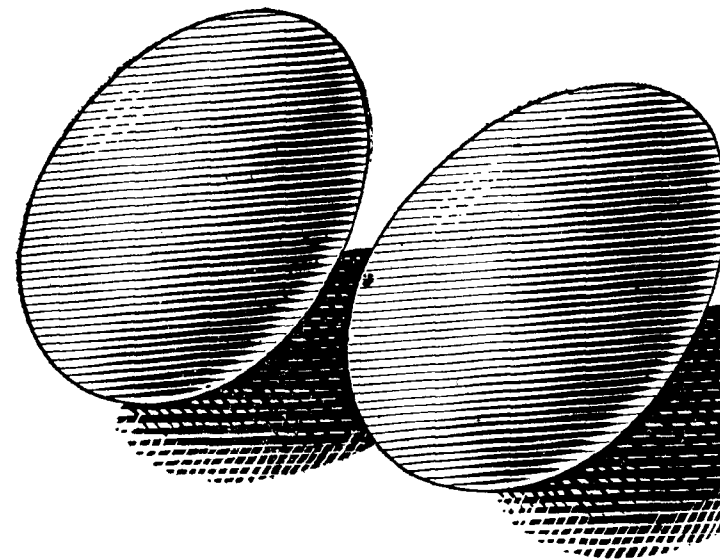
The Corporation recently started a production business of its own—in co-operation with Rank's distributing subsidiary. Other companies are planned, one of them in association with the second big studio and theatre-owning combine, Associated British Pictures. This arrangement, although it does not prevent a film making a loss, does ensure that the pictures made will be shown to the public. Certainly of exhibition is the first requirement for success in the film business, as Rank himself discovered many years ago.

Today he controls some 470 theatres, while Associated British owns 414. These two circuits completely dominate the exhibition field. An independent producer whose picture is turned down by both circuits knows it will be financial failure, however good it is. And, if it is accepted by one of them, his contract almost certainly will prevent him from selling "first run" exhibition rights to any of the other theatres outside the circuit. To give British producers a chance, the Government fixes the proportion of screen time theatres must allow for British films—an obligation which is widely and profitably ignored. At present the British quota is 30 per cent, and this includes some of the pictures made by U. S. companies in Britain.

This is the background to the crisis in British films. To the big men of movies the remedy is a reduction in the heavy entertainments tax which the public pays when buying theatre tickets. More than a third of the total box-office takings of over \$300,000,000 yearly goes in tax. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer would forego only a fraction of his huge share, say the film chiefs, the industry could be established on a self-supporting basis. Their appeal has had some success.

It came on the heels of a recent "tax revision" campaign carried up and down the country by the exhibitors. This resulted in a petition to Parliament signed by well over 3,000,000 theatre-goers, many of whom believed they were petitioning for cheaper seats.

Effective this month, tax increases and adjustments—involving higher



Eggs are almost like milk

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charges for seats—will raise the industry's share of total box office takings by \$18,000,000. The Chancellor has arranged that the producers will get \$6,900,000, and the theatre owners \$11,000,000. As a further step in the right direction, the Government has promised a complete overhaul of the whole structure of entertainments tax covering every entertainment field. This may have far-reaching results.

But to blame taxation alone for the film industry's plight is to make a complicated problem appear altogether too simple. To many movie folk the incidence of taxation is hardly an issue. The Film Industry Employees' Council, which comprises the five trade unions in film production, believes any tax concession the national finances might allow, should benefit first the public through cheaper seats.

"Films Pay Wrong People"

Instead of pressing for tax relief, the five unions—of film stars, producers, directors, technicians—have drawn up a 10 point plan, the most controversial items of which are the demand for a greater proportion of box office receipts to be returned to the producers at the expense of the theatre owners, and for the ending of monopolized control of theatre circuits to ensure fair distribution of films. The plan also proposes an increase in the quota of British films which theatres must show, revisions in the Quota Act to disallow what are virtually Hollywood films made in Britain, and Government use of existing powers to control idle studios.

"British production cannot be put on a sound basis unless British films can secure adequate exhibition and a fair return," says the Council. Sir Laurence Olivier, one of the Council's chief spokesmen, recently led a deputation of artists to the House of Commons.

"The unbalance (between production and exhibition) is fantastic and artificial," says the Film Industry Employees' Council. If it cannot be righted by voluntary agreement within the trade, the Council wants a fair return" ensured by legislation. George Elvin, secretary of one of the five unions says: "We welcome the Chan-

cellor's recent taxation revision which gives the producers additional income. It brings us a step nearer to a square deal. But it is only partial realization of one of the points in our programme."

Allowing for income from overseas, the loss of British film production is estimated at \$9,000,000 annually. On the other hand, the theatre-owners make an estimated yearly profit of at least \$51,000,000. Their gross profit last year was \$20,000,000. It is recognized that some small theatres barely manage to pay their way, but taken as a group it is true to say that the theatre-owners cannot lose whatever happens to British films. And the distributors' commission—which the Council wants cut by half—mounts up whether British films are passing through crisis, slumps or boom. "The film industry," says Ralph Bond, producer-director, "is concerned with profits first while cultural and artistic activities are subsidiary."

As its chief contribution to the Festival of Britain, the film industry has made a picture of the life of William Friese-Green, the Bristol-born inventor of movies. "The Magic Box," with Robert Donat and a host of other stars, tells the dramatic story of the man whose genius created fortunes for many in the new industry which developed but who himself died penniless. He died in 1921 at a film trade meeting, which he attended as an interested but almost unknown onlooker, in the middle of a speech he was trying to make, begging the movie magnates of the time to end their squabbles about money and terms and to use the theatre for the good of mankind.

What Friese-Green wanted then is not very different from what the Film Industry Employees' Council wants today. The five unions, representing the creative side of the industry, are asking for the whole tangled web of financial tie-ups between them and the screen to be torn down and a simplified and more equitable structure put in its place. Now that the people directly concerned have agreed on a detailed policy, and are attempting to arouse public opinion, the fight to save British films has a reasonable chance of success. It will not be easy.—*Copy-right.*

WHAT'S YOUR ALLERGY?

By J. E. BELLIVEAU

A pretty baby girl wrapped so completely in clothes and blankets that not a square inch of her skin could be touched by the light of day, was carried one day into the office of an allergy specialist.

It was not cold outside. The baby was covered because if the light touched her, she broke out in terrible welts. After a series of treatments with ultra-violet rays, she recovered.

In Memphis, Tennessee, U. S. there was a man whose doctor said his resentment against his mother-in-law caused him to break out in huge, itching hives. In the middle west, a woman who had never eaten parsley until she was grown up tried it once and her whole body became inflamed. Her tissues became swollen and she was choking to death. In hospital, a heavy dose of adrenalin brought her round. She had been allergic to parsley.

Another baby, six months old, died choking and unable to breathe. Chicken feathers in his pillow had been the allergy that took his life, in the opinion of a child specialist.

Many thousands of people are allergic to feathers, most of them in a minor way, and perhaps the majority do not even know it.

It is only in the last fifteen years that specialists have arisen and knowledge of the existence of allergies has become fairly general.

Hay fever, asthma and eczema are the most commonly known allergies, but sinus troubles, general urticaria (hives), gastro-intestinal (digestive) upsets and many forms of skin ailments are also allergic in their nature.

Hyperesthetic rhinitis is a sensitivity, and a common one, to feathers, house dust, hairs, food, fungi and bacteria and, unlike hay fever, is not seasonal. Usually it is perennial.

Migraine headache may be an allergy, in which there is a spasm of the brain's blood vessels. In asthma, the sensitivity causes swelling of the bronchial tubes. In eczema, the tissues immediately beneath the skin become affected and flare up.

People can be allergic to almost anything, there is even a case on

record of a child allergic to cod liver oil.

In New Jersey, one man was found to be allergic to his wife.

Whenever she was close he broke out in a painful, itchy rash. When she was absent he was fine. So they separated.

Dust from her bridal bouquet killed a bride on her wedding day. She suffered a severe attack of asthma as she left the altar. The authorities said flower dust was the cause of her death.

Sometimes people who become choked up undergo skin tests for allergies and discover, much to their surprise, that they are slightly allergic to dozens of pollens, grasses and foods to dusts and feathers and animal hairs.

Among them there is always one big offender. It may be ragweed, or silk, or pork or beef. Many people are allergic to pork and it upsets their digestions badly, leading them to think there might be something wrong with the meat. Not the meat, but the consumer is abnormal.

Smoke, ash or coal dust and street dust will irritate almost any allergy addict, but in themselves they rarely cause allergic reactions.

In most cases where major allergies exist, the presence of animal pets in the house of the victim is bad medicine. Of course, many people are so allergic to cat, dog and rabbit hair that they cannot abide their presence at all.

The age of allergy onset varies widely, but a high percentage shows clinical symptoms in the first ten years. However, Dr. Menace had a patient who got his first hay fever attack at the age of 75.

More often than not, the symptoms develop serious proportions in the twenties and thirties.

Nasal allergies are often caused by the spores of fungi found in ordinary things like grains, vegetables, fruits or organic matter. Sometimes the symptoms are perennial.

Foods are often the cause of perennial rhinitis, the clinical name for nasal allergy. Most common trouble-

makers are wheat, eggs, milk, peas, beans and cocoa. Eczema caused by egg is common in infants but generally they grow out of it.

Along with the other allergies are gastro-intestinal ones that stimulate the functional and organic areas. Some people can become severely ill not only by eating egg, but even by eating hen meat. Sensitive children have been known to suffer just because their mothers, who had handled eggs, had touched them afterwards.

The sulfas and penicillin bring on severe and dangerous allergic reactions.

Amazing results have been achieved by those allergic to feathers, who often don't know it until they have been tested; they do nothing more than cover their pillows with rubberized material or soft plastics.

Even though they are vacuumed frequently, rugs collect dust on the underside, and this causes trouble for allergies. Overstuffed furniture, carpets and rugs should be vacuumed often and thoroughly. The pads under rugs are sources of allergy dust.

There is a case of the boy who could not be spanked by his parents. The touch of their hands brought great hives on him.

In Minnesota some of the first cases of persons allergic to cold were found. If any part of their bodies was exposed to the cold, they "broke out" painfully in various ways.

For some people heat is the culprit; in fact, more are so affected. A few cannot stand the sun's rays but must remain inside, covered, in darkened rooms.

Sometimes people get rashes by coming in contact with certain objects. Contact dermatitis is a skin disease which may be caused by the skin's contact with something such as leather or fur. There are those who suffer after drinking hot or cold water.

Allergists are coming to the conclusion that many of the common colds people suffer are not infections but non-seasonal allergies.

These are most common in winter because people are indoors more. If there is not proper humidity, the membranes, especially the mucosa of the nose and sinuses, are more easily affected.

While the reason for allergies is known to be an imbalance in the constitution, precisely what this imbalance is has not been proven.

One of the strongest theories, supported by the success of anti-histamine drugs, is that the histamines in the cells become excited and act as a chemical fuse to cause an allergy explosion.

In the last few years, after the development of benadryl, the first of the effective anti-histamines, many anti-histamine drugs have come on the market.

Most of them are useful to some people. One drug will do nothing for one and give 100 percent relief to another though the relief is usually temporary.

There are now about 24 such drugs available. The most difficult part about using the drugs is to find the one suited to the individual patient.

THE SUEZ CANAL HAS A HEADACHE

By A Special Correspondent

THE world's most important highway is just now afflicted with the world's most excruciating headache. The highway is the Suez Canal and the headache is, really, a matter of life and death. On the surface of the canal everything is sunshine and blue water.

The Universal Company of the Suez Maritime Canal, to give it its full legal title, is harvesting its greatest bumper crop of transit fees. Suez faces the most critical period of its existence, so that an alternative route is being suggested. Before considering the remedy, the ailment of the Suez must be diagnosed.

Tale Of A Mule

The Suez Canal Co. is really "universal," with headquarters in Paris, the "ditch" in Egypt, protected by Great Britain, watched over by the U. S. and the Soviets. In five years, Britain's treaty rights in the canal will expire, unless renewed, of which there is very little likelihood. Now she has the right to maintain 10,000 armed soldiers in the canal zone, together with air and naval bases.

For over a generation Egypt has struggled to rid herself of her 'protector.' In 1948, the Egyptian Government appealed directly to the U. S. to free her from treaty trammels, insisting she was able to look after the security of the canal, with United Nations' aid. The Egyptian case was put bluntly in a Cairo newspaper cartoon sometime ago. It showed Egypt's man-in-the-street, Misri Effendi, on a park bench next to stately Miss Britannia, under the watchful eyes of a steel-helmeted figure. "I should love to hold hands with you," the Effendi signed, "but I cannot, while that man is around."

Another Egyptian story is told about Britain's way of putting off the final day of evacuation. The funny man, Goha, was in great need of money, so he appealed to the Grand Vizier, proposing to teach his mule to speak in 10 years for prompt remuneration.

The Grand Vizier accepted the proposal saying, however, that if Goha failed to fulfil his side of the bargain, his head would be cut off. A blissful Goha told his wife about his good fortune.

"You fool," she remonstrated. "You know you cannot teach a mule to speak. 'I know,' he replied, 'but lots of things can happen in 10 years to me, the mule and the Grand Vizier.'"

To return to the Egyptian cartoon, Miss Britannia fears that if the steel helmeted figure moves away, Ivan the Russian will draw closer. Also she is not unaware of the presence of Uncle Sam somewhere around. For the first time in history, an American has been appointed a director of the Suez Canal Co. Pinkney Tuck, former U. S. Ambassador to Cairo. Also, U. S. trade in the canal is rising spectacularly from almost nothing, a few years ago, to nearly one-quarter of the total transit, second only to Britain. The canal is being used largely by vast U. S. oil companies controlling Middle East oil fields. Still more important, Uncle Sam is now a sentinel on the ramparts watched by the Western world in the Middle East. For the first time in history Uncle Sam has a lifeline in the Suez canal.

In Twenty Years

Another problem is that the very concession of Suez expires in 20 years unless renewed. Several years ago, the Company attempted to have it renewed, but failed, and there is not the least hope in the world that it would succeed now. Egypt has the right to acquire the canal at the expiration of the term. Therefore, the Company, Britain and U. S. and other interested powers must make their preparations now for the future so as not to leave the most important of all highways at the mercy of any chance event.

Egypt can scarcely restrain her eagerness to see Britain, and the Company go. She has only a small stake in the financial success of the

LIFE BEGINS AFTER 50

The full flowering of human life does not take place in the reproductive period ending in the mid-forties, with an inevitable period of degeneration following. Instead, the greatest development of the human being is achieved in the period of maturity, to which the reproductive period is but a slightly related prelude. It is only in the greatest extension of the maturity period to the latter decades that the fully evolved human being develops. Thus far man has hardly lived long enough, in a healthy state, to even know himself, but will live longer.

Such is the motif that can be found in the scientific investigations of the problems of old age presented at the Second Gerontological Congress held recently at St. Louis.

organization, being entitled to only a pittance of 300,000 Egyptian pounds a year and a 10 per cent tax on the dividends. Ordinarily, she was to have received 15 per cent of net profits, but sold that right long ago.

The life of foreign concessions has been made as bitter as the waters of the Great Bitter lakes in Egypt, because of the new Company Law, which Cairo has just promulgated. Under this law, the majority of the shares of all corporations doing business in Egypt must be in local hands; at least 40 per cent of the directors must be Egyptian nationals (Suez has now only two of them) and fully two-thirds of the higher echelon employees must be native nationals. These conditions do not apply to the present concession, but would apply to a renewal. Meanwhile, the Egyptian Government wants to make life bitter for the Company, increased business necessitates the employment of more pilots, but Egypt puts all kinds of obstacles in the way of bringing them into the country.

Other problems, too, darken the horizon of the canal under the deep blue Egyptian sky. Most of the current trade is derived from Persian Gulf tanker oil shipments. Petroleum companies started building trans-desert pipe-lines into Mediterranean ports, thus obviating transcanal shipments. For the time being, conflict in Palestine has halted the laying of the pipes. Increased air transportations may also cut into canal revenues.

The real importance of Suez, however, is in global strategy, the significance of which is not minimized even in the atom age. The Commander of the Transjordan Arab Legion, Glubb Pasha, put the matter succinctly: "What Panama is to the U. S., Egypt is to Britain. What the South American continent is to the U. S., the Middle East is to Britain. Let's have a Middle East Monroe Doctrine!"

A Middle East Monroe Doctrine must have a Middle East "Panama" and also a canal. This is where the alternative route comes in. It is

proposed to link the Mediterranean sea with the Red sea via the Gulf of Aqaba. That Gulf forms the eastern boundary of the Sinai peninsula, of which Suez is the western boundary. The Gulf bites deeply into the desert, and offers a parallel canal. The Middle East "Panama" is the kingdom of Transjordan.

At the head of the Gulf stands the Arab village of Aqaba, also known as Ela-Akaba, of about 100 mud huts, inhabited by some 300 persons, near the junction of four frontiers—Palestine, Transjordan, Egypt and Saudi Arabia. The village is safely within Transjordan, and thereby hangs a tale that casts a light on the great significance of this insignificant oasis in the desert land.

British Diplomacy

Aqaba has a strategic importance which is not new. In the Old Testament the place is mentioned as the desert station which Moses and his people passed in their wanderings, to the land of Moab, from where they were to set eyes on the Promised Land. This was the port from which King Solomon launched his ships on an expedition to Ophir from where the building material for his temple was to come. Much latter, the Crusaders built a castle here, and its ruins may be seen to this day. In recent times, this was the assembly point of pilgrims bound for Mecca.

World history and this mean mud village renewed their acquaintance-ship early this century when the nominal sovereign of the entire vast region, the Ottoman Empire, claimed Aqaba; while Britain laid down the law that it was part of Egypt, then a British Protectorate. During World War I the Turks took the village, ready to repulse the attack of their foes, the British, from the side of the sea. Instead of that, the attack was launched from the land side, under the leadership of Lawrence of Arabia. The tiny village became a pawn in a big power chessboard game, and for good reason, Egypt was turning away from Britain, and the possibility of an alternative canal route to link the Mediterranean with the Red sea was canvassed. In the deep desert of Arabia there arose a mighty warrior, leader of fanatic Wahhabi sect, Ibn

Saud, who contested Hussein's right to the Hedjaz throne, and besieged him in Aqaba. If he had stormed into that village, he would have obtained control of a key position. In order to stall him off, the British Government took poor King Hussein to Cyprus to cry over the loss of his throne. Ibn Saud was halted several miles away. This, in spite of the fact that he was Britain's friend and was on the London Arab office pay roll.

The frontier was drawn in such a way as to leave Aqaba within Transjordan. King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia wrathfully refused to recognize the new boundary, which is not demarcated even today.

The technical difficulties of cutting the canal from Aqaba to the Mediterranean are not insurmountable. The land is not more difficult than that of Panama, but more so than the isthmus of Suez. However, technical advances scoff at such hardships today. The Gulf approach to the canal also presents some problems. The entrance must be cleared of coral reefs and shipping protected from sudden squalls sweeping down from the barren hills on both sides. At the same time, the Gulf has a sheltered port near the rocky islet of Jazira Fir'um.

The Pros And Cons

The actual plans of the canal are in the super-hush-hush stage, but British policy concerning Aqaba leaves no doubt as to the role for which it is cast. Meanwhile, English forces are stationed in Transjordan and Cyprus, within easy distance of Suez. In deep Africa, Uganda is also being groomed for a subsidiary route. If the worst comes to the worst, the round-the-Cape route can serve as a subsidiary lifeline as it served during World War II.

Whatever alternative solutions are found, the Suez Canal route cannot be abandoned as a main artery of trans-global maritime trade. Britain and Egypt may eventually find a way to get along. At any rate, Egypt will be cast for a more important part in the canal management and, nominally at least, will carry a greater measure of responsibility for the defence of humanity's most important world highway.



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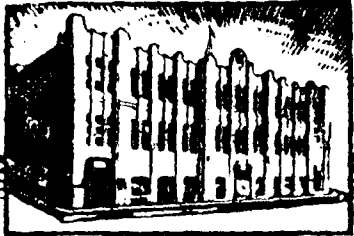
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Letters To The Editor

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

Postings To Training Colleges

For paucity of trained teachers, recognition to hundreds of new high schools is being withheld and the Minister for Education stressed on the need for more training colleges and model schools. The wisdom of this policy may not be questioned. But what is happening to the Government Training College at Rajahmundry does not infuse enthusiasm for more training colleges.

Education in the high schools is in regional languages, and postings to the training colleges are governed by the language principle. But of late a tendency to bypass this principle is noticeable in postings to the local Training College, particularly in the gazetted scale. It is difficult to imagine how a professor who does not have a working knowledge of the regional language can instruct the trainees under him in the methods of teaching,—a subject in the regional languages. It is indeed curious that a teacher should seek the services of a translator to make himself understood by the trainees under him. This is said to be how the Physical Director in the Training College here is managing to do his work now.

Perhaps this curious phenomenon can be explained by the Government by the stale argument of want of qualified and senior men in the service knowing the regional language. If the principle propounded by the Government itself, that knowledge of regional languages is essential for postings to the training colleges, is right, ways and means of fulfilling that principle should be sought. Instead, by-passing that principle for some reason or other, far from being convincing, would suggest gross nepotism and it would not enthuse qualified people from the language region to enter such a service.

Regional politics in this State are unpleasant enough as it is. The neglect the Training College here has been suffering in the matter of accommodation and other facilities has been a grievance for the last two or three decades. Undermining principles of efficient instruction as well by nepotism in postings would still embitter regional feelings. The Government will be wise to avoid it.

D. V. RAJA RAO.
Rajahmundry.

Kistna Pennar Project

For more than a month, bitter and acrimonious controversy has been going on in the Press and in the Legislatures regarding the proposed inclusion of the Kistna-Pennar Project in the Five Year Plan of the Government of India. On or about the 23rd October 1951, a Press communique was issued that the project would irrigate 36 lakhs of acres in two crops in West Godavari, Kistna, Guntur, Kurnool, Cuddapah, Nellore, Chittoor and Chingleput districts. Subsequently on 25th October 1951, a pamphlet with maps styled "The Kistna-Pennar Project" was distributed by the Government amongst the members of the Legislatures wherein the first stage plan is denoted in yellow colour while the rest of the area to be covered by the full plan is denoted in red colour.

On scrutiny of the plans, it is found that the yellow portion shown with regard to Cuddapah and Kurnool districts is the area covered by the Cuddapah Kurnool Canal which has proved a failure since its inception. It is more than doubtful whether even under the first stage plan of the proposed Kistna-Pennar Project the landowners in the Cuddapah-Kurnool area would take advantage of it.

The Minister for Public Works was not able to give satisfactory and convincing answers to the questions and issues raised by Sri Tenneti Viswanatham. There is absolutely no knowing how within the short period during which the controversy has arisen, the Department was able to make a thorough investigation and give the details set forth in the Press communique issued on or about the 23rd October 1951. The map clearly shows that the Ceded Districts would not be benefitted to any extent and the major portion of the area that will be benefitted is situated in Nellore and Chingleput districts. It is not known whether the interests of the other riparian owners would be prejudicially affected by the proposed diversion.

I therefore suggest that the details relating to the Kistna-Pennar Project should be thoroughly and impartially investigated by a committee consisting of three expert gentlemen of other States, one of whom should be Sir M. Visveswaraaya of Mysore and another an eminent retired High Court Judge, well versed in such matters.

The Thungabhadra Project is being executed at an enormous cost of 18 crores. After all, the low level canal irrigates only 207,000 acres of wet land, of which one lakh acres is reserved for raising cotton. When the high level canal will be constructed and which of the districts it will benefit is kept a top secret by the Ministry.

The Rama Padasagara Project after elaborate investigation by expert American engineers, was given up on account of its high cost (130 crores).

Hence before undertaking the Kistna-Pennar Project at a colossal expenditure of 130 crores, it is absolutely necessary that there should be an impartial investigation with necessary terms of reference as stated above, especially since the advent of the Conservatives to power in England and the kaleidoscopic political changes in other countries may prevent the inflow of requisite capital and capital goods.

B. BHIMA RAO, M.L.C.

Bellary.

Export Of Jaggery: First Come, First Served

Export of jaggery is an important trade in South India. Till recently, that is, upto 30th June 1951, export was permitted under "first-come-first-served" policy. In practice this policy was found to be defective in as much as it led to malpractices, speculation and unhealthy competition. The Government of India had come to realise this after a fair trial of this policy and the Dy. Minister, D. P. Karmarkar, admitted this openly in Parliament while speaking on the export of groundnut kernel. The Export Advisory Council have also endorsed this view and approved the policy which came into force from July 1951. This created an impression in the merchant community that the "first-come-first-served" policy had been buried once for all.

Recently, in inviting applications for export of jaggery and jaggery powder under the new comers' quota of 500 tons allocated for this State of Madras, the Government revived the condemned policy of "first-come-first-served." This is rather curious. There were about 200 applicants for the Port of Madras for a quota of 150 tons set apart for this Port. After rejecting several applications, each applicant who had applied with a challan of Rs. 25 was permitted to export 33 cwts (about 22 bags) and those who applied with a challan of Rs. 10 were allowed upto 27 cwts (about 18 bags). The circular was issued on the 5th instant giving a short notice of less than 24 hours for receiving

shipping bills on the 6th instant for s. s. ORNA then in the Port. Every applicant was asked to apply for not more than 25 tons. Before the allocation could be made the ship sailed. This naturally resulted in great hardship to the merchants who are now put to the necessity of amending the shipping bills for the next steamer, "s.s." JALAGOPAL. This could have been easily avoided if quotas had been allocated to the applicants instead of insisting on shipping bills. The Government of India should have restricted the field to those who had entered into commitments with foreign importers prior to the change of policy, not visualising a sudden change. The new comers' policy should have been based on the broad principle that the exporters who had committed themselves to supplies abroad prior to the advent of the new policy, should have been given first preference for export to that they could utilize this opportunity to an appreciable extent to fulfil their contracts. The Government of India are already aware of several allegations against the Indian merchants of non-fulfilment of their contracts. This affects the national prestige. It is therefore necessary that the Government of India should help Indian merchants to redeem their contracts without affecting the fair name of the country. The Government of India should consider all these facts before they formulate their export policies.

K. AHMED MOHIDEEN.

Madras Students In Other States

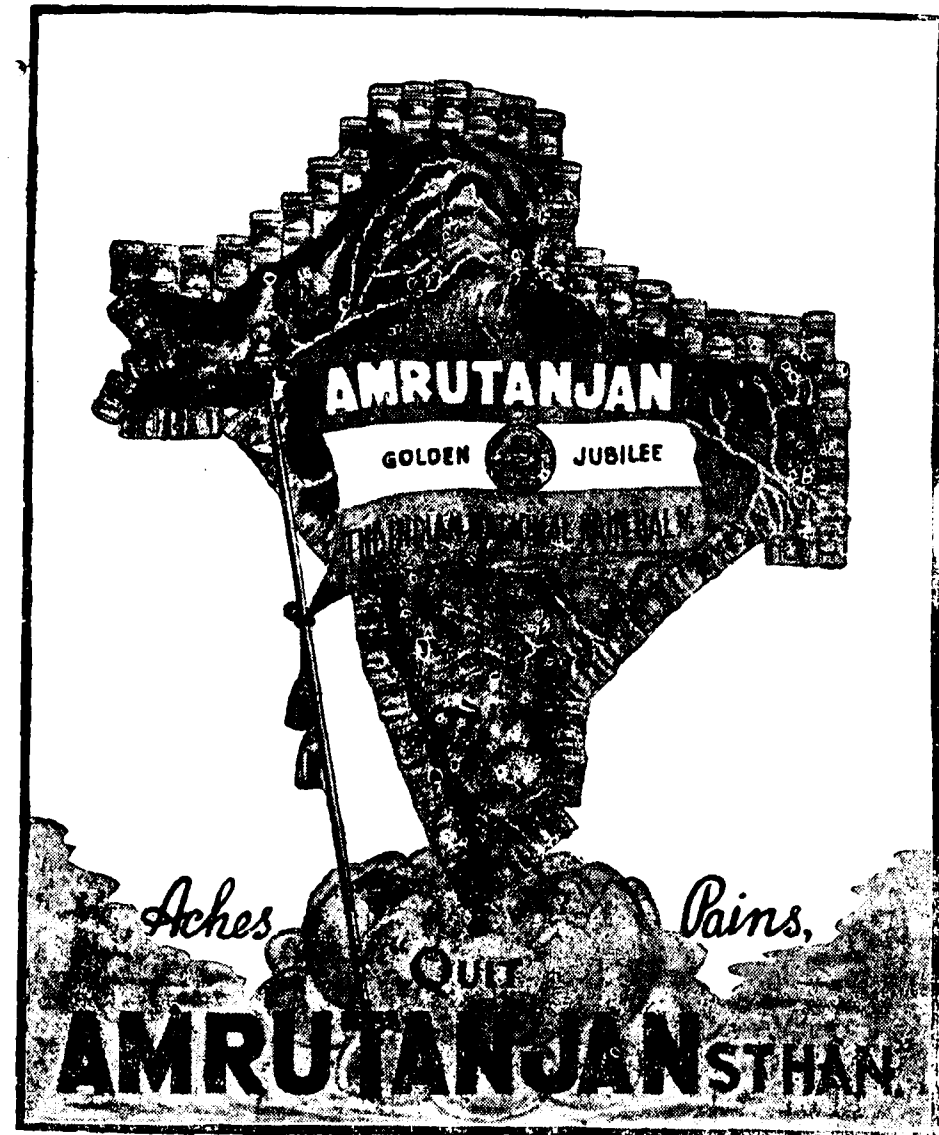
The Minister for Public Works is reported to have told Mr. B. Bhima Rao the other day in the Madras Legislative Council that students of other States admitted into the professional colleges in the Madras State are charged the same fees as those belonging to the Madras State. Asked whether professional colleges in certain other States charged heavier fees for the students going from Madras State, the Minister is reported to have said he would examine the question.

There are a considerable number of students from Madras State studying in the professional colleges in Mysore State. They are charged double the fees the Mysoreans pay. For example, an engineering student has to pay Rs. 37-8-0 per mensem towards tuition fees, if he is not a Mysorean. This is undoubtedly a great financial burden on a non-Mysorean student.

As a Madras student, I am eager to know the steps the Minister for Public Works is going to take in this regard.

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SWATANTRA

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**NATIONAL
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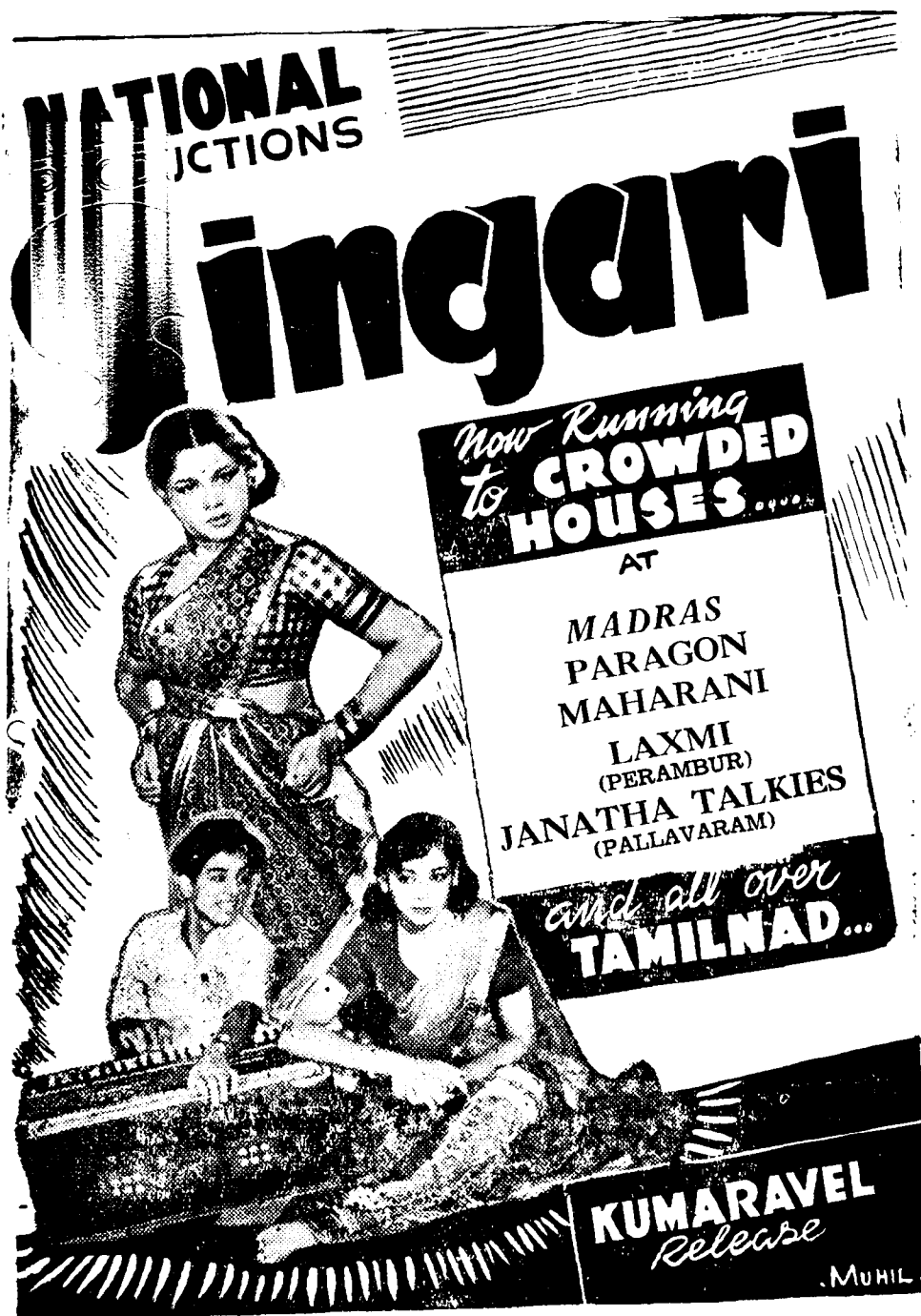
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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 41

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

WHOM TO VOTE FOR ?

LISTS of candidates for election to legislatures have, with a few exceptions, been published. Propaganda on a prodigious scale has started, wooing the support of the voters. How should the voters dispose of their votes? On former occasions, the election manifestoes of the various parties formed the basis on which votes were cast. Four years of Congress rule have sufficed to destroy popular faith in election manifestoes. These manifestoes are now looked upon as feats in draftsmanship and little more. Nobody nowadays believes that the promises contained in election manifestoes are intended seriously to be implemented when the opportunity arises. There is a general distrust of promises from whichever quarter made. Party alignments have also lost their significance since the Congress which routed the Justice Party in the South, became itself converted to some of the outstanding tenets of that party. In many matters there is no difference at all between Congressites in office and Justicites fighting them in the elections. Nor is there much difference between the Congress and the Praja Party, since seceders from the one have been going to the other and retreating back again in an endless series of apostasies. We have had also the black shirts of the Dravida Kazhagam forming alliances with the Communists. On top of all, Sri Prakasam who spent so much ammunition as Premier in fighting the Communists, is found wooing their co-operation in certain constituencies by way of electoral tactics. In differentiation between party and party, the distinction of principle has vanished.

Overnight mergers have come to play havoc with traditional party demarcations. They carry the prospects of their own scuttling in the appalling fluidity that has overtaken all parties comprehensively in the stress of the elections. In the present situation, there is little to choose between party and party, and those that seek good government can pin their faith on no one party in particular and must have recourse to other criteria.

It is not unlikely that voters supporting Congress candidates will find in the net result that they have only backed rabid communalists. On the other hand, some of the Justice Party candidates, having exhausted the limits of academic communalism might turn out in practice to be more nationally minded than many Congressmen. Discipleship of the Mahatma is no safe test either. One might discard coat and shirt and yet harbour a corrupt and avaricious heart. In the present atmosphere steeped in fraud, labels have ceased to have any significance. Neither honesty nor dishonesty can be cornered, and the voters if they are wise will look for no perfection in any particular denomination.

As there are sharpers and hypocrites everywhere, our suggestion to voters is to examine the seekers for their suffrage individually from the standpoint of revealed character. The party most to beware of is the Congress, since, starting under the tutelage of a saint, it has made a mess of its rule reducing it to a sink of corruption. Let not Pandit Nehru's tour of the States bamboozle people into tolerance of the discredited poli-

ticians who loom so large in the Congress candidates' lists. We would like honest men of integrity to be chosen to whichever party they might belong, subject to the proviso that the stock of honesty is lower in the

Congress than in any other organization. Redemption from corruption is the prime national need. The corrupt that abound in the Congress camp should be given no quarter by the electorate.

Sotto Voce

FREEDOM FOR RICE



THE Economic Adviser to the Government of Madras, having carried out researches in the effects of Prohibition, reports that ex-addicts are spending more upon "tea, coffee and amusements" and less upon "marriages". This is one of those findings which tease thought. Does it mean that "tea and coffee and amusements" are sworn enemies of Hymen? Or that, instead of concentrating all their capacity for enjoyment and bonhomie on a five or six days' spree "with family and friends" as in the old days, these "ex-addicts" have learnt to take their draughts of happiness in moderate doses so as to prolong the pleasure and, incidentally, graduate in selfishness?

Our Prohibition Committees are providently opening 'Nira' parlours. I am sure they mean no disrespect to tea and coffee. They may be hoping to tempt those who are too poor to afford these luxuries with an alternative which is not only cheaper but rich in moral lessons. What a thin line it is that divides the sweet juice of the palm from toddy—as thin as that which divides virtue from vice! And the nice exotic name of *Nira* should be an added attraction. The confirmed drunkard of other days, who might have sniffed at the familiar *padani* (Tamil) which he considered drink fit only for children and women of no spirit, might be

enticed by the new name to give that healthy or at least harmless beverage an unprejudiced trial.

Tea and coffee, meanwhile, know very well how to take care of themselves. In their resilience and their uncanny flair for tactical alliances they remind you of the Indian Communists. Thus the Central Tea Board takes a fatherly interest in "Annapurna." This is the generic name which has been given to the non-cereal cafeterias with which our food politicians hope to break the South India's mulish attachment to rice. It is one of the minor humours of our tragic-comic situation that "Annapurna" like "Welsh rabbit" should be suggestive of a content that is not there. A rare power of imagination would be required to make millet dosai go down the gullet as if it were rice iddali.

Annapurna, the Mother of Mercy, the golden Goddess holding in Her right hand the ladle of plenty, sits enthroned in the upper tier of the Visveswara shrine. This, Her innermost sanctum, is open only for three days in the year. The great *Anna kuta* with which she spreads a royal feast for her children on Deepavali day is an unforgettable sight. The sweetmeat vendors of Banaras, who are wizards in the art of evoking a whole world of marvelous and manifold delicacies out

of the trinity of wheat-flour, sugar and ghee, excel themselves in that carnival of coloured delights. But amidst all that pomp of confectionary pride of place is inalienably that of plain cooked rice, queenly in her white simplicity, soft as the jasmine, as my old grandmother would say.

The housewives of Maharashtra are adept in making chuppatis that melt in the mouth, the very antithesis of the leathery horror of the North. But in a little pot they boil a handful of rice to be offered to Ganapathi or His gracious Mother, before the family sit down to their meal. They are firmly persuaded that only "salyanna" is fit food for the gods. If you call this prejudice, it is a prejudice that goes back to Kalidasa. When Raghu ruled, he says, it was the women who kept watch over the ricefields, sitting in the shade of the sugar cane, that sang his praises: *Saaligopyo jagur yasa*h.

It is absurd, therefore, to think of rice, as our Prime Minister does, as a weakness of which the South Indian

should be ashamed. While others have fallen from their allegiance we have remained true: is that a fault? They come and preach adaptability to us, carrying coals to Newcastle. Yes, we have been infinitely adaptable, to our undoing. Every plausible charlatan who had a nostrum to vend used to come here confident of easy success. But we shall not give up rice, ever so sweetly though the siren sing.

I should like to see Mr. Nehru ask his own U. P. to abstain from wheat for a year, since we have to pay for it with as good cash (which we can ill spare). We went into a towering rage because America would not give us enough wheat to keep the chuppatis consumers in good humour. But when it comes to importing rice to prevent people starving, our Government counts its pence, while the megalomaniacs in our embassies abroad emulate a roue I knew who spent his last ancestral rupee bathing in rose-water. Freedom for us means enough rice in the rice-bowl. Let Mr. Nehru look to it.

VIGNESWARA.

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AMENITIES TO LABOURERS A REMARKABLE FEATURE

SIDELIGHTS : :

Few save the poor feel for the poor.—LONDON.

FIRST in the list of Congress candidates announced for Tamilnad is Sri Guntur Narasimha Rao who is being put up for the Washermanpet constituency in Madras City. He is the only Andhra among the Madras candidates. Andhra representation in Madras which used to be full one half in former years, has shrunk to one-eighth now. The quantitative diminution in Andhra representation, striking as it is, is not however so striking as the change in its qualitative content. Sri Guntur Narasimha Rao has a marked resemblance to one of those cartoons in *Shankar's Weekly* that suggests, with its aggressive belly, so much taken out of the food of the famished millions with their empty stomachs. In these days of rampant starvation, a too well-fed man looking bloated does not please but offends. He is not an appropriate representative for the vast bulk of voters under adult suffrage whose real condition is one of want and not of plenty. There are very few poor among the Congress candidates most of whom are drawn from the richer classes. Expenses are reckoned in thousands and a poor candidate without money has little chance of victory in the huge constituencies set up under adult suffrage. Advantage belongs to the wealthy who can not only meet their own expenses but contribute liberally to the party funds. On the other hand, the greatest service to the Congress in past years was rendered by comparatively indigent men. These are nowhere to be found now in the Congress election lists. The doughty heroes of old of the Congress, distinguished by service, have disappeared and their place is taken by the merely prosperous. Injustice is thus inflicted on the deserving and the representative worth of Congress nominees for the legislatures is reduced to *nil*, in terms of sympathy and understanding of the difficulties and interests of common people.

Sri Guntur Narasimha Rao is an apt symbol of the dominance of property in post-independence Congress politics. If the property is left out of consideration, there is nothing else to commend him for the honour for which he has been chosen. All those without money-ridden minds are therefore horrified by the favour shown to him by the Congress bosses. The whole Congress position in Madras will be adversely affected by the association of Sri Narasimha Rao with the Congress as one of its candidates, and I understand that the shrewder members of the Pradesh Committee strongly recommended his removal. It was Sri Sanjeeva Reddi, supported by the Centre, that managed to push him through in the teeth of all opposition.

Andhra ministerial existence is bound up with the backing of persons like Sri Guntur Narasimha Rao. Their objectives are reflected in the Ministry's executive policies. It is good that the public know what the Congress stands for through the record and traditions of its favoured nominees. One Guntur Narasimha Rao is worth more than all the Congress election manifestoes.

Another characteristic choice is that of Rajaji's son, Sri C. R. Narasimhan, for the Salem seat in the House of the People. This is on a par with the selection of Rajyam Sinha for the Vijayawada seat in Andhra. Greatness does not pass by devolution from father to son. Sri Narasimhan has no public work worth mentioning to his credit, and the preference shown to him does no credit either to the provincial Congress leaders or the Congress President at the top. Of all the forms of nepotism, the worst is the elevation of close relatives of distinguished members of Government to positions to which they have given no proof of title by their own individual competence and record.—SAKA.

ON THE EVE OF THE ELECTIONS

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

THE elections are on us and it is encouraging to see the lively interest people are taking in them and the large number of parties and individuals aspiring to take part in the future Assemblies and Parliament. To the voter it is a bit confusing. In the maze of parties, candidates and slogans he is not able to know who is who and what is what or who stands for what. For nearly three decades now, we have been accustomed to only one party,—the Congress. From it have emerged now a number of parties; some on an all-India basis and with some tangible differences in policy from the Congress, and others only of local or individual significance. Erstwhile Congressmen have taken off their caps though not their Khaddar clothes and claim to belong to some party or other better than the Congress. They all talk the same language and their aims and policies are about the same as that of the Congress. Naturally the voter feels confused. But leaving the parties with local, individual or communal significance apart, our choice mainly lies between the Congress, the Kisan Mazdoor Praja Party, the Socialists, the Communists and the Independents.

With the advent of freedom, the Congress in its right took over power and during the last four years, its Governments have been governing us both in the States and at the Centre. That the Congress has failed to stand by the principles it has been preaching for so long and that its Governments have failed during all this time to give any relief to the people is owned by the Congress itself. In the meantime, public morality has declined to its lowest ebb, corruption has become universal and the efficiency of the services is undermined. There are some outstanding achievements as well. The country is politically integrated, communal harmony and secular outlook are established, and our prestige and moral influence in international councils is increasing. But these mean nothing to a people who cannot get enough food to eat, enough cloth

to clothe themselves with, a shelter to live in and security of living. The martyrdom of tens of thousands of people who fought for these during the last two or three decades has gone wasted. The Congress is conscious of it. It is attributed to infiltration into the Congress of unscrupulous, opportunist and selfish elements. Recently there has been a big shake-up in the Congress with a view to getting it out of the influence of these corrupting elements and restoring it to its moral stature and dynamic social activity of the pre-Independence days. Great stress is being laid by the Congress President on the character and integrity of its members rather than on their numbers. Congress candidates for the State legislatures and the Parliament are expected to be selected for no other consideration than their character and integrity. The Congress President has rightly emphasised that they should fight for their principles in the elections but not for their numbers. He would rather lose the elections than win them with people who cannot be true to the Congress principles. It is a great ideal and a correct lead. However, in this State, it does not look as though much attempt is made to follow the directions of the President in the selection of the Congress candidates for the State Assembly and the Parliament. The Congress in this State, particularly in Andhra, came to be dominated by people who as Ministers were openly indicted of corruption, nepotism and political mal-practices. Instead of facing the bar of public opinion through an open enquiry they sought refuge with an obliging High Command which flouted common standards of public morality for considerations of group politics within the Congress. It is curious that the President of the A. P. C. C. complained that the better elements in the Congress are reluctant to come forward for nomination. That in itself is an eloquent commentary on the quality of the Congress in Andhra.

However that might be, the voter will do well to follow the lead given by the Congress President and vote for character and integrity but not for party or any other consideration.

This qualification of character and integrity in a candidate applies not only to the Congress candidates but to every candidate to whatever party he belongs. The aims, policies and principles of the K. M. P. Party are almost identical with those of the Congress. In fact the formation of the Praja Party is the reaction of the righteous elements in the Congress to the hopeless and irreparable demoralisation and corruption that overtook and undermined the Congress. However, it will not be right to accept every member of the Praja Party as a righteous Congressman. A large number of disappointed and disgruntled people who could not get into any positions of power and profit in the Congress or Congress Governments have swelled the ranks of the Praja Party. Indeed the justification for the formation of the Praja Party lies in its capacity to bring in a large element of character and integrity into our parliamentary politics and activities. It is to be hoped leaders of the Praja Party will not allow themselves to be diverted from their mission and sacrifice their high principles to the exigencies of winning elections, in the selection of their candidates.

The Socialists came out of the Congress some time back and they differ from the Congress in their approach to our problems though the ultimate aims of both are the same. It is more or less agreed by all parties that what we want is a secular democratic Welfare State. It is plain by now that the Congress approach to achieve this objective has so far not been successful nor is it likely to succeed even in the fullness of time. The Congress failure is mostly due to their soft corner for the capitalists. The Congress has not only failed to get the cooperation of the capitalists for the general welfare of the people but it allowed itself to be corrupted by them. While the practicability of the Socialist policy under the present economic conditions in the country and the international influence on it is beyond the scope of judgment of the average voter, there is a growing conviction

amongst the people that a secular democratic Welfare State is the proper answer to the evils of capitalism. The success in bringing about such a State depends on a highly inspiring and dynamic leadership with a faithful following. The Socialist leadership in the country, though not strong and dynamic enough to catch the imagination of the people, can be trusted for their faith in their ideology. Whether they can bring about the Welfare State in the near future or not, the very nature of their ideology is such that we may expect some relief from the evils of capital-influenced corrupt administration we are now suffering from. Besides, if returned in sufficient numbers, the Socialists will serve a very useful purpose in restraining the irresponsible and bureaucratic tendencies of the Congress Governments.

The Communists are making a big noise and they are very much in the picture in this State. They have the advantage of a fanatical faith in their ideology and a closely knit and efficient organisation. The chief objections to Communism are the class dictatorship and Moscow direction. Dictatorship in any form is offensive to the dignity and freedom of the human spirit, and to get under the direction of Moscow after our long and bitter struggle to get out of the direction of London would be the greatest irony of our lives. That apart, in the present context of world politics, India has a critical and deciding role to play and we cannot rashly align ourselves with any of the power blocs. The Western Democracies and the Eastern Communist Blocs have appointed themselves as the liberators of humanity from one another. They do not seem to believe in the possibility of living as good neighbours nor would they allow others to live in their own way. Both believe in strength and violence as the means of achieving world domination. Both are engaged now in a desperate race for supremacy in their machinery for destruction with atom as the chief source for energy for that machinery. With the atomic energy that is likely to be released in the next war there is real danger of our civilisation being wiped out. In this context a strong influence to assert moral values, truth and love between

nations is essential to save the world from the catastrophe that is looming on the horizon. It is neither false patriotism nor national pride to say that Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy of life as applied to international politics is the only answer to the chaos that is threatening the world. It is not an accident that Gandhiji is an Indian. He is the product and representative of our centuries old tradition and culture. That is why he could lead us to political freedom through his philosophy of truth, love and non-violence. If we are to be true to our heritage and the leadership of Gandhiji, we cannot escape our responsibility in trying our best to save the world from an atomic war through our moral influence in the international councils. Fortunately, all the political parties are agreed on this except the Communist Party. Economically India is a fertile land for the growth of Communism. But the violent and immoral methods of the Communists are repugnant to the traditional culture and philosophy of the people. How soon the Communists can get over this resistance in the people to their methods will depend on our future Government. It is believed in some circles that the Communist leadership in India welcomes the return of the Congress into power rather than the Socialists with the hope that continuation of the present conditions of life would be beneficial to their spread and consolidation.

Besides all these well known and well organised parties, it is likely that a large number of Independents would be contesting the elections. It is rather difficult for individuals to contest elections without the backing of a party organisation and finance. In spite of this handicap it is to be hoped that a sense of civic duty and responsibility would induce enough talented Independents to risk their chance at the polls. In a democracy as ours which is run on the party system, the significance of the individual is lost in comparison with the party. But it cannot be overlooked that a party derives its significance from the individuals that make it up. It is fallacious and undesirable to argue that in a party, it is the leadership that counts but not the rank and file of its members. The vitality and

representative character of a party depends on the variety of thought and influence that its members are capable of bringing to bear upon the ultimate formation of the policies of its leaders. Democracy can be true and real only when every representative of the people is capable of contributing to the political thought of the Government. "Yes men" incapable of contributing to the intelligent discussion of policies and issues will serve only to make autocracts of the party leaders, but they can never serve the interests of the people. Unfortunately, most of our political parties derive their strength from the outstanding personality and leadership of individuals rather than from representative and collective thought. Naturally they tend to become autocratic and obsolete. Another essential requirement for the success of democracy is a strong opposition with a definite policy and programme, capable of taking up the Government if called upon to do so. The opposition is as responsible for the welfare of the nation as the Government itself and it can play its role only when it is strong enough to restrain the Government from autocratic trends. Without a strong opposition capable of forming an alternate Government, public opinion loses its hold on the Government and Democracy loses its significance. At the present juncture in the evolution of our democracy the formation of a strong and capable opposition is an urgent necessity. Independents with intelligence, originality and character if elected cannot just function in a vacuum. They will have to join some party or other according to their predilections, or if they are in sufficient numbers and can agree upon a common policy they may form the opposition. In the first instance, they will be revitalizing our political parties with fresh ideas and fresh outlook. In the second place they will be helpful in bringing about the much-needed responsible opposition. Either way they would be extremely helpful at the present stage of our political evolution. To the extent such desirable Independents can be attached to our legislatures, we will be improving our politics and laying sound foundations to our democracy.

Sketch

MESSRS. GOVERNMENT OF INDIA LTD.

By BIMLA LUTHRA

THE CAST

Seth Nirmal Chand
Munimji
Seth Manickdas Hiranand
Damodardas Bahuroopia
E. R. Factorywalla
Mooljibhoy Daudbhoy
Sjt. Amalendu Sen (of
M/s Sen, Sen, Sen & Sen
Ltd.)
Sardar Bahadur Sardar
Sawan Singh Saheb

Time September, 1951

Place The three-storeyed residence of Seth Nirmal Chand, called "Nirmal Kutir," with the artificial modesty of the over-rich businessman.

THE curtain rises on a big room occupied with gaudy furniture and accessories of many discordant designs. On the walls are garlanded photographs of Seth Nirmal Chand's ancestors and a bright calendar, obviously a gift from some paint manufacturer. The room is set for a meeting of some kind. Enter the proprietor of the house, followed by one of his many 'munims.'

Sethji: (surveying the scene) Looks all right to me. But remove the telephone to the next room so that I may be able to use it without all the others knowing what I am saying.

Munimji: (with folded hands) As you order, Maharaj!

Sethji: And, Munimji, get some soda-water and sweetmeats for the guests. Serve the soda water and sherbet in silver tumblers.

Munimji: I shall do it at once, Sethji. I am sure the meeting will, with one voice, choose you as their leader. When you become a Minister, please don't forget your servant. You will have so many good jobs to give away and we who have served for years in your service...

Sethji: Munimji, there is a proverb, "Don't count your coins before they have been minted." The first hurdle is to become a member of Parliament

Munimji: I still think you should have stood for the elections, all alone. What with your money and influence you would have defeated everybody and become a Minister.

Sethji: That's what I thought first, Munimji, but when I discussed it with some people who had been defeated in previous elections, I realised that one cannot do much single-handed. What one needs is a party, a pack of followers who will faithfully raise hands for you whether you are right or wrong.

Munimji: I see.

Sethji: It is like a limited company, Munimji. What can the managing director do unless the other directors also vote with him? Yesterday, for example, I proposed at our meeting that the director's fee be raised from one hundred to three hundred rupees per board meeting. Everybody said "We agree." Then we sent a copy of the resolution to the shareholders.

Munimji: Now I understand the whole thing.

Sethji: Now I think I hear some cars coming... go and receive these people. And remember, when I am busy in here and some trunk calls come in from Bombay and Calcutta, signal to me quietly from that door, there. Don't let others know. Tuljapur linseeds are a bit wobbly and the Bombay market is shaky. (Waving him away) Now run along and bring them in!

(Munimji goes out and returns with the business magnates mentioned earlier. There is nothing much to choose between them; they are all in good health and spirits. After the routine of shake-hands and folded hands, they settle themselves in the chairs. There are a few seconds of

expectant hush before the host begins his speech).

Seth Nirmal Chand: Brothers in business! I welcome you to this humble hut and thank you for the trouble taken by you in coming here at my request, leaving behind your important business. As I have already discussed the election business with all of you individually, it would be a waste of your valuable time to repeat all that again. However, since we are gathered here for a free, frank and detailed discussion, I hope you will agree with me that we might as well state the broad basis of our proposals so that this board, if I may call it so, can proceed to decide the details.

A Seth: Hear, hear!

Another Seth: I agree.

Several voices: Agreed. Proceed, Sethji.

Seth Nirmal Chand: Thank you! The elections to Parliament are to be held in less than two months. It is necessary for us, businessmen, to realise our responsibilities and hearken to the call of the motherland. The public is looking up to us for leadership and guidance. We cannot let the dumb millions down while the credit of our country is falling below par.

Seth Manickdas Hiranand: (bit of a realist) When we are able to do what we like, nine times out of ten, without being in the Government, I see no sense in spending lakhs of rupees on elections and after that wasting precious hours and day making speeches and listening to speeches in Parliament. We have more profitable things to do.

Seth Damodardas Bahuroopia: I don't agree there. Whenever anything goes wrong in the country, everybody puts the blame on us. It seems the most natural thing to do. We businessmen and industrialists have acquired notoriety and a bad name. My view is that we might as well run the Government ourselves, for better or for worse.

Several voices: For the better, certainly! We will show them!

Seth Nirmal Chand: I am glad most of us feel so confident of our ability to run the Government efficiently. What I say is this. What if we have no political labels? Ours is a secular State. True! Here, in this room, at this minute, are represented all the

communities. A businessman is the most secular party you will find anywhere.

(General applause and cheers).

When I have something to sell, do I go to the market and say, 'I happen to have a good stock of this commodity of which there is an acute shortage in the market—but I will sell it only to a co-religionist? No! That would be a shameful thing to do. I simply ask, Who is the highest bidder? It has often happened that some scheduled caste dealer has offered seven times the listed price and walked off with the bargain. We have an open mind... (Applause) and a closed fist! (Wild cheering and thumping of tables).

E. R. Factorywalla: Seth Nirmal Chandji has stated the whole case very clearly and his argument rings as clear as a genuine rupee. My only doubt is whether we shall be able to get elected....

Seth Mooljibhoy Daudbhoy: I think my friend has raised a very pertinent point.

Sjt. Amalendu Sen: I don't think so. As far as I can make out, people have got tired of party politics.... in any case they don't understand them. We go to them and say, "We don't know any politics or high-sounding phrases but we will give you sixteen annas in a rupee for your vote.... We will run the Government on sound commercial lines and declare a dividend at the end of the very first year...."

Many Voices: Hear! Hear!!

S. S. S. Sawan Singh: That was said like a man! Look right or look left, whether it is a house or a factory or a Government, it is all a question of money. If you spend more than you earn, you are no good and go bankrupt sooner or later. A Government which looks only at the right-hand side of the ledger and not at the entries in red ink in the 'Debit' columns will be declared insolvent tomorrow, if not today... or perhaps day after tomorrow.

Several Voices: True! too True!!

S. S. S. Sawan Singh: Our Government is not being run on commercial lines and that is sufficient justification for changing it at the next elections.

E. R. Factorywalla: That sounds like a very sweeping charge. The Government has an auditor-general and

several accountants-general whose job is to deduct money from bills....

S. S. S. Sawan Singh: We know all about them! But I will relate one typical incident and you will realize what I mean. Once I sent a reply-paid postcard to a Government department asking for some information. They sent me the reply-paid part back in an envelope bearing stamps worth two annas and asked me to acknowledge the receipt (laughter). I didn't naturally. Two months later I got another letter with two anna stamps reminding me about the receipt of that nine-pice postcard (derisive giggles). Is that your Government efficiency? Four annas of expenditure for a three-pice postcard! If that is the way they run their Government, no wonder they have to tax, sur-tax and super-tax and still not be able to make both ends meet! (Prolonged cheers).

Seth Nirmal Chand: I think we all seem to be generally agreed that businessmen should hearken to the call of duty and at great personal sacrifice go into Parliament and manage the affairs of the State.

(General grunts of approval).

Now the next thing is to define clearly our policy and line of action and place what is called *Our Programme* before the electorate. We must not forget that according to our new Constitution it is going to be adult suffering this time....

E. R. Factorywalla: Suffrage, not suffering, please.

Seth Nirmal Chand: What difference does it make? Anyway, suffrage, if you like. (He sees his Munimji signalling to him from behind the curtain). Excuse me, I will be back in a minute, if you don't mind.

(He goes, the pillars of the proposed new Government fall into general conversation).

Bahuroopia: What did Tata Steels close at?

Mooljibhoy: Three points up; steel is still soft and sagging, isn't it?

Sawan Singh: The market is very sentimental. Who would have thought that Lucknow Safeda Ordinaries would be quoted higher than Banaras Langra Preferred?

M. Hiranand: Aluminium opened with a firm note but then Bears got

active and chased the Bulls out of an uncertain market.

E. R. Factorywalla: Solan Beer Ordinaries are flowing very steadily except in Bombay and Madras.

Mooljibhoy: I'm not surprised!
(Seth Nirmal Chand returns).

Nirmal Chand: I am sorry I had to go away for some minutes. I suddenly thought of some important work.

(The rest look suspicious and worried. Has their host, they wonder, been upto some funny business tricks behind their financial backs?)

Manickdas Hiranand: As Seth Nirmal Chand was saying a short while ago, we must draw up our programme and place it before the voters before it is too late.

E. R. Factorywalla: We must also think of some attractive slogans to catch the public imagination.

Nirmal Chand: I was coming to that. Once we chalk out the lines, we can engage some educated and clever man to write it all out; we might get somebody from the university....

Bahuroopia: Can't we get one from the Disposals, it might be cheaper?

E. R. Factorywalla: I don't think the Disposals have any college professors in their stock. Anyway that is immaterial. I am sure we can, by paying well, get any good writer or journalist to do the writing part of it, and some good press to publish all the copies required.

Mooljibhoy Daudbhoy: Our programme is this. Since good Government is only a question of spending money wisely, we shall, when elected, run the Government on sound commercial and secular lines. How is that?

(All heads nod in agreement).

Sawan Singh: Very good! Every Government department should be asked to show profit. If any department fails to do so, out go the Secretaries, Joint Secretaries, Deputy Secretaries and Special Officers.

(Cries of 'That's the stuff', etc.)

Amalendu Sen: I would go even a step further and tell the Secretaries: "If you declare a good profit all your employees get one month's salary as bonus at Puja; if you show better profit you get two months' bonus."

Nirmal Chand: Now we are getting down to brass tacks. I wonder why none of our leaders thought of it before. It is always us, businessmen, who have to pull the country out of muddle every time.

Amalendu Sen: Another way of running the Government well and economically would be to give some departments on contract....

(General sensation and wonder that such a brilliant suggestion, bordering on revelation, should have come from one of them).

As soon as we form the Government, we shall call for sealed tenders, "What is the minimum bid?" we ask, for running the Education Department, for example, or the Radio Station? What do you think of that?

Many Voices: Excellent idea! Good!! Wonderful !!!

Sawan Singh: Of course, we shan't be obliged to accept the lowest tender.

Amalendu Sen: Of course not.

Mooljibhoy Daudbhoy: And the contractors should have the right to distribute their work among sub-contractors.

Sawan Singh: True. That's their look-out. We pay the selected firm so many crores and lakhs and say, Here are all the universities, colleges and schools; you run them for one year and whether you make profit or incur loss, that's your business. The contract will, of course, lay down what percentage of students must pass in each examination, etc. But these are details, there is no need to finalise them now.

E. R. Factorywalla: That is not my idea of a contract, if I may say so. In fact the contractor should pay us so many lakhs every year and not the Government pay him. He collects the fees from the students; examination fees, fines and everything. Then he pays the teachers, less or more as he likes and out of his savings gives so much to the Government (Hear! Hear!!)

Sawan Singh: This may work in the case of colleges, schools, hospitals and radio stations, but what about the army?

E. R. Factorywalla: I agree with you there. The Commander-in-Chief could be given say, fifty crores of

rupees, and told to manage his soldiers within that sum. If he saves anything, well, good luck to him. But if he has to fight a war, he will have to spend more and probably lose some money. But these are the risks of business! In fact if this method is employed all over the world, no army will be keen on wars and we shall have that world peace about which people are crying themselves hoarse at Lake Success. That is killing two birds with one stone; you save money and avoid wars.

(Cheers and thumping of tables).

Nirmal Chand: Then you don't need to have United Nations and all the ambassadors we send out to various countries for finding out who is wanting to make peace or war on whom. You save all the crores now wasted on foreign service. Of course, trade agents may continue to be appointed.

E. R. Factorywalla: That gives us a good slogan; we tell the electorate, we don't declare dividends on wars.

Sawan Singh: Right! And our general elections cry will be "We mean business." How is that?

Many Voices: Wonderful! Good!!

Nirmal Chand: I suggest we now go on to the setting-up of the election-machine. I think we should have two sub-committees: one to make arrangements for paying the voters and bribing as many election officers and vote-counting officials as possible; and the other to decide upon the distribution of portfolios in advance. I would personally like to take over the Commerce and Industry Ministry.

Bahuroopia: I would like to take over 'Income Tax'.

Manikdas Hiranand: 'Public Works, Mines and Power' should do for me, after all the experience I have had in building for the army in war-time.

Sawan Singh: 'Commerce and Industry' is a very heavy portfolio, and I would gladly take it to relieve our host of the burden.

Mooljibhoy: I was going to say the same thing myself. What with my intimate knowledge of business at Bombay, which is the hub of industry.

Amalendu Sen: Since you are all disagreed about it, I will take it over



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myself to avoid this unnecessary controversy.

Nirmal Chand: (no longer eager to press the subject at this stage) Anybody likes to take Public Health?

(No reply).

Education?

(No reply).

(This looks like a deadlock—but there is a timely diversion as Sethji sees his Munimji signalling to him quietly from the door).

Would you excuse me for a couple of minutes, please?

(He goes. Contrary to what happened last time, the future 'Commerce and Industries' ministers, acting on the proverb 'once bitten twice shy', listen with cocked ears to the goings on in the adjoining room—where their host is talking over the telephone).

Nirmal Chand: Yes, this is Delhi... Yes, Bombay... Yes... Namas-kar... What news?... gone down by seven points... seven points? Oh! Oh!! Sell my shares of Tuljapur Linseeds Preferred... Are you listening? Yes... immediately... I will ring you up again tomorrow morning... and don't breathe a word of it to anybody... All right.

(He returns to the room visibly shaken).

Sawan Singh: (belling the cat) Were you speaking to Bombay about Linseeds Preferred?

Nirmal Chand: (cornered) Yes... but why... there is nothing serious.

Many Voices: Are they going down? How many points? What are the latest quotations?

Nirmal Chand: Oh... nothing much... a couple of points—but they will veer round soon.

Mooljibhoy: I have an engagement (looking at his watch) in another five minutes. I shall push off and we will discuss today's matter again sometime....

(He gets up and hurries out of the room).

Bahuroopia: I will also take leave.

(There is a general stampede and in less than half a minute everybody is gone leaving the country to its fate).

(The curtain falls)

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STANDARDS OF PUBLIC LIFE

By J. B. KRIPALANI

IT is a common observation that standards of political conduct in this country have deteriorated since Independence. When we were fighting the British we had some principles which we tried tenaciously to adhere to even at the cost of suffering and sacrifice. Political opportunism was comparatively rare. Occasions would come when, if one wished, individual liberty and ease could be purchased for a slight compromise of principles. But we considered such conduct below personal and national morals. Why is it, then, that after independence compromise and opportunism have become almost the basis of our political life? It seems no more to disturb our individual or national conscience if we break our pledged word, and even descend to "double-crossing," provided by doing so we can gain an immediate advantage. In other democratic countries, too, political conduct is not as straight and moral as social conduct. Yet each country has evolved certain conventions which even a politician, devoid of principles and a conscience, can violate only at the risk of his political popularity or even at the risk of his career? Of course our nascent democracy has not yet had time to build up much healthy democratic conventions. But as our struggle for freedom was carried on non-violently and under the leadership of a genius who wanted to moralise political conduct through his principles of non-violence and truth, it was expected of us that even in the absence of healthy conventions our political conduct would not fall below the standards current in Western democracies. This expectation has not been fulfilled.

For instance, the recent conduct of important Congress leaders would be inconceivable, say, in England or the U. S. A. After the election of Sri Purushottamas Tandon as President of the Congress, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, though he consented to be a member of Sri Tandon's Working Committee, went on pressing for unity among groups and parties within the Congress and as a step towards that unity urged the President and his other

colleagues in the Working Committee to reshuffle that body and also to accommodate in the Congress Executives in the States members of the minority groups. This advice was consistently rejected not only by Sri Tandon but also by the Ministers from different States who were invited to the meetings of the Working Committee. The climax was reached at the Bangalore session of the A.-I.C.C. where in an attempt to fulfil the hope he had raised in the members of minority groups who had not yet left the Congress, Sri Nehru pressed in his point more vigorously than ever. But the President and the Working Committee including the Ministers invited to the meeting were adamant and saw no reason for a reshuffle of the Working Committee. Sri Nehru was defeated at Bangalore and the rumour went round that he had no more than a dozen or so of supporters in the whole of the A.-I.C.C. This emboldened his opponents and events followed whose pressure became increasingly exasperating for Sri Nehru. He was constrained to accept Sri Rafi Ahmed Kidwai's resignation from the Central Cabinet because of a statement the latter had made about the Congress and its President when quitting the organisation. Another Minister, Sri Ajit Prasad Jain, was saved by his acceptance of the position that while in office he was not to speak against the Congress or criticise its head. All this appeared to be a further triumph of Sri Tandon, the Congress President and his supporters over Sri Nehru, the Prime Minister. Then Sri Nehru resigned from the Working Committee and immediately the big leaders in the different State Governments, who had so far been supporting Sri Tandon in his stand against Sri Nehru's demand for a reshuffle of the Working Committee, started making a *volte-face*. The result was that Sri Tandon was obliged to place his resignation before the A.-I.C.C. and that body, believed to have been solidly behind him up to the time of Sri Nehru's resignation from the Working Committee, now deserted Sri Tandon and quietly

accepted his resignation. The very persons who had been vehement in their support of Sri Tandon's stand proposed Sri Nehru's name for the Presidentship which was accepted by a silent and unenthusiastic house. The general impression left on the country was that the loyalties of the great political leaders and their word could not be relied upon as they were capable of changing sides and affiliations at any moment for the sake of political convenience and power. Nobody believed that these leaders had been converted overnight to Sri Nehru's views about the reshuffle of the Working Committee which they had resisted for the last eight months or so or to his views on any other matter. Everybody felt that they turned their coats because they thought that the Congress could not win the forthcoming elections unless Sri Nehru's co-operation were forthcoming and only success in the elections would ensure their present high positions. The opportunism of the leading actors in this play was thus thoroughly exposed to the public. Sri Nehru had scored a complete victory over his political opponents but at the expense of the reputation of most of his colleagues in the Governments. Public trust was completely shaken.

With the change of Congress President there was change of a sort in the Working Committee also. The two General Secretaries had to leave but they were immediately installed in their respective States in positions where they could powerfully influence party-politics. Having only re-formed and not reformed the Working Committee, Sri Nehru turned his attention towards his pet scheme of unity. But unity in the present context meant only a promise of Congress tickets to actual and would-be dissidents. Because any reshuffle of provincial Congress executives was ruled out by those in power there. Also the Congress election boards in the States remained in the hands of the majority groups who already had almost selected candidates for the elections from among their own partisans. There was little room left for the returning dissidents and the groups and cliques were as divided as before. But on account of the returning dissidents or would be "returnees" a new

turn was given to the struggle for power and position within the Congress organization. Not only had the dissidents been promised Congress tickets but what is more, they were given to understand or they understood, that some of their hated rivals in important places would not get the Congress ticket. For instance, in U. P. it was freely talked that Sri C. B. Gupta and some of his associates in the Ministry and the provincial Congress committee will be refused tickets by the Central Election Board. Similar hopes were held out to the returning dissident leaders in Mahakoshal. In Bengal Sri Profulla Ghosh was told by the leaders of the returning dissidents that if he too returned to the Congress fold they would see to it that his rival, Sri Profulla Sen, did not get the Congress ticket. It was even said that such assurances had been given to them by the highest authorities at the Centre.

The Mahakoshal group of dissidents, even without quitting the K.M.P.P., brought their list to Delhi to be approved of by the Central Election Committee of the Congress. They said that they had been given the assurance that a dozen of their important and hated rivals would be refused Congress tickets by the Centre even if their names were recommended by the appropriate authority in their province. These tortuous negotiations for getting tickets or for having them refused to those still in power are yet going on. Some of the dissident leaders are yet thinking of rejoining the K.M.P.P. if their demands are not complied with by the central authority.

While the A.-I.C.C. and the dominant groups in the States merely yielded to Sri Nehru's threat of non-cooperation without participating in his dream of a reformed Congress, the dissident prodigals returning to the parental fold, did not share in his laudable desire for unity in Congress ranks either. Many among the returning dissidents were motivated solely by the desire to gain an easy victory on a Congress ticket in the elections. As groups they wanted to dominate the State Congress Committees and ultimately the State Ministries. The Mahakoshal group frankly admitted that now that Shri Mishra

had committed the supreme mistake of his life by resigning his Ministership and leaving the Congress, the road was clear for them to return and dominate the Mahakoshal Congress Committee and with the help of the Centre to get Congress tickets for themselves and deny the same to their rivals. But the Centre appears to be tardy in its movements. It does not like to alienate vested interests which are still with the old group in the Ministry and the Congress Committees. Therefore the Mahakoshal dissidents are cooling their heels in the environs of 7 Jantar Mantar Road in New Delhi or seeking interviews with Sri Nehru and Sri Kidwai and the members of the Central Election Board. They also say that if their demands are not satisfied by the Congress they will walk over again into the K.M.P.P.! That is their idea of practical politics and it is being encouraged in high circles which held out last-minute hopes to them.

All these tortuous manoeuvres for power in the Congress and through it in the Ministries have made the political life of the country stink in the nostrils of the average non-political citizen. No faith is left in the plighted word of a politician to whatever party or school of thought he may belong. When faith disappears there is nothing that people can live by. Gandhiji's greatest achievement when he came on the Indian political scene was to give the country a new hope and a new faith. Everybody knew that unlike the old politicians, whether moderates or extremists, his word and that of the Congress under him could be relied upon. Not only this, Gandhiji always took care also to see that popular trust in the leadership was not shaken. Often against himself he advised the country to follow the leaders in the Working Committee even when his judgment differed from theirs. Thus he kept up the prestige of the leaders, who, he thought, would have ultimately to shoulder the responsibility of guiding the nation.

Gandhiji rarely lost his temper. But when he did, anger seemed to come out of every pore of his body. He looked terrible then. Only those who have seen him in that mood can know

the intensity of his suppressed anger and indignation. I remember one such occasion. It was at the Congress session in 1928 at Calcutta when Motilalji was presiding. There was a difference of opinion between the old leadership and the younger leaders. The latter through the Independence League stood for an immediate declaration of the Congress goal as independence outside the British Empire. A compromise was arrived at to the effect that if Dominion Status was not granted by the mid-night of December 31, 1929 the Congress would declare its aim to be complete independence outside the British Empire. The leaders of the Independence League accepted this compromise. But within the next twenty-four hours, influenced by their followers, they repudiated the compromise and decided to vote against it at the open session. The compromise resolution was moved by Gandhiji himself. I can still see the picture of Gandhiji standing on the rostrum—an embodiment of anger and indignation at the going back on their word by the youthful leaders of the Independence League. I distinctly remember the sentence that summed up his sorrow and indignation: "If the word of respected leaders of the people cannot be relied upon for twenty-four hours, goodbye to all our dreams for Swaraj." Who is there today to remind the leaders that if they break their word quickly and lightly they are degrading political life below the level of other democratic countries whose politics, however opportunist, never fall below certain standards on which their political conventions are built? We have had no time yet to build such conventions. We have therefore to stick to ordinary moral standards. If we give them up in favour of opportunism and power-politics, then goodbye to all hope of a democratic advance and evolution of our country. We shall then soon find that dictatorial parties of the right and the left will beat us at the game of opportunist and amoral politics, that care more for immediate results in terms of power-politics than for the good of the country. Let our leaders beware in time or the growing cynicism and moral confusion will only facilitate the country's surrender to the forces of violence and disruption.

SCIENTIFIC ADMINISTRATION

By A. S. RAO

IT is more often repeated than realised that we are living in a scientific age. Usually the reference is to the material benefits of science, the many gadgets one employs in daily life and to the technological advances widely applied in Agriculture, Industry, Communications, Defence and other departments of a nation's activity. More important, however, than all these is the revolution achieved by science in our very way of thinking and planning. Science has made people curious; they question the way and wherefore of things. And science itself is impatient of its present boundaries that limit it to the laboratory. Breaking its self-imposed bonds, it is widening its activity and touching not only the social but psychical and even spiritual fields, challenging old concepts. Politics, which was until now strictly taboo, is in spite of himself impinging itself on the scientist and making him think of the ethical import of allowing scientific results to be utilised for destructive purposes.

The advance of science between the two wars and the post-war period following 1945 has been truly astonishing. Very delicate and intricate investigations have been completed. These include the splitting of the atom, magnification of objects 70,000 times by means of the Electron Microscope and measurement of particles as small as one quarter of a millionth of an inch by using micro-tools. The chance discovery of Penicillin was relentlessly pursued to assist in alleviation of human suffering. DDT was fished out of a mass of scientific facts and established as a potent weapon in our war against insects. In short, scientific achievements have affected large sections of humanity.

The administrator is, perhaps, next only to the scientist in importance. By his acts and policies, he can change the face of a State and bestow on its population a confident foundation to build on. Kemal, Lenin and Visveswaraya have done it working under

vastly different social and political conditions. Though concerned with an altogether different field, the job of the administrator is also difficult and delicate. For, few aspects of life are more finely balanced or intricately ramified than human relations. To maintain these in a harmonious state, while working for the greatest good of the greatest number, is no easy or mean task. Moreover, the measure of success achieved in this field certainly makes for national stability and ultimately world peace.

A good administration is one of the pre-requisites of a Welfare State, more so in the case of under-developed countries, on the threshold of intensive planning. The days when administration was judged by the strength of its steel frame, are over. Sets of regulations, arbitrarily applied, irrespective of the situation, do not and cannot solve the diverse present-day problems. Though every administrator cannot be a scientist or have a scientific background it is necessary that he should realise the importance of a scientific approach. For, this is the only way in which our problems can be solved.

What, then, are the cardinal principles of scientific endeavour? The foremost is integrity. There is no day to day watch over the working of an investigator. Scientific honesty is proverbial and anybody who tries a short cut to cheap fame will soon find disillusionment in store. If ever we need to cultivate this sterling quality it is now, when there is evident everywhere a general slackening of moral values. This dangerous tendency is generally acquiesced in and its corroding influence on public life goes on, unchecked.

Another factor responsible for the present eminence of science is its method of selecting personnel. Merit is the only criterion. Generally speaking nationality, sex, age and other extraneous factors do not count. In fact they should not, when the very best is needed. Many an older scientist is

acknowledge the brilliance of his junior by working under his

administration of several of our country reveals that the personal fads of men in power are given full play irrespective of their disastrous effects on the country's economy. Like the scientist, the administrator should employ an objective approach. As far as possible, the benefits of any reform should be tangible when our immediate needs are of food, cloth and shelter. It is cruel to speak in ethical and spiritual terms to justify the imposition of personal likes. The administrator should find time for cool self-inspection and not be afraid to act as his own critic.

Another common tendency which is almost becoming a fad is the impression that all our ills could be set right by copying foreign ideas. Instances are not lacking where such attempts have proved costly and futile. As in science, all findings should be rigorously tested, and what is more important, adapted to one's own conditions. Only then can any large-scale implementation, involving heavy capital outlay, be contemplated. The excellent dictum 'hasten slowly' should always be before us in all responsible undertakings.

Freedom to differ from the majority is one of the fundamental rights of the scientist, if he can argue his case consistently. This may not always be possible for the democratic administrator, where the majority has an obvious advantage, irrespective of the merits of the case. In underdeveloped countries like ours the lofty ideals of Democracy get curiously twisted out of shape and become an effective tool in the hands of the power grabber. Still, the administrator can counter these unhealthy tendencies. If he has the courage of his convictions, he may not despair of converting the usually vocal majority.

And lastly, co-ordination, which is truly the grand finale of all scientific endeavour. It is easy to see two different sets of facts each by itself but to appreciate the inter-relationships between several phenomena calls for wide understanding and careful study. A vast mass of data has to be shifted by critical selection.

"But, should not," as Pavlov says in his Bequest to Academic Youth, "just be an archivist of facts, but try to penetrate to the secret of their occurrence, persistently searching for the laws that govern them." If co-ordination exists, as it should, right in the planning stages, no superfluous material will result. It will then be an entity, all in a piece, like a work of sculpture. It is said that in progressive countries, like the United States, highly qualified and experienced men are put on this important job. In our country, co-ordination is sadly lacking, resulting in wasteful overlapping of effort. A co-ordinator, who naturally should have wide powers, is looked upon as a meddler and his task made difficult, if not impossible. There is, in general, an urgent necessity to give a purpose and direction to human endeavour.

There have been scientists who were truly superhuman, pursuing their vocation, through vicissitudes, indifferent to any reward or honour. The ranks of administrators are sure to contain counterparts to such rare souls as the Curies and J. C. Bose. They are, however, not of the common run and will ever remain beacons of inspiration and guidance to lesser mortals.

The scientific method consists in a "sensitive examination of facts" relating to a specific objective, followed by planned execution involving unremitting labour without any attempt at escaping the logical conclusions reached. During a long course of years, the scientist has perfected better tools and improved the organisation of his institution but has not thought of making any serious change in this set of guiding principles which the originator of his kind formulated as he set out to answer the first question. That these can be applied to all walks of life, with equally enduring results, will be apparent to any thinking person. Fortunately for us, we have in Pandit Nehru an ardent advocate of rationalised thinking. The chain of National Laboratories which he has helped to raise is a great monument to his progressive outlook. He has reiterated, time and again, the necessity of a scientific approach in our task of national regeneration. For as Dr. Bernal has

said, "One of the characteristics of the new age is that you cannot think of any political or social scheme without involving yourself in highly technical and scientific questions. It does not mean that scientists claim to be the Government or to have any other statutory position. It only means that Government and administration are impossible unless they are thoroughly scientific, in the sense of having men in control who know

what they are doing. We are very far from that position today. But it is coming and it is one of the duties of the scientist to point out that, this process must go on very rapidly if we are to escape in this country the position of being relegated to a relatively barbarian status." This advice tendered to progressive Britain by one of her eminent scientist-administrators can only be ignored by us at our own peril.

FAITH FOR LIVING

By K. R. MALKANI

I consider the Prime Minister a failure not because he has failed here or there but because he has failed everywhere. His particular failures are bad enough but what pains me is his sad fundamental failure to give men faith to live and labour, and if need be to suffer and even to perish. Thinking of him I am ever reminded of Shelly's luminous skylark beating its ineffectual wings in the secular void in vain. We may think of him as a Prince Charming or a Greek God according to our Stuart or Hellenistic sympathies, but leader of men he is not. In the Congress he has been a heroic symbol; but control of men and matters always rested with Sardar and Gandhiji respectively. Today there is a lapse of leadership in the Congress.

A leader is a man who leads. He moulds men. He masters situations. He fires the people with a faith in their destiny. He strengthens them for sacrifice. So that when he gives the call men respond to it and are ready to follow him right into the jaws of death. Nations were never built by Hamlets. Hamlets can build only dramas and dreams. Nations are not built by bringing into contempt all that the Nation cherishes. Countries are not reconstructed by subverting the very foundations of the country's life and culture. I accuse Nehru of failure to lead, to guide and to inspire.

Our country has been free these four years. The new Chinese State came into being only two years back. China is advancing. We are retreat-

ing. China is not progressing because it has gone Communist. There are many who think it is not at all Communist in the accepted sense of the word. China is progressing because new China has a faith in itself, because it is determined to become its full true self. It is this faith which has enabled it to measure swords with U. S. A.—rightly or wrongly, is another question. China is able to maintain an army of full 300 divisions! We are maintaining as many as 6 divisions and our Government tells us that our economy can maintain no more! Something is seriously and basically wrong with the approach of a Government which can show nothing but scandals.

I think the fault lies with the negative anaemic approach to things. Nothing that the Government has done has succeeded in enthusing the people. Whether it is grow more food or 'grow fewer babies,' mass education or Zamindari Abolition Fund, the people are unmoved and unresponsive. Men are what they are. Given the right lead they would move mountains. In the absence of any such lead forthcoming, they remain immobile like a mountain.

I refuse to blame the people. They are not being approached correctly. The Government does not care for them. And so they do not care for the Government. And so the country remains where it was—stuck up in its own aimlessness.

Achievement is the fruit of labour. Labour is the fruit of love—not of wages. It is when men work in the

spirit of worship, when they are motivated by something higher than *quid pro quo* for wages, when life seems to them a sort of dedication that they give their most and their best. Last year I visited Abu. The marvel of Dilwara Mandir held my soul in ecstasy. Nearby another temple stood—a miniature copy of the Dilwara. "And what is this?" I asked in wonderment. Answer: "The craftsmen of Dilwara built this out of their earnings." Then I realised why Michael Angelo and Ajanta are not possible in this age of strikes and lockouts. We live by faith; We die by doubt. We achieve by inspiration; we destroy by greed.

What we need to day is not secular songs. They are too sterile to inspire anybody. The need of this nation is nationalism—pure and absolute. We cannot inspire men by abusing their gods. We must accept their gods. We must accept their ways. We must accept their ideas. We must accept THEM.

Men are not prepared to suffer for this Government's policies and programmes because the Government has

failed to convince them of its solicitude for their pattern of life. It does not speak to them in the language that they would understand. The people are not sure that what the Government wants them to do is related to, or is in pursuance of, their ideas of the good and the right.

This country is not advancing because the Government is not saying and doing things which could give joy and hope to the people, and awaken them to a new consciousness of strength.

The idea, institutions and associations of the nation constitute its dynamo—the power-house which gives men strength to work and to suffer so that the country may be reconstructed. A Five Year Plan is alright. But a plan for rousing the spirits of the people and preparing them for labour in a spirit of dedication is a higher and more urgent necessity. Whether it is Congress or Jan Sangh, Socialists or Communists, leaders shall have to address themselves to this problem if the sorrows of men are to melt and if freedom is to be lived, consolidated and enlarged.

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KALAYOGI DOCTOR ANANDA KUMARASWAMY

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

UNLIKE most eastern scholars and poets, who reaped a rich harvest of admiration in the West, Doctor Ananda Coomaraswamy was an elusive personality to the last. Not only did the full significance of his thought and interpretations elude the grasp of the hurrying West and equally drifting East, but even in a literal sense, the Doctor rarely revealed the details of his personal life events to dear friends. Even after his death, four years ago, not even his closest associates knew fully what manner of man he was in his personal life.

Born on August 22nd, 1877 to Sir Muthukumarasamy and his English wife in Colombo, Ananda Coomarasamy was trained to be an engineer and geologist in Britain. But as the first head of the Minerological Survey of Ceylon, he saw more than stones and chemicals in the monuments he visited. Indeed art drew him so powerfully that very soon it became his full-time pre-occupation. The first fruits of his keen interest in art was his complete study "Medieval Sinhalese Art."

Very soon, Coomarasamy gave up his official career and travelled all over India studying Indian art and painting from entirely new angles, or, to use his own phrase, from a very old traditional Indian viewpoint, which has been neglected. His conclusions were embodied in books and essays that are still source books for all succeeding art critics. America which discovered Swami Vivekananda gave him the leisure and the quiet atmosphere for creative criticism, by making him the Curator of the Boston Museum in 1919. His full energies were thereafter devoted to collecting and evaluating works of art. But the Doctor was not an art critic in the narrow sense of the word. Art, as he conceived it, was never mere form but derived value only from its subject matter. Doctor Coomarasamy was as

great a student of religions and philosophies or languages as he was of art and the word that best sums up his full gamut of activities is "Kalayogi," or the man who has merged himself in art as a means of realising Godhead.

It is therefore difficult to speak analytically of his contribution to art or religion or philosophy as such. Whenever the Doctor speaks of art, the religious background of it and the sociological basis of the craftsmanship also occupy his attention. He was a severe critic of the fashionable theory of art, namely that it is the form or the usefulness that determines the value of art. To him, form and substance were indivisible and art, at its best, was an act of prayer or visual theology. Nor did he distinguish between the artist and artisan just as he did not distinguish between secular or religious art.

One can, however, list some of his major achievements in art criticism. To all students of art and Hindu religion, he is best known as the re-discoverer of the glory of the Nataraja image. So elevating is his diction and so purposive his writing on the subject that the temptation to quote cannot be resisted. "Every part of such an image as this is directly expressive not as mere superstition or dogma. No artist of today, however great, could more exactly or more wisely create an image of that energy which science must postulate behind all phenomena. If we can reconcile time with eternity, we can scarcely do so otherwise than by the conception of alternations of phase extending over vast regions of space and great tracts of time. Especially significant is the phase of alternations implied by the drum and the fire which changes, not destroys. These are, but the visual symbols of the theory of the day and night of Brahma. In the night of Brahma nature is inert and cannot dance till Siva wills it. He

risers from his rapture and dancing sends through inert matter pulsing waves of awakening sounds and lo! matter also dances appearing as a glory round about him. Dancing He sustains its manifold phenomena. In the fulness of time, still dancing He destroys all forms and names by fire and gives new rest. This is poetry, nonetheless, science. It is not strange that the figure of Nataraja has commanded the adoration of so many generations past; familiar with all scepticism, experts in tracing all beliefs to primitive superstitions, explorers of the infinitely great and the infinitely small, we are worshippers of Nataraja still."

His re-discovery of the glory of the dancing Siva was equalled by his other individual achievements in the field of Indian art. He proved conclusively to the sceptics that the image of Buddha had little to do with Greek or Gandhara art but was a creation of Indian genius alone and that the famous Rajput paintings did not derive their inspiration from Moghul or Persian sources but were the products of native ability and imagination. Even his forthright criticism of Ravi Varma's art as a degradation of heroic and ideal types was something not just caustic. It once and for all drove out of court such cheap adaptation of western technique for native subjects.

But the sumtotal of such individual contributions falls far short of his work in Indian art as a whole. Dr. Coomaraswamy did very much more than such individual and analytical criticism. He presented or represented in the most precise and purposeful language the true basis of Indian art not as representation of coarse reality but of the idea behind. In his own words: "It cannot be too clearly understood that the mere representation of nature was never the aim of Indian art. Probably no truly Indian sculpture has been wrought direct from a living model or any religious painting copied from life. Possibly no Hindu artist of the old schools ever drew from nature at all. His store of memory pictures, his power of visualization and his imagination were for him finer means; for he desired to suggest the idea behind the sensuous appearance not to give the detail of

the seeming reality that was in truth Maya or illusion. Nature remains to the Hindu a veil, not a revelation, and if art is to be something more than a mere imitation of this Maya, it is to manifest what lies beyond."

But to the educated public of the West and even East, Dr. Coomarasamy is even better known as the scholar who consistently upheld the ancient Hindu way of life as superior to the materialist civilization of the West and who ruthlessly poured ridicule and sarcasm on the servile imitators of the West. He used to quote with approval the saying "From the stone age to the modern times what a decline!" and add that one of the main functions of a good museum is to deflate this idea of progress. According to the Doctor, "East and West are at cross purposes only because the West is determined and quite economically determined to keep on going, it knows not where, and calls this progress." In fact, his lecture "East and West" is as epoch-making in substance as Swami Vivekananda's lecture under the same title. After a very sustained critical analysis of Western civilization as one which just creates new wants and therefore new wars and which by elevating discontent has sapped the very roots of human happiness, he draws the conclusion that "it emerges from what has been said above that motion towards a rapprochement must originate in the West if only because it is the modern West that first abandoned the once common forms, while the surviving East that is still in a majority, however diminished and diminishing, still adheres to them." But he would have none of the "queer mixture of the East and West out of place everywhere and at home nowhere" that Nehru described himself to be. What he wants is a re-education in the basic values which were the same in the East and West before the Renaissance and Industrial Revolution.

No wonder, therefore, that his most sarcastic phrases were reserved for the crazy imitators of the West. A speech of his under the title "Borrowed Plumes" is devoted entirely to exposing the dangers and degradation entailed in such imitation. He even

denied that English education had really fathered the national movement and benefitted the educated classes for self-government. In his own words "If Indians are still capable of self-government it is in spite of all the anti-national tendencies of a system of education that has ignored or despised almost every ideal informing the national culture." His sarcastic but nevertheless true description of a product of English education aptly concludes with the remark that he is indeed a stranger in his own land. As the first exponent of Swadeshi even before Mahatma took up the idea, Dr. Coomarasamy spoke and wrote against westernization of our culture. As he put it "Five hundred years hence it will matter little to humanity whether a few Indians more or less have held official posts in India or a few million bales have been manufactured in Bombay or Lancashire factories; but it matters much whether the great ideals of Indian culture have been carried forward or allowed to die." And long before Mahatma or other fighters against inhuman industrialization said it, Ananda Coomarasamy laid stress on Swadeshi culture as well as avoiding any cheap imitation of the Western industrial methods. He said: "Competition with Europe on the lines of modern commercialism must involve intellectual and ultimately industrial ruin. It matters little whether it is the Lancashire manufacturer or the great mill-owner of Bombay who successfully contests the village weaver's market. Not till the Indian people patronise the Indian arts and industries from a real appreciation of them, and because they recognise them not merely as cheaper but as better than the foreign, will the Swadeshi movement become complete and comprehensive." And in another speech, delivered to his own countrymen in Jaffna, he devoted the major part of it to explain the futility and absurdity of imitating the West.

As has been made clear in the foregoing paragraphs, Dr. Coomarasamy's personality and genius were synthetic in the highest plane. Probably his mixed birth from British and Indian parents was in part responsible for this. As a close relative of his put it: "Born in an uneasy halfway house between two civilizations, he was the lord and legatee of both." At least culturally, unlike Nehru, he was at home anywhere, for he went to the very roots of culture. His extremely original criticism of Dante was held to be superior to that of many European predecessors because of this. His solution for the world's ills was a synthetic religion, a synthesis of religions underlined and defined by first principles. In a brilliant essay entitled "Paths that lead to the same summit," he outlined an inter-religious world conference to provide the basis for world co-operation.

It was just natural that he should have dazed his learned contemporaries by the variety and the vast scope of his knowledge and sympathies. His physical frame was equally magnificent and, as an American said, he was like the image of God carved in sandalwood. And truly did Eric Gill, a learned contemporary, write of his many-sided greatness, "Others have written the truth about life and religion and man's work. Others have written good clear English. Others have had the gift of witty exposition. Others have understood the metaphysics of Hinduism and Buddhism. Others have understood the true significance of erotic drawings and sculptures. Others have seen the relationship between the true, the good and the beautiful. Others have apparently unlimited learning. Others loved, others have been kind and generous. But I know of no one else in whom all these gifts and all these powers have been combined. I believe that no living writer has written the truth in matters of art and life and religion and piety with such wisdom and understanding."

Just as the intensity with which men have embraced their beliefs has usually been in inverse proportion to their truth, so the self-sacrificing idealism which they have displayed in pursuit of their ends has been usually in inverse proportion to the value of the ends pursued.—C. E. M. JOAD.

HYDERABAD CONGRESS CANDIDATES

THE list of candidates for the Hyderabad Legislative Assembly and the House of People released by the Central Congress Election Committee is more dismal to contemplate than the Andhra one. The list has evoked great jubilation among the opposition parties whose candidates will shine over the Congress candidates at least in respect of integrity and ability. It is depressing to note that the changes effected at the Centre are worse than the selections made by the Pradesh Congress Election Committee. In the majority of cases, selections were made on considerations totally at variance with the spirit of the principles laid down by the Congress President. Mr. Nehru would have had at least the credit of speaking the truth had he stipulated dishonesty and incompetence as the overriding qualifications of the Congress would-be M. L. As. and M. Ps.

The list, as it finally emerged from Delhi, is packed with former Razakars and their allies, rank communalists, reactionary feudals and persons notorious for their anti-social activities. It is a measure of the moral degeneracy of the Congress that the highest of its leaders have not shown themselves above board or immune from the evils of nepotism and favouritism.

The list for the Parliament includes one name of Mr. Ahmed Mohiuddin, who was the Labour Secretary to the Razakar Government. An old journalist who worked here at considerable risk during the hazardous Razakar days described Mr. Mohiuddin as "one of the worst Razakars." He got in simply because he is the cousin of Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai. Being the son of a State Minister, Mr. Saadat Ali, got exemption from the rigorous qualifications prescribed by the Congress President. What is one to think of the calibre of a gentleman who resigns as the Assistant Director of Information and Public Relations after making sure of a Congress ticket to contest the elections, and of those who have selected him? No wonder Mr. J. H. Subbiah, President of the Hyderabad State Scheduled Castes Federation, who is contesting a gene-

ral seat from the same constituency, is now in high spirits.

Mr. Shaukatullah Ansari is another choice made by the Central Election Committee. Mr. Ansari was a native of Lahore before the Partition and afterwards made Delhi the centre of his activities. This is perhaps an improvement on the Centre's policy of imposing outsiders on the people of Hyderabad. The people may be helpless against insolent officials imported into the State, but one cannot but wonder at the audacity of the Central Congress bosses in expecting the people of Hyderabad to be so foolish as to vote for a gentleman whom they have never seen or heard of, simply because he has been blessed with a ticket by the Central Congress Election Committee.

The woman candidate chosen for the reserved seat in Parliament from Karimnagar district is worse-fitted for the job than Srimati Rajyam Sinha in Andhra. She is said to be too young and uneducated to follow, let alone participate in the proceedings of Parliament.

The other day, Mr. Ramamoorthy Naidu, an unsparing critic of the Congress, raised a very pertinent question in connection with the rejection of his application for Congress ticket by all the members of the Congress Election Committee. He said he had a right to demand the return of the deposit inasmuch as the Congress announced that the selections would be made according to certain principles, but in actual practice, they were made on the basis of group loyalties, which, he argued, is a fraud on the public. He was recommended by none of the members since he did not belong to any of the groups.

A branch of the K. M. P. Party, consisting of all veteran and genuine Congressmen, rose over the ashes of the Congress, for which no other proof is required than the revelation made by one of its founders in Hyderabad, Mr. M. Ramachandrarao, that Congressmen are today looked down upon as "Razakars" in the villages.—"YERRABABU"

THE SINDRI FERTILISER FACTORY

By R. J. VENKATESWARAN

ON the midnight of October 31, 1951 the Sindri Fertiliser Factory, the biggest of its kind in the whole of Asia, commenced operations and is expected to go into full production in the next six months. Built at a cost of Rs. 23 crores, the factory can produce 350,000 tons of ammonium sulphate per year and thereby save about Rs. 8 crores, at present spent on the import of fertilisers. Besides, it will stimulate further industrial development. A cement plant, for instance, is to be set up which will produce about 300 tons per day of high class cement from the large quantities of calcium carbonate sludge, the chief bye-product of the fertiliser plant. Sindri will also be able to supply, after meeting its own requirements about 40,000 Kw. of electric power to the coal field grid. Further, the fact that the plant will produce its own coke at the rate of 600 tons per day will facilitate the growth of a number of industries by the utilisation of the bye-products of coke. The Bihar Government has started an Engineering College close by and it has also resolved to establish a super-phosphate factory. Sindri in short will form the basis of heavy chemical industry and its contribution to the strengthening of the defence needs of the nation is of no small order.

The establishment of the Sindri factory is one of the most notable achievements of the Government of India in the sphere of industrialisation. It is rather unfortunate that the execution of the project has not been as prompt and efficient as one would have wished. The Estimates Committee of Parliament, it may be recalled, has passed severe strictures on the working of this enterprise. The main criticism was that the cost of the scheme had greatly exceeded the original estimate. While the Technical Mission estimated the cost at Rs. 10.53 crores, the actual figure has gone up to Rs. 23 crores. Many factors are responsible for this big

increase. They are mainly (a) the inordinate delay in acquiring land at Sindri; (b) lack of co-ordination between the different authorities and (c) the contracts on a cost plus basis. On all these matters, the Estimates Committee has made very critical observations.

While the Committee's remarks are by and large correct, it must be said that it is unfair to put the whole blame on the Government for the rise in the cost of the project. A careful examination of all the relevant factors will show that the increase in cost was largely due to circumstances beyond the control of Authority. In the first place, the scope of the project was considerably enlarged after the Technical Mission had submitted its estimate. The power house, for example, which was originally meant to provide 30,000 Kw. was increased to 80,000 Kw. installed capacity. Again, the construction of one infiltration gallery and a dam on the Damodar river in order to ensure adequate water supply (the requirements of the factory amount to about 12 million gallons per day) further increased the cost of the project. In addition, there were other items for which no provision was made in the original estimate. According to a Government publication, the total cost of the items not fully allowed for or not allowed for at all in the Mission estimate amounts to Rs. 483.00 lakhs as shown below:—

1. Services etc. and miscellaneous charges Rs. 36½ lakhs
2. Engineering and other charges of Chemical Corporation (U.S.A.) and Power Gas Corporation (U. K.) 182 lakhs
3. Exploration of gypsum deposits in Rajasthan 27 lakhs
4. Maintenance and running expenses of Constructional equipment LESS receipts and recoveries 17½ lakhs

5. Establishment charges during construction period	91½ lakhs
6. Tools and plant for constructional purposes	17 lakhs
7. Spares for future maintenance	32½ lakhs
8. C. P. W. D. and Bihar P.W.D. departmental charges at 17½%	78½ lakhs
Total	482½ lakhs
or	483 lakhs roundly.

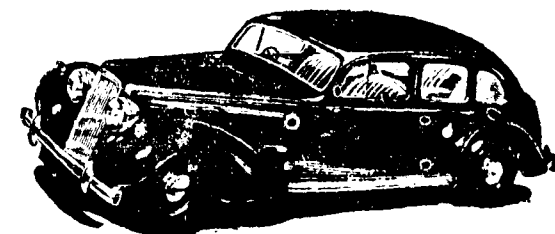
In view of these factors, Government observe that "the increase in the cost of the project on the basis of the Mission estimate amounts to only Rs. 5.56 crores or about 44%".

However, what matters to-day is that the factory should go into full production as early as possible. Even more important is the fact that Government should make available the fertilisers to the cultivator at prices he can afford. Whether Government can do this in view of the high cost of the factory remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, we should learn a lesson or two from the experiences of the Sindri project. In the first place, Government should start no industrial undertaking without a thorough and proper scrutiny by technical experts. Secondly, the strictest scrutiny should be exercised at every stage of the progress of a project. Thirdly, only such schemes should be taken up which can be completed quickly and which will not impose an undue strain on our financial resources. Lastly Government should keep Parliament and the public informed of all major developments in regard to the execution of a project and complaints of inefficiency and irregularity should be promptly enquired into and suitable action taken.

The working of State-owned industries in England and elsewhere shows that even in these countries the results have not been very satisfactory. It is therefore all the more necessary that in India where the State for the first time has entered the field of manufacture, care is taken to run the enterprises with the utmost economy and efficiency.

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MISS INCOMPATIBLE

By Devendra Pratap

WHEN I learned from the newspapers that I had obtained my M. A. degree, much to the amazement of all concerned, and was on the threshold of that irksome indecision regarding my future plans which I suppose is the common fate of all young men just out of the varsity portals, my father called me one day to his study and bade me sit down.

"Devendra," he said with that exultation of tone and spirits which one commonly associates with surprised horse-owners. "You've done it."

"Yes, sir," I said. "At least it looks like it."

"You are an M. A. I can hardly believe it."

"No more hardly than I, sir," I confessed well conscious of my academic performances in the past and the general frustration of hopes they had caused.

"Your modesty is pleasant," he said. "Hereditary, I dare say. I may take it, I suppose, that the examination results are quite pucca, now?"

"I should take them with a pinch of salt, sir, if I were you," I said guardedly. "I shouldn't presume upon them until they've been gazetted."

"Nonsense," sneered my father. "Do newspapers generally commit mistakes like that?"

"I shouldn't say generally, sir, but once in a while..."

"Well," interrupted my father, "the chance that this might be that once in a while and yours the case affected by it is one in ten thousand, I should think. I was a mathematics student in my days, you know, and I have a goodish memory of the Theory of Probabilities."

I bowed my head before superior knowledge.

"Let us see," continued my father brusquely. "You will be twentyfive in a month from now. You are an

M. A. Time for you to settle down, I think."

"You are right, sir. I was thinking of becoming a teacher."

"Nonsense," snapped my father. "A teacher! The last thing I should let you be. No one was ever a school teacher in our family. You'd better chew that notion down. Swallow it. I am sure I can get you nominated immediately to the P. C. S. I have influence with the Governor. But that wasn't what I meant by your settling down. I was suggesting that you ought to get married. Your mother and I are agreed that you ought to."

I looked up at my father in some bewilderment.

"But, father...", I began.

"I know," he said. "You don't know any girl you'd care to marry. Isn't that it, now?"

I swallowed and gulped.

"It's not only that, sir," I stammered at last. "It's that I have never given a serious thought to marriage yet."

"Very creditable for a boy who's grown to be twentyfive," said my father commendingly. "However, as I was saying, it's time you began to think in terms of marriage. I suggest that you cultivate Susheela. She's a nice girl. Credit to any home. Good looking too. I dare say she's no model of perfection. Has her faults possibly. But you can't have everything. I have arranged with her parents that you should have free access to her. They approve of the idea."

Dear reader, meet Miss Susheela. Daughter of our neighbour, my father's old friend, Mr. Harnath Rai, Deputy Collector, and Mrs. Harnath Rai (nee Chunni). 19. Satin-skinned. B. A. Bespectacled. Artistic. Serious. The delight of anthropologists.

"Do you know how to cultivate a girl?" my father asked me. "For a novice the path's not going to be

easy, I can assure you. Let me give you some tips."

He proceeded to give me from actual experience, I suspected, several tips full of sound horse-sense. I must not forget to rub it in that I was an M. A. and destined soon to be a deputy collector. I must parade my athletic past. Suppress my academic reverses. Emphasise my proficiency as a player of bridge. Talk glibly of the Siegfried and Maginot Lines, of Bolshevism, and of Sahgal and Khurshid. That was the ticket. Take the initiative. Pass on to the offensive.

"But she is a B.A. herself, sir," I said doubtfully. "And, if she happens to be literary or musical or artistic in any other way—"

"Oh, don't worry," said my father. "If you follow my tips, you'll muddle through."

I found Miss Sushila what a more vitriolic man might well call a tough customer. We were introduced by her father and she acknowledged me as though I were a one-cell creature. Through her glasses, which I noticed were pretty lousy, she examined me with a minuteness which filled me with foreboding.

After the introduction, her father, a very clever and competent looking man, seemed to remember an important engagement and we found ourselves alone.

She ordered tea and a bearer in livery brought a tray.

"Shall we?" she suggested and, despite her spectacles, the pretty curve of her thin red lips piqued me.

"Yes. Thank you," I said.

She fiddled with the tea things and I observed with a delicious pang that her hands were exactly of the specifications that had sometimes formed the subject of my bachelor-dreams. Slim, well-formed, with long knotless fingers. I compared her with Hedy Lamarr and decided that she could give a point or two to the famous Hollywood star.

"How many spoons?" she asked poisoning a spoon over the sugar basin.

I generally like my fluids extra-sweet. But a look at my hostess convinced me that she would regard anything but the conventional "Two, please" as a social outrage.

"Two, if you please," I said.

She handed me a cup and I drank from it with the air of a martyr, stirring my tea occasionally to mobilise any undissolved particles of sugar.

"You are, I understand," said Susheela, "an M. A."

"Just done it," I confessed guiltily. "Subject?"

"Economics. Nasty thing to delve in. Almost like cannibalism."

She laughed. A very pretty laugh. It went straight to my heart.

"You don't sound as though you were ever keen on your studies," she said.

"You've said it, sis-er-Miss Susheela."

"What are you going to do now?"

"My father says he can manage a back-seat for me in the P.C.S."

"I hate people going in for Government service. Shows lack of initiative. You are familiar with Trotsky?"

"Oh, yes, Quite," I answered readily. "Very funny, these Russian names, but thanks to the to-and-fro character of the war, they cling to one's memory. Oh yes, don't I know Trotsky? Or Kujbeshev, for that matter?"

She laughed again.

"Trotsky is not the name of a place she said. "It's the name of a celebrated Russian author."

I felt caught. The best way out of my embarrassment, I argued, was to lie. Surely, she couldn't know all Russian names.

"Oh," I said. "I thought you said Trowotsky. Russian nomenclature is funny, isn't it?" Sure I know Trotsky, the great author. Who doesn't?"

"Which of his books have you read?"

Dangerous ground. I must swing back to pure truth inconspicuously.

"I don't remember the titles," I said. "Bad memory, you know. But I do remember having read him long ago. Isn't he a dear?"

"Precious," she agreed heartily. "I adore him."

"I don't blame you. I like him no end myself."

She drank thoughtfully for a moment.

"Are you musical?" she asked.

"Oh, quite. Especially on the hula-hula side. Are you?"

"It's my passion," she said, indicating the several musical instruments hanging by the walls. "Do you know *Bageshwari*?"

I racked my brains but gave it up. "Not that I can recall. I'm afraid I do not know many girls. A friend of yours?"

She giggled. Yes, despite her specs and her Trotsky, she giggled. And it was a pretty giggle.

"*Bageshwari*," she said, wiping her eyes with a dainty handkerchief, "is the name of a particular melody. Not of a girl."

"Oh, I am sorry. I did think there was a snag in it somewhere. Sounds sweet for a malady, though. Do you suffer from it?"

More giggles. More wrenches at my heart.

"I said M-E-L-O-D-Y," she said.

"Oh, melody? I am sorry. Rather dense of me. Something to do with music, eh? The sour-face, classical type, I suppose."

"You do make one laugh," she said. "So naive. You smell fresh."

"Thank you."

"Do you play Bridge?" she continued after a pause.

Ah, here at last we were on my favorite subject.

"Often and well," I said brightly. "I could give a point or two to good old Culbertson. Do you?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Ugh."

"I do not," she elucidated. "It is a pastime for the imbeciles. You play tennis, I suppose?"

She had got me into a mood where I was not at all sure of my ground. Would she like the answer in the affirmative or in the negative. I didn't know. I decided to stick to the truth.

"Seems such a shame," I confessed, "but I do. Won several trophies, in fact."

"H'm. Worse than I thought. Are you fond of the cinema?"

Ah, I said to myself, here's one point on which we *might* agree. Even a girl like her couldn't spurn the cinema surely. Why, it's all art. Pure unalloyed art.

"The cinema?" I said, "oh, you mean the pictures? Sure."

"Good. You may take me to one tomorrow."

My spirits went up suddenly.

"Oh, may I? You really mean it? Dashed good of you. Which one would you like to go to? There's *Bansari* at the Rita, *Shakuntala* at the Majestic . . ."

"I shouldn't know one from the other," she said soberly. "I hate them. Make your own choice."

"But then why ask me to take you there?" I said amazed.

"My parents wish that I shall accompany you. I shall just sit through it."

"But why must you do a thing you don't want to?"

"You are dense. Let me explain. It is desired that I should marry you. See?"

I saw. What a mess. The girl was taking it so philosophically, damn her. No sentiment about it. She was resigned to the idea. She would marry me only because her parents wished it. Not because of *Me*. And here was I, burning my heart out for her.

"And we are incompatibles?" I exclaimed ruefully. "You don't want to marry me, I suppose?"

"I don't see why not," she answered simply. "It should be great fun. Unlikes attract, you know. What about you?"

I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. So there *was* a spark of sentiment in it, if only because we were incompatibles. By Jove! What a scream!

"I should love it," I said with emotion. I'm already head over heels in love with you, Miss incompatible. I should love to choke back your Trotsky with a kiss when we are married. I could even suffer your *Bageshwari* if you are about me when you sing it. Will you marry me, Susheela?"

"Yes," she whispered "provided you do not take up a cosy job in the P.C.S. A deputy collector would be compatible and therefore, hateful, you see?"

Fortunately, however, I didn't have to take up a job in the P.C.S. It was never offered me. Its offer was subject to my obtaining the M. A. degree and this, as the Gazette informed me a few days later, I had failed to do. The newspapers had been in error, after all, thank God. I had *not* passed the examination.

MAN'S ASSAULT ON UNCONQUERED EVEREST

By MATTHEW HALTON

IN Nepal, in the highest Himalayas, the mountain called Everest throws its great shoulders and its ultimate blue-white glacial plumes nearly six miles into the sky, a challenge to the imaginations of adventurous men. It is the highest mountain in the world—29,140 feet (trigonometrically surveyed by Sir George Everest in 1841)—and for 40 years men have dreamed of climbing it.

Time after time expeditions, great and small, have struggled with their native Tibetan porters up the grim forbidding slopes, and by heroic efforts got to 25,000 feet or 26,000 or 27,000 feet, and then made the attempt to rush the last unconquered peak, and every time they have failed, often with their lives. Now two more attempts, one French and one British, are to be made on this alluring but still virgin fastness, known to the natives of the country as Kharta Lal, the Mother of Snows.

One of the great remembered thrills of my life is that I have seen Mount Everest. I rode half the night once along high mountain paths from Darjeeling to Tiger Hill, and then at dawn there came the hoped-for-break in the clouds, and there—a hundred miles away, still but clear and wondrous—was the famous mountain.

But one does not have to see it to understand its challenge and its fascination to the mountaineer. One day I asked a famous Everest man, Eric Shipton, whether all the pain and the lost lives will have been worth while when Everest at last is climbed. He smiled a little and said, "To us it will." It is a dull man who does not understand, even if he cannot share, the urge.

Despite the fact that May and June are considered the best months for tackling Everest, the British party now preparing to attempt it is going to risk the colder weather of autumn. This four-man party is to be led by 44-year old Shipton, who has been on four previous Everest expeditions.

By making the attempt late in the season the Britons hope to avoid, at least in some degree, the monsoons which have often brought disaster to climbers. Against this advantage the expedition will combat other conditions not met to the same extent by summer climbers; intense night frosts and the consequent danger of frost-bite. The fall months are also seasons of heavy wind, but despite all the apparent drawbacks to attempting the climb at this time of the year, Shipton is hopeful.

Neither wireless nor oxygen is to be carried by the party. Though oxygen is considered by some mountaineers to be indispensable at great heights, experience has shown that high climbers suffer more from wastage of muscle tissue than from immediate lack of oxygen, and as each oxygen apparatus weighs 30 to 35 pounds its usefulness diminishes the higher a man climbs. Other innovations in equipment will include super-strong nylon ropes and rubber soled boots, which will replace the nailed boots on which mountaineers have depended for over half a century.

No man knows the exact height which previous climbers have reached on that last cruel col of Mount Everest. Seven expeditions have attacked the mountain, seven expeditions have failed. And nine men at least have lost their lives near the top, and lie frozen and incorruptible somewhere above the clouds. Two of these men, George Leigh Mallory and Andrew C. Irvine, met a death that for generations will strike the imaginations and hearts of those who read the story.

An Axe In The Snow

It was in the expedition of 1924, the third attempt. On the morning of June 6 in that year they left the base camp on the North Col, 25,000 feet high, and two days later arrived at Camp Six, 27,000 feet above the sea, with three porters who were helping with the loads. A third member of the party, Captain N. E. Odell, arrived

at Camp Six in time to watch them start, at 7 O'clock in the morning, toward the summit. For an hour or two he watched them. He lost sight of them. He saw them once more, struggling black dots against the highest shoulder of the peak. Then the mists swept across them and he saw them no more. They were caught up in a bit of the great white plume that hangs forever over Everest, and swept away into their grave.

Nine years later, members of another expedition got to within 1,000 feet of the top. There, stuck like a monument in the cold, unspeakable snows, they found an ice-axe. So Mallory had got that far, at least. Some believe, as the ice-axe was at the foot of a cliff, that he had got much farther. It may be, they say—and if this is not a moving and dramatic thought I don't know one—that one or both of the two men got to the top, and there fainted and died from exhaustion and lack of oxygen, and lie there till Doomsday with the highest mountain on earth as their couch.

There had been another dramatic episode three days earlier, when two others in the party, Norton and Somervell, had made their attempt on the summit. They and their men had actually got supplies and oxygen tubes to a camp 26,800 feet high: and from this point, in agony, the two men had climbed to 28,200 feet. But they could get no farther, and had to descend to the North Col. The next morning Norton awoke suffering from snow blindness. And the story of how two others, Hazard and Hingston, took him down the awful slopes to safety, when he was completely blind, is an unforgettable thing.

Several men had died already in the expedition of 1922. Five Englishmen, Mallory, Finch, Somervell, Wakefield and Crawford with 12 hardy native porters, were attempting to reach the North Col. Accumulations of fresh snow had made the going extremely difficult. They were caught in an avalanche that swept down the face of the mountainside and carried the whole party away. Two groups of roped-together men, four in one group and five in the other, were swept over an immense ice-cliff, and only two of the nine were rescued. Mallory,

Crawford and Somervell were carried 150 feet, but stopped miraculously on the edge of a cliff that fell straight away in front of them for hundreds of yards.

The 1936 Everest expedition, led by Hugh Ruttledge, was the largest ever to go. It consisted of 12 Englishmen and 100 Sherpa porters. Ruttledge believed in large parties; he said 12 men was the smallest number that had any chance of success. But the 1938 party, led by W. H. Tilman, and including Frank Smythe and Eric Shipton, had only seven men. Tilman and Shipton, incidentally, were the first mortals ever to enter the marvellously beautiful Nanda Devi basin a vast circle of gigantic peaks surrounding a still taller peak, Nanda Devi, 25,645 the highest mountain in the Commonwealth and the highest ever climbed.

Smythe, who has written an excellent book recently about mountain climbing, has been in many Everest expeditions, and has been within 1000 feet of the summit. He it was who brought back stories of the strange ghosts and "abominable snowmen" that men see or think they see in the rarefied, bemusing airs of the highest snows.

When I asked Shipton once why he believed in small parties, he said they were much more mobile. "The small armies that used to go were extremely cumbersome. A small party can take sudden decisions and get going fast. Suppose you are at the base camp on the North Col. or on Camp Six at 27,000 feet, waiting for suitable weather for the attempt. A small party stands a much better chance."

One Terrible Hour

It has other advantages. A small party is cheaper. Moreover, it has fewer difficulties with the natives, who hate these foreign invasions. It is still difficult to get permission for the expeditions from the xenophobic and superstitious Tibetan authorities, who believe the god of Everest is annoyed when he is disturbed. Everest is in Nepal, but can only be reached through Tibet.

But even a small party has to transport a huge amount of stores through that mountainous wilderness to the base camp on the great Rongbuk

glacier—tents, oxygen tanks, cookers sleeping bags, medical supplies, clothing and food. Hundreds of pounds of canned meats, canned fruits, and canned eggs for everyday use, and such things as halibut oil, yeast pills, lemon juice and barley sugar for the climbers to carry in their pockets when they leave the highest camps and make a dash for the top.

"Dash" is hardly the word, of course, when you can take only nine or ten steps a minute, especially when you are carrying your own breathing bag that weighs 25 pounds and contains enough oxygen for five hours. Smythe, who got within 1,000 feet of the summit in 1933, has told of one terrible hour in which he progressed less than 50 feet. Even on level ground it would be hard going at that altitude.

Most people, in fact, could not even stay alive for more than a few days at altitudes over 20,000 feet. The body almost literally goes to pieces, that is, the heart and other organs begin to weaken and actually to degenerate. The Tibetan herdsmen occasionally take their flocks as high as 18,000 feet, but even the most pain-seeking religious fanatics in a land of fanaticism never go any higher.

Yet the Everest climbers will spend days at 25,000 feet and then again at 27,000 feet, waiting for a favourable hour to start the last awful climb, when blood will come from their ears and every step will be an agony. They will have oxygen enough for five hours but it is extremely unlikely, if they have good weather and climbing conditions, that they will be able to do that last grim 2,000 feet in five hours. They will have to throw away their empty breathing bags, call up their last reserves of nervous stamina, and stagger on with only thinness to breathe.

Now two more parties are preparing to make the assault. Everest seems to have acquired a personality, lovely but aloof and malign, and one can almost imagine her smiling with patient cruelty at the news that more of the strange adventurers are on the way.

I suppose they will follow the usual

routine. They will spend many weeks getting from Darjeeling (where there is Kinchenjunga, a more beautiful mountain even than Everest) to the Everest base camp on the Rongbuk glacier, 23,000 feet up. Then they will establish a camp on the North Col, at 25,000 feet. Two or three will then climb to Camp Six, at 27,400 feet. Leaving there what supplies they have been able to carry, they will return to the North Col for a rest, and other parties will go to the high camp with more supplies.

The External Quest

That camp, though only 1,700 feet from the summit of which men dream, is still not high enough for the jumping-off point, but none other is feasible. The last climb must be done, therefore, if it is ever done, between daylight and dark. When it is 40 or 50 below zero, and when you can take only a step for five breaths, that 1,700 feet is the almost impossible. It would probably take 15 hours to get to the top and back even if conditions were good.

But still men try it—determined to spend a few minutes of their lives on that pure white bit of ice and snow nearly six miles above sea level and higher than anything else in the world. Each man feels he will be the one. He feels that if he takes everything very, very easily until the last, moving from one camp to the next by slow and careful stages so as to hoard his energy, and if weather conditions are good, he may conquer those last few hundred feet.

It is strange to think that the man who does it may find Mallory there.

Or he himself may reach the top, and heave a sigh of triumph and exultation, and then, as has been suggested, collapse in exhaustion and leave his body there with the eternal snows.

Men have flown over Everest, and far higher. But that is not enough. The human spirit being what it is, there are men who will not rest until their own feet have carried their own bodies to the very top of the highest mountain. And if you ask what good will come of it these men may not have a ready answer. They just know it will be good.—Copyright—N.N.F.

CAN CORRUPTION BE OVERCOME?

By BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

EVEN within four years of responsible government under Independence we are beginning to feel distrustful of our politicians. Our primary requirements of food and clothing are in short supply, while there appears to be an unlimited stock of them in the blackmarket. And we naturally ask, "How is it that the Government apparently does nothing to put an end to the blackmarket, and to make hidden stocks available to the hard-hit consumer?" The people seem so dissatisfied with their present condition that they have begun to think that the Government and the blackmarketeer are somehow in league. A close disciple of Gandhiji and a constructive worker for Khadi all his life remarked the other day that the white cap today means blackmarket. The white cap previous to Independence meant patriotism and self-sacrifice. If today it means corruption and selfishness, what has happened in the meantime to produce the change? Is it not assumption of Governmental power?

The modern democratic form of Government puts so much power in the hands of the politician that it has a baneful effect on him. Evidently he cannot resist the temptation to use it for his own selfish gain. If even men known for sacrificial service all their lives, like our present Congress leaders, fall victims at times to this temptation, how much worse will it be when the ordinary politician, who enters politics not for any idealistic motive but merely for self-aggrandisement, comes into power? The future, therefore, under the Western form of democratic government we have adopted for ourselves, seems black indeed.

How are we to meet this situation? In the first place, we must organise ourselves to expose and fight corruption whenever it is found. Today there is too much apathy and indifference to public evils, and too

much looking to the Government for help in our afflictions. The more we depend thus on the Government the more powerful we make it, the more helpless we become, and the more we are likely to suffer at the hands of unscrupulous politicians. Besides, if the Government is corrupt it is obviously futile to expect it to put an end to corruption. The people must act. It has been rightly said that a people get the Government they deserve. If they tolerate corruption, are a party to it, and will do nothing to stop it, they are themselves to blame for the prevalent corruption.

In the second place, we must try to establish an economic order where there will be little scope for Governmental control. Control means power to bestow benefits, and that inevitably leads to corruption. The two chief requirements of our people are food and cloth. If these two, to start with, can be freed from control, we could have achieved a great deal towards reducing the scope for corruption. How may we do this? The best way it seems to us, would be to make our villages produce for themselves all that they need in the way of food and cloth. Surplus food if any from the villages and food imported from abroad, and whatever cloth is manufactured in mills may be used in the cities. So far as the villages go, no food should be supplied to them unless they happen to suffer from natural calamities like drought, floods or earthquake. If the villages are placed thus on a basis of self-dependence, at once the field for corruption becomes reduced, as more than three-fourths of our population live in the villages.

Unfortunately the tendency today, whether under Capitalism or under Communism, is to centralize production and distribution. This means controls at every turn, and concentration of power in the hands of a few. The few then are in the privileged position of being able to confer benefits for their own selfish gain. When

this happens, the whole Governmental machinery from top to bottom becomes corrupt, for when the few at the top are corrupt they cannot enforce purity of administration on their officers.

Further, the present economic order is individualistic and commercial. In it money rules. Where money is thus all in all, greed for money is rampant, and the temptation is to amass money by hook or by crook. In a self-sufficient village economy, on the other

hand, where corporate life can be organised on the basis of mutual service, and payment made in goods, corruption can be reduced to a minimum.

Therefore, it would seem, if we want to overcome corruption, the best way is to fight it fearlessly when we come across it, and at the same time to work for an economic order based on the principle of village self-sufficiency for the primary requirements of the people.

OUR GREAT NEIGHBOUR

THE following is an excerpt from the editorial comment of *Vigil*:

Two esteemed friends have given us for sharing with our readers two letters they have just received from Prof. J. C. Kumarappa who wrote to both of them on November 1, when he was on his way from Hongkong to Tokyo at the conclusion of his tour of China as a member of the Indian goodwill mission. While still in Peking, Prof. Kumarappa had received instructions from our Government to proceed to Japan and report on the present economic set-up in that country. As the two letters in which Prof. Kumarappa gives his impression of the situation in China are written on the same lines and are complementary to each other, we have pieced them together for the sake of convenience and in order to avoid unnecessary repetitions. This is what Prof. Kumarappa says:

"I was deeply impressed by the nation-building work going on in China. Though they have not eschewed violence, they are avoiding it. Their economic programme is much on the lines of my Seldoh experiment but not quite so intensive, naturally, as their work is nation-wide. There is no banning or liquidation of private property or of industrialists who help to increase production to meet the country's prime needs. Landlordism is being wiped out with much generosity of spirit. They have confiscated lands of the parasitic landlords only. They have learnt great lessons from the Soviet experiments. I have

been to villages also to evaluate the results of their work. While much credit for the work done goes to the Government, yet the bulk of it is due to the character, organising ability and industrious nature of the people. In this respect they have an advantage over us in India and hence they have been able to throw Chiang-Kai-shek's Koumintang regime which they characterise as the 'bandit regime.'

"The nation has rolled up its sleeves to do the mighty work of reconstruction. Their party members of Government are working hard on a pitance. Their Chairman Mao Tse-Tung gets about Rs. 700 per month as against our President's Rs. 10,000. Here you have the difference in approach. Government factory managers get about Rs. 400 to Rs. 500 and their expert workers on piece work basis often get even more than the top bosses. There are hardly any cars to be seen on the streets. Even ministers bustle into buses when not on duty. The commonest form of transport is the cycle rickshaw.

"In their People's Court, business is done with great dispatch without much expenses. There are no advocates or lawyers to fleece their clients. Judges examine witnesses directly but there are Government-paid defenders to help the accused in complicated cases. The old laws have been abandoned and common sense rules the dispensing of justice. It is wonderful how they have got through red tape and routine to get work done quickly."



By V. P. SATHE

THE Cultural Delegation from China and the Film Delegation from the Soviet Union have returned to India. At the jubilee celebrations of *Deedar* I came across Durga Khote attired in 'red' (Indian red and not Communist Red as she averred) saree and K. A. Abbas attired in 'Hong Kong' suit. Both of them seem to be very much impressed about what they had seen abroad.

Durga Khote who visited Russia revealed that though a programme was made for them, there was no restriction at all on their movement. If they felt like it, they could even change the itinerary. Durga Khote was overwhelmed with the hospitality and honour accorded to the delegation by the Soviet Government and the people and she was considerably impressed by the progress the films had made under the Communist rule. The nationalization, according to her, had not been so harmful; on the contrary it provides the artiste with ample opportunities to make artistic films. The other thing that impressed her was the training institutes which had a five-years' course in cinematography and unless one has gone through the training one cannot get admission to the film industry. She visited almost all the studios and met the film people.

Abbas who had been to China could not get an opportunity to meet the film people. When he visited Shanghai, he found that they had all gone out for outdoor shooting. Abbas saw six or seven Chinese films. The most famous of it was called 'White Haired Girl.' The Chinese films follow the Soviet technique and are very realistic. China also produces cartoons though their standard is so far not

very high; but in film-making China has made considerable progress. What with the economic blockade from America, the Chinese get raw stock mostly from the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. But China manufactures projectors of standard size, carbons, lights and this year it will manufacture its own cameras.

Formerly Shanghai was the main centre of film making. But now the centre has been shifted to Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, which has got the best-equipped film studios. At every cinema a very well illustrated booklet with about a hundred pictures from the film are sold. Some of the Chinese films have already been brought to India and it is learnt that during the forthcoming international film festival we will be able to see them.

Incidentally, apart from Chinese continental films, Soviet films are also shown in China. The only Indian picture to be exhibited there is *Dharti Ke Lal* in Russian superimposed with Chinese titles. And on October 1, a Chinese Film Festival was held in Moscow to commemorate the second anniversary of liberation.

Picture Of The Week

Gemini's *Sansar* is Vasan's first social picture in Hindi. Yet it is not his original picture; for it is based on a successful Telugu picture and in transcribing it in Tamil and Hindi Vasan has been very faithful to the original picture. It is perhaps this fidelity that accounts for the inordinate length of the picture.

The story of *Sansar* is not exactly new; it has been told by the Mohanlal Dave—V. M. Vyas combination on the one hand and the Prabhulal Dwivedi—S. M. Yusuf combination on the

other many times. It is the story of the sufferings of a middle-class family; the causes of this suffering are the mother and daughter who ruin a happy home by their callousness and self-aggrandisement. The basic weakness of the story is that the motif for the cruel behaviour of the mother and daughter is never clear; they look more like automations who seem to be harassing the poor daughter-in-law just because the scenarist ordered them to do so. Thus, for instance, it is rather difficult to understand Jamuna, the hero's sister, stealing her brother's money and driving him to desperation and Ganga the hero's mother having no sort of love at all for her son.

Indeed both these characters, Ganga and Jamuna, who are responsible for making the life of Narayan, his wife and children a hell, seem to be too inhuman to be true. They are not even clever; for half-way through the story they almost kill the only sources of income and happiness to them. And this major flaw lends a note of artificiality to the entire story. Moreover, there are too many coincidences in the second half of the story which bring all the characters together.

The story briefly follows this pattern! Narayan, a clerk in Madras is living happily with Laxmi, his wife and two children, until Ganga, Jamuna and her henpecked husband come to stay with them. They are responsible for quarrels and extravagant expenses, as a result of which Narayan runs into debt ultimately loses his job and is unable to pay charges in the hospital where his wife and newly born son are languishing. Out of utter desperation he runs away. Madan, his brother, who has so far been in the village arrives on the scene, and pays off the debtors. But his mother starts spreading scandal about him and Laxmi as a result of which Laxmi runs away with her children.

Years pass. Madan who has conveniently fallen in love with a mill-owner's daughter becomes the manager of a mill. Narayan roams about while Laxmi's children start begging until the eldest one of them takes a job in Madan's mill. While working he accidentally meets his father. And it is the father's illness which unites

the family; but it is the illness which drives Laxmi to steal money from Madan's prospective father-in-law. After the usual melodrama the picture ends on a happy note with Madan's wedding. Incidentally Jamuna and Ganga are tamed down by Jamuna's henpecked husband who suddenly takes things into his own hand. For the havoc they wrought both these characters get no punishment worth mentioning.

Though the story is old and artificial, it has many emotionally moving situations which bring tears to your eyes; and it is these simple homely touching scenes that contribute to the success of *Sansar*, which is lavishly produced and brilliantly directed in the true Vasan style. Among the artistes Pushpavali steals the honours by her sensitive, sincere and sympathetic portrayal. Mohana, Gulab and Agha, the Bombay contingent, have acquitted themselves most creditably. While Agha and Gulab are brilliant, Mohana acts for the first time. Even the music is pleasing and tuneful. The song of the two children begging in the streets is very touching.

A good and moving film, *Sansar*, in spite of its length which can be reduced with profit by at least two or three thousand feet, is destined to be a popular hit. But as a piece of art and literature it is no class with the Bengalee *Chhota Bhai* or the marathi *Amar Bhoopali*. When will Vasan give us such a truly representative picture of the South?

Personality Of The Week

Rajendra Jain is perhaps the youngest film producer in India and the very first picture that bears his name as a producer has proved a country-wide success. Last week in Bombay Rajendra Jain's *Deedar* celebrated a solo silver jubilee at Minerva. A gala function was held at Central Studios to celebrate this occasion under the presidentship of Sri S. K. Patil, the Chairman of the Film Enquiry Committee. Over three hundred guests attended the function.

And Rajendra Jain in his maiden public speech thanked his colleagues and acknowledged the great contribution of director Nitin Bose and music director Naushad who were mainly responsible for the success of *Deedar*. As a token of his appreciation

of their contribution Rajendra presented Nitin with a gold watch and Naushad with a gold cigarette case. Nargis, Dilip, Ashok, Nimmi, Yakub, Azim Bazidpuri, Shakil Badayuni, Baby Tabassum, Master Parikshit and others were also presented with watches, cigarette cases and pens. The most rare piece was a tiny 8 mm. camera presented to Nargis. Rajendra Jain himself seemed to be pleased with the trophy he had won in the Mussoorie Film Festival and with the compliments paid by Sri S. K. Patil.

Though a Marwari, son of Makhanlal Jain, a well-known businessman, Rajendra, educated in a convent school is a young, modern westernised man. After Makhanlal left M. & T. he sponsored Filmkar and put his son in charge of the concern. In his studio and office, Rajendra is better known as the Chairman, though he looks anything but a Chairman. But in spite of his boyish looks and youth, Rajendra carries on the duties of Chairman on his young shoulders with his youthful vigour and success. True, his father is always there to help him and to guide him; but the father does not take any decision without his son's assent or rather he leaves the final decision to his son, who is after all the Chairman of the company.

Being young he is very enthusiastic, zealous and at the same time somewhat temperamental and impatient and there are occasions when his father is called upon to play the role of peace-maker. Rajendra has a good taste in films and a keen desire to make good films. It was with this desire that he and his father gathered such talented people as Nitin Bose, Ramesh Saigal and Kamal Amrohi to make pictures. The theme of *Shikwa* the idea of *Ghungroo* and the subject of *Anarkali* bear testimony to this healthy and progressive policy adopted by Rajendra Jain.

Apart from quality, Rajendra Jain feels that time is the greatest factor in film making. The producer is always fighting against time. Stars, script and preliminary preparations would enable the producer to win this fight. And anyone who knows the ways of film production in India will entirely concur with Rajendra's sensible views. If he can translate them into practice he will be able to main-

tain the prestige and popularity Filmkar has achieved with *Deedar*.

News Of The Week

—Unique Films is a new concern floated by Tara Anand, cousin of Dev Anand. He launched his new picture *Farar* starring Dev Anand and Geeta Bali. It will be directed by Phani Muzumdar from his own story with a screenplay by Krishan Chander. Anil Biswas is giving the music.

—The Central Censor Board met in Calcutta last week and came to an agreement with film producers about the Censor Code which has now been finalized.

—The Film Federation also met in Calcutta last week. It discussed the Enquiry Committee's report and accepted all the recommendations with suitable amendments which nullified the power of the Film Council and Production Code Administration. The Federation felt that in both these bodies the producers should get more seats. The Federation decided to give an award for the best Indian film not censored earlier than 1st April 1950. The Federation will enter four films in the International Film Festival. Only those films are eligible which have been produced and censored on or after 1st October 1950. The selection will be made by a Committee appointed by the Federation.

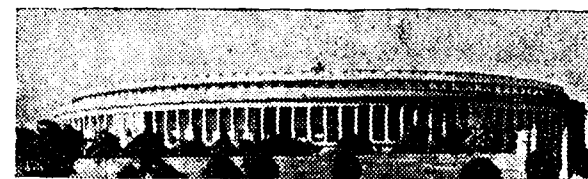
—Gope, the well-known comedian, will direct Bakshi Brothers *Fitna* written by Ramanand Sagar.

—The engagement ceremony of director Guru Dutt and play-back singer Geeta Roy was performed with great éclat on Thursday 8th November evening at Dadar.

—A public reception on behalf of thirty organisations from one particular area in Central Bombay was accorded to directed Zia Sarhadi, stars Nutan, Durga Khote, Kanhayalal, Balraj Sahni, Anwar Hussain, Sajjan and the technicians of *Hum Log*. Over ten thousand people gathered for this function.

—Shorey launched his new comedy *Ek Do Tin* which stars Meena, Motilal and Majnu last week in Bombay. The other pictures to go on sets are S. R. Films' *Chanchal* starring Rehana and Ranjan and Movie Flash's *Zoolali* starring Kishore Kumar. Both these pictures are being directed by Ramanlal Desai.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

MAO TSE-TUNG draws a salary of about Rs. 730 per month. The salary of other Ministers in China is Rs. 660. The lowest salary of clerks in Government service is Rs. 55. The highest paid Government servant draws about ten times that of what the lowest paid Government servant receives. Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao, internationally famous economist, gave this information in a lecture at the Delhi University, speaking on his impressions of China which he just visited. Dr. Rao is, like all the other members of the Delegation, filled with admiration for the great experiment that is being conducted in New China.

The secret of the success of the New Chinese Government, said Dr. Rao, lay in the fact that it enjoyed the active support and confidence of the people of China. Landless labour, hitherto down-trodden, now had land of its own—roughly half-an-acre per person (including every child). The workers had active control of the factories in which they worked. The petit-bourgeoisie were recognized as part of the Chinese society. Even some of the big capitalists were considered part of the society, provided they co-operated with the Government. They were known as the national bourgeoisie. Those capitalists who tried to sabotage Government's activities were known as the bureaucratic capitalists, and were not tolerated.

Pandit Sunderlal, Leader of the Indian Goodwill Delegation to China, declared that Mao and his men seemed to come nearer to the ideals set by Mahatma Gandhi than the present holders of power in India. He pointed out that our Government seemed to lack commonsense. The Indian Government was thinking in terms of big hydro-electric schemes to water our fields. That would take years and years. But the Chinese were digging millions of wells for the immediate

solution of the problem of drought. In India, we did not seem to bother about such practical solutions, he said.

Dr. Schacht is one of the most practical capitalist economists of modern times, and certainly does rank with Lord Keynes. He had successfully tackled the problem of inflation during the years he was in charge of Germany's economic affairs. He claims to have instigated some German generals to revolt against Adolf Hitler in September 1938; but Chamberlain and Daladier entered into the Munich Pact with Hitler which thwarted his moves. He had refused to shake hands with Sir Jeremy Raisman in India on the ground that Sir Jeremy was a Jew. Mr. Keenleyside, Director of the U. N. Technical Mission in Indonesia, refused to shake hands with Dr. Schacht on the ground that the economic wizard was a war-criminal.

I wonder how anybody who had any job under Hitler could technically help being a party to the deeds of Hitler. Mahatma Gandhi had suggested during World War II that even if we wrote a letter when the British ruled this country, we were contributing a pice or so to the war-effort; the Government of India, he argued, got its revenues from the posts and telegraphs and spent it to make war against Germany and Japan. Such an attitude is O. K. for Mahatmas—who, incidentally, never stop writing letters on that account. But ordinary individuals like Dr. Schacht and ourselves must live by doing some job or other, whatever the nature of the Government may be. It can be argued that all the people of Germany are responsible for the war, because they allowed Adolf Hitler to rule over them, and because they were a hundred per cent behind him in the early stages. But to say that they are all war-

criminals on that account is hardly fair.

Dr. Schacht is certainly one of those who realised at an early stage that Hitler was a monster out to launch a suicidal war. He was, however, unable to do much to prevent it even if he wished to. Under modern Governments, individuals are quite powerless against the mighty State machine. When we subjected him to severe cross-examination at a Press conference, Dr. Schacht nearly broke down several times, but was extremely dexterous in his replies. His sense of humour was quite inconsistent with the popular misconception about the German product.

Dr. Schacht was dead opposed to any devaluation of any currency at any time. Devaluation never made any currency stronger, he said. He has thus come out in support of those of us who were opposed to devaluation of the rupee. The economy of the country should be so organized, he said, that the currency went up instead of going down. Sterling was devalued twice, he pointed out, but sterling did not become any stronger. They were now talking of a third devaluation. Dr. Schacht recalled that an Indian official had met him in Germany soon after the rupee was devalued. He asked the official why the rupee was devalued. "His explanation was not satisfactory to me," declared Dr. Schacht.

I never expected that Dr. Schacht would criticize the Marshall Plan, but he did. "We have lost much more than we got from the Marshall Plan," he said. The Marshall Plan was a good thing as it was originally conceived, said Dr. Schacht, but as it worked out with the passage of time, it was not very satisfactory. As one instance, Dr. Schacht mentioned that West Germany had to sell coal and half-finished steel to Western Europe at prices forced on them, prices which were much lower than the world prices. Germany's delivery of coal to Western Europe resulted in a shortage of coal for Germany. This coal had to be bought by his country from America at the world prices. "We have lost heavily by this," he said.

Acharya Vinoba Bhave's mission of

Bhoomidan Yajna may prove to be a case of the good becoming the enemy of the better. The Acharya, according to the Columnist of the *Hindustan Times*, is being asked to visit areas where they expect trouble from peasants so that the landlords there may earn a good name by making voluntary gifts of land. The Columnist writes: "This is the practical attitude of 'Save what you can from the wreck'." The Acharya's mission is the counterpart, in the private sector, of Mr. Tyagi's mission in the public sector. The Acharya's efforts will be crowned with success only if the Government feels emboldened to complete his work in a thorough manner. Even if every soul in India gets only half-an-acre after division of the land, it is worth dividing it up. The enthusiasm that will be generated among the masses as the result of such a step is unimaginable.

A dying country and a dying people will then come to life. The Convention of the Co-operators in New Delhi, under the presidency of Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, proclaimed its motto as "Land to the tiller, and factory to the worker." The authors of such a revolutionary slogan should not lose heart. But Kamaladevi "warned the Government" that if it did not come to the rescue of the Cooperative Union, the Co-operative movement would soon die!

Kamaladevi, Mrs. Gyan Chand, and their band of workers have done a great deal of good work in Faridabad. We hear so much about Faridabad, but so little about the Indian Co-operative Union, but for whom there would have been no Faridabad. It is not the Government of India so much as these co-operators that are responsible for the great experiment in self-help that is Faridabad. What is wanted however, is not one Faridabad, but seven lakhs of Faridabads.

When we in India seem to be engaged in such life-and-death questions, is there any place for cricket in our country's future? After the first Test Match with the M. C. C., the overwhelming opinion among sports-fans seems to be that it has no future. The match was a dull affair, except for the first day when Shinde and Mankad skittled out the English Team. Merchant and Hazare both scored centuries, but their stone-wall

tactics could hardly be appreciated. Watkins too scored a century, but since the English Team was dead-set on a draw, he cannot be blamed for not playing spectacularly. The Indian Team seemed to have started with the idea of avoiding defeat. Although it had a lead of over two hundred runs at the end of the first innings, it played unimaginatively and seemed quite happy when it was a draw!

As Leslie Smith pointed out, the game of cricket can thrive only when it can give a thrilling display. It is the spectator who finances the game. He cannot be expected to buy a ticket to spend all day watching a dull game. Indian cricket is, by common consent, quite boring. Our fielding is awful. Our team missed at least half a dozen

catches. They were hardly capable of stopping the ball before it passed the boundary line.

"The first Test started as a game and ended as a farce," says an editorial in the *Hindustan Times*. Apart from the inherent poverty of performance, other questions have begun to be asked—obviously because of the poor game. The Government of India declared a holiday for all its offices in Delhi on the first day of the match. Was it proper to do so? Did not India suffer from too many holidays already? And then how many man-hours were wasted by fifty thousand people watching the game continuously for five days? It will be quite in order to ban the game of cricket in India.

REFLECTIONS ON FIRST TEST

By N. S. R.

CRICKET was born on Windmill Down, but the gentle fathers of the game would have been aghast at the enormous dimensions it has assumed. They would have been appalled at Test matches which have been at times the fever and distemper of cricket. Many an Indian reader has smiled to himself as Mr. Neville Cardus makes fun of the total pre-occupation of Australians with Test matches, how business is unanimously suspended when all Melbourne flocks to the stadium to shriek Australia to victory. He has righteously and with smug satisfaction told himself that the Indian spirit is beyond temptations.

He can no longer flatter himself so. The recent Delhi Test match has revealed in an astonishing manner the deep prepossessions of Indians with cricket. I imagine that during the six days all commerce of life was abandoned in Madras so that the progress of the match ball by ball could be followed on the wireless. I am certain that the loyalty of students was unexampled.

The cantankerous critic will raise the question whether this devotion was merited. It will be apparent at once that the Delhi Test will not take its place among the great representative fixtures. There was un-

doubtedly keenness of competition, but no great style graced it. The English team is obviously a pinchbeck one. Where O'Flaherty sits is the head of the table; where Hutton and Compton are to be seen there is the genuine English team. Lowson and Graveney, eminent stylists though they be, shed but reflected lustre. This fact of attenuation should always be kept in mind when there is a tendency to break into apocalyptic rhapsodies.

The match and the entire series then lack great personalities on the English side. But Alun Watkins forgot on the momentous occasion his limitations and lived great thoughts. There is no indication that he is a stylist, he has not sacrificed to the graces. But the indomitableness with which he held his side together in a time of travail and peril is worthy to be commemorated in strains higher than the prosaic. His innings was a living refutation of the foolish cackle uttered by the illiterate about the uninviting nature of "slow" batting. There are times when defence is the first law of nature. It has reached poetry and heroism themselves, as when Sir John Moore, harried on his way to the coast, turned at bay near Corunna and hurled back the French army. Watkin's

doughty century is as clearly an emanation of the unbreaking English (or to be more exact, British) spirit as Dunkirk.

It is the height of ingratitude that contumely should have been heaped upon the devoted heads of Merchant and Hazare. Whenever a batsman of the commanding graciousness of Merchant plays a long innings, it is nothing less than an act of public benefaction. Such a display is like balm to hurt minds; it soothes sorrow and refines happiness. All these considerations are forgotten in the feverishness which assumes too glibly that all Test cricketers are paid performers, whose first duty it is to satisfy the public, though the populace is nearly always wrong-headed and ignorant. It should be the cardinal faith of a spectator that every cricketer should only endeavour to be true to himself, and that playing to the gallery is of all sins the most needful to be avoided.

Merchant and Hazare have enriched the record books. Of these, however, I shall not speak here. Nothing is more necessary than to realise that the achievement of these records in no way injured the interests of the Indian side. It was never as if both were so intent on personal aggrandisement that they allowed the fortunes of their team to be destroyed by default. For all their "slowness," of which so much has been made so clamantly, two full days were available in which to dismiss England for the second time. That this was not achieved was due as much to the familiar Indian frailty in fielding as to the defensive demeanour of Watkins and Carr. It was by no stretch of imagination due to the methods of Merchant and Hazare that dearly prized victory eluded India's eager grasp.

Merchant and Hazare wrought great deeds. But one has come to expect them as a matter of course. On the other hand, the glittering success of Shinde warms the cockles of one's heart. The overthrow of Indian bowling in recent representative matches has been an occurrence of mournful regularity. It has taken it a long time to recover from the unmerciful flaying administered by the West Indians a few years ago. But, for the first time since the days of Amar Singh and Nissar it is possible to say of an

Indian bowler that he imposed his art upon his opponents so destructively. The resurgence of Shinde, when considered in the retrospect, has something of a marvel. In the first place, his art is one which has fallen into disrepute. The right-hand bowler who delivers leg spin used once to be an integral part of any balanced attack. But he has become a supernumerary since Sir Donald Bradman resumed command of Australia since the war. The purveyors of spin have been either left-handers like Valentine or Mankad or successful charlatans like Ramadhin and Iverson. It is a happy augury that, within a few days of Shinde so resoundingly renovating an ancient and honoured art, Douglas Ring in Australia should have demonstrated that the right-hander's leg-spin is still a weapon of menace.

But, when critics sat in judgment over the selection of the Indian team, nothing astounded or annoyed them so much as the choice of Shinde. It is now common knowledge that his claims were pressed earnestly by Wensley, the Board of control's coach. But, at that time, the selection appeared totally inexplicable. I must confess that I was one of those who fell foul of the decision. *Peccavi*. Nothing can be more gratifying than to own oneself mistaken in an article of mishap.

The success of a right-hand spin bowler is always precarious, because he depends so totally upon his colleagues in the field and because, being only human, his control of that highly intractable and intransigent medium, spin, is liable to lapses and variations. It is to be hoped that the selectors will not be deterred by his possible failure on the notoriously unresponsive wicket at the Brabourne Stadium.

The English bowlers will not look forward to the second Test with enthusiasm. For theirs will be the task on a cruelly perfect wicket to dismiss Indian batsmanship, which has been ennobled by the addition of Amarnath and strengthened by that of Sarwate. If they had been set the additional task of opposing the mercurial Mushtaq Ali, their burden would have been excessive. However, the selectors appear to have set their faces against him. It will be interesting to know why.

MIDDLE EASTERN MADNESS

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON Pandit Nehru's statement on the Egyptian situation that "old balances have gone and new balances in equilibrium have to be created" was naturally not received very enthusiastically in London. It was too sane a diagnosis—requiring coming to terms with Egyptian nationalism—at a time when most Western thought on Egypt seems to border on political lunacy.

We are indebted to adjective-laden *Time* magazine for an intimate insight into the personality of Egypt's Foreign Minister, the strongly nationalist Saleh ed Din who, more than any other Egyptian leader, is responsible for the current demand that Britain withdraw its troops from the Canal Zone and hand the Sudan over to Egypt. The skin of the plump Foreign Minister is apparently so sensitive that he never ventures out without a protecting umbrella and gloves. He breaks out in spots when exposed to Egypt's hot sun.

A parallel disease seems to affect those Britons who venture out into the "mid-day sun" of Middle Eastern politics. Instead of coming out in spots, however, this disease appears to affect their mental processes, and, for want of a better name, is called 'Middle Eastern Madness.' It renders otherwise intelligent persons incapable of logical political thought. Instead they are seen muttering, over and over again, certain fixed phrases such as: "Mossadeq will fall," or "We must stand firm." 'Middle Eastern Madness' is a disease which strikes with equal malignancy at Labour or Conservative leaders, publicists as well as politicians, and it seems to matter little whether the locale is Palestine, Persia or Egypt.

Like many other forms of madness, the person struck by it is usually certain that he is sane. Thus, British leaders are quite sure they are sane to organize a Middle Eastern defence against Communism in a manner which antagonizes the bulk of Middle Easterners and creates the most fertile soil possible for the growth of Communism.

Egypt, of course, is the most

extreme example of madness parading as sanity. British diplomats—supported by the United States—are quite sure they have a "legal right" to remain in Egypt under the 1936 treaty while simultaneously admitting openly that they themselves are violating the treaty by stationing several times as many troops as allowed. Under the treaty Britain is permitted 10,000 troops in Egypt but, even before the present crisis doubled the garrison, the British actually had almost 40,000 troops there.

It can hardly be described as 'normal' to invite a country on one day to become an honoured ally and then, a few days later, treat it much like an occupied enemy. It is sometimes forgotten there are 250,000 Egyptians living in the British-occupied zone and upwards of 500,000—including the bulk of the Egyptian army on the Israeli border—dependent on transit through it. Egyptian officers, already chagrined by their defeat at the hands of the Israelis, can hardly be enthusiastic about being made fools of by the British who have cut off their main route of supplies. An ordinary civilian travelling between Ismailia and Cairo can hardly enjoy being searched by British soldiers in his own country. And this correspondent has seen the shambles and hatred left behind in Palestinian villages after British troops had searched it for arms. After the vitriolic Egyptian press blows up these real irritations to fantastic proportions not even the bravest of Egyptians would dare mutter in a whisper the advisability of joining up to defend Western democracy against Soviet totalitarianism.

One of the delusions characteristic of 'Middle Eastern Madness' is to ignore the major reality of the power of nationalism. All British experts have insisted that Egypt must be the 'hub' of any effective Western-organized defense of the Middle West. Egypt not only lies astride the strategic Suez Canal, but it has the only available substantial base area served by adequate ports and railroads, sweet water and a large pool of semi-skilled labour. Largely ignored is the fact

that this labour force is overwhelmingly Egyptian and quite capable of nationalist feeling. In fact the *military* conclusion that Egypt is the perfect place to base troops has largely ignored the *political* fundamental that for thirty years the chief cry of Egyptian nationalism has been the removal of British troops.

This long-standing and ever-intensifying Egyptian demand for Britain's evacuation is no secret to British diplomacy. Britain has officially promised some 60 times to evacuate its troops "soon." Lord Stansgate formally accepted the principle that British troops be withdrawn before he began, on behalf of the Labour cabinet, the abortive 1946 discussions. Ernest Bevin accepted evacuation by 1949 as one of the terms for settling Anglo-Egyptian differences before the discussions broke down. It is misleading to suggest that "conditions have changed" since 1946 because that year was, in fact, the year when there was most concern over the intentions of Soviet troops still stationed in Northern Persia. Egyptians, if not Westerners, can recall that the Security Council then ruled invalid negotiations undertaken while foreign troops are in occupation after the promised date of withdrawal. With this background it is little wonder that Egyptians are prepared to

believe that the offer of a Middle Eastern pact is merely a device to keep British troops in Egypt under another name.

The proportion of the British delusion can be judged by comparing Egypt with India which for over 75 years was Britain's chief base for the defense of its interests in the Indian Ocean. No official effort was made when India achieved its independence in 1947 to make this independence contingent upon retaining British troops there. If it had, India would almost certainly not now be in the Commonwealth. Even now, India is suspicious of any plans to solve the Kashmir question which involves stationing Commonwealth troops in Kashmir.

The British now seem quite serene about the Egyptian crisis which, to people unaffected by the 'Middle Eastern Madness' seems well on its way to guaranteeing that Egypt will never cooperate with the West in defending the Middle East and may well turn to the Soviets for support. Significantly, the British commander General Sir George Erskine mutters illogically that he will wait until Egypt's "irresponsible leadership" finally "returns to its senses." If it is not madness to expect the irresponsible to be responsible, it can only be explained by Alice in Wonderland.

THE MYTH OF COMMUNALISM

FROM some time past the idea of communalism has been in the Indian air. What the authors of the word and those who talk about it really mean is yet to be known. For my part I believe that the term "Communalism" is wrongly used even by our top class politicians and has become an indefinable catchword for many others. Whether the problem is so acute in India or not deserves our earnest consideration and it is an important issue also.

India had been a land of many nationalities, no doubt, but the different nationalities had been assimilated into the civilisation evolved over the force of the entire landscape. We know about the invasions of innumerable aliens into this land such as the Huns, the Sagas, etc., and their distinct individuality has been tho-

roughly wiped out in the process of absorption. This is a historical fact and we see the latest example of it in the Parsis. They keep up perfect concord with the people of the country and automatically they have risen to the status of Indian nationals. So, it is not proper to call the Parsis or the like, a community in the sense the word is used by the politicians, when they have attained the position of nationals of the country.

But there are nations in the world which are formed by many communities in the real sense of the term, (eg.) Switzerland, Canada, etc. These communities merge their individual distinctions in the common interests of the nation and are progressing day by day.

The word "Communalism" is used nowadays mainly to show the rela-

tionship between the Hindus and the Muslims. When all the preceding invaders were assimilated and woven into the Hindu social fabric what is the difficulty with this set of people? When we gave them a status more than that of a community why did they not welcome it? These are the important questions to be answered.

The Muslims in this land have not come from any other land but they are our kith and kin converted to Islam by the force of circumstances. The degeneration of the civilisation of this land started from the tenth century B. C. and the country became disintegrated because of inter-State feuds. The social structure also gave way and the result was the creation of untouchability. The advent of the Muslims naturally gave the untouchables a fine alternative which they chose in large numbers. The brotherhood of Islam was very attractive to the people trodden down by degenerated Hinduism. The idea of revenge was always in them.

Sikhism is of recent origin. The tyranny of the Islamic rule was so awful that a part of the submissive Hindus was converted into militant rebels. The man who created such people was Guru Nanak, one of the noblest of men. The bitterness between the Muslims and the Sikhs unfortunately continues to this day. When the Muslims started to jeopardise the unity of the nation the Sikhs naturally rebelled against the idea and went to the extent of asking for Sikhistan. It took a long time for them to realise that the leaders of the land had become victims to Muslim aggressiveness combined with the superior British power.

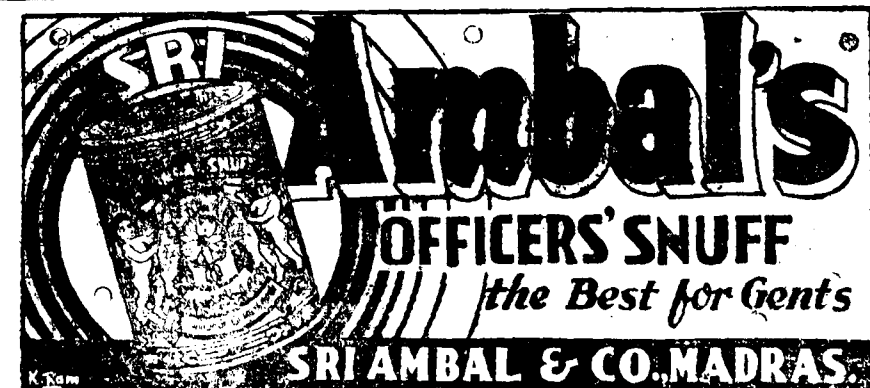
In the South also, the word "Com-

munalism" is used, very often to denote the Brahmin-Non-Brahmin tangle. But this difficulty is due to the discontent in the minds of some Non-Brahmins about the Brahmins who happen to hold a high place both socially and politically. Because of this bitterness in their minds they begin to feel that they form a nation and that they should form their separate sovereign state called Dravidasthan.

This is the real state of affairs in India today. Our failures in the past should teach us the way to solve the dead-lock in the country. It is only with tact and sympathy that we can win over the unfortunate people who have become victims to the spirit of dissension. Flaming idealism and fascinating dialectics will not help us in politics and still less the impracticable platitudes of unpractical politicians.

A political problem should be viewed not only in its historical perspective but also in its psychological perspective. Thanks to the efforts of Sardar Patel, the unrivalled exponent of the art of viewing and tackling political problems in its psychological perspective, the country is placed in a stable position towards progress. He never harped upon the word "Communalism" because he knew full well that the ills of India could not be removed by picturesque platform orations but by a realistic approach with hard work. He had always been warning us not to live in idealistic utopias because we cannot afford to. To-day we want men with his grim courage and sound reasonableness enriched by the tender feelings behind the rough exterior.

—S. PARTHASARATHY.



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.

Exchange Of Wheat For Rice

Sri R. Parthasarathi, Director of Information & Publicity, Madras, writes:

With reference to the letter appearing in the last page of the issue of the SWATANTRA dated 13th October 1951 under the caption "Exchange of Wheat for Rice," I am to inform you as follows:

The Madras Government did make oral as well as written requests to the Central Government for substantially increasing the quota of 2 lakhs tons of rice allotted for this year. But the Government of India expressed their inability to comply with the request as the overall rice position in India continued to be difficult. Further at the instance of the Government of India, this Government approached the Madhya Pradesh Government for the exchange of rice for wheat. But, they too regretted their inability to give any rice to this state as the rice position in their state was far from satisfactory.

Withdrawal Of The Directive

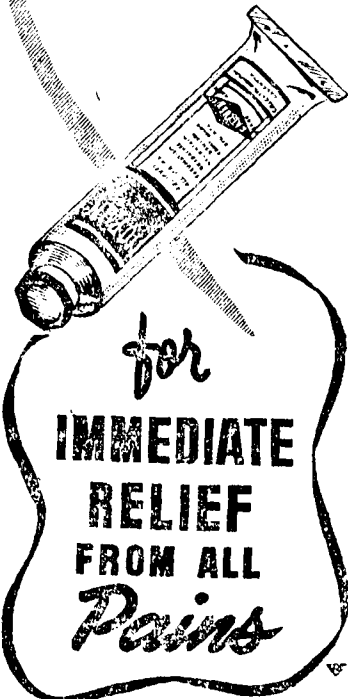
The latest news about the controversy in Raju's case between the Mysore State Government and the Union Centre indicates a possibility of both the Governments arriving at a settlement, adopting a compromise course in order to prevent an unpleasant constitutional crisis. The report is that the State will agree to get the services of some Sessions Judge from outside, and that thereupon the Centre will withdraw its directive. By this course the State expects to maintain its high traditions of honour and prestige which are alleged to have been unwarrantedly interfered with by the action of the Centre. The Union Government also perhaps hopes and expects that the purpose of the directive, namely, to ensure a fair trial to the accused, is effectuated and therefore there is no further necessity for the implementation of the directive. This arrangement may appear to be a successful political compromise, brought about to avoid a breakdown of the administration but how far the interests of the accused have been taken into consideration, it is difficult to judge. It is clear that the viewpoint and apprehensions of the accused have now been shelved into the background and other political factors, not very relevant, have been given greater consideration and prominence. It may be that the original advice from the Union to the State Government was in the form of an alternative, either to get a Sessions Judge from outside or to transfer the case. But that was rejected and

the Directive gave only one instruction, viz., to transfer the case, and the question of getting a Judge from elsewhere was dropped. The right of the accused to get a case transferred on reasonable and proper apprehensions has been well recognised and it is this right that the Centre has rightly sought to safeguard. There has been an uproar against the Centre's action among the legislators in the State and the atmosphere there is certainly saturated with sensation if not prejudice. The position in the State cannot be described to be the same as it was before when the Central Government tendered its advice to the State Government. The original alternatives suggested by the Centre can no longer stand. The issue has now assumed a much wider form and the time for the Centre taking a firm and decisive step is come. Otherwise, is not room given for a legitimate grievance in the mind of the accused when he finds that even such a strong body as the Union Government itself has been prevailed upon to withdraw its own Directive? Will he not rightly have a feeling that the Centre has been swayed away by considerations not germane to the issue from his standpoint? Is it not possible to infer that the Centre has failed to hold its grip when faced with the voices of protest from the State legislature? What are the changed circumstances that the Centre could show to justify a course different from the one embodied in its own directive? The circumstances now existing are strongly for maintaining the Directive and pointing out the desirability of having the trial outside the Mysore State. The proper, just and dignified procedure that the Centre should adopt is to insist on the Directive being carried out even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of the protestors. Political repercussions should never be allowed to influence the decisions of a Government arrived at after mature consideration. Time and again, our Prime Minister has been emphasising that even at the risk of losing the elections, members of his party should keep to high traditions of integrity without resorting to any unfair manoeuvres to get votes. It will be quite legitimate now for one and all to expect him and his Government to stick to their own correct decision and not allow the unwise and rash Mysore legislators to assert their hasty claims based on ill-advised and misconceived notions of honour and prestige.

V. C. SRI KUMAR,
Advocate.
Mylapore.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI;
No. 42

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CONGRESS ELECTION MANIFESTO

THE Congress election manifesto was explained by Sri T. T. Krishnamachari to a Madras audience at Ranade Hall on Sunday. The speech he delivered on the occasion lacked nothing in lucidity. It was as able a presentation of the Congress case for the suffrage of the voters as can be hoped for by any representative of the organisation. Yet it was characterised throughout by a consistent absence of the spirit of achievement. The most important portion of the manifesto, according to Sri Krishnamachari, was the third paragraph where it said that "our economic progress has not been satisfactory." If what the Congress has to say in the most important portion of its election manifesto is just the declaration that our economic progress has not been satisfactory under Congress rule, that might be a very good reason for turning the Congress out of office, but Sri Krishnamachari seeks to extract a glory even out of failure by saying that few political parties would care to make such an admission. Are we to accord support to political parties on the basis of the frankness with which they admit their failure in the economic sphere? Or is it contended that if they claimed for themselves a credit not warranted by reality, the public would be helpless against such an imposture and would have no means of extricating itself from its confusing effects?

Sri Krishnamachari seeks to dispose of the objection that "the whole manifesto appeared to be a number of pious wishes put together" with the argument that "their preoccupations had been such that their plans for

the future had not been crystallised." He seeks comfort from the fact that even the Five Year Plan, which should be considered a background to the manifesto, was only a rough draft. Talk of this calibre might arouse sympathy if the Congress Government had been in office for four months, instead of four years. When Sri Krishnamachari speaks of modelling our State more or less on the lines of the British Labour Party, he seems to forget that the British Labour Party had no more than five years to the four of the Congress. It cannot be said that during this period Mr. Attlee has not had pre-occupations comparable to those of the Congress leaders in India. The dismemberment of the British Empire in India was in itself a gigantic act of unparalleled historic significance the repercussions of which are still being felt on British economy and will continue to do so for many more years to come. Yet the convulsions of divestment from an empire was never once made an excuse by any leader of the British Labour Party for dilatoriness in economic endeavour. Mr. Attlee had his plans ready as to what to do if he came to power ten years in advance of the event, and he lost no time in implementing them when the opportunity came. Congress leaders still in the drafting stage after four years of office have no right to bolster up their electoral chances with the public, with comparisons between themselves and British Labour leaders, which mislead more than they clarify.

The most regrettable part of Sri Krishnamachari's exposition was

where he sought support for the Congress on the plea that there was no other party which had the strength and equipment needed to take over the Government. This is a miserable species of education for the electorate. Parties can take their stand before the voters on their own worth and not on estimates which they are interested in propagating of their lack of it in

competitors challenging them in the political field. Congress leaders are not reliable judges of the qualities of opponents and rivals seeking to supplant them, and it is laughable that a veteran politician of T. T.'s stamp should hope to be taken seriously when indulging in interested pronouncements on the failings of non-Congress parties.

Sotto Voce

A SAINT AT SEA



IF the capacity to withstand ridicule were the ultimate test of greatness, Acharya Vinoba Bhave would be a great man—greater even than the Mahatma. There were certain things Gandhiji blenched to the last from doing. He would not go all out against the gambling instinct in its protean forms. He did not preach a crusade against tobacco as he did against drink. Why? He no doubt feared that people would not take him seriously. He knew that unless ten per cent of the community has already been converted by its own prepossessions, the crusader will be no more than a nine-days' wonder. The sublime and the ridiculous are but the obverse and reverse sides of man's elemental egoism.

In Gandhiji fanaticism was held in leash by an instinctive sense of the limits of the possible. He was a politician first and foremost. He knew that while Demos would be prepared to keep the ring for the magician and allow him a reasonable time to produce the mango-trick, it must have results of some sort: otherwise it would dissolve in derision or go off in hot pursuit of other miracle-workers. But Acharya Vinoba Bhave,

by the very circumstances of his emergence into fame with his one-man satyagraha, was absolved of the duty of concerning himself with such base contingencies as results.

As I saw him pace his room in Valmiki Mandir with long strides, a deferential attendant shuffling in his wake taking instructions, or met him out on the Ridge on his morning constitutional with the Gandhian chronometer stuck in his girdle, I was reminded of the tiger in his cage and trying hard to forget it. It is this single-mindedness untouched by humour that has led him to "imitate" the Master, even in the publicity-fetching technique of the famous marches. He was tough indeed, to have survived that first ordeal without any diminution of his faith. But one wonders whether his descent into politics since the tragic death of the Mahatma has not been for him a wrong turning and for those who have been wont to turn to Sevagram for an oracle, confirmation in a bad habit. Did not even Jesus complain that the virtue had gone out of him?

Self-naughting is a private and extremely perilous adventure. The

anchorite of the *Bhikshu-Gita* stood firm as a rock against the scoffers and the contemners. But the achieved conquest of the mind did not induce him to return to the world of feverish activity. As wise as he was compassionate, he knew there was no facile recipe for reforming men in the mass. To look upon some as friend, some as foe, some as neither the one nor the other,—and that is the objective plight in which politics with its expedient attitudes inevitably lands you—is to remain still entangled in the coils of the mind. And how can he who is bound free others?

Acharya Vinoba Bhave sincerely believes that he has drawn the teeth of communism by his *bhumi-dan yajna*. But in Delhi the capital, while the Prime Minister pays him court and the Planning Commission take lessons from him, the zamindars of Shahdara give him but a paltry thirty-seven acres. Even his harvest in Telengana is but a drop in the ocean of India's need or greed. The squatter taught by the Comrades the Divine Right to Grab is hardly likely to be impressed by the alms-giving of the timorous or the alms-taking of the tame.

It is the current fashion to speak of the tremendous moral effect of the

Acharya's campaign. Let all the available land be impartially distributed so as to ensure half an acre to every individual: we should then see a new Heaven on earth. Incidentally the plan would have the advantage of leaving all the mills and all the factories and all the mines intact with the wry-mouthed idealists who ride to Rajghat in their Rolls Royces to make their devours to the prophet. I am sure the Acharya would be distressed if he knew that he was all unconsciously providing a moral alibi for the freebooter methods of communism. The politicians who so ostentatiously defer to him can have no excuse for diddling him.

With a fanfare of trumpets the U. P. Government inaugurated its campaign for securing *bhumidhari* rights for the kisans. But the pretty device of making them pay the peppercorn compensation with which the zamindar was to be fobbed off, proved a miserable fiasco. Where enlightened self-interest fails to move one party, you can hardly expect the other to rise to the heights of pure altruism. The crudities of politics cannot be smoothed out by the touch of the saint. But apparently, even the Sivaji of our secular state must have his Samarthas Ramadas!

VIGHNESWARA.

"Service": Inaugural Number of an illustrated new quarterly—Editor and Publisher, Sri K. S. Venkataraman, 9 Bombay Mutual Annexe, Madras 1. First Issue (Deepavali Number) October 29, 1951. Pp. 156. Price Rs. 3/-.

We accord our hearty welcome to this latest addition to highclass journalism. Its editor, a well-known figure in the back-ground of politics for decades and for twenty-four years an inmate of Sri Aurobindo Ashram under the eye of the master, comes to his task equipped with mature experience of men and measures. Among the declared aims and objects are, helping the Common Man with educative articles on many an important topic; enabling him to form his own judgment by presenting both sides of a question; instructing and informing him in matters of culture, science and art, and the problems of economics and industry that confront India today.

In this Deepavali number are found articles such as these: A Hindu Temple in Growth by P. Sambandham Mudaliar; Hindu Remains in Borneo by Prof. K. A. Nilakanta Sastri; Indian Concerts by Prof. P. Sambamurthi; Indian Dance by Miss Sunalini; Modern Hygiene and Health by Dr. Ramamurthi; Old Age Protection by Dr. Trimurti; American Educational Theories by Miss Shri Devi, etc. There are also articles by Messrs. Sahukar, Somani, Vaidya, Banerjee, Lalchand Hirachand, Prof. T. K. Duraiswami Aiyar, C. R. Srinivasan etc.

There are full-page pictures of some of our modern saints, Aurobindo, Gandhi, Ramana Maharshi and Ganapati Sastri. The journal is sumptuously produced on art paper.

A DELEGATION TO MR. LYTTELTON

By ANDREW ROTH

LESS than a month after their assumption of power, worried Conservatives have begun writing anxious letters to sympathetic newspapers about a "Pyrrhic victory." It will be recalled that King Pyrrhus, after his costly defeat of the Romans at Asculum in 279 B. C., said: "One more such victory over the Romans, and we are utterly undone." As the difficulties facing the British government swell—and the possibilities for solving them contract—many Conservatives wonder whether their recent victory may not finish them politically.

Some of the government's worries—like the staggering trade deficit and the clash with Egypt—have been widely publicized. But another gnawing anxiety was symbolized by the trip last week of a group of influential men from the City, London's financial center, to the office of Oliver Lyttelton, Britain's new Colonial Secretary, on Great Smith Street, several hundred yards from the House of Commons.

Although the names of the deputation would ring few bells in the mind of the average Briton, they are persons whose business success would command respect from Mr. Lyttelton, who has just resigned as £15,000-a-year chairman of Associated Electrical Industries. Furthermore the delegation was representative of the British companies with investments in the crown jewel of Britain's remaining Empire. They were the representatives of British companies owning rubber plantations, tin mines, mercantile houses and other enterprises in Malaya.

When this deputation had requested an appointment with the new Colonial Secretary in the first flush of the Conservative victory the main intention was to blow off various types of specialized steam. Although the Malayan rubber and tin companies had just finished a bonanza year, with profits well up over the previous profitable year their British directors

hoped to find the ears of burly Oliver Lyttelton more receptive to their oft repeated querulous complaints than those of Laborite Colonial Secretaries Arthur Creech-Jones and James Griffiths.

Anyone who, for his sins, has had to plow through the company statements in *The Times* and the *Financial Times*, knows what the directors of British-owned rubber and tin companies in Malaya want. They demand recognition that these industries earn more U. S. dollars than all the exports of the United Kingdom. Sir John Hay, director of a dozen rubber companies, wrote to *The Times* on November 9th: "In the present year it is calculated that rubber alone may earn as much as \$300 million. Without this substantial contribution to dollar earnings the gap may yawn so widely as to engulf us in disaster."

Last year Communist guerillas killed, according to official estimates, 904 soldiers and civilians, while another 894 were wounded and 106 disappeared. The anti-Communist effort cost the Malayan Government alone £16 millions. Naturally the company directors want a quick and decisive end to the Communist insurrection, which makes any activity in the Malayan interior a perilous and nerve-fraying task. But apart from this they generally react with the unimaginativeness expected from those who feel the future of the world revolves about the profitable exploitation of tin and rubber. They consider the function of the Malayan government is to facilitate their earnings. Therefore it should never increase taxes and what taxes it raises should be mostly devoted to encouraging rubber and tin profits.

Most rubber company directors appear to feel that no substantial measures toward self-government in Malaya should be taken until they are able to reap the benefits of the more productive rubber trees they are now replanting. Most of them contained their irritation with the formation of

the Independence for Malaya Party last September only because they knew it had the endorsement not only of the Laborite Colonial Secretary but also of the late Sir Henry Gurney, whom they trusted as a man devoted to the interests of the Empire. But after Sir Henry's murder and the Conservative victory, Sir John Hay, director of a dozen Malayan rubber companies, wrote to *The Times* of November 9, urging that Malaysians be convinced that "only under conditions of law and order can there be any sure political and social progress." And just a week before the chairman of Tronoh Mines, a big tin mining group, had demanded that the British Government make an "unequivocal declaration... that self-government will only be granted when the development of the peoples of Malaya shows, without doubt, that they are fitted for it and that, when self-governing, Malaya will still remain within the Commonwealth." They seem not to have grasped the idea that Malaysians cannot be inspired to fight against Communism simply to make Malaya safe for British rubber and tin companies.

The New Danger

By the time the deputation actually called on the new Colonial Secretary on November 15, there was more than the routine crisis to worry about. That day the *Daily Telegraph* carried a page-length dispatch headed: "TERROR HALTS 16 MALAYA ESTATES." The *Financial Times* also carried a dispatch headlined: "GRAVITY OF SITUATION IN MALAYA. Rubber Output Falls As Terrorism Grows."

It has become clear that the killing of the late High Commissioner Sir Henry Gurney, in a roadside ambush in October, was not an unlucky freak of chance but a symbol of the considerably increased skill of the hard core of predominantly-Chinese Malayan Communists who have survived every effort thus far to quell them. According to all accounts, there still remain some 3,000 Communists guerillas. Official figures list some 2500 guerillas killed, 350 captured and 600 surrendered. One of those who has surrendered is Iam Swee, who was commissar of the 4th Regiment of the "Malayan Peoples Liberation Army," but gave himself up because he felt

the present leadership has deviated from proper Marxism. Another leading Malayan Communist doubter, Siew Lau, was ordered shot in Perak by the Communist Central Committee because he considered the rebellion a costly failure and advocated returning to the old tactics of open mass work and infiltration. But the Communist leadership, under able, Malaya-born Chen P'ing, has been able to recruit replacements, largely from its civilian sympathizers, the Min Yuen (People's Movement).

It was hoped that the Communists would be left a starved and isolated minority by the execution of the much-touted "Briggs Plan" which over-enthusiastic supporters promised would "roll up the peninsula like a carpet." The principal strategem was to resettle some 450,000 Chinese squatters living on the edge of the jungle and subject to the pressure of the jungle-shrouded, predominantly-Chinese guerillas. By the end of the summer 300,000 squatters had been transferred, at a cost of £7 millions, to resettlement areas. These were newly-established towns, provided with schools and other amenities not before enjoyed, but also surrounded by police-guarded barbed wire. According to the *Financial Times'* correspondent: "These new villages look like 'concentration' camps...."

At first this tactic weakened the Communists. "Resettlement of Chinese squatters and the placing of them under strict military and police control..." reads a captured document of the Johore state Communist party secretariat, dated May 31, "has caused us many additional difficulties in contacting people and directing and mobilizing them for the procurement of supplies. The lack of opportunity for contacting people outside their working hours and difficulty in giving the masses propaganda and education have certainly limited their support." The resultant slacking off of Communist attacks plus tightened control of food, and the emergence of the "Independence for Malaya Party" to channel political energies into constructive channels, occasioned a certain optimism that the back of the rebellion was broken.

In September, however, the Communists began showing a new military skill, which earned them *The Times*

correspondent's accolade as "probably the world's best jungle fighters." They had more Bren guns and were firing them with a degree of accuracy which was exceptional in Malaya. They began derailing trains and cutting telephonic communications with increasing success. Their ability to learn the movements of the British-run security forces improved, as did their skill at laying ambushes. The first dramatic evidence of this which struck home in Britain, was the ambush of the late Sir Henry Gurney. But in fact this was just one of many "incidents" in October in Malaya which swelled the total of the security forces' casualties beyond that reached in any month since the 41-month-old emergency began.

The news that the Communists precipitated a strike of some 6,000 tappers on 16 estates in Negri Sembilan and Malacca in mid-November struck a new and dramatic note. Many guerilla leaders were the heads of Communist-led unions before they took to the jungles in 1948. They have attempted to keep in touch with the plantation labor forces. *The Times* special correspondent in Malaya confirmed this when he reported on October 9: "Many (planters) believe that the bandits rarely attack a planter if he gets on well with his labor force... if it is decided to murder a planter care is often taken not to shoot a popular one."

Reports thus far received state the workers struck *only* because the Communists threatened to nail them to trees if they worked. Those conversant with the relations between the Communists and plantation workers feel it more likely that the Communists have begun to precipitate strikes for which there is an economic basis but are ensuring compliance by armed threats. Even in their "peaceful period" in 1945-7, the Malayan Communists used strong-arm methods in labor organization. This new strategy poses an extremely serious threat for British. Rubber is the principle basis of the Malayan economy and government revenue and the sterling area's chief dollar-earner. But Malaya's net exports of rubber have declined from 60,000 tons in August to 46,000 in September to only 26,000 in October. Last year the average in those three months was over 62,000. But if Com-

munist-induced strikes lower production still further, a heavy blow will be struck at the whole financial basis of Britain's effort in Malaya.

Any Way Out?

After listening patiently to the complaints of the deputation visiting him to complain about Malaya, Colonial Secretary Lyttelton asked them what specific suggestions they had to overcome difficulties. This reportedly threw rather a pall on the conversation because most feasible ideas have already been attempted. It is not possible to commit more troops since demands in Korea, Egypt and Western Europe already exceed supply. Anticipated East African and Fijian reinforcements will release British troops for other assignments, not add to the roughly 18,000 already committed.

Although many company directors demand "stern measures" they must admit that virtually every stern measure possible has already been taken under Malaya's stringent Emergency Regulations. Already over 11,000 have been deported since 1948 and 3,900 detained. A man can be jailed for two years for *not* informing if he has information on the Communists. Any sterner measures, Colonial Office officials feel, will push people into the Communists' hands.

One of the few things Britain can do is to straighten out what *The Times* delicately calls the "cumbrous" command structure. Even the current Director of Operations, General Sir Rob Lockhart, has no *right* to command the British troops fighting in Malaya because he is technically a civilian, although a retired general. His predecessor, General Briggs, didn't even have the *right* to control the Malayan police.

The key to the Malayan conflict lies in a race on both sides to raise the level of military and political warfare. The late Sir Henry Gurney and a few high-ranking Colonial Office functionaries realized that only with the support of the previously neutral majority of Malaysians can the Communists be defeated in Malaya. And the only thing which really enthruses Malaysians is the early prospect of self-government. The question which lies in the balance now is whether the new Colonial Secretary comes to the same conclusion after his impending visit to his most valuable charge.

RAJAJI

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

IN a classic monologue in Valmiki, Sri Rama brooding over Lakshmana, who lay mortally wounded, referred to the void created by wives and relations, which could always be repaired and that of a brother which could not be filled in. Sentiments like these are apt to cross one's mind, when he contemplates the passing out one after another of India's elder statesmen and patriots. In the dark periods of British administration, our stock of leaders was at its peak, but independence has been draining away our resources. Our marked debits had been Mahatmaji and the Sardar, but no less is the retirement from active governmental work of Rajaji. Our Big Four, Gandhiji, Patel, Nehru and Rajaji have been our saviours and miracle workers. No country in history had had to face such grave perils as ours in the transition from British domination to Indian independence and yet thanks to these stalwarts, none had come out with such flying colours--a Truman or Stalin would not have solved our major problems without war or the atom bomb.

Rajaji is indisputably a maker of modern India and his achievements in that regard have been no whit inferior to those of the world's outstanding statesmen; and it is no exaggeration to say that in other countries he would have been canonised. We in India have, however, yet to evaluate him aright. Only this week a branch of the yellow press has delivered a stunning attack on what it terms his sectarianism; but the yellow press in India has seldom discriminated between the saint and the sinner. His ability was excelled only by his integrity; yet illwill and abuse had always been his lot right from his entering the legislature down to laying down office as Home Minister. At the call of Gandhiji he threw up his coveted position at the bar; but at the very start, when he stood for election, a Tamil journalist charged him with having used Congress funds for the education of his sons. As Premier he had actually turned out fascist emissaries who had

planned to take out an aerial photographic survey of South India, but he was imprisoned for impeding war effort and on release was accused by a Madras weekly of having instigated acts of sabotage in 1942. Like Tilak he had to seek the aid of the courts; but vindication in defamation actions where in our laws the complainant is at the mercy of the accused, was a humiliating process. More recently Dr. John Mathai has given a spicy yet a wholly unfair estimate of his work and worth. Even his retirement has been regarded as a manoeuvre to catch at the Presidency. And on the eve of his come-back to his province after giving of his best to the country, a Madras paper has poured forth hatred and illwill. In a malignant indictment, it alluded to his "strong likes and dislikes" and his "supreme disregard of public opinion." To him, the paper proceeds, logic is a plaything; he is a 'difficult man' whom Dr. Katju has once again to succeed. The writer expects that when "he comes home to 'roost,'" his well earned rest will not be disturbed again. The Press Bill appears to have upset newspaper chains a great deal, but not all its drastic provisions can touch malicious attacks on the country's upright men. C. R. never retaliates. T. K. C. once compared him to Rama as portrayed by Kamba, but he can be rightly classed as a 'Sthitha Prajna' or a 'Gunatita' portrayed in the Gita.

In the years that preceded his Premiership, Rajaji had spent out his best part at the Tiruchengode Asram where he was brought face to face with the poverty and misery of the rural areas. Debt and drink had been eating into the vitals of the people, and worse still was the segregation of multitudes as untouchables. These have found poignant expression in and supplied the theme of his Tamil short stories. The British Government, deriving as they did the maximum revenue from land tax and excise, was simply looking on. It was perhaps natural that the earliest measures of his Premiership were associated with debt relief and prohi-

bition supplemented by the sales tax which, had he been spared in office a little longer, would have completely transferred the burden of all taxation to the urban areas. Rajaji's stewardship represented the golden age of administration and parliamentary activities in Madras, which latter owed not a little to the amazing ability of Bulusu Sambamurthi, whose record as Assembly President, unsurpassed at any time, has, however, been consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. To Rajaji, personally, Premiership was really a bed of thorns, a period of stress and strain, of annoyance and hindrance. He literally scorned delights and lived laboriously but his achievements had always been punctuated by abuse, what with the howling and shouting all day and night in front of his habitat and the black flag demonstrations wherever he proceeded. His own superior abilities threw the British I. C. S. completely into the shade, but as subsequent events proved, they were merely biding their time. Indeed a story went round that a special officer was watching his appointments and preferences acutely. The Leftists did not spare him and even Pandit Nehru espoused their cause. The Congress High Command, lacking realism, was daily planning to sabotage parliamentary activities just when beneficial measures like the Agricultural Relief Act and temple entry legislation were being put through within the Congress itself.

Of Congress administrators we have had several types, people who had ability but lacked integrity, had integrity without ability or had lacked either; but of the few who had both, Rajaji was one. Integrity, ability and austerity were the hallmarks of his administration. The Minister, M. L. A. and the public servant were subject to identical restrictions. Nepotism was nowhere; his family and friends were completely out of the picture and his own community fared ill at his hands. Not only was communal representation re-established with vigour, but proposals like the elective Public Prosecutorship which might cut across it were summarily vetoed. Administrative retrenchment was effected ruthlessly and salaries and posts cut down substantially. Bribery and corruption were checkmated and al-

though drastic punishments were as a rule avoided, wholesome fear existed amongst Government servants who, though patted in public, were pulverized in private. Steeped in Vedantic lore and principles, C. R. did not stop with writing out treatises, but succeeded, in large measure, in applying ethical principles in the day-to-day administration, even as Gandhiji did in regard to politics, and although his various doings are buried in the archives of the Secretariat, a few of them are graphically described in the published reminiscences of Dr. Rajan.

In the Ashram years, Rajaji had mastered the whole of our sacred and Vedantic literature and he had expounded the great truth most skillfully both in English and Tamil in popular style and popular prices within the reach of the poorest. His short stories breathe his wide toleration, humanity and sympathy—his latest is about the criminal and his editions of the Upanishads, the Gita and the Mahā Bharata and the sayings of Ramakrishna are deservedly popular. Also noteworthy are his life of Marcus Aurelius and treatises on diverse subjects such as child rearing, everyday science and adult education primers. He has taken a leading part in evolving technical terms in Tamil. He is the best exponent of Sri Sankara's monism and his Kathopanishad is a remarkable work. All these form our precious heritage although the communalism of the Tamil Text Book Committee has prevented our children from sharing it. Though he has been labelled (or libelled) the Chanakya of Indian politics, he has remained the Yajnavalkya of our times. Rajaji's speeches are a class by themselves. A Vedantin to the core, he has succeeded in expounding the most obtruse things in public finance and administration into a few simple syllogisms, illustrated by the aptest parables and enlivened with striking metaphors. His speeches at the opening ceremony of the Safety Vaults at Madras and of the Madras A. I. R., are a striking thesis on finance, science and humanity.

Rajaji's opponents were drawn from various camps. The vigorous discipline he had exacted from his colleagues told on him; and it was not long before those who stood to suffer

by reason of his interdictions and inhibitions combined with his political opponents to oust him not merely from office but from even the Congress. Curiously enough, the minorities, Muslims, Christians and the scheduled classes stood by him as also the Nattukottai Chettis who were greatly affected by his debt relief legislation. In the final reckoning, he had to contend against a formidable combination of anti-Brahmin, anti-Tamil and anti-Congress elements, which even overawed the Mahatma, and regulated him to oblivion in the wake of Tiruppuramkunram Conference in 1945, which however as the Congress veteran Vellore Kuppaswami Mudaliar has recently said, had really sounded the death-knell of Congress in Tamil Nad. But there was a Destiny that shaped their ends. C. R. was not the worse for his banishment. The British Cabinet Mission quickly enough salvaged him and thereafter he was destined to fill the highest offices in the State and share the fruits of independence for which he had dedicated himself. His opponents, on the other hand, could not pull themselves together for more than 11 months and today they are ranged in

opposite camps with irreconcilable differences.

Rajaji's tenure at Calcutta was brief but momentous and brought peace and goodwill to stricken Bengal. Even the *Calcutta Weekly Notes* regarded him as "far and away the most distinguished of Provincial Governors," whose "mellow wisdom, humanity and informality had left a void in Calcutta difficult to be filled up." His period of Governor-Generalship was a crowning achievement both for him and for India too. If today she is venerated abroad, it is due to the profound impression he had made on world statesmen and embassies by his dignity, charm and "razor sharp intellect." His record as Home Minister has not been barren. C. R. has somehow missed the Congress Presidency and he has also missed being sent out abroad. Perhaps his retirement may be "disturbed once again" for fulfilling either of these assignments; only he can hope to bring back Congress prestige or secure peace in the distracted world.

That was Rajaji. Let his detractors try to achieve a little of his greatness, humanity and humility and live up to his ideals.

DURJATEE PRASAD MUKERJEE

IN the growth of nations there had always been a stage marked by an upsurge of a critical attitude toward existing institutions. The human mind with its rationale going stronger came into clash with all traditions that had outlived their utility. The clash led to convulsion and out of it came efflorescence. Such a process had been called renaissance. Europe during the 15th and 16th centuries passed through that phase, when not only eminent men sprang up as specialists in specific fields, but there had flowered some finest specimens of versatile men, as if in answer to the historical need for integration. Leonard-da-Vinci of the 16th century was not only an inventor and an engineer but also a great painter and sculptor. Bacon of the same age claimed all knowledge to be his province. India with its spirit of continuity avoided radical reform of the obtrusive type right until the 20th

century. Bengal which led Indian renaissance produced in the beginning of this century an amazing galaxy of writers and artists. One of the products of this renaissance is Prof. Durjatee Prasad Mukerjee, the Head of the Department of Economics and Sociology, Lucknow University. A frail being with a sculpture-sque face, his steady gait presents the picture of a sharp lance-head piercing through the atmosphere of this arid world, and his reputation as a moving encyclopaedia moves along with him.

Born in 1895 and bred of up in the Bengal that shone in those days with the splendour of many a creative mind, Prof. Mukerjee sought to integrate himself in multilateral scholarship. A voracious reader of books, versatility has remained his forte. Though his outlook and aptitudes are universal, he protests when he is lightly described as versatile. Know-

ledge as an inanimate heap of empirical facts does not inspire him. Knowing as a process is his penchant. The "being" which is the continuum of existence should, according to him, be correlated with "knowing", and the combination of these two dynamic concepts constitutes his life's philosophy. In spite of his protestations he remains essentially versatile. Otherwise it is not possible for a professor of economics to combine within himself a historian, a sociologist, a litterateur, a musician and an art critic, besides keeping in touch with the latest microscopic phases and trends in the natural sciences.

When Tagore was swaying Bengal with sonorous songs, Prof. D. P. made his first contact with Gurudev as early as 1911. A musician himself, his mind later matched with that of Tagore over the problems of aesthetic expression. A series of correspondence ensued between the two which gave the world the conjoint publication of the crystallized views on music of the two personages in a book entitled *Sur-o-Sangati*. Thus to Prof. D. P. Mukerjee is due the singular honour of being the only joint author with Tagore. Another book from his pen soon followed with a self-explanatory title "Words and Notes". His first book in Bengali in the form of a dialogue between the enlightened and the illiterate under the title "We and They" is generally accepted as one of the best books in modern Bengali literature. The talented writers of Bengal who immediately preceded him attacked many an aspect of society like the caste system and the subjection of women but Prof. D. P. Mukerjee beat an untrodden path and touched upon the esoteric and delicate topic of the intellectuals' relations with society. The three volumes, "Antasheela," "Abarta" and "Mohana" which can be read as three separate novels and which also form a continuous series deal with the problems of an intellectual who refuses to be completely absorbed in society. The collection of his short stories enthused Tagore to write in the journal "Parichaya" a long review with numerous personal anecdotes.

Prof. Mukerjee has numerous publications in English to his credit.

"Indian Music" is a book that presents a comprehensive account in a small compass. In 1923 he published a treatise "Personality and Society" which elicited from persons like Bertrand Russell and Hobhouse the unreserved tribute that the author's knowledge was encyclopaedic. His book on "Indian History" enunciates a philosophy of history. His dissertation on modern Indian culture with its searching analysis has sometimes come handy for burlesque citation by blasphemous globetrotters like Beverly Nichols. Another important work of his is "Basic Concepts of Sociology." His periodical addresses and contributions on current topics have been brought forth in two volumes "Views and Counter-views" and "Problems of Indian Youth." During recent years he worked hard and long on the Labour Commission set up by the U. P. Government and the Commission's voluminous report would not have been what it is but for Prof. D. P. Mukerjee playing a major role in its completion.

As the Head of the Department of Economics and Sociology in Lucknow University he takes his profession with ease and grace, keeping abreast of the times in his own field, and yet his intellect has room enough to engage in the pursuit of several other branches of knowledge. The result is he can speak with authority on numerous subjects. As a teacher for the "heavy-footed" he is difficult to follow, as his talk flashes along from subject to subject. He often throws out detached gems which many cannot pick up and put to use. But if a teacher's duty is fulfilled if he inspires at least a few of his pupils to follow him up through the vast vistas of knowledge, then indeed one is justified in placing Prof. D. P. Mukerjee in the rank of noble teachers.

He often strides out from his professional chamber in search of intellectual stimulation. Often he does not find it to his satisfaction. But he is extremely fortunate in having an intimate friend in Mr. Chalapathi Rau, Editor of *National Herald*, whose phenomenal intellectual gifts are paradoxically little known in half-educated India.

SIKKIM: CORRIDOR BETWEEN INDIA AND CHINA

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

SANDWICHED between Tibet and India is Sikkim, strategically an important State north of Bengal, inside the enigmatical Himalayas. Death defying jag-jag roads amidst stupendous mountains, blue and green, grey and mauve engulfed the toyish Land-Rover in which I travelled from Kalimpong, and within only a few hours I was at Gantok, the capital of Sikkim.

It was evening, but it was a kind of evening the like of which I had never seen before, not even in Assam, that land of brilliant colours. The crimson of the Sun hedged by the greenness of the pines and windswept valleys made me feel like a man travelling in the moon, possessed.

The people around me were different. The plants and the vegetation were different. The flowers too were of different kinds and hues from the ones I am used to on the hill stations in India. The rhododendrons of blazing colours—red, blue, velvety green and pink made Sikkim a garden in the Himalayas. Later I knew Sikkim really is known to the visitors as the "Garden of the Himalayas," its second name being the "Land of Lightning." I could not think of an apter name, for it thunders here all the time from May to September. Sikkim's elevation is 7000 feet above the sea level and five of the world's highest mountain peaks are mapped in this State. These snow-capped mountain peaks, and their smaller satellites present a mighty spectacle. Their dreadful avalanches of rocks and ice-blocks frequently toppling down, tearing violently from their dizzy precipitous slopes thundering into a gale... who dares to describe them... not me!

Sikkim, to the Sikkimese is "Den-Jong" meaning locally the "Land of Rice." The 2818 square miles of the State are not ideal as to the land cultivable, for most of these are just hard rocks and depthless forests. Only the valleys in between the rocks make wonderful cultivable land where

plenty of rice, millet and maize are produced. The yak, the four footed, strange looking animal that ploughs the land is a beauty to be admired. It has a pair of horns, silky growth of hair all over, and a beautifully shaped muscular body. The yak's milk is like the cow's milk and is very tasty. The yak is the ship of the mountains—a *la* ship-of-the-desert, the camel.

I went right up to Yatung in the Chumby Valley of Tibet. On my way back I followed a Tibetan caravan carrying merchandise to Kalimpong, the Indian gateway to Lasha. Their yaks and mules carried wool and musk. Most of the wool exported to Kalimpong goes to the United States of America.

At a friend's house in Gantok I saw the Lepcha dance which is unique in its brilliancy and grace. Its charm and perfection was undeniable. The dance was mostly allegorical but expressive and effective. It is a form of worship to Mt. Kanchangunga. The dance in its real form continues for three days, and the dress used for the occasion is very colourful, costly and resplendent with gold and silver.

Sikkim has a history which is mostly unknown to the outside world. Till the end of the 18th century the State was a dependency of Tibet. Pamionchi was its capital for long. The Nepalese made several attacks on Sikkim. In one of their biggest invasions they plundered the Gompas, which is Tibetan for monastery, and after insensate barbarism, deprived the Sikkimese of the treasures that they had been accumulating for centuries. Till the end of the 18th century the present Indian towns of Darjeeling and Kalimpong belonged to Sikkim. But the conflict between Nepal and Sikkim gave the British their much awaited opportunity and in the pact signed in 1861 they drew the final boundary of Sikkim depriving the Sikkimese of Darjeeling and Kalimpong which, of course, then was

but a tract of mountain, barren and inaccessible.

John Claude White was England's first political officer in Sikkim. It was White who made Gantok what it is today. And it was also due to him that Sikkim is negotiable from either way, China or India. John Claude White, according to current report, carried a bag-ful of valuable jewels pillaged from the Gompas in Sikkim.

After Britain's withdrawal from India the present Maharaja of Sikkim sought for a merger of his State with India. This was not agreed to by India. In 1950 a treaty was signed between India and Sikkim. The treaty entitles India to post a political officer at Gantok and also to station a garrison there. Sikkim's annual revenue is Rs. 6 lakhs. Because of the treaty she also receives Rs. 3 lakhs annually from India, gratis. The treaty gives the Sikkimese a dual nationality which no doubt is a great boon to them.

Lepchas are the original inhabitants of Sikkim. They are of a mild, quiet and indolent disposition. Given to sentimentalism they are shortish but stout people. Their womenfolk are bright, vivacious and as hard-working as their men are. A load of two maunds and a mountainous jig-jag road is a child's play for them! From birth they are great lovers of nature. They are natural botanists and have a love for entomology. They have their own names for every flower, plant, moth and animal of Sikkim. And there are thousands of varieties of animals, moths, and butterflies in Sikkim. And the varieties of flowers are almost unlimited. Each of them has a name in Lepcha. The Lepchas are very trustworthy and they make excellent friends.

The Bhutias are of Tibetan origin, and now they form about one fourth of the total population in Sikkim. They are mostly Buddhists and their language is a dialect of the Tibetan language. They inter-marry with the Lepchas. The women are rather amazonish. Very gay, hard working but slipshod and untidy, they are also fond of flowers and moths.

The Nepalese poured into Sikkim with alarming rapidity and today they form the bulk of the population. They are the richer class of people in Sikkim.

Walking over the narrow, dirty rain-soaked leech plastered streets of Gantok I came across many Marwaris from Rajasthan, some of whom are said to be here for generations. I often heard it said at Gantok that though Sir Tashi Namgval is the crowned King of Sikkim but the uncrowned King of the State is Jaitmal Bhojraj, who by the way is a Marwari merchant.

With the advent of freedom in India the people of Sikkim have also become restive. They had heard of the epic struggle for freedom in India, and they also had heard of the unique message of Mahatma Gandhi. But to them all this knowledge was of no help, for the mere talk of freedom was a red rag to the authorities. The result was the continual suffering of the people.

A spark, only a spark, of a movement was seen in 1949 after centuries of abject submission by the down trodden people. And by May 12, 1949 a people's Government was formed for the first time in Sikkim's history. The Cabinet was formed with Tashi Tshering, a retired Government officer, as its Chief Minister. That Ministry was, however, dissolved within 28 days of its formation. Since then the Maharaja is ruling the State with the help of a loaned officer from India. He is called the Dewan of the State.

Within a few weeks from now a new Cabinet, nominated from the existing three political parties of the State will be formed. But since no party with any tinge of democracy is allowed to function in the State it is very doubtful if the would-be Government will have the backing of the people.

Unless a truly democratic Government is formed in Sikkim anything might happen here. Sikkim's proximity to China which is marching ahead with its progressive experiments makes it imperative that New Delhi should see to it that they do not bungle at Gantok.

CONFISCATION, AND NOT NATIONALIZATION

STOKES' INTERVIEW ON IRAN OIL CRISIS

THE following is the story of the Persian oil crisis, as told by Richard Stokes (then Britain's Lord Privy Seal)—who conducted the negotiations with Persia—to Charles Kline, an Associate Editor of the American magazine *U. S. News & World Report*, in an interview in London:

Q: In connection with the recent negotiations in Iran, Mr. Stokes, since Britain has done so much nationalizing herself, can she very well object to Iran doing the same?

RICHARD STOKES: Look, Britain has never denied the Iranian right to nationalize their industries. Furthermore, we have always recognized that oil in the ground belongs to Iran, anyway.

What we object to is Iran's unilateral cancellation of the 1933 oil agreement entered into by the Iranian Government and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., and containing specific guarantees on how the oil was to be developed, with no alteration save by agreement. This agreement became part of Iranian law and was concluded under the auspices of the League of Nations.

We have always been prepared to see the negotiation of a new agreement which would recognize the principle of nationalization. What the Iranians have done is not nationalization but expropriation. The difference?

As Averell Harriman put it in one of his letters to Dr. Mussadiq, Iran's Prime Minister:

"...The seizure by any Government of foreign-owned assets without either prompt, adequate and effective compensation or alternative arrangements satisfactory to the former owners is, regardless of intent, confiscation rather than nationalization."

Britain's Attitude

Q: With the Iranians insisting that it has been up to Britain to adopt a more reasonable attitude, what can the rest of the world conclude?

MR. STOKES: If you have any doubts, look at it this way:

First, it was the Iranians, not the British, who were waving an ultimatum.

Second, it was Britain who, renouncing the use of force, took this matter to the International Court. Iranians refused to recognize the Court's authority.

Third, although Britain's case was unshakable and upheld by international law, Britain nevertheless agreed to a further attempt at settlement through negotiations, for which Mr. Harriman attempted to prepare the way.

Fourth, my own proposals were declared by Mr. Harriman to offer the basis of a settlement. In my view the proposals successfully met both the hard realities of the international oil trade and Iran's national aspirations, as well as her economic needs.

Finally, the most flagrant example of Iranian intransigence has been Iran's expulsion of the very men on whom her oil industry depends.

Q: Did Britain foresee storm signals in Iran?

MR. STOKES: Yes. In July, 1949, after years of negotiations, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., concluded an agreement with the Iranian Government which offered better terms than those payable at that time by any other oil producer in the Middle East. But their Parliament never ratified it.

Eighteen months later Anglo-Iranian offered to discuss revision of its payment terms to accord with the "50-50" profit-sharing scheme in Saudi Arabia which had since been agreed.

No "Fixing"

Q: The Iranians say the British corrupted elements in Iran and by bribery have fixed things up their own way. What is your answer to that?

MR. STOKES: Never once in the many years that I have been in touch with Iranian affairs—and I have visited Iran and the Middle East many

times—have I seen or heard of the sort of outburst against the Anglo-Iranian Co., which has just now taken place. There have been complaints, but not of corruption and—this is my point—there has been plenty of opportunity to air them.

I have tried myself to pin down charges of bribery to a single factual case but I never received any factual information.

Q: Was it right to anchor British ships off the refinery area? Doesn't this seem provocative?

MR. STOKES: No. They were there to insure that nothing happened to the life or limb of our men.

Q: Do you blame Dr. Mussadiq?

MR. STOKES: I blame no single person for this business. There certainly will have to be some cooling off over there before anything useful can happen.

Long-Range View

Q: As a businessman, in the long-range view, would you expect oil refining in Iran to become less important as consumers elsewhere, such as Australia and India, want refineries within their own borders?

MR. STOKES: It is difficult to answer that question. But I would point out that world consumption of oil products has shown a staggering increase since the war and I see no reason why it should cease. If the world has to do without Iranian oil, it can and will do so. But it is absurd that good plant and resources should be wantonly thrown away.

Those Iranians are quite wrong, of course, who thought that the drying up of their supplies would bring industry in Britain itself to a standstill. British industry has not been affected.

Q: Could not the British have seen to it that funds they paid over were properly expended?

MR. STOKES: You have got to decide whether you want to kick Britain for dominating or browbeating the Iranian Government or for being too soft.

As it happens, we never claimed power to tell Iranians what they had to do with their own money. Under Iranian legislation, oil revenues should have been allocated to the Iranian seven-year plan for economic

development. Regrettably the plan's organization only received a meagre portion of revenues and in consequence has come to a standstill.

Employee Welfare

Q: Did the British company contribute to the welfare of its Iranian employees?

MR. STOKES: Very definitely. The best housing, medical, sanitary and educational facilities available in Iran were those provided by the company. The 60,000 on the pay roll of the oil company were incomparably better off than those dependent on the rest of the Iranian economy. Indeed, invidious comparisons of this kind have no doubt prompted Iranian attacks on the oil company.

Q: But how do you account for the housing slums you were taken to see during your August trip to Iran?

MR. STOKES: That was a pretty familiar case of "try on," you know. A few inquiries proved that the bad housing we saw was the Iranians' own property and responsibility, and decent housing turned out to be built with the company's own money. Things are not perfect yet, but since the war the company has been spending £1,500,000 a year on housing. And the fact is, neither local Iranian municipal authority nor the central authority spend a proper proportion of the revenues they get from oil on the welfare of the people.

Q: It seems that Iranians resent the fact that Abadan (site of the world's largest refinery) is cut off from the rest of Iran and that there is little contact with what should be a center of Iranian activity. Isn't that natural?

MR. STOKES: May be. But you should know this about Abadan: It used to be a barren island. That whole surrounding area was infected with cholera, plague and smallpox. Now, entirely due to a British company, it is a healthy spot with 30 elementary and secondary schools, three company hospitals and with other facilities for 200,000 Iranians to live happily and better cared for than anywhere else in their own country—(Reprinted from the *U. S. News & World Report*, Independent Weekly News Magazine published at Washington. Copyright 1951).

MR. SPEAKER, SIR!

By "PARANKUSAM"

THE place of ritual and ceremony in the life of a community must be discussed by an anthropologist. So I can only begin by saying we saw here in London recently a traditional British play. It was a costume piece in which the actors, all amateurs, were mostly in modern dress. With a few colourful exceptions, of course, and how full of colour they were! The theatre was a place called the Houses of Parliament and the ritual consisted of the election of a Speaker for the new House of Commons.

The members of the House of Commons are assembled. They are not all new to Parliament but they have all been newly elected. The hum of conversation and gossip is not dissimilar to what one hears in the Coffee House during the rest hour. The air is not thick with smoke perhaps but party politics ought to do. Some of the members appear eager and excited, like little boys on reopening day at schools. Others seem indifferent and based, quite blase. Some look belligerent. A few are calm and quietly dignified, just a few. The Serjeant-at-Arms fidgets, feeling presumably self-conscious and ill at ease, taking part in this amateur theatrical. Things begin to happen when he is informed Black Rod is on his way. He rises and closes the door of the Chamber.

Elsewhere the peers of the realm are assembled. They too fidget, a less excitable but crochety lot, on the whole than the lower house, and they wait for the appointed hour. The hour arrives and the new Lord Chancellor, dressed in ordinary black gown and full-bottomed wig, taking his seat on the Woolsack, announces the appointment of a Royal Commission. He then leaves the room and returns shortly after wearing scarlet and ermine, a full-bottomed wig and a tricorn hat. The other Commissioners are dressed in similar fashion but wear cocked hats. Black Rod is then asked to let the members of the House of Commons know that the Lords Commissioners desire their immediate attendance in this House to hear the Commission read. "With solemn movements stiff, reminiscent

of a technicolour historical by Cecil B. Demille, General Sir Biran Horrocks (for as you know, Black Rod is really not a rod at all, merely a Gentleman-usher,) bows to the Lords Commissioners, steps back one pace and leaves the Chamber. Presumably he walks with dignity worthy of his high and ancient office, down echoing corridors to the other Chamber where the representatives of the people await His Majesty's pleasure. But the human eye, unfortunately, has not the sweep of the movie-camera, and so let us give Sir Horrocks an opportunity impatiently to rush down to get all this mumbo-jumbo over and down with as early as possible. The three knocks on the Commons' door however, are resonant with history. The door is opened. He walks in and bows to the front benches, creaking with tradition. Then it speaks, tradition, I mean. "Members of the House of Commons, The Lords, who are authorized by virtue of His Majesty's Command to declare the opening of Parliament desire the presence of this honourable House in the House of Peers to hear the Commission read." Obediently the leaders of the parties adorning the front benches get up and follow him.

The scene shifts again. We are once more in the Chamber where the peers of the realm sit and/or sleep. The Lord Chancellor notices that the Commons have come in and declares that the Commission was commanded by His Majesty to let you know that, it not being convenient for him to be personally present on this day in his royal person, he has thought fit by letters patent under the great Seal to empower several Lords, named therein to do all things in His Majesty's name which are to be done on His Majesty's part in this Parliament." It is then the turn of the Reading Clerk. He takes a deep breath and reads the Commission of His Majesty the King which confers on the Commissioners "full power in our name to begin and hold our said Parliament and open and declare and cause to be opened and declared, the causes of holding the same and proceed on the said

affairs in our said Parliament and in all matters arising therein, and to do everything which for us and by us and for the good government of our said United Kingdom and our other Dominions thereto belonging shall then be done, and, also if necessary, to continue, adjourn and prorogue our said Parliament." The Lord Chancellor now speaks again, this time informing the Commons of the royal desire that they "repair to the place where you generally sit and there proceed to the choice of some proper person to be your Speaker." With that the "Commons" return to the "place where they generally sit."

The Chair is vacant, but by some pre-arranged signal or instruction perhaps, a hush descends upon the house, the members take their seats and wait decorously. The Clerk of the House of Commons rises and silently points to a newly elected member; not at random, of course, but to the member he has been rehearsed to point to. The member so called upon rises and proposes that "the right honourable—do take the chair of this House as Speaker." The proposal is duly seconded. Since 1895 till this time, that was the end of the election. There had been no contest for this high office. This time the candidature of Mr. W. S. Morrison was challenged. The Labour Party proposed their own candidate for the Speakership and there was a contest and later a division. Ultimately Mr. Morrison was elected, but to proceed with the play....

Immediately the Speaker-elect has been chosen the two members who proposed and seconded his name walk up to him ready to conduct him to the Chair. He, however, pretends reluctance, and tries to "escape." But his two friends are firm and quite determined. They catch hold of him by the hand and lead him to the Chair. (No pun meant!) This custom, it seems, dates back to a time when the Speakership of the House of Commons was by no means the happiest of offices. But all is not over yet. He has to be confirmed, because he is as yet only Speaker-elect.

The next day Black Rod conducts him to the Bar of the House of Lords when the Royal Commission is again sitting. The Speaker-elect presents

himself to the Commissioners "with all humility for His Majesty's gracious approbation." The Lord Chancellor speaks the customary words that the King "does most readily approve and confirm you as Speaker." The Speaker then, again in accordance with custom, presses the Commons' petition for their rights and privileges. It is interesting to note that these rights and privileges entitle them among other things "to freedom of speech in debate, to freedom from arrest, and to free access to His Majesty whenever occasion shall require." His concluding words "that the most favourable construction may be put upon all their proceedings" reminds one of periods in British history when the King was neither the constitutional monarch nor "the respected and loved sovereign of his peoples" he is today.

The procession then returns to the House of Commons. The Speaker's Mace, symbol of his authority, is now carried shoulder high by the Serjeant-at-Arms, and as the Speaker approaches the Chamber the doorkeeper goes to the Bar and silences conversation shouting, "Mr. Speaker!" The Members stand and the Speaker enters. He goes straight to his room through the door behind the Speaker's chair but reappears a few minutes later wearing for the first time his official robes and full-botomed wig.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, it has been said "ought to sequester himself from dealing and inter-meddling with any public or private affairs and dedicate and bend himself wholly to serve his office and his function. "He is above party and acts as both the champion and the servant of the House. He becomes the third commoner of the realm, only the Prime Minister and the Lord President of the Council having precedence over him. He is paid a salary of £5000 a year and on his retirement he is entitled to a life pension of £4000 a year; a Viscountcy is also then conferred on him. On election he is paid an allowance of £1000 to equip himself with the necessary robes and other insignia of his office. During his term he lives in the Speaker's House, a magnificent edifice with the Big Ben towering over it.

For the members of the Legislature to choose one among themselves to be the Speaker of the House, one who though originally an active, and often important and influential member of one of the main political parties, on election as Speaker becomes impartial arbiter of all their parliamentary proceedings, one who will be an office-bearer in but not of the Government in power, has become a characteristic feature of the democratic form of administration. But nowhere else in the world perhaps is the election to that august office steeped so deep in tradition and attended by such circumstances of pageant, language and form. Oft ceremonials and political rituals of this type are taken lightly and counted as harmless

relaxation from the mere arduous business of legislation and debate. In course of time, such customs are given up or if at all retained remain only in skeleton form. But here in Britain the proceedings are approached in a mood of seriousness and the form of the ceremonial itself has remained unchanged almost since the beginning of parliamentary government in this country. This may reflect the deep-seated respect the average Briton feels for custom and usage, or it may merely explain why the theatre is such a popular form of entertainment for the British. But all this play-acting does appear comic to a foreigner. Then, the customs and habits of each nation appear comic to every other nation, don't they?

FREE NATIONS CAN AVERT THIRD WORLD WAR

By W. R. PLEWMAN

THE Governments of the West are not finding it easy to interest the peoples of the Middle East and Europe in their own defence. Nor is that an occasion for wonder. Most of those peoples are more interested in their next meal.

The struggle for existence is unbelievably hard in the Middle East and only a little bit easier in most of Europe. Wages are low and the cost of living relatively high. Inflation has made money of little value and thousands of drachmas (Greek), liras (Italian) and pesetas (Spanish) do not go far. Even in France, relatively prosperous, the franc that once was worth five cents is now worth one-third of a cent.

I have been in more than 20 countries this past summer. I inquired about the wages of the common labourer wherever I went, realizing that the lot of the humble citizen could not be dissociated from the question of national defence. In most countries the unskilled worker is getting in real wages not more than the equivalent of \$15 or \$20 a week. Charwomen or domestics are being paid at the same rate.

There is not much use going to

people whose homes have to be maintained on that amount of money to tell them they should sacrifice and work harder to defend their way of life. To them life is a round of unceasing toil, deprivation and anxiety. They are suffering economic and social bondage and feel they have nothing to lose but their chains.

Economic conditions explain some but by no means all of the difficulties General Eisenhower is encountering in his effort to fill the military vacuum in Western Europe, particularly in Western Germany. Until a few months ago, all Western Europe doubted the wisdom of offering any resistance to a Russian advance, which it was felt could not possibly be stopped in any case. The personality of General Eisenhower has dissipated some of their fears.

Skeleton Of Defence Fattens

Those peoples who are immediately in front of the Russian armies, such as the Danes, Belgians, French and West Germans, had felt that Communist armies could drive to the Atlantic coast in a few weeks, at most, and that everybody who was conspicuous in organizing resistance would be liquidated. They did not want their

countries smashed again and they felt they would rather supinely submit to the invader than undergo another experience of occupation and liberation.

The West Germans did not see why they should co-operate with the U. S. and other NATO countries in the defence of Western Europe, while they were being treated as an inferior nation and made subject to all manner of humiliating limitations. They were disposed to participate in a European army but only on a self-respecting basis.

This year, the occupation forces in Germany of Britain, France and the U. S. are, in effect, being converted into defence armies. Hitherto they have been only skeleton forces. Today the skeleton army is developing flesh and muscle. Nearly 300,000 Eisenhower troops have been operating recently in a series of manoeuvres—and that may be as many men as the Russians have in East Germany.

But, whereas Eisenhower may have more than 20 divisions along the Rhine by the end of 1951, he has few reserves on which he can call in a hurry. The Russians, besides having from 25 to 35 divisions in East Germany, have up to 40 other divisions in satellite countries, most of which could be thrown into a major drive westward.

It is believed that Russia would not launch an attack westward with fewer than 100 divisions in her attacking forces, backed by 7,000 planes. Her immediately available planes are believed to reach that number, or several times the number Hitler used for his westward drive in 1940.

It should be remembered that Russian divisions have only one-half the number of men possessed by the army divisions of the West, although they are more than one-half as effective. That is because they carry less deadwood in the form of supply troops. Their troops are harder, less pampered and live off the country. That cuts down tremendously the quantity of supplies that have to be carried and makes the work of the Russian army commissariat comparatively easy.

The Eisenhower army already is strong enough to fight a delaying

battle. It could not cope with 75 Russian divisions, let alone 100 enemy divisions. Russia has 215 or 225 divisions in her armies, all told, but they are scattered over a vast area and could not quickly reinforce one another.

In Power Through Force

Russia has large reserves of troops. In time she probably could field 400 divisions. But most of the fighting would be done by 200 divisions. If the Russians tried to use more than 100 divisions in an attack, on Western Europe, they might become bogged down by logistic difficulties or be gripped by Allied tactical bombers and atomic artillery. Atomic artillery is being developed in the U. S. but might not be available in quantity for the West for two or three years. The issue of war or peace may be determined within that period.

The free nations overemphasize their weaknesses and their difficulties. They are almost blind to the weaknesses and difficulties the men of the Kremlin have to face. Those long lines of communication, some of them 1,000 miles long, leading to the Western front through what is virtually hostile territory, give no end of worry to Russian generals.

The dependability of satellite peoples and armies is another source of anxiety to Moscow. In spite of a multitude of purges in satellite armies, satellite Communist parties and satellite populations, the vast majority of the peoples of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria want to be rid of Communism. That could become a war factor of considerable importance.

It would be folly to assume that the Communist world is ready to disintegrate. The Politburo has effective means of cementing it together. But the Baltic provinces, annexed in violation of the most solemn pledges, are eager to regain their lost freedom.

Repeated purges at home, one of them involving up to 40,000 political leaders and army officers, have not made the Communist Party in Russia anything but a minority party that keeps itself in power by means of force.

If Russia has 20,000 first-line planes, as we are told, she has a mighty air force, the largest in the world, with

a personnel of more than 1,000,000 men. But 8,000 of those planes are located in Russia proper, well back from the Rhine, 5,000 in the Far East, most of which would have to be kept there many thousands of miles from the vital Western Europe area; and 7,000 in Western Europe.

It can be taken for granted that Eisenhower will not be content with having fewer than 7,000 planes at the disposal of the European army. The NATO powers probably already have raised their promised contributions to match the Russian number of planes. Back of Eisenhower's air forces would be thousands of planes in Britain and North America which could be thrown quickly into battle. The most urgent need of Western air forces is that of more jet plane airstrips.

The Russian air force should not be taken lightly. It has some fine planes, superior to many that Western powers are using today and possibly nearly as good as the improved planes that Britain and the U. S. are about to produce. But the Soviet Union has a lot to learn about strategic bombing and night fighting, and unless she has done far better than we know, her air force is poorly balanced.

Air Strength Should Count

One of the greatest weaknesses of the free world is its present low plane production. That is about to change marvellously for the better, and by this time next year our worries on that score should be at an end.

The U. S. has 87 air groups that we know of and is proceeding to build her air force up to somewhere near 140 groups. That number of groups may require a personnel of 1,400,000. My guess is that the U. S. air force today is more powerful than that of Russia,

and that its personnel is nearly as large and about to pass that of Russia.

Britain has a small but smart air force. It is about one-fourth the size of that of the U. S. But when the air forces of France, Italy, Canada and two other NATO countries are added to that of the U. S., the free nations, other than the U. S., may have between them half the strength of the Russian air force. The free world was slow in awakening to its peril. Russia made a colossal mistake when she struck in Korea, using puppet forces. That proved it was nonsense to say she would never use armed force to spread Communism. Since then the strength of Western defences has doubled. Soon it will treble and quadruple.

Russia already has lost her best chance of achieving conquest by force. Her leaders are cool, calculating and ruthless men, but certainly not like Hitler, who tried to drag his country in ruins with him when he found he could not rule the world. Russia's last and extremely slim chance of conquering the world should go aglimmering in 1952 if every free nation does its part in the task of common defence. Nevertheless, 1952 promises to be an even more dangerous year than 1951.

After 1953 the greatest danger to peace may be due to the free world pressing demands for permanent security that the Russian Politburo would resist with force rather than accept. By that time, the enlightened and peace-loving statesmen of the free world may feel it to be their imperative duty to insist upon the world being organized on a co-operative and neighbourly basis.—*Copy-right—N.N.F.*

The skill of the democratic politician consists in his ability to divine what people can be brought to think advantageous to themselves. Skill in forecasting those opinions which are likely to commend themselves to an electorate does not imply skill in the formation of opinions which are rational, in the sense of being such as the needs of the times dictate. Hence that art of the democratic politician depends upon his skill in presenting policies which are other than those which the exigencies of the situation require. If he does this successfully, he is returned to power on a programme of promises which have pleased a majority of the electorate, but which have no relation to the needs of the State.
—C. E. M. JOAD.

CLIFTON, THE ALCHEMIST

By Dr. G. S. Panchabhai

IF you come to our little island of Erymland in the South Indian Ocean and visit the metropolis, Hutchinson Town, you will probably be put up for your lodging and board at the Salix de lux which proudly overlooks the Government buildings near the beach. Entering the Salix you'll be greeted by a fine life-sized portrait smiling broadly at you. You will stop and read:

JOSEPH MANDY—1896-1948. The Founder of the Salix, Who knew the secret of making gold.

I remember some girlish questions with which I continually teased my good nurse Katharine who claimed most of my time and attention. They were: Why shouldn't Pa tell us all how to make gold? Why did Ma always quarrel with him? Was it because he didn't tell her the secret process? And I also questioned her about her smart-looking son Paul whom I liked more than my mug-headed brother Harry. Why shouldn't he live with us instead of at the residential school? Was it because we didn't like him?

But after Katharine's death which occurred when I was ten, I was inevitably drawn into a closer association with the other members of the family. I liked Ma in spite of her ugly temper with Pa. I forgot Paul who visited us no longer and spent my time outside school and study hours with Harry. I'd very little to do with Pa who was seldom at home except for breakfast and supper. But the man who loved me most and whom I liked immensely too, was Berry Clifton, Pa's close friend and an intimate associate of the family who, for Harry and me, was 'Uncle Clifton.'

Uncle Clifton was a dear. Ma discussed our family problems freely with him and sought his help whenever she needed it. According to her he was Pa's best friend though made entirely of a different stuff and even shared his secret of making gold. He's

been the best friend of our family,' she once told Harry and me. 'Only he couldn't bridge the gap between Joseph and me.'

That was unfortunately only too true. For not only was there no sign of any reconciliation between the two, but the bitterness between them was growing year by year. When Katharine was living Ma, Harry and I used to see Pa in his study every morning for the ounce of gold he made regularly every night. Two years after her death we invaded his room after he'd left for the Salix. Indeed Ma couldn't conceal her hatred for him and often frowned at Pa's very portrait on the wall before her even as she collected the yellow, glittering pieces on the table.

One morning, however, we found no gold on the table but a few lumps of copper instead, all black and tarnished. Ma picked them and closely scrutinised them in her hand. Then she gazed at the portrait of the great Himalayan Sage on the wall, just above Pa's, from whom he'd obtained the treasured secret and suddenly turned her eyes down at Pa. 'He's removed the gold,' she snarled. Her face glowed with anger as she bawled. 'I can't tolerate this. I must know the secret. We must know it. What do you think, Harry? And you, Luna?'

Ma trembled, bit her lips and swore savagely. She clenched her delicate fingers tightly on the copper in her hand, stared angrily at Pa's portrait and hit it straight before her shattering the fine glass to pieces. For me it's an unforgettable spectacle—the flaming fierceness of Ma's otherwise charming features, the wicked glint in her dark, beautiful eyes, the unusual outrage she committed in her insane rage. Had I been only a couple of years older, I'd have realised then and there that she concealed the core of an abominably wicked woman.

Pa treated this outrage with such

utter indifference that Ma felt completely humiliated and apologised, not, of course, to him but to Uncle Clifton.

We were taking our afternoon tea, Ma and I facing Uncle Clifton and Harry at the other end of the table.

"I feel ashamed, Berry," she began and she looked what she said, "I think I was mad."

Uncle Clifton lit a cigar and began to smoke passively. Ma didn't like this gesture.

"Berry," she called as if to rouse him from sleep, "there was provocation enough for any woman to be mad. Why should Paul get a share in the Salix? Haven't we done enough for him? We've given him the best education possible and he's now a teacher in a college. That should be enough."

She stopped deliberately. Harry and I looked at each other.

"It's strange," she went on in the same key, "Luna should get a share in the Salix too. My father's quite a wealthy man. But he left everything to his son. And why should the process of making gold be Luna's and not Harry's?"

To say the least, I was excited. I looked at Uncle Clifton. He was blowing out a cloud of smoke at the ceiling.

"Didn't you ask Joseph, Elizabeth?" He spoke for the first time.

"He said the process is dangerous, electricity's to be handled under high pressure, there are complicated chemical reactions involved and Harry knows nothing of science." She said all this in a single breath and ejaculated, "All stuff and nonsense!"

Uncle Clifton grunted and lit another cigar.

"You're taking matters very lightly, Berry," Ma accused coolly enough, but her temper was manifestly rising. "I say, Berry, what's Mandy's must remain with the Mandies."

"That's Joseph's look-out."

"It's equally mine. I've tolerated much, Berry," she growled, "I've tolerated even Katharine—"

"Elizabeth!" he cut in sharply.

God! I was not a small girl then not to understand what Ma was hinting at.

"Berry, you must help me in getting this will changed," Ma pleaded. "I only want that what's Mandy's should remain with the Mandies."

"But how can I?"

Uncle Clifton was getting irritated. Ma looked angry, but tired.

"You can," she implored. "Joseph told me he's deposited the will with you, not with any magistrate. He said you can even destroy it if you like. He also said you might give the secret process to Luna or—"

"Obviously he wanted to dismiss you, Elizabeth," laughed Uncle Clifton, raising, and moved to the door.

Ma rose too.

"Berry," she breathed, "You two can't slight me like this." She pulled a neatly folded blue notepaper from her breast and held it in the air between her thumb and the index finger. "This is what Katharine has given me in writing."

Her voice was low but menacing. Yet Uncle Clifton ignored her.

"Do you threaten me?" he simply asked.

"Yes, Berry," she frowned.

I looked at Ma and noticed the same flaming fierceness in her face, the same wicked glint in her eyes which I'd noticed the previous day when she committed the ugly outrage on Pa's portrait. I was frightened and fled from her presence at once.

What a day for me! To learn that my dear good nurse Katharine was the other woman in Ma's life! The turmoil in my young bosom can better be imagined when I confess, frankly enough, that I couldn't detest her even when I knew that she was guilty of the worst crime a woman can do against another. Of course, I didn't excuse her; only I couldn't hate her as I should though six long years separated me from her memories. On the contrary I began in vain to ask myself, "Who was Katharine? How and when did she step into Pa's arid life? And above all WHY? Was it not likely that poor harassed Pa was simply driven to her by Ma's wicked nature?"

And what was that blue paper in Katharine's hand-writing with which

she's threatened Uncle Clifton? Even in my bed I was brooding, brooding, brooding....staring at the familiar darkness of my room though it was past the mid-night hour. Suddenly I seemed to hear the echo of Uncle Clifton's voice, "Do you threaten me, Elizabeth?"

I shot up in my bed and heard, "Yes, Joseph."

It was Ma almost shrieking with fury.

My heart pounded cruelly against my ribs as I looked back over my shoulder at the dark wall that separated my room from Pa's.

"Get away, you shrew," I heard Pa thundering, and his fist came down heavily upon the table.

The next moment I heard the door of his room being slammed angrily and Ma walking noisily out.

I do not know when I fell asleep after this brawl. But when I opened my eyes I heard a terrific commotion outside my room. I sprang out of my bed, changed hastily and rushed out when somebody was whispering, "Electrocuted while making gold."

It took us nearly a month to settle ourselves after this mishap.

During this period we were all occupied in our own way. Ma and Uncle Clifton spent most of the day together away from home; I didn't know what exactly they were busy with. Harry took charge of the Salix and, like Pa, was seldom visible except at breakfast and supper. I passed my time outside college in reading books on advanced chemistry and wondered how copper or any other baser metal could be transmuted into gold.

It was the fifth Sunday after Pa's death when we met together as usual, Ma and I facing Uncle Clifton and Harry at the other end of the table. We began on sundry subjects, but the conversation soon turned to Pa's will.

"You're aware, Berry," Ma was saying. "We'll have to close the Western Wing."

"Yes, Elizabeth," he acquiesced, lighting a cigar.

Ma looked worried. The Western Wing alone fetched nearly ten times as much as the rest of the Salix. During Pa's regime it was an exclusive

resort of fashionable men and women of wealth and power in Hutchinson Town where all V. I. P.'s paid at least their briefest visit every evening. But since his death not a car hailed at its regal entrance though there were the same bars, the same ball-rooms and the same waitresses.

"The Salix is now reduced to the status of an ordinary hotel," Ma said sadly.

"I'm afraid we're helpless, Elizabeth," observed Uncle Clifton.

"In that case, Berry, it won't be wise to divide the Salix," Ma began.

Uncle Clifton reflected.

"All we've to do is to destroy the will," she proposed. "Luna can have no objection. She won't like Harry to be reduced to poverty. And, Paul needn't know anything at all."

She fixed her searching gaze on him and asked impatiently, "What do you think, Berry?"

Uncle Clifton shook his head.

"I can allow Harry to enjoy the Salix undivided until Luna is eighteen," he declared emphatically.

Ma coloured.

"Please don't be so hasty," she pleaded.

"I think, Elizabeth, we'd better not talk on this subject at all," suggested Uncle Clifton rather curtly.

I could see Ma's effort to control herself.

"I pray, Berry," she implored, "at least let Harry and Luna both share the process of making gold."

Uncle Clifton rose to go.

"Wait, Berry," said Ma with grim composure. "I'm a wicked woman by nature and a woman's wickedness knows no bounds." She looked frightfully aghast and her voice was a little hoarse. But clearing her throat she went on, "I'm determined to secure everything for Harry."

"I'm sorry I won't be particularly of use to you in this matter, Elizabeth," said Uncle Clifton beginning to move.

"And in that case you won't be particularly welcome in this house, Berry," said Ma sternly. "Good-bye."

Uncle Clifton stopped with a start. He didn't expect Ma to rush to this

extreme and was perhaps too stunned to find words to express himself. He simply looked from Ma to Harry, from Harry to me and back to Ma again.

"Elizabeth," he exclaimed just above a whisper.

"Good-bye," she repeated cruelly.

Uncle Clifton was moved. I think his small grey eyes turned moist.

"If you're ever in a difficulty," he was saying pathetically, "and need my help—"

"Good-bye, I say, Sir," cried Ma tapping her foot petulantly on the floor and as she drove him out of our house with her bubbling wrath, I noticed the same familiar glint in her eyes. There was a sudden sinking in the pit of my stomach and my hair stood on end. But soon a soft hand pressed gently on my shoulder and I found myself looking into Ma's languid eyes.

"It's a great defect in me. I simply can't control my temper," she said apologetically. "Luna, are you afraid, my dear?"

"Yes," I confessed clinging to her.

She touched me softly under my chin, surveyed my figure from head to foot and smiled beautifully. Then she gracefully bowed her head to my lips and kissed me.

Only a week later as I was undressing for the night, Ma knocked and finding the door unfastened entered softly. She looked at me with unmixed admiration and said, "I sometimes wonder if you're only sixteen, Luna."

I blushed. I was fuller and fleshier than most other girls of my age and I knew at least two young men quite comfortably placed who were eager for my friendship.

"You needn't blush before me, dear," Ma smiled. "By the by, do you know Paul?"

"Yes, Ma. He teaches us chemistry," I said mechanically.

"He's coming to us tomorrow morning. I want you to see if you can like each other. God willing I'll have the satisfaction of seeing that what's Mandy's remains at least with the grandchildren of the Mandies."

She laughed and seemed quite pleased with herself.

"But, Ma," I returned, "Paul is Katharine's son and Katharine was—"

She tapped me on my cheek and with a girlish pout and whispered, "Don't be sentimental. Paul will be the nicest man for you. In fact I've already told him my object in inviting him here. Of course, we shouldn't talk to him about the will, dear."

She left me abruptly and soon I was in my bed telling myself that Paul would be the nicest man for me. I liked him. But would he like me? As I closed my eyes I fondly wished to dream about Paul. But I didn't.

The next morning Ma presented me before him in the drawing room. She simply said we needed no introduction and retired.

"I used to come here when mother lived," he began in a familiar tone. "That's six years ago."

I didn't dare to look at him though I liked his voice, liked the soft soothing manner in which he talked. I was still feeling embarrassed at the thought that he was Katharine's son.

"You're too shy, Luna," he said at last.

"Please, Mister Hurst, excuse me," I apologised.

"Mister Hurst!" he echoed pleasantly. "Fine. And I was only a simple Paul six years ago."

I blushed crimson.

"We'll meet after the college, Luna," he said rising.

We did meet after college, and we met every day after college, walked long distances and talked endlessly.

It was a pleasure to talk to him.

One fine evening as we were walking along the beach arm in arm, he said, "Ours will be an international alliance. You're a Yankee by birth and I'm an Indian."

"Indian?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes. My father, Roy Hurst, was the manager of a tea estate at Darjiling in India. Your father was his guest for three months. They together went up the Himalayas in search of the sage who was said to know the secret of making gold. But on the way back father slipped and fell into a ravine. After that we came to Erymaland. I was only four then."

That was how Katharine had stepped into Pa's life! I was afraid Paul

might hear the loud beating of my heart.

"Your parents treated my mother with great respect. They never let her feel lonely. Even when they were away from Erymland for a year on an extensive tour of the world, they took her with them. I was at the residential school then."

"Yes," I said gloomily, "Katharine used to talk to me about that tour and about New York where I was born."

Something in my voice must have betrayed my feelings, for he asked, "You aren't quite yourself today, Luna. What's wrong with you?"

"Do you believe that gold can be made from copper, Paul?" I asked trying to laugh.

"Impossible," he averred. "They say your father made a great deal of bad money at the Western Wing by pampering to the unholy passions of the rich and this gold affair was just a cloak to cover his sinister money-making. His fraud was detected at last and he committed suicide. You'd have been in trouble after his death but for Mr. Clifton. But I ought not to have told you all this, dear."

I was about to cry. So he turned, drew me to himself and kissed me.

What a consolation it was! I soon felt happy and found myself laughing again. After that I was always happy in his company and very, very happy in his arms, and confident that we were to be married, I gave myself up to him without reserve until I realised one day that I was nearly a week late that month already.

I was alarmed. But I hoped dearly that the irregularity was merely Nature's freak. It wasn't. It was Nature herself. I kept the ravishing secret to myself until the exaggerated contours of my figure and the peculiar glow on my face told their own tale. Paul said I looked marvellous and Ma continued to stare at me queerly—for some months. At last she came to my room one morning like a gust of wind and said, "Berry and I talked—"

I looked up with a start.

"...about your condition, and decided to fix the date immediately, Luna."

I hung my head down in shame.

"He'll be soon here to demonstrate the process of making gold and destroy Joseph's unjust will. The Salix will then be Harry's undivided though the process will be shared both by him and you—YOU," she hissed, "a mere intruder in our family."

"Ma!" I exclaimed.

"Ma!" she echoed with a short ugly laugh, "And do you know why that old boy agreed at last?"

I was all confusion and stared at her.

"This document which Katharine gave me three days after your birth at New York." She pulled the blue paper from her bosom. "If I place this in Paul's hand,..."

She stood akimbo at arm's length, a picture of dour defiance, piercing me with her eyes—those familiar wicked eyes. I noticed challenge in them and triumph. I felt the earth giving way and even in that moment of suspense and anguish it struck me that the woman before me could never be my mother!

I didn't know till then what a brave girl I was. As minutes passed—minutes that were the most trying of my brief experience with life—and the suspicion that Elizabeth Mandy wasn't my mother became a conviction. And quick in its wake flashed a most paralysing fear. Was I Katharine's daughter? That blue paper in her own handwriting... Was the world tour planned deliberately? It was a murderous thought. It meant that I couldn't marry Paul though his baby was flourishing magnificently in my womb. What then was I to do? Kill myself and my baby?

Impossible!

I tried to laugh. I tried to be brave. And soon I determined to run away, thousands of miles away from Erymland, to New York where I was born—I shuddered!—where I might live honourably as a nurse in some hospital and bring up my baby in an atmosphere free from guilt and shame. But I must see that document first, mustn't I? Perhaps it might contain some other secret, less deadly.

Uncle Clifton came, arranged the apparatus and explained the *modus operandi* of the whole process. But I was interested more in the document and continued to glance at Ma's—Elizabeth Mandy's—bosom. I saw Harry and Trolley with a revolver! I heard Ma's threat that if she smelt deceit or violence to take possession of the document, Trolley would shoot. But it didn't frighten me! The stove was switched on and copper pieces were being heated. A gas was bubbling out from a flask. "This chalk gas isn't so harmful," Uncle Clifton was saying, "but we've to be in this closed room for three hours." He poured out a bottle-ful on three scarfs, wore one about his nostrils and gave the remaining two to Harry and me. He poured another bottle-ful on two other scarfs and gave these to Ma and Trolley to wear. "Lime-water to neutralise the chalk gas," he explained. I saw the copper turning blacker and blacker and the gas bubbling out profusely. "Now for ten minutes let us all concentrate our attention on the portrait of the sage on the wall and pray in our own way. We needn't close our eyes," he said. I began to pray. "We'll feel as if we're in a trance. We'll feel as if we're floating, floating, floating—up the Himalayas, into the very presence of the hermit. He'll bless us. We'll actually feel the touch of his hand on our head. It's a most soul-inspiring experience..."

Minutes passed. I heard the gas bubbling out. I heard the tic-tic-tic of the wall-clock and the thud-thud-thud of my own heart and I heard Uncle Clifton's voice, cool and clear. "Harry, stand there at the wall!"

I shot back. Harry was pinned to the wall by Uncle Clifton's revolver while Ma and Trolley lay unconscious in their chairs.

"Luna, get hold of that paper."

He, a gentleman, turned his back to Ma and with my heart thud-thud-thudding, I explored her bosom and

found the paper stowed in her stays.

"May I look back, Luna?"

I was reading it voraciously—only four lines under Katharine's signature—that I was her daughter!

* * *

"Luna!" cried Uncle Clifton.

He seized the paper from my hand and with his revolver still pointed to Harry, led me out of that den.

"Did you read it?" he asked.

"No, Uncle," I lied.

I lingered. I wanted to escape. But he dragged me after him and bundled me into his car.

"The other bottle contained Joseph's favourite anaesthetic," he said pressing the accelerator.

I remembered what Paul had told me about Pa's money-making at the Western Wing. But I wasn't interested.

"Uncle," I implored as the car passed the Salix, "Please leave me here. I've an engagement, a very important engagement."

"I know, I know," he rejoined and changing the gear to slow down the car, he patted me briskly on my back. "You don't know, Luna, nor does Elizabeth, that Paul's Roy Hurst's son, not by Katharine but by his first wife..."

"Uncle!" I gasped, clutching at his arm.

"Paul's waiting for us at my residence," he went on. "I've only told him there's going to be some serious trouble over Joseph's will." He looked at his watch. "He has instructions to wait till four and start with a police-squad at once."

Every word that Uncle Clifton told me I believed like a darling. Nor did I ever try to verify its truth from Paul. If Uncle Clifton told me a deliberate lie, it was the noblest that any man ever told in his life and I love it as dearly as I love my innocent Paul and our bonny baby Mina!

Whenever you hear anyone bawling for more respect for the laws you have before you one who is trying to use them to his private advantage; whenever you hear of new legislation for putting down dissent and rebellion you may be sure that it is promoted by scoundrels. The extortions and oppressions of government will go on so long as such bare fraudulence deceives and disarms the victims.

—H. L. MENCKEN.

STONY PATH AHEAD FOR MR. CHURCHILL

By MATTHEW HALTON

ANOTHER chapter has opened in the long and colourful pageant of British political history. The United Kingdom's 41st parliament is in session—but this time, after six and a half years of Socialist rule, the Conservatives are in office at Westminster and Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill is Britain's Prime Minister again.

This famous and magnificent old man and his country now face exciting days. Parliamentary life could not be unexciting with Churchill at the helm. After all, he is the most towering figure in the world. England in all her 2,000 years has not produced more than two or three others such as he.

But let us hope British affairs don't become too exciting. Political and economic storms are brewing. Labour in opposition will press hard and hot. Churchill is in—but more people voted Labour than Conservative; that is an outstanding fact. In the House of Commons Churchill's lead is only 19 over all—barely a working majority. And he faces immense problems both at home and abroad. Even as the new Prime Minister went to the palace to receive the seals of office from the King, the first snows of an economic blizzard were beginning to swirl. To meet the storm, Churchill has to rally the support of a nation evenly and dangerously divided. He will need his qualities.

When Winston Churchill first became Prime Minister 11 years ago, when the sky was falling, it wasn't because he had won an election or was head of a party. The little men of his party—and there were a lot of them from Neville Chamberlain down—feared and disliked him and had kept him in the wilderness for years. It was the voice of history that called him to power. Five years later he bestrode the world and was idolized by his fellow islanders—but then they stunned him. The nation wanted a change, and in the 1945 election the Conservatives were overwhelmingly

defeated and a Labour Government came in to transform the social face of Britain. This is the first time Churchill has gone to Downing Street, with a party's vote behind him.

And the election was a narrow thing—bitterly narrow—for the new Prime Minister. Unfortunately for him and perhaps for his country, his majority is not big enough to be called a mandate, which means his hands are partially tied from the start. Everybody was agreed that, no matter who won, Britain needed a Government with a strong, clear working majority. Since the 1950 election, Clement Attlee had had a majority of only six or seven. That exhausted the administration physically and mentally and made decisive government impossible. Now it is the Conservatives' turn to be at the mercy of the clanging bells that ring through the House of Commons to announce that a vote is about to be taken.

There are 625 seats in the British House of Commons. The Conservatives and their various allies now have 321. Labour 293. The Liberals have 6. And there are two Irish Nationalists and one Irish Labour member. This gives Mr. Churchill a majority of 28 over Labour and a majority over all of only 19. It is a working majority, but only a very thin working majority. It is highly unlikely that Churchill will try to make it work for a full term of five years.

In No Mood For Compromise

Mr. Churchill had dreamed of being swept back to power. His plan was to rule for two or three years and then hand over the leadership to Anthony Eden and retire to his writing and to his role of elder statesman—vindicated in his politics, and loaded with honour. It is still likely that he will retire in a year or two. Dynamo though he is, he is 77 years old, and he faces gruelling days.

What the old warrior would like is a coalition—"a broadbased Govern-

ment," as he calls it. But Labour won't hear of a coalition, and the Liberals have also refused, although giving a qualified pledge of support. Only war or economic disaster can produce a climate of coalition in Britain. Economic disaster may come, but it isn't here yet and in the meantime Labour is in no mood for compromise.

On the whole, then, the election result is not a happy one for anyone. Mr. Churchill has his victory but the nation has given it grudgingly. As a Liberal paper says: "The country has got rid of a party that it did not want in favour of one that it does not trust."

The lack of trust in the Conservative Party by Britain's working classes will be Churchill's greatest problem. The British Conservatives today are progressives for the most part (though they still have a strong right wing of reactionaries) but it will be no easy thing to recapture the spirit of Dunkirk which Churchill wants and Britain may soon need.

The most significant thing about the election, I repeat, is that it showed a Britain evenly, solidly and dangerously divided into two nations. Only 21 seats out of 625 changed hands. The polls of public opinion, incidentally, proved wrong, some of them far wrong. The best of them had predicted a Tory lead of 3.5 per cent. of the votes, in fact, Labour got more votes than the Conservatives.

That is a striking and fascinating point. The Conservatives, it is true, got 1,000,000 more votes than in the 1950 election, but Labour increased its poll by half a million and had the highest total. About 13,665,000 people voted Conservatives. Some 13,878,000 voted Labour. Thus it was a vagary of the electoral system that sent Mr. Churchill back to power. Labour had more "wasted" votes than their opponents. That is, the Conservative vote was more evenly spread across the whole country and so had more influence in the marginal constituencies.

It seems fairly certain that a handful of Liberals gave Mr. Churchill his narrow victory. There were only 110 Liberal candidates and Liberal men and women in other constituencies had therefore to vote Labour or Con-

servative or else abstain. It is believed that about two-thirds of them voted Conservative. And in the marginal constituencies that did the trick.

Many questions now come to mind. What will Mr. Churchill's Government try to do? What kind of Government will it be? What will Labour do in opposition?

But of all the questions, one, I think, is more interesting than the others: Why was Labour beaten? Better still—why was Labour not beaten more decisively? After six years in office, after six years of controversial and revolutionary legislation, after six years of powerful and unceasing Conservative attack and denigration, more people still voted Labour than Conservative. Why?

The main reason is simple, clear and undeniable. The standard of living in Great Britain, for a majority of people, is higher than even before. The cost of living has risen, but the standard of living has risen more. The cost of living in Britain is now nearly twice what it was in 1933. But the average wage in Britain is two-and-a-half times bigger than in 1933.

It was full employment, good wages, the social services and the food subsidies that prevented Labour from being decisively beaten in spite of all the odds against the Government.

I don't say Labour should get all the credit for full employment. I don't say that Britain, whose fight for life as a great power economically has still to be won, can afford the higher standard of living. But both blessings exist today and that is what accounts for Labour's strong, stubborn hold.

During the course of the election campaign, a booklet appeared on news-stands called "Poverty and the Social Services." It was a non-party statistical document, written by a famous sociologist, Seebohm Rowntree. It was only a coincidence that it came out during the election—but it was a happy coincidence for Labour. It showed how poverty had been practically abolished in a typical British community. It showed that in 1936 one out of every three persons were living in poverty and that in 1950 the figure was only one in 36—as a result of full employment, the social ser-

vices and the food subsidies. It was because of those three things, which have transformed the lives of the British working classes, that nearly 14,000,000 people voted Labour.

Whether Great Britain can afford these things is not the point—though it will be the point very soon. The Conservatives say, officially, that they, too, believe in full employment, the social services and the food subsidies—but 14,000,000 voters don't believe them. Many Conservatives, in fact, have hurt their own cause by blurting out their belief that Britain needs some unemployment—"a pool of unemployment," they like to call it—so that workers will be afraid of losing their jobs and thus work harder.

There was another thing in the recent election, not to Labour's credit this time, that may have worked against the Conservatives. Many Labour campaigners plugged the idea that peace was safer in Mr. Attlee's hands than in Mr. Churchill's. In past years it has been the Conservatives, not the Socialists, who have used unworthy scares or stunts in British elections. There was the notorious Zinovieff letter in 1925, the "Socialists will steal your savings" scare in 1931, Stanley Baldwin's straight lie about the nation's defences in 1935, and Mr. Churchill's Gestapo cry in 1945. This time many Labour speakers told voters that if the Conservatives won there would be an increased danger of war. That's politics, you may say—but it was the first time I had seen British Labour use dishonest politics.

Problems Pressing

Clement Attlee goes out of power with the respect of the whole nation and the admiration of much of it. He's no colorful statesman, no orator, but he now has a great place in history. He presided over Britain's peaceful revolution. He was always the boss in his cabinet—though it included such figures as Ernest Bevin, Sir Stafford Cripps, Herbert Morrison and Aneurin Bevan. If for nothing else, posterity will remember him for the fact that he gave independence to the Indian sub-continent and did it in such a way that India and Pakistan decided of their own free will to remain with-

in the British Commonwealth. This is one thing Mr. Churchill could not have done.

It is now Winston Churchill's turn to take over Britain's burdens. He is a daring and an imaginative man and he should not be short of ideas. He will need them. The problems are pressing.

The main problem, enormous though it is, can be simply stated. Fifty million people, living on one small island, have no natural resources to speak of except their own energy and skills. The days of colonialism and fruitful exploitation are over. Britain must live on her wits. She has made a heroic effort since the war. She is producing 60% more goods than ever before, but because of the huge rearmament programme it still is not enough.

Some thoughtful people believe Britain's problem is too big to solve—that the British people must emigrate in millions or accept reductions in their standard of living. And it is no distant, long-term crisis. The crisis is here and now. The drain on Britain's gold and dollar reserves in the last quarter was \$600,000,000. It is not only Aneurin Bevan and his Labour rebels who think Britain's rearmament programme is more than she can handle. Many sober-minded people in all parties are coming to the same conclusion.

That is the situation Winston Churchill comes back to—a Britain up against it economically at the most dangerous period in world history. In his favour he has the freshness and vigour of a new Government with a number of good men; he has the psychological impetus that comes from change; he has his own courage and greatness. But he has not a nation wholeheartedly behind him as he had during the war. When the crisis is bad enough, Britain's people close their ranks and are unconquerable: "I have nothing to offer but blood, tears, toil and sweat," said Churchill in 1940. Britain needs toil and sweat at least as much today as she did then—but today the rousing appeal of blood and tears is missing. Churchill's path is going to be hard.—Copyright — N.N.F.

Historical Story

THE TOWER OF VICTORY

By JOHN O'HIND

THE victorious foreign army made a triumphal entry into the historic capital of India. The defeat of the national forces led by the Marathas was complete, and nothing now stood between Ahmed Shah Abdali and the Empire of Hindustan.

The great victor sat in his royal tent contentedly smoking a hookah. Evening had fallen, but in the camp there was yet no quiet. The soldiers were busy exacting the conqueror's meed from the defenceless citizens of Delhi. Ahmed Shah leaned back on his luxurious divan, and as the perfumed smoke curled round his head he turned over in his mind his grand dream of an empire extending from Kabul to Calcutta and southwards to Cape Comorin.

His chamberlain now entered his presence. With a deep obeisance he announced that a holy Sheikh was waiting outside seeking audience with his Majesty.

"Holy Sheikh? Good. Send him in. We are always glad to have speech with holy men."

The chamberlain withdrew and presently re-entered, followed by a lean, bearded, white-robed old man. His appearance was venerable, and when he came before the king he raised his arms in the act of blessing.

"Be seated," said Ahmed Shah condescendingly. "Do you belong to our camp?"

"No, Great King, I am a native of Hindustan, born and bred here."

"How old are you?"

"Great Aurangzeb of pious memory died in my thirtyfifth year."

"Do you remember our great predecessor King Nadir Shah?"

"I remember him very well, and his deeds of valor live in my memory as if they were performed but yesterday."

"Now tell me truly, holy one, in your opinion, of the three—Aurangzeb,

Nadir Shah and our own self—which is to be accounted the greatest conqueror?"

The holy man pondered for a while and said, "Great King, it is a hard question to answer. The greatest conqueror is he whose conquests make the deepest impression on the people's minds, and live the longest in their memory. Aurangzeb, Nadir Shah and Your Sublime Majesty are all great conquerors, but time alone will finally decide the question who is the greatest. Now, if it pleases your Majesty, I shall relate what I have read in ancient lore about a conqueror who was accounted great. He was a valiant Sultan, and he came down from the mountains with a mighty warlike host. For a whole year—"

"A story? Good. We have been working hard of late, and a good story is very welcome. Now proceed." The Sultan settled himself more comfortably among the cushions.

"For a whole year," resumed the Sheikh, "he smote his enemies, slaughtering thousands, and scattering the rest like chaff before the mountain wind, until the whole land from sea to sea lay prostrate before his feet. His nights were turned into days by the light of burning villages, and the soles of soldiers' feet became crimson with the blood of the inhabitants. So many were the towns he sacked that when at length he turned his steps homeward, ten thousand camels and ten thousand wagons could hardly carry the treasure obtained. Thousands of captives graced his triumph and hundreds of maidens were admitted to his harem. Bards sang of his prowess, poets inscribed verses in his honour, and the people said that never was such a conquest made and never was such a conqueror seen since the days of Sikander the Great.

When the Sultan, now back in the capital, viewed the wondrous heaps of spoil brought by him, it seemed as if

all the wealth of Ind were gathered together before his eyes, and his head became bowed in gratitude towards the Giver of all good, and his great heart became filled to bursting with thankfulness that the God of hosts had pleased to take him as His chosen instrument for the chastisement of the impious and the vindication of truth.

Tears such as the great alone could shed bedewed his war-scarred countenance, and the prayer of praise that rose to his lips was choked half way by the memory of the glorious deeds of might and valour wrought by his arms in the once smiling plains. A great resolve worthy of the occasion filled his mind, and dashing the tears from his eyes he commanded the master architect to be forthwith called before him.

The master architect was one of the many captives whom the Sultan in his magnanimity had spared from the general slaughter and brought with him to his capital. For the Sultan, in addition to being a great war-lord, was a great patron of the fine arts, and a connoisseur of beauty; and whenever he conquered a country and put the people to the sword he gave strict orders that no harm should befall skilled artisans and beautiful maidens as worthy objects of his royal bounty. Thus poesy and the arts came to flourish in his court, just as beauty and grace were honoured in his seraglio.

The master architect, like all his fellow captives, had good reason to remember the greatness of the Sultan. It was to the great conqueror's love of art that he owed his life, as it was to his love of war that he owed the death of his wife and children and the destruction of his modest home. When the summons came he at once rose, bade farewell to his comrades in misfortune, and followed the royal messenger. Thanks to the Sultan, his heart was so chastened by sorrow that he was now absolutely superior to all emotions of fear or vindictiveness.

"Build us a tower, low born son of a street dog," said the Sultan as soon as the captive came before him, "to commemorate our great victory, here in my capital. Build it with all your skill and the skill of the artisans under you; spare no expense, I have

all the wealth of Ind for its building. Build it, we command you, so that when it is finished all the world should gape at it in wonder and awe and say that such a magnificent tower of victory was never erected by any monarch since the world began.

When he heard the words falling from the august lips, the master architect trembled, for the air of the palace was cold and he was accustomed to the heat of the plains. He touched the ground with his head three times and said, 'Great is thy wisdom, O mighty Sultan, as great as thy valour. Thy humble servant is but a worm, and his heart overflows with joy that the building of the wonderful tower of victory is entrusted to him. Nevertheless, Great King, to build it in this thy capital is quite superfluous, for when thy royal presence is here always what need is there for other monument to remind thy subjects of thy greatness? Thine own royal self is the greatest and most wonderful tower of victory since the world began. Therefore, Great Monarch, thy humble servant thinks that the best fitting place to build the tower will be the plains of Ind—the scene of thy triumphs. Since thy return the men of the plains are deprived of thy royal presence, and the light of thy countenance no longer shines on them. Men have but short memories, and they are apt to forget within a few years all about the mighty conqueror who had passed through their midst with fire and sword. Command, therefore, most August Sovereign, to have the tower of victory built in the very region which has witnessed thy might and glory.

The words of the master architect greatly pleased the Sultan. 'You counsel well. Build the tower of victory in the plains of Ind, in the sight of the impious who had lately tasted the fruits of my valour, so that whenever they look at it they may remember me and my glory. When it is finished it must be the most magnificent tower of victory the world has ever seen, or I will make your carcass....' the Sultan went into graphic details about the delicate operations to which the master architect's person would be subjected, should the monument fall short of the specified excellence.

So the master architect and the workers and artisans were sent back to the plains. Hundreds of wagons and hundreds of camels were continually on the road carrying money and gold and jewels from the Sultan's capital to the place where the tower of victory was being built. Month after month went by, yet the tower was not completed. The master architect wrote for more and more money and jewels to be sent. He gave glowing accounts of the progress of the work, how it promised to be the most wonderful monument of victory ever built by any conqueror in any country, how all the people were struck with wonder and amazement at it, and so on. The Sultan sent more and more treasure until nearly all the booty he had brought with him from the conquest was used up.

At last, after months and months of waiting the Sultan received the news that the tower of victory was well nigh completed. He was all eagerness to see the wonderful monument, and hastily assembling the bodyguard, marched down into the plains. He found the land fruitful and smiling much the same as he had found it on the eve of his conquest.

"That dog of an architect was right," observed the Sultan. "Men have short memories. See how soon the impious have forgotten me and my victories, and gone back to their daily avocations of tilling and sowing and reaping as if no mighty conqueror had ever passed through their land."

The master architect came and stood before the Sultan to hear what he had to command.

"Infidel, take us to the wonderful tower of victory you have been so long in building."

"Sire, the monument thou canst dimly perceive from here, but if thou wilt deign to proceed further with thy humble servant a better view of the wonderful tower of victory such as no monarch had ever erected will delight thy royal eyes."

Led by the master architect the Sultan and his retinue continued their journey. They covered mile after mile, yet they did not come in view of the tower of victory. The Sultan became impatient.

"Where is the tower, son of a dog?" he asked. "We have travelled many a mile now, still nothing of the great monument have we seen."

The master architect bowed humbly to the very ground and said "Mighty Monarch, thou hast seen it."

"Hast seen it! Where? When? Son of an ass and a bitch, what do you mean?" The Sultan's wrath began to mount, and all his retinue trembled for fear.

"Sire," said the master architect who neither trembled nor feared, "thou hast seen part of it already and what remains of it can be seen if thou wouldst travel further on. When thy unworthy servant came here to build the tower of victory he found all the people full of thy wonderful deeds of conquest. Burnt villages, sacked towns, rotting corpses, uncultivated fields, deserted houses, starving and dying people, famine and pestilence all spoke loudly of thy valour and might, so much so that thy humble servant was at a loss how to fitly commemorate thy mighty deeds which were so conspicuous as to need no commemoration in stone or marble. So thy servant set down and thought and thought until he found a way to perpetuate thy victories in a manner suitable to thy greatness. With the gold and money and jewels thy royal bounty supplied, he and his men began to work and build here until towns and villages again became habitable, fields again came under cultivation, roads and canals were repaired, famine and disease disappeared, and the land which had once borne the signs of thy power and might has come to testify to thy bounty and liberality. That, O Mighty Sultan, is the wonderful tower of victory which thy humble servant and his men were so happy to build to thy lasting glory; a tower of victory such as no monarch or conqueror had ever thought of building since the world began."

Here chroniclers vary. Some of them record that the Sultan on learning how the monument built by the master architect differed from what he himself conceived, had the builder with all the workers and artisans impaled, after first subjecting them to refined and prolonged tortures. But others tell, on more reliable authority,

how the Sultan fell on his knees and gave thanks to God Almighty that such a wonderful tower of victory as was never thought of by any monarch or conqueror had come to be erected in his honour, and how all the people sang his praise that never was such a conqueror seen even in the days of Sikander the Great.

The Sheik stopped. Ahmed Shah remained silent for a while stroking his beard. Then, he said, "Sheik, you are a bold man. Your fable we take as a thinly veiled rebuke on ourself, and its moral is self-evident. The victory of the army is no true victory, and the really lasting conquests are those of the spirit. What should you think, Sheik, if we order our soldiers to stop all further plundering and to restore all their loot back to the people they have robbed? Shall we live in their grateful memory by such an act of mercy and benevolence?"

"By such an act Your Majesty will be accounted, I have no doubt, as one of the greatest of kings. Myriads will bless your name, gladness and hope will again enter countless homes where there is now nothing but ruin and desolation, and Your Majesty's name will live in the annals of mankind as one who did not forget to be merciful in the hour of victory."

Ahmed Shah laughed loud and long—a brutal cynical laughter. "Do you take us for a fool, Sheik? To give back what we have won by the might of our arms? For what? To become the laughing stock of the world? We have no ambition in that direction. Myriads will bless our name, eh? It is not their blessings or love that will please us. We would have them tremble at our name. Their fear and dread would be the rightful tribute to a great warrior like us. Do you know why we are here? It is—Providence. These fools, these Marathas, Mughals, Rajputs, they would be always fighting among themselves, weak, thus preparing the way for the foreign invader. When we saw such a chance, should we be blamed for seizing it? Rather would it be unmindful of God's gifts not to seize such an opportunity. We are directed hither by a higher will than our own. We are but an instrument in God's hands. It was the call of Destiny, and we have but obeyed that call."

The Sheik tried to answer this sophistical argument and bring the invader to a sense of the untold sufferings occasioned by his ambition. But who would listen to the voice of reason and humanity when drunk with success? The holy man finding his words making little impression on the proud conqueror at last fell silent.

"It is all destiny," reiterated Ahmed Shah, "who can withstand destiny?"

Just then the chamberlain entered hastily. "Sire", he was in great agitation, "Sire, the army has rebelled! The whole camp is in a turmoil!"

"Destiny! who can withstand destiny?" came the voice of the Sheik.

"Rebellion! In my camp!" Ahmed Shah laid down the pipe of the hookah. "Ask the Commander to blow off the culprits from his gun."

"Sire, it is beyond quelling by such means. Almost the whole army is in it."

"Destiny. It is all destiny," came again the voice of the Sheik as a distant echo.

"Why, what is their grievance?"

"They say Your Majesty has passed orders for all the booty to be restored."

"Who are the unregenerate dog's sons who are spreading such false reports about us? Bring them here at once! We will..."

"They say they heard Your Majesty saying so just a while ago. Some of them were on duty in the outer tent and they have overheard Your Majesty..."

"What! Can't we have our joke as well as the meanest of our camp followers? And should the ass's sons take our words in earnest? By the beard of Abraham, I will have the fools' tongues torn by the rod! We were but jesting with this fool of a Sheik here... Ah, where is he? Where has the dog's son gone? Bring him here at once! He is the cause of all this mischief. I will hang him up as Haman, all the Sheik he might be."

He heard, or thought he heard, as if in answer to his orders a distant laughter which sounded oddly enough like the words, "Destiny, all destiny."

The noise of the tumult now began to penetrate the royal tent. Ahmed Shah rose, seized his sword, and

hastily quitted the tent. The chamberlain did not exaggerate the situation. The whole camp was in rebellion, and Ahmed Shah and his officers were hard put to it to allay the soldiery by assuring them that the rumour was entirely false, that no one, least of all their leader, had any intention of depriving them of their plunder. At last some order was restored. But the mischief was already done. What followed is well known to all students of history. The army clamoured for an immediate return to their homeland, and Ahmed Shah had to bow to their demand.

Thus his victory at Panipat was, in the words of the historian, a Pyrrhic one.

As for the holy Sheik he was never heard of again. None knew whence he came and whither he went and no trace of him was ever discovered, and the Marathas of the time believed that he was no holy Sheik at all, but the goddess Bhavani who took that guise in order to save the Motherland! Anyhow one thing is indisputable; it was by means of the timely apparition of the mysterious Sheik that India was spared the rule of one more foreign dynasty.—Copyright—C.P.M.

TANTALUM: SURGEON'S MIRACLE METAL

By JAMES POLING

A metal that is the most lifeless. Inert and inactive known to science has become the great paradox of today's surgery, for it appears to "live" when it is implanted in the body. Not only can this metal, tantalum, be left in the body indefinitely without causing harm, but the impossible—or so, at least surgeons had always supposed—also occurs.

The metal actually appears to be accepted by the body as if it were normal tissue; and skin, bone, muscular cells and tissues attach themselves to, and even grow on, its polished surface.

Tantalum—which in sheets, has a lustre similar to silver—has been called, with good reason, "the perfect surgical metal." Today there are few parts of the body that are not being repaired with tantalum plates, wire, foil, wool or screen. It has so many uses and is so satisfactory that it has been referred to as a mender of spirit as well as of flesh.

A young girl who was born with practically no chin grew increasingly neurotic as she became more aware of her grotesque appearance. When she reached her teens she became a timid recluse and flatly refused to attend high school. An incision was made in the soft tissues in the region of the chin. Tantalum wool, made from a fine wire, .0007 inch in diameter, was imbedded and the wound closed. The surgeon's skilful fingers moulded and shaped the mass of imbedded metal wool until the desired chin line was

obtained. In five days, the girl was released from the hospital, the thin scar of the incision hidden under the shadow line of her new chin. Today she is a normal, happy, attractive high school student.

Suicide seemed the only answer to a suffering man with a massive hernia which two previous routine operations had failed to repair. His suicidal attempt failed and tantalum screen, or mesh, was implanted in his abdominal wall to close the huge gap made by the hernia. Within a matter of weeks he was again enjoying life and his surgeon knew that his flesh had grown through the gauze-like meshes and effected a strong and complete closure of the rent in his abdominal muscles.

When an attractive photographer's model had an ear torn off in an automobile accident, it appeared that both her beauty and her livelihood were destroyed. However, a tantalum ear was constructed and to it was grafted skin and flesh transplanted from her thigh. These grew so closely and naturally to the metal's non-irritating base that it was soon impossible to tell which ear was the reconstructed one. She was back in her chosen career, supporting herself handsomely.

Ever since 1565, when Petronius used gold plate to fill gaps in cleft plate surgeons have conducted a long and unhappy search for a satisfactory substance to use in patching the body. They have tried everything—even

mica and parchment and consistent celluloid—and have never been satisfied. There has been a consistent record of destruction of bone and flesh and of delayed union, mal-union, or non-union of separated tissues and bones. What medical science wasted was a substance that was absolutely biologically inert, something that was acid-proof, could not be corroded by any bodily fluids, and would not irritate or damage human tissues.

The substance for which the surgeons were searching has been recognised, for a century and a half, as chemical element No. 73. It takes its name from the ancient myth of Tantalus, son of Zeus, who was doomed to the eternal punishment of being tantalised with food and water, placed just out of his reach. In a like manner, chemists of the 19th century were tantalised by this peculiar element which they name but never isolate. How can you extract a metal from its ore when its melting point is 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit, so hot as would make a blast furnace melt before the tantalite ore within it would be affected?

Tantalum remained a chemical curiosity until 1922, when it was discovered that compressing the ore into bricks and feeding powerful electrical currents into the mass would melt out the pure metal. During the 1920's and 1930's it was used mainly in the manufacturing vacuum tubes and as an alloy in cutting tools. Its introduction into surgery didn't come off until 1940. In that year, the Canadian surgeon, Dr. Gerald Burke of Vancouver, and two U. S. surgeons, Drs. Burch and Carney of Vanderbilt University, working independently conducted experiments which showed that tantalum was better than any other metal used in the history of surgery.

The wounds of war provided unequalled opportunities for rapidly exploring the metal's great potentialities. In fact, science now says that four truly great advances in medicine and surgery came out of the global conflict, the use of sulfa drugs, blood plasma, penicillin, and tantalum, which alone remains unsung.

In the surgical amphitheatre, tantalum appears today in several forms. Tantalum-plates, as tough as stainless steel but so malleable that they

can be cut, hammered and fitted into shape, right at the operating table—fill gaps in destroyed bone formations. They are used in the fabrication of noses, ears and jawbones. They adapt themselves to any form of reconstructive surgery. A plate with an area of 48 square inches has been successfully implanted in a shattered skull.

Tantalum-wire one quarter the diameter of human hair-links severed nerves, joins cleft plates, helps restore normal functions to paralysed arm, leg and facial muscles, and stitches up any part of the body, and forms less scar tissue than any other known material.

Foil made of tantalum rolled as thin as .00075 inch can be wrapped around torn nerves and tendons without damage to them. Foil cylinders are used to wall off sinuses and as pipelines for damaged arteries.

Tantalum sutures are so fine that many of them cannot be seen but only felt with the fingers. To work with them magnifying glasses are frequently required. These sutures have been used with unprecedented success in eye and brain surgery and, in most types of general surgery. Through their use, false eyes—so experiments indicate—can be attached to the eye muscles in such a way that they will have the movement of normal eyes.

And of course, pliable tantalum screen can be used to perform the prodigious in herina operations, and tantalum wool opens new fields to the plastic surgeons.

The fact that all forms of tantalum seem to discourage the growth of fibrous scar tissue—so common to other surgical metals—has an importance beyond its cosmetic value. Many surgeons believe the adhesions which occur when scar tissue is formed in brain surgery may be responsible for such later complications of head injuries as paralysis, stuttering, epilepsy and various types of insanity. These adhesions do not appear when tantalum is used.

A young man who had lost a fifth of his skull and had an extensive portion of injured brain tissues removed was able, 10 days after tantalum repairs were effected, to walk into the surgeon's office in full possession of his faculties and display what appeared to be a perfectly normal head with close cropped black hair. Neither by

sight nor by touch could it be discovered where the tantalum plate stopped or began. The only sign of injury was a thin red line which ran across the temples, and above the ears, and vanished at the hair line. And the surgeon said he would eventually treat the edges of the scar so that even that would disappear. A wound that would in all probability have meant death 10 years ago, was today barely visible on a patient in full possession of all of his faculties—10 days after the operation!

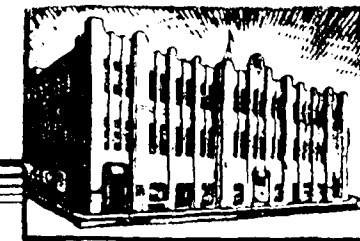
Tantalum is a rare metal, seven times as precious as the silver which it resembles. No spot on earth yields it plentifully, and over half the world's supply originally came from Brazil. During the war that country's total production was flown into the U. S. under an air priority that could bump a general from his bucket seat. A war productions board allocation was required before more than one ounce of the precious metal could be shipped to a customer—and 3,000 tons of Brazilian crude ore yielded only one ton of pure metal.

In 1943 a mine was discovered in Taos County, New Mexico, which produced nine times the total of all other North American sources and, since then, further deposits have been found in the Black Hills—but, here crude ore yielded only one pound of tantalum. And, during the first year after the war, only one ton could be released for civilian use. Now however, the supply has opened up enough so that tantalum is finally available for general surgical use.

Disfigurement has always been one of life's greatest tragedies. Many thousands of people annually go through shattering accidents which so disfigure the body that it often becomes a question whether life will be worth living after partial repairs are effected. Tantalum, the greatest aid that has ever come to the cause of the plastic and orthopaedic surgeon, offers opportunities for restoring broken bodies to a useful, happy role in society that, hitherto, has not been possible. Inert and lifeless in itself, tantalum can restore the will to live as well as mend the shattered body.

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NEGRO UNIVERSITIES IN AMERICA

By Dr. Miss. S. SHRIDEVI, M.A., Ph.D. (Columbia)

SEPARATE universities for Negroes are all located in the Southern States of America as racial segregation there, is more deeply pronounced than in other parts of the country. Beginning from the State College for Negroes in Maryland, one finds a cluster of Negro colleges and universities in the whole of the Southern belt numbering about a hundred, including the junior postgraduate and training colleges both for men and women. The majority of the colleges are co-educational and there are a few separate colleges for women like the Laura Spelman College for women at Atlanta in Georgia, the first college for Negro women in this country, founded in 1888, Bennet College at Scarborough, North Carolina, Barbara Scotia College at Concord, North Carolina and others.

The beginning of Negro education could be traced to the early attempts of some of the white American liberals in the middle of the 19th century to set up some schools for the children of the freed men. One of the many good results of the Civil War in America was the establishment of schools for the Negro children. Many of these schools were started in the basements of the churches and some private homes with a handful of pupils, which in later years developed into large schools and colleges. Today all these full-fledged institutions for higher learning like Howard University at Washington D. C., Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee, Atlanta University at Atlanta, Georgia, are catering for hundreds of Negro students, both men and women, who are desirous of collegiate studies.

The first presidents of almost all these colleges and universities were white men who had done a good deal of pioneering work in the education of the Negroes. Today, with the exception of a few, all the coloured colleges are headed by distinguished

Negro men and women administrators.

Inadequate Facilities

Education imparted in these universities is not different from that of the white universities. Many of the Negro universities have the same amplitude of buildings, large and attractive campuses, imposing and elaborate science laboratories, large and well ventilated class-rooms and so on. Yet, comparatively they are poorer than the white universities. More than all this the fact of segregation corrodes the personality of all the Negro youth and professors because in and through their work it sub-consciously becomes a complex with most of them that a natural inferiority has come to stay. The desire to study and teach in the white universities becomes therefore an unconscious craving on the part of many of the Negro youth. The natural feeling of wanting to be one with the white citizens is not therefore an unnatural desire. As a matter of fact this longing to get over the segregation somehow makes many a Negro learn a foreign language in order to escape the inhuman conditions and laws imposed on him. It is reported that 10,000 light coloured Negroes every year pass off as whites. However, it should not be forgotten that there are still a number of Negroes who could not be easily distinguished from the whites and yet are in the community crusading for the rights of their fellowmen.

New Liberal Trends

Since the Second World War, white students are admitted into Negro colleges and vice versa. In spite of the State laws, this year it is reported that at least half a dozen coloured colleges will have a total of 250 white students. Most are attending openly but some in the Deep South are said to be surreptitiously doing so. As the president of a Negro university is reported to have said to the Negro magazine, *Ebony* "Certainly we admit white students but I would

not name them or the school because it would make the good white citizens our neighbours here hysterical. They may even cut off some of the school funds." The liberals who had ventured on this were the white missionaries, and the white professors at the Negro colleges who did not mind their children being educated along with the Negroes. These white students had in the beginning a special place of privilege in the campus but today both the Negroes and the whites stand on equal ground. Now a good number of students are studying in Negro universities. Federally financed Howard at Washington D. C. had the distinction of having had white students longest since its inception in 1869. The very first year there were four white registrants. Now it has more than 300 students, a large number being Jewish seeking admissions into the medical college as they are being refused admissions into white colleges since their community is overcrowding white medical colleges. As a matter of fact this might create in future some difficulty for Negroes as they are stubbornly barred against entering white medical colleges. Lincoln University at Oxford, Pennsylvania, has had at least one white student almost every year of its existence since 1878 and has a total of 115 white alumni graduates now. Some universities in the Deep South have quietly enrolled white students despite State laws against mixed education. And one Negro President has successfully so far used a technical loophole to evade the segregation law. He says, "The State law makes it illegal to teach coloured and white pupils in the same building. I interpret 'pupil' to mean a primary or secondary level child. A student is a college level person. Some have admitted white students here." Other schools with white students include Fisk at Nashville, Tennessee, Hampton at Hampton, Virginia, Talladega at Talladega, Alabama, Xavier at Cincinnati, Ohio. As for universities in Georgia, one of the most reactionary States, the white students are newcomers—a true sign of the new liberal trends in educational equality indeed!

Negroes In White Universities

On the contrary the admission of Negroes in white universities has not

kept the same pace, for a few Negro students are being admitted and the ratio has been microscopically small. But as Dr. Charles S. Johnson, President of Fisk University, says, "The process of educational integration has already begun at the college and professional level and there is no reason why it should be a one way exchange. If white students apply for admission into Negro schools they should be admitted. There is no vested interest in segregation. There is as much obligation on the part of ranking Negro colleges to admit qualified white students if they apply, as there is for white colleges to admit Negroes. This is the democratic process. The admission of white students to Negro colleges need not deprive Negroes of needed educational advantages since Negroes at the same time will be admitted to the white schools."

It is only some of the white liberal colleges in the South that have started on an exchange basis taking in a few Negroes in their institutions and sending in a few white students to the Negro colleges. Although the entry of the Negroes into white universities is still extremely hard, in view of the strict State laws as well as the pride and prejudice on the part of the whites in the South, yet the underlying strong desire for equality in education is responsible for many a student from various Southern states filing suits in the law courts desiring legal authority to enter white colleges on the basis that the Negro colleges do not provide certain facilities of which a student would like to avail himself; whereas the State laws say that equal educational opportunities should be given to all students irrespective of colour and creed. There are a number of Negro students applying for seats in white universities for subjects that are not taught in the Negro colleges. Invariably these students are refused admissions and every one of them is approaching the law courts. Just now a good deal of sensation is being caused by a Negro student at Atlanta who wants to do law and as there is no law school at the Negro university he has applied for admission into the University of Georgia, a white institution which has refused him entry twice.

Joining any law college of a Negro university would mean that the stu-

dent has to go to another town which he is not prepared to do for many reasons. In view of the State law either the student has to be admitted into the white law school or a school exclusively for the Negro student has to be started! The feeling on the part of the white school as it is announced on the radio is that the school would rather close down than yield to the Negro. The local (NAACP) National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People is financing the student and has invited an eminent lawyer from New York to argue the case for the student. It is not very difficult to guess the result, for similar cases in very recent years have been filed and the Supreme Court has decreed that the Negro students in such circumstances be admitted into white colleges. To escape this the university is attempting to hand over the law school to a private organisation so that the law cannot insist on the admission of Negro students as the finances of this school will be from private sources. Besides, many ambitious Negro stu-

dents are seeking admissions in northern universities where there is no segregation at all. Very wealthy Negro students would rather go to Stanford in San Francisco, California, or Chicago or Princeton Columbia rather than stay in their own States and go to local colleges. This craving on the part of the Negro students, added to the actual migration of Negro students to the North has necessitated the closing down of some Negro colleges. The municipal college and the State College for Negroes in Kentucky are instances of this. But closing down colleges will not solve the problem, for a Negro university is the only place where Negro professors are employed. There have been of course a few examples of eminent men being taken on the faculty of well known white universities like Stanford, Chicago and Harvard. Harvard had, for instance, one Negro professor, Ralph Bunche, whose services are just now being lent to the United Nations. But the vast majority of educated Negro men and

women are employed in the Negro universities.

One thing seems certain: that, inspite of all the racial laws and other social and educational impediments imposed on the Negroes, the Negro will succeed in his crusade, for there is a strong undercurrent movement to uproot this obnoxious system. There

is no organised underground movement as such but the strong feelings in the hearts of these thousands of abandoned men and women are more powerful than an organised movement and their pained feeling will not go in vain. They are virtually prayers which will not go unanswered.

THE CONGRESS MANIFESTO

By KASTURI SIVAPRASADA RAO

AT Ranade Hall on Sunday, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari explained the main features of the Congress manifesto in his usual clear, analytical and frank manner, but after hearing him one is left with nothing new except that the Congress should be given yet another chance, to put into practice their new FIVE YEAR PLAN. Mr. Krishnamachari conceded that the Congress Government had failed and had been guilty of several shortcomings. But his pleas for a return of the Congress to power are two fold. First, the absence of any other party with a definite programme; secondly, the lofty ideals they had jotted down in the Blue Print, the Five Year Plan, should be given a trial. Apart from any controversy regarding the merits or defects of the Five Year Plan, these two are hardly good reasons for returning the Congress to power.

The manifesto rings with fads, fetishes and objectives. It does not satisfy the common man who wants more concrete things. The common man as well as the middle class man all have become distrustful of the Congress pledges and performances. The manifesto does not seem to bestow any attention on the common weal, to which the Congress is committed. The land reform, the co-operative commonwealth, the foreign capital which so largely loom in the Five Year Plan cannot give immediate relief to the suffering masses. The immediacy of the

situation requires drastic and prompt action and not a planning of this kind.

The history of the Congress, so long as it fought the foreigner was no doubt a glorious one, but after Independence and after it was returned to power, it showed itself to be an ugly monster in sheep-skin. The record of the Congress Government was one of inefficiency, nepotism, confusion and corruption. The present manifesto while pleading for another chance for trial and error, does not state how it proposes to fight these ugly evils. Further, the manifesto does not clearly bring out the manner and method which the Congress will adopt to meet the immediate needs of the people regarding food, clothing, and housing. The Five Year Plan, the new fad of the Congress is bound, like self-sufficiency, nationalisation, etc., to be followed by another ten years plan and so on, with the result that nothing concrete would be done except laying out plans. The country has hitherto been fed too much on these plans, fads and fetishes. The country does not need them any more. It hopes that first things would be done first. The dire needs of the people must be met and whoever assures, and does act towards that end deserves to succeed, no matter what the party to which he belongs. As long as the Congress manifesto does not deal with these immediate needs it cannot be said to satisfy the public, and as long as the public remain dissatisfied, it has no right to seek their support.

EXCHANGE OF RICE FOR WHEAT

In his letter to the Editor, published in SWATANTRA dated 17th November, 1951, the Director of Information and Publicity, Government of Madras, referred to the 'oral and written' requests of the Government of Madras to the Government of India to agree to surrender of wheat portion against allotment of additional rice quota. But the Deputy Minister, Ministry of Food, Government of India, in his reply in Parliament on 6-9-1951, categorically stated that no official request in the matter had been received by the Government of India from the Government of Madras.—V. P. R. GANGARAM DORAI RAJ, Honorary Secretary, The Tamilnad Foodgrains Merchants Association, Mathurai.

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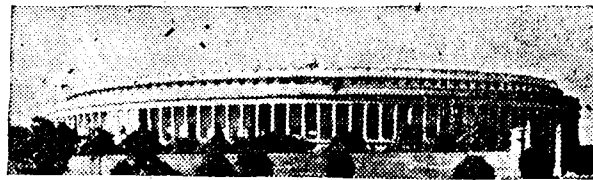
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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE weighty document of the National Planning Commission (1½ lbs) has been exposed by Prof. D. R. Gadgil as "no Plan at all". Speaking to the Indian Council of World Affairs, this distinguished economist pointed out that the Planning Commission had merely asked certain Indian businessmen what they proposed to do in the course of the next five years, and made a Plan out of it. That is not a Plan. That is a plot. Dr. John Matthai made the creation of the Planning Commission one of the issues of his resignation. He had thought that the Planning Commission would create false hopes in the electorate which could not be fulfilled by the Government of the day with its resources. What actually happened was something quite different. The Government merely wishes to sit back and smile, while the captains of industry develop the country according to their convenience.

Complete control of the resources of the nation by Government can alone pave the way for the progress of the country. Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh put forward the lame excuse that Government lacked the machinery and personnel required for complete socialization. We did not have the necessary ambassadors and other diplomats for our Foreign Service either. We have got them now. And I take it we did not grow them on trees. Where there is a will, there is a way. Lack of personnel or machinery had not stopped the great Chinese people from doing immeasurable good to themselves and to the world.

The country's savings are being frittered away by the rich through riotous living. Prof. Gadgil pointed out that it was difficult in England for a rich man to buy a new motor-car. In India, the rich were going about in luxurious limousines. They never had any difficulty in buying new cars. What was needed, said

Prof. Gadgil, was all-round saving, direction of these savings to a central pool controlled completely by the Government, and the spending and investing of these savings in such a way that the economic structure of the country became stronger and stronger. I am sure none of these things will be attempted by the Government, whose next Finance Minister will be the present Finance Minister. C. D. merely said that there was a fundamental difference between the approach of the Government and the approach of the Professor. When we hear a man talking about approaches, we know exactly what to think of him.

The world's greatest specialist in approaches is Jawaharlal Nehru. He declared the other day that he was convinced that the manner of selection of candidates to stand on behalf of the Congress Party was wrong. But he was not prepared to set it right because he thought that it was too late. Jawaharlal Nehru, I am afraid, will go down in history as a great bungler in the politics of the world. He could have transformed India into a happy land, like China, if only he cared. But he chose to befriend the reactionary clique in India which is interested only in its own well-being.

It is quite true that, thanks to the ignorance of the electorate, the Congress Party will be returned to power at the Centre with about sixty to seventy per cent of the seats and in most of the States with over fifty per cent of the seats. Only in three or four States will the Congress Party fail to get fifty per cent of the seats. But the fact that the Congress Party will have an absolute majority at the Centre and in most of the States does not mean that we can settle down for the rule of the Congress Party for the next five years.

I foresee that the Nehru Government will begin to crack up within a

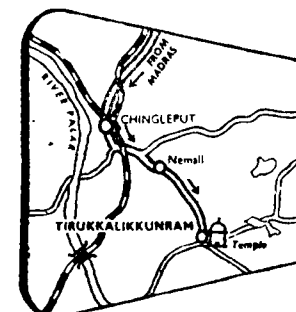
DX 368

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.

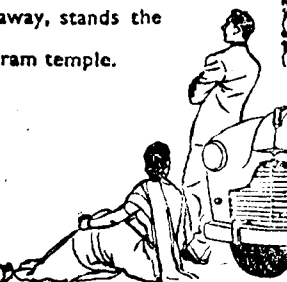


DUNLOP



From Madras, an all-weather road leads to Chingleput, 34 miles due south. Here a metalled branch road strikes out towards the coast, and on this, 9½ miles away, stands the Tirukkalikkunram temple.

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year of its coming into being. It will not be because of the strength of any party other than the Congress, but because of the weaknesses within the Congress Party itself. The Congress Party will ripe and ripe; and it will rot and rot. Despite millions of tons of food being imported every year, the food we get is as little and as bad as ever. The problem of food in India is one of distribution more than of production. That was the case in China too. Now the food problem in China has been solved—as one of the delegates of the Chinese Cultural Mission told me—because hoarding has been completely eliminated. There is no speculation, and there is no cornering by a few capitalists to make money by starving the people.

We, in India, also punish the hoarders and the black-marketeers. Our black-marketeers are the poor women who come with a seer of rice on their heads and sell it in the city! Our hoarders are those who have an extra ration-card in their house! Those who sell foodgrains by the ton outside the rationing system at fantastic prices are neither hoarders nor black-marketeers. If people die without food as a result of such operations, Mr. Munshi comes out with some such simple explanation: "Some people in Bombay and other big cities have always died on account of starvation. But that is not due to food shortage. That is because they have not got the purchasing power to buy rice or wheat. It is not my business to provide them with this purchasing power!"

*O judgment! thou art fled to
brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.*
—Shakespeare.

The North Korean negotiator showed his great love of Shakespeare by protesting against the "ridiculous use" of the Swan of Avon in the U. N. delegates' comments on cease-fire talks. One of the most prominent diplomats in Delhi warned me: "Take care! General Hodes may quote from Shaw next! Your Shaw Society may have to lodge their protest!" Personally, I am in favour of quotations, provided they are word-perfect. The North Korean delegate was on firm ground when he spoke of the "ridiculous use" of Shakespeare,

because General Hodes does not quote from Shakespeare but misquotes.

General Hodes quoted Polonius as saying, "Methinks there's method in his madness." What Polonius actually said was, "Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't." This methinks-business comes in another place in *Hamlet*: "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." When the question of this misquotation came up in the Coffee House, a friend tried to justify General Hodes by saying, "There may be several versions." And one cannot help feeling glad that the Globe Theatre was burnt down. It is possible that the Hodes' version was among those that were burnt down in the Globe!

SIDELIGHTS: (Continued from p. 45)

for literature and arts of the Soviet Union. Fung yu-lan holds the chair of professor of philosophy at Tsing Hua University. Chien Wei-zang is a special committee member of the Institute of Mathematics in the Chinese Academy of Sciences, member of the Chinese Society of Physics and the Chinese Society of Mechanical Engineering and member of the standing committee of the All China Federation of Scientific Societies. Wu Tso-jen is dean and professor in the Central Fine Arts College. Nyi Fai-chum is Assistant Secretary-General of the People's Relief Administration of China. Chow Shiau-yen, the lady member of the Delegation, a vocalist musician, is Vice Chairman of the Shanghai Music Association. These distinguished visitors could not have done better than pitch upon the Madras School of Arts for insight into the artistic trends of the South India of our time. Its Principal, Sri Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhary, is a master sculptor without an equal in Asia. He is a magician with the brush with amazing inventive skill at the tip of his fingers. His drawing room is a marvel of colour and decoration which is not merely a joy to see, but an education in itself. He is an artist cast in a gigantic mould, and is capable of amazing feats in city beautification, but the immensity of his genius has not received yet its proper measure of recognition in the seats of the mighty.—SAKA.

SIDELIGHTS : :

THE air crash near Dum Dum has deprived the press of a stalwart and the civil service of an able and upright officer. According to reports published, Sri Devadas Gandhi and Sri Ramnath Goenka were to have travelled by the ill-fated plane. They were saved by a last minute change in their original plans. Their numerous friends will be thankful for this providential escape in the midst of the shock over the deaths. Sri Goenka sailed in the company of Desabandhu Gupta in many adventures in Parliament and outside. They made a doughty pair. Occasionally their thunder was greater than their accomplishment, but on a forum where the making of noise was both a means and an end, their competence rose to the pitch of genius. The bereaved survivor is not a man to take defeat tamely in any matter, and what he has lost, he will recoup. All the same, many will miss Desabandhu in so many spheres of activity in which they both were ideal mates under common harness.

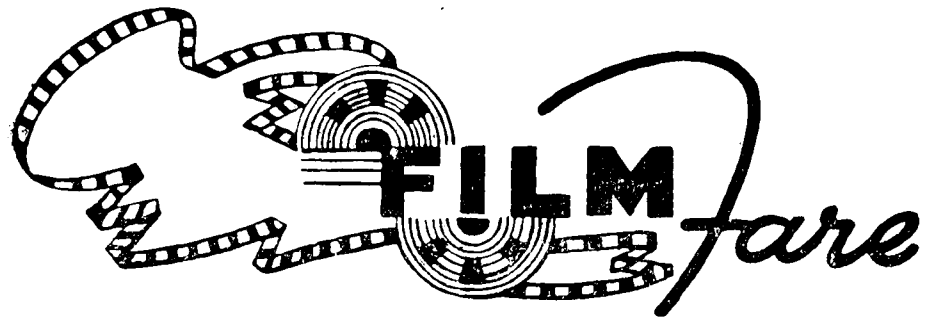
Sri P. S. Viswanatha Aiyar was an extremely popular officer. He was a keen sportsman and carried the eternal jubilation of the born sportsman into his official work. He was entirely devoid of snobbery and so endeared himself to all. Another casualty of the air crash was Dr. Subramanian, a brilliant researcher of the health department in the prime of life, from whom great things were expected. Sri Sishta among the killed, was a giant of the advertisement business whose real stature was somewhat obscured lately by the continuous misfortunes that dogged his footsteps. A less intrepid man would have gone under. He established his capacity by the very fact of his survival despite so many reverses. He had grand ideas, and had he lived longer, he would have risen into a Colossus in his line. This air crash has taken a greater toll of precious lives than any other within Indian territory. The visibility of Indian skies is excellent and opaque fogs that do so much havoc to air travellers elsewhere, are rare here. With a little more care

and attention, air travel in India can well hope to win renown as the safest in the world.

I notice that Sri G. D. Naidu has stood for election to the House of the People from two constituencies. Sri G. D. Naidu is an Independent candidate and is free to contest any number of seats, as nobody else's right to stand is adversely affected thereby. But Sri Ramnath Goenka who also is standing up for election to the House, from two constituencies, is in a different position. He is a Congress candidate, and the Congress has made a rule of setting up only one candidate for each seat and allotting only one seat to each candidate. And quite rightly too. The setting up of candidates is a selective business. Its very objective is the nomination of one to the exclusion of others, and the exclusion is the essence of the thing. When one candidate is allotted more than one seat, the balance of propriety is disturbed, as though the Congress exists for the candidate concerned, is unsure of his position with the public, but is interested somehow in getting him in. Neither Kamaraj Nadar nor Pandit Nehru has come out well in this special preference accorded by them to Sri Goenka over all others. It is fishy. It certainly is not democracy.

The Chinese Delegation has shown sound sense in singling out Sri Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhary, the gifted Principal of the Madras School of Arts, for the honour of a visit. China's pick of wisdom and talent is represented on the Delegation. Of its members, Ting Si-lin is Vice Minister of Cultural Affairs in the Central People's Government. Lee I-mang is Chief of the Bureau of Light Industries. Chen Chen-toh is Head of the Archaeological Institute of the Chinese Academy of Sciences. Liu-Pei-yu is a member of the National Committee of the All-China Association of Literary Workers. Last year he was literary adviser in the production of the film, *Victory of the Chinese People*, which won the first class Stalin prize

(Continued on p. 44)



By V. P. SATHE

THE Cultural Delegation from China which paid a visit last week to Bombay was the centre of attraction even for the film people. For, at the various functions held in their honour the film people were prominently present. Even at the grand reception given by the Chinese Ambassador at Taj film stars like Nargis, Durga Khote, Nalini Jaywant, directors, producers and writers were seen brushing shoulders with Congressmen and Communists. The film stars attended the opening of the Chinese exhibition.

Apart from these functions, under the auspices of the stage and screen committee of All India Peace Council, the film celebrities accorded a warm reception to the Chinese delegates, especially Mr. Chang, the film director. This function which took place on Tuesday 13th November 51 night at Central Studios (Bombay) was arranged at a few hours' notice by Anil Biswas, Abbas and other members of the Committee. And by far it was the best function.

Such screen celebrities as Shantaram, Chandulal Shah, Prithviraj, Raj Kapoor, Nargis, Nitin Bose, Kardar, Jayashree, Rajendra Jain, Ramesh Saigal, Meena, Roop K. Shorey, D. D. Kashyap, Sulochana Chatterji, Goel, Shekhar, Ismat Chughtai, Rajender Singh Bedi, Ramanand Sagar, Narendra Sharma, Phani Muzumdar, D. R. D. Wadia, Asha Biswas, Suresh and others were present to greet the Chinese delegates. The success of the programme was mainly due to the correct choice of items, none of which was long or boring. Short speeches by Prithviraj, Abbas and Chang were followed by a musical programme of

songs and recitals of Veena, Sarod and Sitar. Sitar recital by Vilayat Hus-sain Khan was the highlight of the evening.

It was followed by a film programme in which selected reels from *Amar Bhoopali*, *Andolan*, *Hum Log*, *Barsaat* and *Dr. Koinis* were shown. Shorey's documentary film *Millions On The Move* was also shown.

One of the best organised functions, it must have helped the delegates to form a correct idea about our music and films. Credit is due to Anil Biswas, Abbas, Rajendra Jain and other film people who contributed to make this function such a grand success.

Picture Of The Week

Two days later, we had the opportunity to see the Chinese film at Sunderbai Hall (Bombay). The delegates had arranged the screening of the popular Chinese picture *White Haired Girl* and a distinguished gathering led by Rani Maharaj Singh saw the film.

The film depicts the story of a peasant girl and boy who loved each other and were about to be married. The landlord who had an evil eye on the girl bought her through her father, who owed him money; and the father committed suicide and the lover could not protect her. In fact, failing to rescue her from the clutches of the landlord, he left the village and went away to the distant north to join the Eighth Route Army. By the time he returned with the army his beloved, who was raped by the landlord and ran away to the hills where she gave birth to a child led a savage life with all her hair turned white. She lived in a cave and visited every

night a ruined temple to collect food. She was mistaken for a white haired Goddess and the landlord taking advantage of the belief spread rumours about her in order to sabotage the rent reduction movement and the fervent anti-Japanese enthusiasm of the peasants.

The hero who had come with the army to fight the Japs decided to clear up the myth and found the true identity of the Goddess. The landlord was punished and the Goddess or ghost was turned into a human being.

As originally this story was told on the stage in the form of opera, it is hardly surprising that there are as many as fourteen songs in this picture. And almost every important character bursts into song on every possible occasion. In the matter of song and length, the Chinese film bears a close affinity to our pictures; for that matter, there seems to be such great affinity between the life of the Chinese and Indian people. The pattern of presentation is however different. The Chinese picture is much more realistic, true to life and follows the European style of simple technique than Indian pictures which are steeped in artificiality borrowed from Hollywood. In the matter of histrionics the Chinese seem to be well advanced. Another notable feature of the film was the sparse use of dialogue; it is absolutely restricted to the minimum; as a result it is easy to follow the picture.

In direct contrast to the realistic and moving Chinese picture Hollywood has come out with a phoney thriller about the new China, viz., *The Peking Express*. Significantly while the Chinese delegation left Bombay on Thursday this picture was released on Friday.

Directed by William Dieterle and starring Joseph Cotton, *The Peking Express* is a new version of the sixteen year old film *Shanghai Express* starring Marlene Dietrich. In the new version the new China has been presented and an all-out effort is made to defame the new regime in every possible manner. Not a single opportunity has been lost in this picture to show the Chinese people in a bad light, and what is worse, the anti-Chinese propaganda is most un-intelligent, illogical and absurd. The

principal villain of the piece who is murdered by his 'nationalist' wife is shown to be a bandit, blackmarketeer, plutocrat and an official of the new Government at the same time! His actions in stopping an express train and holding the people to ransom appear to be so amateurish that even those who are against Communists will not be convinced by them. Equally amateurish and absurd is the bravery of a doctor who came to China on a mission of 'peace' and ended up by machine-gunning single-handed all the Chinese soldiers. Indeed, the whole thing is so absurd and phoney that one is constrained to say that instead of ridiculing the new Chinese Government Hollywood has ridiculed itself by making such a poor propaganda picture.

Star Of The Week

Gope, the fat-comedian, is steadily rising up in the film hierarchy. Coming from a respectable Sindhi family he made his debut seventeen years ago in Daryani's first picture *Yasmin*. It was his bulky physique rather than any acting ability that secured him roles after roles; but as an artiste he made hardly any impression. His comedy was always loud—and sometimes even loud! Besides he had no chance to outshine Charlie and Dixit.

It was only during the war-time boom that his stock went up. In one picture he was given a leading role; this picture was a poor adaptation of Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*. But as an artiste his first excellent performance came only in *Laila Majnu*.

Since then Gope has been on the top and in pictures like *Patanga*, *Sagai*, *Bazaar* and *Meherbani* the popular pair of Gope and Yakub have given an excellent account of themselves. In fact, they have been the mainstay of the films though I personally prefer the pair, Gope and Dixit, in *Pugree*.

With the death of Dixit and the exit of Charlie, Gope has hardly any competitor in the field of comedy. No wonder today he is very much sought after by producers and his price is no less than that of any leading star.

Confirmed bachelor for over a decade, Gope was lured into matrimony by Latika, also a film artiste,

some years ago. Now he is a happy husband and a father. Successful on these fronts Gope has become more ambitious. He now wants to produce and direct pictures. Already he is producing a picture called *Hangama* which is being directed by his brother Ram Kamrani. Now he is reported to have accepted the offer of Om Prakash to direct a picture for Bakshi Brothers based on a story by Ramanand Sagar. In addition, in association with Om, he will be directing C. Ramchandra's second production. Incidentally, Gope, Om Prakash and Ramchandra have become an inseparable trio!

Educated popular Gope is thus entering on a new phase of his career now and those of us who have laughed at his antics for the last so many years will wish him success in his new ventures.

News Of The Week

—Ajit instead of Kamal Kapoor will be playing the role of Prince Saleem in Filmkar's *Anarkali* while Kamal Kapoor is likely to play the same role in *Mughal-e-Azam*.

—Nagiah topped the poll as the best Tamil and Telugu actor in the annual film ballot conducted by the Madras Film Fans' Association. Madhuri Devi and Bhanumati were voted as the best Tamil and Telugu actresses. The films selected as the best were *Ezhai padum Padu* in Tamil and *Samsaram* in Telugu.

—F. M. Durani, the playback singer has turned artiste. He is playing the key role in Pancholi's *Aasmaan* co-starring Badri Prasad, Veera, Achala and Shyama.

—The dispute between Filmistan and Shyama has been settled by consent decree of the Bombay High Court and Shyama has agreed to work for eighteen days in a month for Filmistan.

—Baburao Pai and K. M. Modi have returned from their trip abroad.

—Vilayat Hussain Khan's sitar will be prominently featured in the background musical score of *Madhosh*.



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