

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Escape Or Suicide?

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

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

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

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

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

ELECTION RESULTS—FIRST ROUND

By V. P. KRISHNAN NAMBIAR

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

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

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

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

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

Swatantra

1952 - January - 6 - 51, 52

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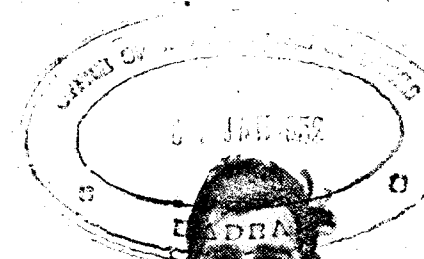
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Vol. VI. No. 51

JAN. 26, 1952

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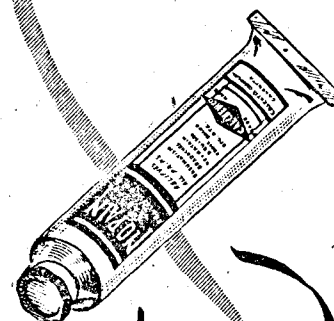
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FAREWELL, DESPOND!

By **MANJERI S. ISVARAN**

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

My bed was a snake pit yesternight.

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

My bed was a snake pit yesternight.

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

My bed was a snake pit yesternight.

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

My bed was a snake pit yesternight.

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

my bed was a snake pit yesternight.

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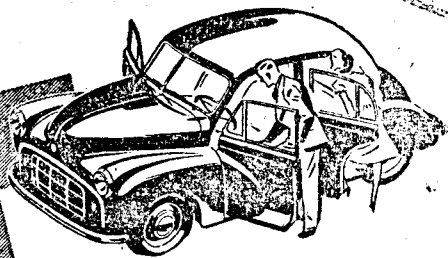
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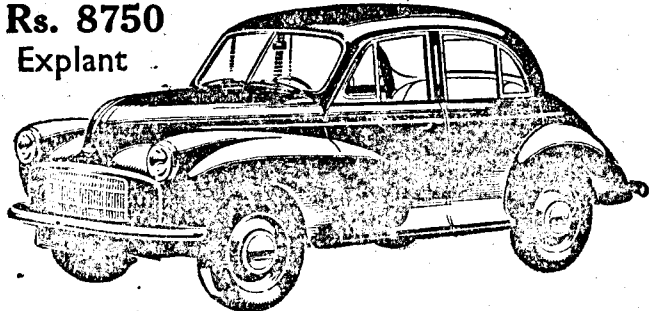
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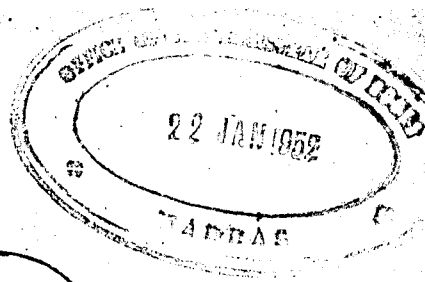
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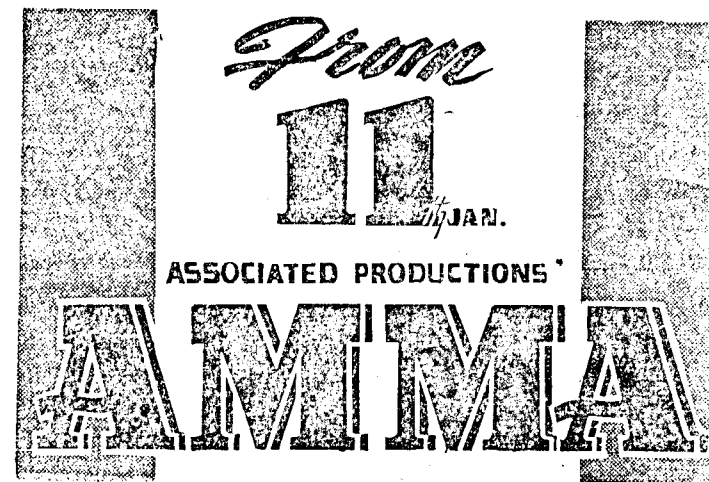
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AT MADRAS:
SRI KRISHNA — CHITRA — SAYANI
AND
ALL OVER SOUTH

SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 49

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1952

ISSUED
WEEKLY

DEFEATED MINISTERS

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

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

There cannot be two sets of legislators simultaneously claiming the

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

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



AT MADRAS GAIETY, THANGAM & ALL OVER THE SOUTH



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

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

Sotto Voce

NO CORNER IN LIBERTY



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

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

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

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

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

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

In any country where politics was

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

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

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

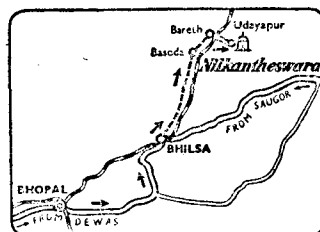
VIGNESWARA.



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The Face of Glory

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

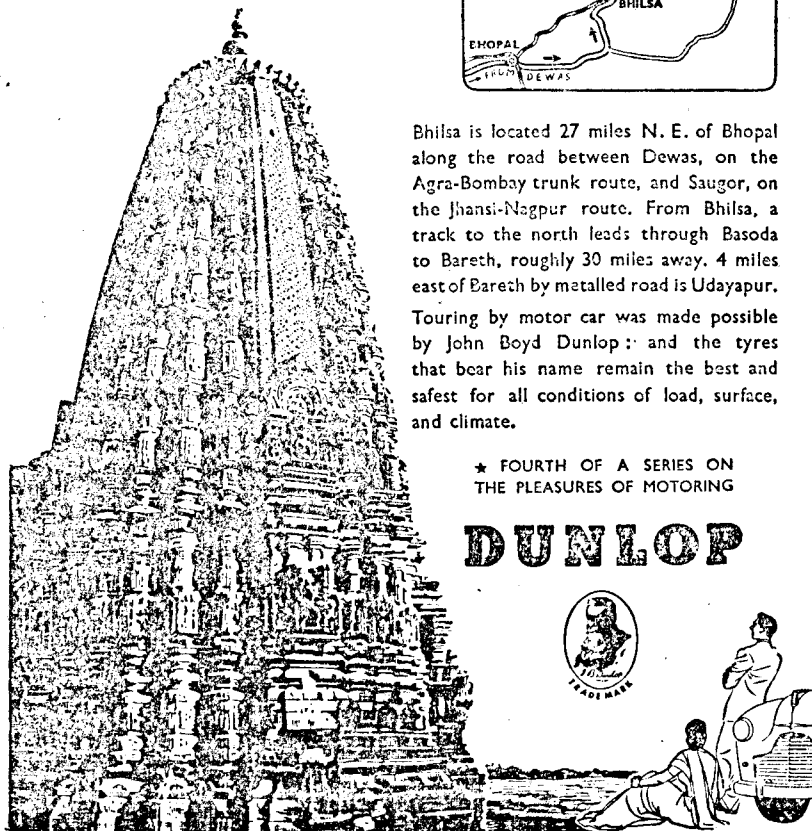


Bhilsa is located 27 miles N. E. of Bhopal along the road between Dewas, on the Agra-Bombay trunk route, and Saugor, on the Jhansi-Nagpur route. From Bhilsa, a track to the north leads through Basoda to Bareth, roughly 30 miles away. 4 miles east of Bareth by metalled road is Udayapur.

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CORRUPTION AND CHIANG KAI-SHEK

By MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE COST OF LEISURE

By S. R. SARNA

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

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

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

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

It is estimated that 70 per cent of the Indian population is engaged in agriculture and allied trades. This work normally gives seasonal employment for nearly three to four months only in a year. Where there is irrigation, agriculture can be practised perhaps for six to eight months. But the irrigated area in the Indian Union covers only 13 per cent of the cultivated area.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Luxury Vs. Leisure

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dose Of Energy Required

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

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

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

REN NAILER

By P. N. S.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BRITAIN TIRES OF KOREA

By ANDREW ROTH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

of policy between London and Washington."

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first serious expression of British official concern about the way

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOLLYWOOD FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE

By LON JONES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In short, Hollywood is coming down to earth.

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

MALAYA: BRITAIN'S LAST COLONY IN ASIA

By MADAN GOPAL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At Least 100 Years More

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

"But, surely, you are joking," I said.

"No," he said, "I seriously mean it. Very seriously."

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

"You mean the Chinese bandits?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Empire Topples Over

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Emergency—the name given to the rebellion in Malaya—has been in existence for nearly three years. Every day that passes costs Britain Rs. 3 lakhs in expenses to suppress the "bandits", thousands of whom have been killed, and nearly 11,000 are

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

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

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

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

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

The Briggs Plan
The Briggs Plan to eradicate bandi-

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

The squatters' problem is unique to Malaya.

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

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

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

"How?"

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

"What does he gain by it?"

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

"Does not the law come to your aid?"

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

"But what does he do for a living?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Leaders of the Left Wing Malay

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

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

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

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

THOUSANDS OF WRESTLERS

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

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

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

Short Story

LIABILITIES

By Alagu Subramaniam

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

"Anything," I said.

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

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

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

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

"I'm the Manager."

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

"Yes. But who wants to buy it?"

"M. K."

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

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

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

"Does that cover me?"

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

"I haven't arranged that yet."

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

"Quite."

"Hurry up then. Make it quick."

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

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

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

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

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

"What about liabilities?" Tiny said.

"Has the shop any liabilities?" Bill asked.

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

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

"We must go now," Tiny said.

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

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

"What about the money?" Jim Soames said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hullo, comrade."

"Hello, Jim."

"Any sales?"

"Not yet."

"What's happened to the books?"

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

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

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

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

"I noticed that on Saturday," I said.

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

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

"Who are Axle Books?"

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

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

"Could I speak to the Manager?"

"Speaking."

"This is the Manager of Axle Books."

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

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

"Yes. My friends."

"M. K."

"No. His friends."

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

"Why not?"

"You owe us a lot of money."

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

"But your firm does."

"Which one?"

"Ringwell Books."

"You mean the previous owners?"

"Yes."

"We've nothing to do with them."

"You took the shop over from them?"

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

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

"What happens then?"

"We shall sue you."

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

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

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

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

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

"Who?"

"Axle Books man."

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

"Did you mention me?"

"No, but he did."

"What did he say?"

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

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

"I will."

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

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

"All right."

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

"Which one?"

"This. Can I have it?"

"Go ahead. Take it."

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

"Cheerio."

I lifted the receiver.

"Can I speak to the Manager?"

"I'm the Manager."

"My name is Alexander—Arthur Alexander."

"Well."

"You owe me some money."

"I don't know you."

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

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

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

"Don't be rude."

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

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

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

"How are the takings?"

"Nothing so far."

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

"I thought you were paying me a salary."

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

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

"What's the matter?" Tiny said.

"I think it's a customer."

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

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

"You weren't," I said.

He came out with more apologies.

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

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

"Which one?"

"Nehru's Autobiography," he said.

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

"Can I have two copies?"

"Yes, of course."

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

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

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

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

"You mean Ringwell Books?"

"Yes. The firm."

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

I carried the books to his car.

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

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

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

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

"Why not?"

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

Soon after this, the Manager of Axle Books telephoned.

"The Manager please."

"Yes."

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

"Thank you," I said.

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

"Good bye, comrade," I said.

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

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

So that was that.—(Copyright.)

J. P. BICKELL: CANADA'S RICHEST MAN

By ROSS HARKNESS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

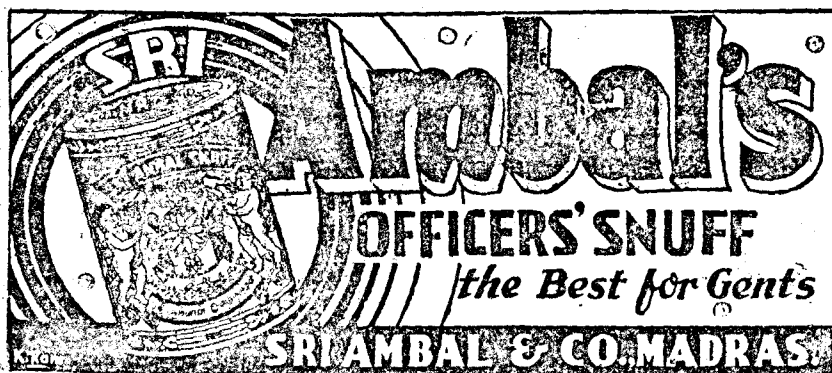
He was famous as a daring gambler when scarcely out of his teens. Once on a trip to New York when he was only 21, he got into a crap game with the infamous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, and some of his friends, and at the end of the evening gathered up \$25,000 as winnings. Rothstein twitted him about quitting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

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

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

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

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



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

Stranded In China

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"In The Money"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ardent Hockey Fan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SARABENDRA KURAVANJI

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

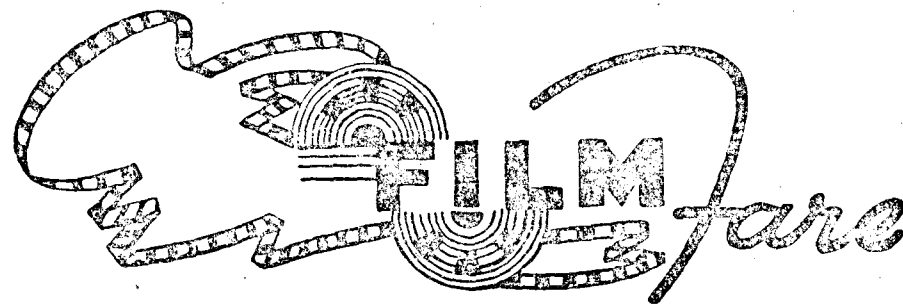
Modelled on the fundamental principles of operatic exposition, every movement, gesture and poise were perfectly harmonised and synchronised. No element of discord anywhere; and the apportionment of the adavos and actions among the members of the cast were intelligently done to accentuate the unity of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

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

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

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

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



By V. P. SATHE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Picture Of The Week

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

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

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

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

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

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

It would be better if Goel follows

Ankhen and gives up *Ada* as his ideal.

Personality Of The Week

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

News Of The Week

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

—Devika Rani performed the

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

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

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

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

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

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A NARROW ESCAPE

By S. ANANTRAM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I suppose so."

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

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

"Of course, it is entirely your own

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

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

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

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

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

"No, she ran away with another man."

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

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

"Raw deal for you." Sundar remarked.

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

"How?"

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

"Oh, hell."

"It was hell for me all right, but

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

"Then?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II

A month later, Ramakant, having

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

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

"What is it? You are not marrying?"

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

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

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

"A nice name. When is the wedding?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nothing. I was thinking of something else. A patient of mine in the hospital. I am sorry."

"That is all right. You know, the poor darling has no one else but me in the whole world. Her parents died when she was quite young and there are no relatives. She was an only child."

"I see," said Ramakant without listening. He looked at the watch and continued, "Now I must run along. See you tomorrow. Good night." Before Sundarlal could say anything, he had walked out of the house.

The next morning, at the hospital, Sundarlal walked into Ramakant's room for the cup of tea they had together everyday, but there was no sign of his friend. At the office he was told that Ramakant had suddenly left the town and wouldn't be back until the next evening. He was annoyed at the mysterious doings of Ramakant and decided to give him a sound scolding when he returned.

The next evening found Sundarlal at the station, waiting for the train from Delhi. He wasn't sure that Ramakant would come by that train but he had thought it worth trying. The train steamed in. As Ramakant alighted with a small suitcase, Sundarlal rushed to him, shouting, "Look here, old chap, what do you mean by disappearing so mysteriously? Where had you been?"

Ramakant stared at him with some surprise, before he replied, "I am sorry I had to rush off like that. I had to, Sundar, on some urgent business which came up as soon as I left your house, the day before yesterday. I went to Delhi."

"You went to Delhi? Did you meet Sushila? If I had known I would have written to her."

"I didn't see her, though I would have loved to. There was absolutely no time for anything else but my business."

"Oh I see. Still I wish you had told me and seen Sushila too."

"I will be meeting her in a month, won't I?" Ramakant asked, looking at him with a forced smile.

"Sure, you will."

III

Three days later, Sundarlal burst

into Ramakant's room. It was their usual tea time, but looking at him, Ramakant knew he was hardly in a mood for a cup of tea, for Sundarlal's face was flushed and agitated. It was difficult to know whether the cause was anger or disappointment. Ramakant was not in the least surprised to find his friend thus, as he lightly greeted him, "Hello, Sundar, what has happened to you? Seen a ghost?"

"She has done this to me, to me, my God," Sundarlal said, waving a sheet of paper.

"Who has done what to you?" asked Ramakant innocently.

"Sushila, of course. Who else? Read this, you will know."

He read it. In a neat hand she had written that she could not marry Sundarlal as she would never make a good wife to him. She had thought about it ever since they last met and at last she had come to this decision. She had asked him to forget her. After all they had known each other for such a short time and it wouldn't be very difficult for him. She bade good bye and begged him to forgive her if she had wounded his feelings. Ramakant finished reading, and folding the sheet, handed it back to Sundarlal, saying, "So that is that."

"How can she do this to me, I ask you. What have I done?"

"She may have a very good reason; Sundar. Forget her."

"It is easy for you to say. What about me?"

"I know it is difficult for you, but you will get over it. After all you can't gain anything by taking it too much to heart." He poured two cups of tea and handing one to Sundarlal, said, "Drink it up. It will do you good."

"Fat lot of good it will do. Damn it, man. How can she do this to me? It doesn't stand to reason. Am I not good enough for her?" he asked taking up the cup.

"Probably you are too good for her. Don't you think it is very fortunate that she has done it now rather than making everything complicated after you two are married? I think you have had a narrow escape. Thank your stars and forget her, Sundar." Ramakant shouted the last sentence

and Sundarlal looked at him, surprised and slightly frightened.

Ramakant was silent. They drank their tea without a word. As soon as Sundarlal finished his cup, he put it down and walked out of the room, crumpling the letter into a ball.

Ramakant watched him go and sighed. What a bad show for good old Sundar. Poor fellow. It was pity he had to interfere in his love affairs, but how could he allow him to ruin his life, knowing as he did, the kind of woman Sundar wanted to marry, Ramakant asked himself. It was a good thing he saw the photograph in good time, otherwise it would have been too late and Sundar's life would be hell, as much as his own had been. Didn't he know this Sushila, who under a different name had been his

wife and made his life miserable? Now she was a school teacher and hoodwinked Sundar into falling for her. She had even palmed off a story that she was an orphan when both her parents were living and they had disowned her years ago. Ramakant thought of the meeting he had with her, only four days ago. When she saw him, she knew the game was up, he pondered with a wry smile. It hadn't been very difficult to make her write that letter to Sundar. He had almost dictated it to her and it was sensible of her to do what he asked her. At last he had saved his friend and the unpleasantness was well worth it.

Ramakant lighted a cigarette. He got up, the cigarette hanging from his lips, and cleared the tea things.

STATE ENTERPRISE IN ASIA'S INDUSTRIES

By E. P. W. da COSTA

ASIA'S industries must be seen against the great freedom movements of recent years. At first sight it may appear that there is not much connection between the two. But it is to be remembered that if the burning desire for freedom was the political impulse of changes in Asia, industrialisation was the means by which the economic fulfilment of our freedom dreams was sought. It is true that in many countries in Asia freedom has not yet brought industrialisation. The time has been short and, in most countries, specially difficult. Even in India where we have had the great good fortune to take over an administration untouched by civilian strife progress has not been marked. Whatever the views we entertain in regard to the merits of private enterprise, it may be stated that all over Asia as a result of the emphasis that freedom movements have placed upon State activity, the volume of State enterprise will go on increasing even if it does not always encroach on the private field.

So far as countries in Asia other than Japan and India are concerned this is an essential development. Private enterprise in South East Asia is doubly restricted. The volume of

private enterprise in industry in Burma, Indonesia, Thailand and Indo-China might all be contained within a figure of Rs. 1,000 crores and at the present time not a little of the private industry is dislocated and functioning under new handicaps. While a new pattern of industrial co-operation between Governments and private companies on the type of the new agreement between an oil company and the Government of Burma just announced may be forthcoming, the area even of joint enterprises will be small. In India, and of course in Japan, the position is different. Much the larger share of industry is in the private sector. The rate of development of State enterprise here may be more rapid than elsewhere but there is no indication that the percentage share of the public sector will rise. In India it will rise only if, as in the Draft Five Year Plan, a deliberate bias works in favour of the public sector.

Conditions today are vastly changed from those early days when the timid private entrepreneurs venturing into the unknown East insisted on guaranteed dividends and on the reimbursement to them of all capital in the event of failure. It cannot also be reasonably said in the light of what

has happened in India since these early times that indigenous industry has not shown any enterprise at all. I am afraid that Westerners who judge us have been less than just to the initiative which has been shown in this country in the building up of the steel, cotton, textile and sugar industries. These are examples of purely indigenous enterprise and these I think are a standing refutation of the contention of Westerners that private enterprise is, by and large, inept in Asian countries.

Government machinery is very ill-adapted for taking over and running any new industries in the interests of balanced and rapid development. Governments would need in any case to concentrate on the development of the primary sector, and private foreign capital and enterprise—if they are to be imported at all,—will most probably choose to come into this country and into the other countries in Asia only in collaboration with private enterprise.

This is, I believe, the substance of what Dr. Schacht, the German financial genius who has just been in the East, has recently told the Indonesian and Indian Governments. His conclusions while they seem familiar at first sight are not so easily accepted in detail. He, like others (Sir Jeremy Raisman, for example) has said in effect: "Concentrate on agricultural development, without which all planning will be waste of effort, keep the ring free for private enterprise in industry, and keep the door open for foreign co-operation and participation in industrial development."

The anxiety of this generation is not to grant too much freedom to private enterprise. The reasons why the middle classes and white-collared workers are against business interests in striking contrast to the days when economists like Wilson and Bagehot were supporting these interests are easily understandable to those who have grown up during the war and pre-war years. Many of us who have lived through one or more world wars, will find within the range of our own experience something to urge against the proposal to grant a larger measure of freedom to industrialists than they enjoy at present. However, no social problem ever involves a choice between two alter-

natives one of which is absolutely good, while the other is absolutely bad. We have to weigh our prejudices against the larger social ends, and decisions have always to be taken on a balance of considerations. In striking that balance, it will be useful to bear three points particularly in mind.

First, the State will have to concentrate on the primary sector and on what is called social capital, whether it likes it or not. If this prior responsibility, which Governments owe to their peoples, is ignored, there will not only be no food and raw-material for us in this generation but we are likely soon to end up with no industry. Secondly, the poor and impoverished Governments in Asia cannot be expected to take both industry and agriculture in their stride. To try to do so would merely increase the chances, which would be present in any case, that the resources of the communities will be strained beyond bearable limits. Thirdly, if the State nevertheless does attempt in all these areas to assume a dictatorial and monopolistic position, it will flounder on the laws of supply and demand. If supply is inadequate, demand being irreducible, prices must rise. Less production means in effect more inflation.

The State, as far into the future as we can see, will have little to do in the field of consumer industries in most Asian countries. We may borrow a famous constitutional phrase and say that its function will be to advise, to encourage, and to warn. It will have its hands too full with other more immediate tasks and the best it can do will be to promote a proper climate for industrial development. I cannot say that at the present time the ingredients for that climate have been well conceived. It is partly because Asian States are so confident of themselves that they have not realised the essential functions of trust and economic incentive. But experience is coming fast; there are no teachers as good as hard facts. The story of State enterprise in Asia in the last five years has a sure moral; while the State is striving to grasp more it should not bar the road to agencies nimbler in mind and swifter of foot.—*External Services, A. I. R.*

TIBET: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

KUBLAI KHAN, Chengiz Khan's grandson made history in Tibet. What in the 12th century Chengiz had won through barbarism and bloodshed, the grandson gave up as a grand gift to the head priest of the country, to Dalai Lama. Buddhist Kublai Khan gave Tibetans their freedom and owed them the religion he converted himself into.

Kublai's conversion gave Tibet a form of government which is still in vogue, the first and perhaps the last theocratic rule in the world.

Knowledge of the history of Tibet began in 650 A. D. when a party of Chinese travellers visited the country. A Chinese princess was married to the first King of Tibet, Srong-tsan-sgam-po, who had already been converted to Buddhism by his Nepalese wife, BRIKUTI, daughter of King Amsuvaran. The Chinese princess came in only because of politics, to safeguard Tibet's western border that linked her with China. The Chinese historians say that there was no religion in Tibet before their princess was married to the Tibetan King. Whatever it may be, it was a fact that, Srong-tsan-sgam-po's descendant, Thri-Srong-Detsan brought Guru Rimpoche, also known as Padma Sambhava, who made Buddhism stable in Tibet. Santa Rakhita, Padma Sambhava's brother-in-law, became the first head abbot of Samye, the first monastery of Tibet, which was built in 747. The first lama to succeed Santo Rakhita, however, was Pal-bans and the first monk ordained was Bya-kri-gzigs. The monk who translated Sanskrit works into Tibetan was Vairocana.

The form of government in Tibet has been stationary ever since the days of the Dalai Lama who took over the administration from Kublai Khan. The Dalai Lama is assisted by a Cabinet which is known as *Kashag* and a National Assembly known as *Tsongdu*. In the absence of the Dalai Lama, a Regent acts for him.

From all the evidence I could collect during my visit to this "Forbidden World" I gathered the impression that religion apart, which perhaps worked marvellously well in Tibet, the people were hungering for a democratic administration where every one could have equal opportunities and also follow vocations that pleased them and suited their taste. As at present Tibet is a land of beggars where the rich made the harvest and the poor lived on their mercy. Most of the land in Tibet, and the best cultivable part of it, belonged to the richer class of the population. The monks, it should be noted, do not entirely devote their time in the monasteries as their designation might suggest to some. They also work for a living by employing themselves as tradespeople, farmers and office-holders in the administration. The richer amongst them hold land and rent them to landless farmers, who are very poor indeed. The rich women, I found, move about the bazar draped gorgeously in silk and adorned with breast plates of turquoise, rubies and diamonds set in gold that would easily cost a couple of lakhs of rupees in Indian currency.

In Tibet the contrast in wealth is glaring. The rich lived in big mansions and the poor in hovels. A *shapee*, which means a member of the Cabinet, may have dinners running into courses of 45 dishes and a variety of drinks, whereas a common man could hardly expect a regular meal of noodles.

The rich are mostly literate people while the poor are not.

The greatest paradox of Tibet lay in its age long system of taxation. While the poor were bled through the nose the rich lived without accounting for their wealth. Nearly fifty per cent of the yield from the farmers' fields had perforce to go to the nobility who had very large privileges in their estates. The official explanation of this paradox was explained to

an occidental thus: "Our taxation policy is very imperfect and we know it, but ours is a religious country. Our people know, we all know, that nothing really matters, but KARMA, and the search for TRUTH. Whatever you may think, earthly property does not mean a thing to us. The secret of our happiness is simple—the constant struggle against self-deceit, keeping in mind the very words of Lord Buddha; Where Truth is, self is not."

Till the Chinese came in, Tibet didn't have an automobile, printing press, power house, factory, cinema house, or a book-shop.

Jeeps are now pouring into Tibet, printing presses have just been installed in Lasha, a real power house replacing the ancient dynamo plant at the capital has been planned and is being fixed up. Tibet is just at the moment very busy with political, social, economic, educational activities unparalleled in its history. Children and their simple minded parents stand on the wayside gaping at the wiremen as they take wires of telephone or electricity across the streets in the capital.

Since the signing of the treaty a very interesting thing has happened in the geological map of the country. So far the western geologists who visited the country had declared that though borax, salt and gold were available under the rocks and on the banks of the rivers they could not be profitably mined. The Chinese geologists have already falsified the westerners' verdict.

There is now a very keen desire on the part of the people to know what is happening beyond the borders of their isolated country. Bottled up and sealed, they have lived in the world's highest elevated country, surrounded by insurmountable mountains and peaks and passes most of them even ignorant that a world different from theirs, existed beyond.

Beyond a certain point freedom from work produces a diminishing return of happiness. Those who are completely freed hasten to commit themselves to a merciless round of pleasure in order to escape from the intolerable task of providing themselves with reasonable occupation; they worship that gloomiest of deities, the god of 'a good time'. Now, servitude to the need for amusement is the most exciting of all the forms of slavery to which human beings have yet subjected themselves.—C. E. M. JOAD.

They are now displaying eagerness to learn and adopt things that are not always spiritual.

Driven away from materialism, the Tibetans have all these centuries lived in the isolation of spiritualism. In many ways Tibet has been the spiritual daughter of India, and all that has been good in the past in India is still seen practised today by hundreds of thousands in Tibet. Without expecting anything good in return, they go on doing good to others. Not to do good to others is a dreadful sin from which, many in Tibet believe, there is no escape ever. The richer class have fully exploited the people's beliefs in fatality and there has never been much of a revolt from the common people.

With the advent of the People's Government in China things began to move very quick, and thus when, from the Chinese provinces of Sikkang and Chinghai, the Chinese People's liberation army poured into Tibet a new chapter in the history of the country opened up and the spell of the "forbidden land," its mysterious isolation, was broken. There was absolutely no resistance whatsoever from anyone. When they saw for themselves the impenetrable passes such as Shargung (16,700 ft.) and Tro-La (17,100 ft.) crossed they really admired the marching army and the myth that they could live in blissful isolation was removed for ever. I never heard of a shot being fired or an axe thrown at the army.

My monk friend saw for himself, what he calls the "liberation of Lasha." When the Chinese army entered the town, my friend told me, thousands of men and women in their Sunday best began to appear on the streets to sing and dance in joy. The talk of arson and loot in the town, the disorder they brought thereby, spread by vested interests, is sheer bunkum, I was told.

SIDELIGHTS :

The universe is not rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.
—GREGORY.

SRI BHAKTAVATSALAM, Minister for Public Works, is a candidate for a seat in the Madras State Assembly from Ponneri constituency. He had to reckon with opposition from Sri R. Govindarajulu Naidu, according to all accounts a formidable competitor, credited with prodigious local influence and expected to win easily. The Minister got rid of the difficulty confronting him by opposing the nomination of Sri Govindarajulu Naidu on a technical ground. The returning officer upheld the Minister's objection and Sri Naidu was shut out from the election. An appeal to the High Court for intervention failed, as the High Court held it had no jurisdiction.

There are some intriguing aspects of this case that call for public attention. Sri Govindarajulu Naidu held a license for sale of food grains from Madras State. All transactions under the license terminated in December 1949, but certain arrears due to the Government continued unpaid. Apprehending, on this account, that he might be disqualified under Section 7 (d) of the Representation of People Act, Sri Naidu approached the Collector of Chingleput for a statement of the amount payable. The District Supply Officer in charge of the department claimed some Rs. 4,000 and odd, which was paid on the spot, and Sri Naidu obtained a certificate that his accounts with the Government were closed. The certificate was obtained on 21st November and Sri Naidu filed his nomination the next day.

On 28th November, the day fixed for scrutiny by nominations, Sri Bhaktavatsalam opposed the nomination of Sri Naidu on the ground that the clearance certificate was given to him not by the Collector, the proper authority, but by the District Supply Officer who was not authorised by the Collector to issue the certificate. The constable wears a symbolic crown and acts for His Majesty, and in every act of his there is delegated kingly authority. Secretaries sign for Ministers.

The greater the power the more inaccessible the wielder, and heads of offices are represented before the public by deputies who are taken on trust. If the deputies act beyond authority, it is the Government that is to blame and the Ministers that form the Government; it is not the public that should be subjected to a double dose of victimisation.

At the proper time, no doubt, this case will be taken to the election authorities and the full measure of the cunningness of the Public Works Minister in getting rid of inconvenient opponents blocking his advancement, will come to light. Apart from the content of the Minister's argument, it is its strategy that is striking. On the 24th November Sri Bhaktavatsalam writes to the District Collector for information about Sri Naidu's transactions with Government. He gets his reply on the 25th. The same day there is a change of polling officers. On the 27th the new polling officer gets a confidential communication from the Collector. On the 28th Sri Naidu is declared disqualified.

Sri Gopala Reddi has given some reasons for his defeat. Here are some others from one who worked for him in the elections:

Sri Gopala Reddy came to Kavali for the election campaign, and wherever he spoke, he drove even the meagre supporters of the Congress into the opposite camp. At Kavali he warned people not to put any questions to him, and said they would be arrested if they persisted.

At Munganda which was divided between the Congress and the K. M. P. he told the people that he cared not for their vote, that it was not worth two pias and that he did not care what they did with their votes—and by the time he closed the speech, the entire village turned against the Congress!

At Zuvvaladinne, when he found only about 30 people at the meeting place, he refused to address them, saying that he did not care to whom they voted and left the place.....

If I go on writing about what he said it would take a book. Enough to know that his arrogance, his Czarish behaviour towards the people and his ill-treatment of those who went to him from these places, have all combined to pull him down.—SAKA.

LANDMARKS OF 1951

By GUY WINT

ONE of the customs which unites nearly all countries in the world is at the end of each year to look back on the previous 12 months and try to see their place in history. What happened during 1951 which was of real significance—what will be recorded by historians in future times?

In Asia, the Korean crisis continued throughout the year. The United Nations claim that in Korea there has been tried out a technique of "collective security" for resisting aggression. This experiment was made on Asian soil and with much cost in Asian life. It might as easily have been made in Europe if aggression had taken place there in 1950 instead of in Asia.

The Korean war has been tragic and has caused terrible suffering. But history may say of it that the war in Korea, shocking though it was, prevented other greater and worse wars. Before Korea, a Government meditating aggression had a good deal of reason to suppose that the United Nations machinery of resistance could never in fact be galvanised into action. So it was willing to take risks. But after the experience in Korea every expansionist Government needed to think several times before starting upon an adventure.

One of the most satisfactory events which happened in 1951 was that the Korean war was localised. It did not spread out into a general war as had on several occasions seemed possible. The year ended with the Korean truce negotiations still in a very precarious position and until there is a firm armistice the world will continue to be on the edge of a volcano.

Persia And Egypt

During the year another volcano began to erupt. This was in the Middle East, especially Persia and Egypt. The convulsions there had been delayed a little longer than might have been expected. Attentive students of the region had known ever since the end of the war that trouble was brewing. In both Persia and Egypt society has to undergo the same process of change and adjustment which is the experience of all the modern world. For various rea-

sons political changes required in these countries have been retarded. There has in consequence been in them a deep malaise.

This has found expression, in the first place, in a great outbreak against those foreigners with whom these countries come chiefly in contact. A great many Persians, for example, have persuaded themselves sincerely that all their troubles would be over as soon as they had nationalised oil and ousted the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company: they have simply closed their eyes to realities, that in the present circumstances an effective oil industry in Persia must, for technical reasons, be entrusted to foreign hands.

Many people in Britain would be ready to agree that in the past the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company received excessive profits and that this had to be reformed. But it is fair reading of recent history that Dr. Mussadiq's movement was from the start bent on expelling the company, not on negotiating a new arrangement.

In the modern world we are all members of one another economically and militarily. The country which shuts itself off suffers in the end most. The real problem for diplomacy in our age is to negotiate our necessary engagements with one another so that maximum equality between states is preserved. There must be justice. But also there must be mutual dependence.

Indian Elections

While these dramatic events were taking place during 1951 in the Middle East others of great importance though less spectacular occurred in the great land masses of India and China.

During the year the Peking Government grew apparently stronger—but by terror. The immense roll of executions struck horror throughout the civilised world.

India, in its fifth year of independence, also grew stronger. It has produced an impressive economic plan. Land reform is progressing in the provinces. But the most striking of all, the year ended with democratic general elections taking place throughout the country—with the largest electorate any country in the world has ever enfranchised.

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.

Establishing Conventions

India is experiencing today the gnawing pains of a growing democracy. Whether they will prove to be the birth pangs or death throes will depend on the standards we set up and the conventions we evolve. Where the constitution is silent, conventions should step in. Take, for example, the right to vote. Judges and heads of States who are above party politics will be well advised to abstain from voting, so that no presumption as to their preference for one party or the other may arise. It is gratifying to note that the Judges of the Punjab High Court (following the English practice) the Governor of the Punjab and the Raj Pramukh of Mysore have openly subscribed to this convention. Their example deserves to be copied throughout the country. Secondly, the bitter feelings engendered during the elections do not seem to subside even after the announcement of the results. Hence we are not hearing of the defeated candidates congratulating their successful rivals.

Till the new Governments are formed in the States and at the Centre, the old legislatures and the Ministries will continue to function in spite of the defeat of some of their members. Though there is no constitutional bar to their continuance, the case for a caretaker regime during the elections and till the formation of new cabinets is strengthened. Ministers who are defeated should at least resign soon after the result is announced. The Excise Minister in Madhya Pradesh has already set up an example.

The continuance of such Ministers in office with a view to getting into the legislatures from pocket boroughs or inducing some one to make way by resigning or seeking nomination to the upper council, are methods that are opposed to the spirit of democracy. Ultimately it leads to demoralisation and the political death of those that resort to such practices. In this connection it is interesting to recall that the late Ramsay MacDonald, when he was the Prime Minister of the National Government dominated by the Conservatives was defeated in his own constituency of Lossiemouth which had continuously returned him to the House of Commons for over quarter of a century. Subsequently he made his way into the House as the representative of the Scottish Universities. Though he managed to become the Prime Minister he lost his stature and had to work contrary to the principles and policies he

stood for. He literally became a puppet in the hands of the Conservatives. Bernard Shaw advised him to retire and seek refuge in the House of Lords. Thus he died of a broken heart unwept, unsung and unhonoured. In the Central Cabinet as well, the stature of those stalwarts that became Ministers by the courtesy of Pandit Nehru was eclipsed and they had to quit their places ultimately. Considerations of legal niceties and constitutionality need not worry us. It is interesting to note even the significance of the term 'unconstitutional' varies from country to country. A constitution like a religion lives in its followers and not in codes however nicely produced. As Bryce said, constitutions develop by interpretation, fringed by decisions and enlarged by conventions so that after a time the letter of their texts no longer convey their full effect. Hence the necessity to sustain political morality and constitutional tradition by establishing sound conventions, was never so pressing as it is today.

Eluru.

P. RAJESWARA RAO.

A Candidate's Experience

My friends have been asking me why, like other candidates, I have not so far undertaken the usual election propaganda, by issuing a manifesto, advertising in newspapers, calling press conferences, printing handbills and posters and distributing them, holding public meetings and giving the usual promises, leading processions and using loud speakers, as also doing home to home canvassing for soliciting votes.

I met and exchanged views at Madras, Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi with many lawyers, High Court Judges, past and present Ministers, political leaders and members of Parliament as also several candidates contesting the present elections. All of them were unanimously of the opinion that it was impossible to contest the elections without spending several times more than the legally sanctioned amount.

The filing of my nomination attracted the attention of a number of election brokers and local parasites, including a number of independent candidates for the local Assembly. Within a day these people started contacting me and offering me their services. They suggested alliances and offered to canvass and do propaganda for me—not on honorary basis as laid down in the Election Law—but for cash considerations ranging from Rs. 5,000 to Rs. 15,000 each. It was

obvious that they wanted to turn the election into an opportunity to make money. None of them, however, realized that the Election Law described this as a major corrupt practice.

For my constituency I would have required over 1,000 polling agents, well-versed in Election Law, to work honorarily, as laid down by the law. A number of people approached me during the last two months to work as my polling agents, and, believe me or not, everyone of them without a single exception wanted me to pay him anything between Rs. 150 to Rs. 200. For 1,000 polling agents I would have had to pay at least Rs. 1,50,000. Even to inform the 3½ lakhs of voters of my candidature by a single postcard would have cost me about Rs. 20,000. To compete with the Congress organisation, in its meetings, processions, press propaganda and street noises, etc., at least another Rs. 50,000 would have been necessary. Some local papers demanded as much as Rs. 1,000 per insertion on their front page for publishing my manifesto. The cost of purchasing alliances for canvassing and propaganda would have easily run into another lakh of rupees. The election would have thus cost me at least Rs. 3,50,000.

Election Law limits maximum expenses at Rs. 25,000. This is a ridiculous figure. The amount prescribed by Law will not cover even one-tenth of the actual expenses.

It is obvious that the elections are certainly not going to be fought on honest principles of democracy, but they are going to be weighed up in terms of gold and silver. Universally election accounts will be cooked up. False statements and false affidavits 'solemnly affirmed' before Magistrates, will be filed. The Law will be honoured more in the breach than in observance. In short, our Parliamentarians are going to purchase their memberships with corruption, bribery and other malpractices.

As a man of self-respect and integrity, I have decided not to be a contributing party to this dismal future of our country and I have, therefore, decided to withdraw from the contest on the eve of the actual elections, having got ample value in experience for the small outlay of Rs. 500.

B. RANGA REDDY,
Retired Civil Service.
Secunderabad.

Wanted A Directorate Of Public Prosecutions

It is absolutely necessary that the future Government of Madras should appoint a Director or Directorate of Prosecutions in the interests of public justice. About three years ago Sri Venkatachela Pillai, M.L.A. of Tiruchi was unjustly implicated in the case of the murder of a

teacher in that district. Although the District Magistrate opined that he was not at all responsible for the murder and that the case against him should be withdrawn, yet the Government of the day directed his prosecution which went on for a number of days and eventually he was honourably acquitted. It may not be out of place to mention that Sri Venkatachela Pillai was a Parliamentary Secretary under the Prakasam Ministry and the Premier of the Ministry who directed the prosecution was Sri O. P. Ramaswami Reddiar.

In Bellary there was recently a case known as the Rayalaseema Bank fraud case. The first Managing Director of the Bank which was started in the year 1940 was Sri Sitarami Reddi, the present Minister for Revenue. After he became a Minister in the present Government, his brother-in-law Sri H. Linga Reddi is the Managing Director. The other directors are busy advocates or people in other avocations of life. The Bank opened about 25 branches in the Madras State before the passing of the Banking Companies Act of 1949. There were frauds committed in some of the branches and the present Government ordered prosecution of the Secretary of the Bank at the head office of Bellary alleging that he had entered into a conspiracy with the Secretary of the branch at Kottur in Bellary district in which there was breach of trust to the extent of about 2 lakhs of rupees. The case was committed to the Sessions and the Secretary defended himself and he was declared to be innocent and honourably acquitted. The Government appointed a special magistrate and a special public prosecutor and incurred enormous expenditure for the prosecution.

In order to remove the apprehension of the public that such prosecutions are launched on account of political motives it is absolutely necessary that there should be a Director of Public Prosecutions or, better still, a Directorate of Public Prosecutions consisting of eminent retired High Court Judges to whom the files of such cases should be sent and their advice sought with regard to the justice, necessity and expediency of such prosecutions. The C. I. D. who investigate into such cases would naturally consider that the Government is interested in such prosecutions when they are asked to enquire into the same; and their report will be coloured by such prejudice. Hence in the interests of public justice and in order to prevent wastage of public funds it is absolutely necessary that the future Government which will come into existence in the course of a few months appoint a Directorate of Public Prosecutions as mentioned above.

Bellary.

B. BHIMA RAO, M.L.C.

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TIME TO BUILD ANEW

A steep decline in Congress influence is indicated in the election results announced so far. In Bombay the Congress has apparently triumphed, winning an absolute majority of seats in the legislature, but even there it does not seem to have secured a majority of the total votes. The defeated opposition parties polled very heavily, but this heavy poll was not reflected in the seats they gained. When there is disproportion between the relative backing given by the electorate to the various competing parties and their relative strength in the legislature, it is as if the whole purpose of the election is lost, and in the coming years proper attention will have to be given to the problem of evolving a greater equilibrium between public opinion in the mass and its representation in the legislatures.

The most crushing defeats of the Congress were sustained in Hyderabad, Travancore-Cochin and Madras. The Congress defeat in Hyderabad might have been due to the very gentle treatment being accorded to the Nizam. The Razakars could not save the Nizam but the Congress Government did. The police action was not accompanied by its promised economic paradise but just a continuance of the same old State under a new and more expensive set-up. Instead of proving itself to be a judge of the Nizam the Congress has shown itself to be his benefactor and guardian, the caretaker of his treasures. The result has been a revulsion in popular feeling hurling it down from the pedestal of deliverer. In the rest of South India, the deterioration in the electoral position of the Congress may be attributed to diminished popular faith in the

bona fides of the ruling regime. It is noteworthy that in Madras State practically every outstanding public figure closely associated in the public mind as responsible for the Government, has been wiped out. The more powerful of the Ministers and the most vigorous of their supporters have been thrown out of the legislature. Some of the defeated Ministers have sought to give explanations for their defeats and one in particular, still refusing to be taught, has been repeatedly telling the reporters that if he had not been so over-confident he would have fared better. Unfortunately for him, in this very election even detenus in prison who could do no canvassing in their constituencies have been returned with huge majorities. The real reason for the Ministers' defeat lies in their own record as Ministers. They placed their own interests above the public interest. They abused the power of their position in very many ways promoting inefficiency and corruption. They diverted to their supporters assets that belong to the whole community. They dealt with their critics vindictively. They left people to starve without food. When starvation deaths were brought to their notice they answered not with relief but propaganda in the newspapers. They sought to use the great name of Pandit Nehru as a cover for their misdeeds. For all this they have now received well deserved political punishment.

The Communists have emerged in the elections as the party next in strength to the Congress. Already some of the Communist leaders have started casting covetous eyes on the seats of Government. One of them

has declared sternly that in forming the ministry he will have no truck with the Congress. The Communists are great adepts in turning popular discontent to their own party glory. By promising lavishly everything which the Congress has failed to give, they have established themselves as extremely popular with vast sections of people. They are in the happy position of being able to outbid any other party in the things they offer, if only because the need of making promise square with fulfilment is no burden on their conscience. In the coming days, if they occupy the opposition in the legislature, they will succeed in driving the Government into very tight corners until Government is forced to give up in despair. If they themselves form the Government, they will solve the food problem but they will digest all other parties. There will be totalitarian rule and no civil liberties, though the Communists are the loudest of all in condemning violations of civil liberties by others. Of all the political parties in the country the hands of the Communists are most stained with blood, and their late orgies of looting, dacoity and

the like give no promise of peace and contentment in the country however adroitly and successfully they might exploit to their own advantage the fatal blunders of the Congress regime.

If India is to be saved from Communist rule, there is but one way—an anti-Communist front of all progressive parties interested in leading the country in the democratic direction. But anti-Communism too can freeze into intolerable dogmatic attitudes supplanting common sense, fairplay, compassion and human dignity for fury of battle and hatred of the opponent. We do not want this type of anti-Communism. It is because the emotional arteries of the Communists are hardened that they are so dangerous and repellent to civilization. But the declared social aims of the Communists and some of the qualities of their leadership are well worth adoption and emulation by any party hoping to oust them in public favour. Now that many of its major undesirables have been thrown into the wilderness, the Congress can recover its position if it sets its energies to build anew, with no quarter to the corrupt and the self-seeking.

Sotto Voce

THE SCARLET SYMPHONY

MADRAS has always prided itself on its political second sight: "what we think to-day the rest of the country thinks tomorrow." If there is any truth in that the Congress High Command should have little cause for satisfaction in the augurs. Though the results have been declared only for a third of the total number of seats so far, there is no disposition in the Cabinet, which

has suffered the loss of its head as well as of two major limbs, to under-rate the reverses. The reactions of individual Ministers have varied; but none of them is in a mood to pretend that it is "a great victory."

Mr. Gopala Reddi, in the first shock of disappointment, put the blame squarely on the Congress workers.



In denouncing their laches he permitted himself, I am told, the use of an unparliamentary expression which the reporters were too kind to report. Then he went on to say that the Kammas had made a dead set against him, a Reddi. And he wound up by cursing adult franchise—that Frankenstein of their creation—as the cause of all their woes. Had he forgotten that he had himself times without number defended the communalism of his Government as a statesmanlike recognition of realities? Does casteism become objectionable only when Kamma turns against Reddi, not when both of them turn against the Brahman?

Mr. Kala Venkata Rao was, as always, 'umble'. He reminded a heedless world that on the day he left college in response to the nation's call he had irrevocably dedicated himself to the service of the country. More in sorrow than in anger he told his fellow Andhras that they will yet rue the day when the misguided Congress dissidents entered into an unholy alliance with the Communists, thus bringing about his fall. Time was when Mr. Kala hoped to build up a modest reputation for enlightenment by avowing his spiritual kinship with the Communists. For him, I suspect, Prakasam is still the ogre.

The Chief Minister of Madras has, in refreshing contrast, accepted his defeat with dignity. He confessed that the results, which were a sign of the estrangement of the people from the Congress, had come as a total surprise to him and his colleagues. This is hardly to be wondered at. Congressmen have been living in a dream world of their own. By consistently ignoring the wishes and sentiments of the people who were powerless to call them to account they had come to believe that the people did not count. Would Kamaraj Nadar, the arch-priest of this Coveism, else go about saying that "the Congress still enjoyed the confidence of the people"?

He did not stop there: he went on brazenly to maintain that "therefore the Congress would be justified in forming the Ministry and carrying on the administration." This, be it

noted, in the face of the candid admission by Mr. Kumaraswami Raja that the Congress had little prospect of obtaining a stable majority without which it should not form a Ministry. The truth is that wandering in the wilderness has no attractions for Congressmen today. Mr. Kesavan spoke their secret mind when he said that if the T.-C. Congress did not form a Ministry it would have to dissolve. Only the certainty of spoils can keep a motley crew of self-regarding opportunists together.

The virulence that the very thought of Independents in the field provokes in all Congressmen from Mr. Nehru downwards is psycho-pathic. What they see in the mirror is an unflattering reflection of their own selves. And yet they seem to find nothing degrading in the belief, that they have only to whistle to these contemptibles to get their obedient co-operation in rigging up Ministries. Mr. Raja is pained that even educated men should have failed to see that by entering the fray as Independents they might make stable government impossible. They would have neither offered themselves nor been elected in such strength but for the existence of a substantial body of opinion in the country which has as little use for the crypto-communism of the Congress as for the unmasked brigandage of the Communists.

Mr. Raja is aghast that even the Tanjore mirasidars should have been so oblivious of the peril to their own interests as to "indirectly help the Communists to defeat the Congress". I doubt whether he has got his facts right. In any case it is not the mirasidars—whom, incidentally, he was describing not long ago as selfish reactionaries—that he has to thank, but the so-called Kisan leaders who let loose chaos and who have been, strangely enough, rewarded with Congress tickets. The Communists have only reaped where they sowed. It is no accident that the Congress is faring better in Bombay and Madhya Pradesh; the Patel policy and the Patel organization are still fairly effective there. The country is demonstrating that it has as little use for pale pink as for deep red.

VIGHNESWARA

THE GREATNESS OF SRI THYAGARAJA

By S. ANANTHARAMAKRISHNAN

SRI THYAGARAJA was born of poor parents in Tiruvur village in the year 1767. His father Rama Brahman and mother Seethamma led a life of extreme piety, devoting all their available time to the worship of Sri Rama. Their only means of subsistence was by "Unchavirthi." Thyagaraja was their third son, the two older boys being Japaseen and Ramnath. Poor as the parents were, they managed to give the boys some early education in the strict orthodox way, mainly to equip them for a Vaidic life of devotion and piety. While the parents were disappointed at the lack of progress of their first two sons, they were gratified to find that Thyagaraja showed great promise even at a very early age. Thyagaraja used to attend to his parents' requirements, gather flowers for Puja, and make himself generally useful to his parents. Invariably he was present when Rama Brahman performed his daily worship of Rama. The impression made on the young mind of Thyagaraja by his parents' conduct was so good and deep that he modelled his own life after his father's pattern, while endeavouring to improve on it. Thyagaraja's father sometimes asked him to conduct the worship of the family deity. As was common in those days the father was anxious to see his boys settled early in life, and with this in view Thyagaraja was married to Parvathi when he was hardly 14. Soon after his marriage he lost his father, and shortly thereafter, his mother died. His two brothers were far from helpful to him in his approach to life, and he had, therefore, to live apart from them with his wife.

The family deity of Sri Ramachandra he managed to secure from his brothers, and he spent a great deal of time in conducting worship of the family deity. He thus developed an intense religious faith and devotion to Sri Rama. Having heard the Ramayana at an age when his mind was very receptive, he naturally developed a special affection for Rama,

and for his mighty deeds. The fact that it is in Ramavatharam that God lived closest to men, doing all the things that are usually attributed to men, undergoing all the troubles usually associated with man's life, and showing by precept and practice an ideal code of personal conduct, captured the imagination of young Thyagaraja. To him Rama was not an abstract object merely to be worshipped. Sri Rama was a living force, a friend, and a guide to whom young Thyagaraja rushed whenever he was in trouble, expecting from Him a solution of his troubles, and the solution always came as he expected.

Thyagaraja used music to express his divine "Bhakti." It is said that he is the incarnation of the famous sage Valmiki. Even as the great Valmiki expressed in most wonderful language, in unparalleled style, the epic of Ramayana in 24,000 slokas, so can it be said that Thyagaraja endeavoured to express the greatness and valour of Sri Rama, and in fact did express it through his wonderful compositions. For sheer beauty of composition, for lofty ideals, for the simple but highest statement of philosophical truths, for the wonderful confluence of Bhava, Raga and Thala, there is really nothing to compare with Thyagaraja's Krithis. The Krithis breathe the sweet aroma of his exquisite "Bhakti." The Krithis are the heart-pourings of a divine Bhaktha, sometimes in a state of semi-trance. It is said that Narada Muni himself came to him in the disguise of a common ascetic, and left with him a bundle of palmyra leaf records of Sangitha Sastras. There is no doubt that Thyagaraja must have had divine grace in abundance to be able, in a short span of years, to put out into the world thousands of Krithis, each one a gem in itself from every point of view. One may take any one of his Krithis and find that the language is simple and understandable by anyone who has an elementary knowledge of Telugu. At

the same time they are all so full of ideas that a dissertation running into pages can be written expanding those ideas. "Nithi Sala Sukhama" in Kalyani, and "Sukhi Evarro" in Kanada illustrate my point. He poses the everyday question, whether one should prefer to have wealth and other amenities of life, or one should prefer to spend one's life in divine service to Rama. Purandaradasa, another great saint composer, who lived many centuries before Thyagaraja left to posterity a prolific number of Krithis. Muthuswami Dikshathar and Sama Sastrigal, both very eminent composers, were contemporaries of Thyagaraja. Their compositions are all in Sanskrit, and are equally rich in ideas. Wherever Carnatic music is sung, in halls of music, in temples or in sabhas, Thyagaraja's Krithis predominate. Is it because there is such a large number of Krithis in hundreds of Ragas that the Vidwan finds it easy to make his choice from Thyagaraja's compositions? In my opinion, the simple and straight manner in which his ideas are expressed captures the heart, not only of the singer but also of the Rasika, so that listeners understand the underlying ideas easier and enjoy Thyagaraja's Krithis better than they do other composers'. I read recently in a foreign magazine that identical statements read to the same assembly of men by two different persons created two different impressions. Even a simple statement, if made with all sincerity and with full belief, undoubtedly creates an impression such as the exponent has. Thyagaraja, so history records, completed the chanting of Ram Nam 96 crores of times, which took him 21 years to complete. As a result, Sri Ramachandra Murthi with Seetha Devi, Lakshmana, Bharata, Satrugna and Hanuman gave him Darsan. Such was the fullness of his life. He would not use his wonderful powers of composition to sing the praise of mortals, he would not compose for money. Yet he has left us a legacy of unparalleled richness. Thyagaraja died in 1847. Over a hundred years have elapsed. His Krithis are as popular as ever, in fact more popular now than before.

Carnatic music is infinitely richer on account of his compositions. What have we done to make better use of

the legacy that he left to us? Carnatic music is acknowledged to be the most highly developed system of music in the world. Our musicians and students spend years undergoing training. While greater emphasis is placed on Raga Gnana, Swara Gnana and Thala Gnana, very few care to understand the ideas expressed in the compositions. The effect of our vidwans' singing will be felt and appreciated by the listeners in a greater measure if the vidwans understood the meaning of the expositions. Modern Western music essentially covers war or love, whereas ours is essentially a means of expression of the divine Bhakthi, so that it is all the more necessary that our listeners should understand the meaning of the words sung. After Thyagaraja, there have been a few composers and again in recent times a few more have appeared. While temporarily these compositions are popular, they are forgotten after a few years. The reason is not far to seek. Behind the compositions there is no unseen urge to express divine thoughts. Our universities have now departments



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specialising in Carnatic music. It should be the responsibility of the university to ensure that all the hidden treasures of Thyagaraja, Muthuswami Dikshathar and Sama Sastrigal and others are permanently recorded in print. It is believed that Thyagaraja composed some twenty thousand Krithis. Except a few hundreds of his Krithis the others have not been reduced to print. Before it is too late, I would request the university authorities to undertake the responsibility of making a proper search for available records of Thyagaraja Krithis and publish them in book form for the benefit of posterity. The principles of Carnatic music have been handed down from generation to generation by word or mouth. There have been in recent times attempts made to reduce the system to accepted forms of notation. Standard text books could then be published and made available to all students of music. The task, it is appreciated, is a stupendous one, and requires the help and guidance of all our musical savants. Perhaps a committee of top ranking men in the realm of music has to sit for months, even years, before anything tangible can be expected. In my opinion, however, it will be well worth all our troubles if we can get standard text books on the subject. Naturally this should be the responsibility of our universities, especially the Annamalai University which is in the heart of Tamil Nad.

Music is a great art. We in India have been particularly fortunate that while there has been serious neglect in the development of the fine arts in the country, such neglect extending over centuries, as far as music is concerned there has never been a cessation of activity in that sector. Take for instance our Ajanta and Ellora paintings. These are reported to belong to the eleventh century, and since then there has been no renaissance of the graphic art on such a high level. So is the case with our architectural and sculptural treasures. The hands that can build and decorate a temple like Madura or Rames-

waram are here no longer. But in music there has been a continuity of interest, though the development even here is nothing like what it could be. The last quarter of a century has seen the establishment of music sabhas all over South India. While their prime object seems to be to provide for the sabha members and the public an opportunity to hear good music, the sabhas should also undertake the imparting of music lessons to pupils. Regular classes may be run for a fee and the lessons can be standardised, so that the pupils where they have to change the tutors will not find it necessary as they do now to start all over again. The method of tuition varies from teacher to teacher and each one follows a different school. While people are beginning to become music conscious and while parents are anxious to give their children early tuition in music, the sabhas should find teaching them a financially attractive proposition. I commend the idea to the authorities that control the destinies of the sabhas.

In order that art may be most effective, it is of the utmost importance that the exponents should be men and women of sound and unimpeachable character. Why is Thyagaraja remembered and revered today when most of his contemporaries are entirely forgotten? Is it not because his saintly character gave a supreme value to his song? He lived the holy, devoted life of which he sang—he experienced the revelation of the divine which is the theme of so much of his music—and he is remembered—is indeed immortal—because his life and character rate his music so. Those of our time who similarly wish to live in the minds and hearts of men must emulate his saintly living, while trying to produce music equally memorable. Then men will revere them and accord them that status which a fine character merits.—(From an address delivered at the inauguration function of the Aradhana Celebrations of the great Saint Thyagaraja at Tiruvayar on Wednesday, 16th January, 1952.)

INDIA'S FOREIGN PUBLICITY

By E. BALASUBRAMANIAM

INDIA has recently had a very unfavourable press in foreign countries, principally in England and America. A very important and interesting aspect of the question is that most American newspapers take their cue, in regard to their attitude towards India and Pakistan, from the British newspapers. Therefore, what the British newspapers and organs of public opinion say today, will, more or less, appear in the American papers in due course.

What, then, is Britain's attitude to India? "Friendly, of course"—is the obvious answer. Otherwise, how could India have got her freedom, with so little difficulty at the later stages? Was not Lord Mountbatten such a worshipper of Gandhiji, and such a great personal friend of Pandit Nehru and other leaders? Don't we have the most cordial things said of India by important public men of Britain?

And yet, the British papers and the B. B. C. do spread such poisonous half-truths about India! The partition of Kashmir has been staunchly advocated even by the leftist *New Statesman & Nation*. None of the British papers has so far had the boldness, or the frankness, to call Pakistan the aggressor in respect of Kashmir, although the fact of the matter is just that. On every question involving sitting in judgment as between Pakistan and India, the balance has been tilted, most unashamedly, in favour of the Muslim Dominion. British newspapers have been very sparing of their criticism of Pakistan for her anti-Hindu activities, although quite often India's so-called "reprisals" in isolated corners of our vast country are duly commented upon! We are made to appear as a big "bully" oppressing a small neighbour and our cries to the contrary have not reached the ears of the British and American papers—and public.

There is a reason for this—a reason which, perhaps, is not generally realised or understood in India. The conferment of full freedom on India involved the departure from the

country of countless Englishmen who were enjoying a degree of happiness and luxury here which their merits or "influence" could not have secured them in their own country. In Government service of various types, the Englishmen were employed in hundreds, drawing salaries and allowances and fat pensions at the end of the service for doing mediocre work. These accustomed to servility and lording it over others, regretfully had to go, unregretted by the people they left behind, and perhaps, unwelcomed by their home-folks. They went home as typical disgruntled men, bursting with chagrin and venom against a dispensation that suddenly put the "finis" on careers of a type absolutely unthinkable in their own native land.

The pressure of political freedom reflected itself in other spheres too. Wherever the Englishman was on top, because he was an Englishman, he had to yield place to the Indian. In business houses, the Indian shareholder or director had to be taken in on an equal plane. Clubs with a racial bar had to go. In important newspapers where the Englishman was always the Editor, he had to make way for the next senior-most Indian. Not merely the top men, but also others who, in other circumstances, would have reached high eminence, had to go, because the new set-up barred such promotions to foreigners.

Many such disgruntled men have gone back either to Britain or other countries, where there were some openings. But the jobs these Englishmen got there were, naturally, very much lesser ones, with very much smaller remunerations. All this logically means that there are countless Englishmen attached to newspapers and business-houses in England and empire countries, who harbour a deep grudge against India and who want to work off their superfluous steam when the occasion for it arises.

The recent Indo-Pakistan bickerings which caught international attention, have been one such occasion, and many an individual Englishman

has willingly contributed his mite to the wilful and deliberate misrepresentations that have appeared in English and American papers about India and Indians. After all Congressmen and Hindus were the principal fighters against the British rule in India, and it is they who won the battle of freedom in this country. Jinnah and his Muslims were fighting Congressmen and Hindus—ipso-facto, Jinnah's Muslims and his Pakistan were friends of these disgruntled Englishmen! And, therefore, they have had a more favourable press!

This is not an over-simplification of the problem. The logic of it would be apparent to all close observers of recent events in our country and of the trends in the foreign press. There is also no other possible explanation of the phenomenon, in which, while all the top leaders of Britain and America frequently say things in favour, and in admiration of India, all the organs of public opinion do just the opposite. The number of common, middle-class and poor-class soldiers who came to India during the war from England and America, contributed a lot to the formation of a public opinion in England which favoured freedom for India. The good influence of that class is, by now, I believe, wholly negated by the influx of disgruntled Englishmen who have gone back cursing us for our political good fortune and are determined to talk ill of us at every opportunity.

Delhi Not To Blame

What is the remedy for this? Plenty of people have put the blame on New Delhi. New Delhi can supply the money to finance some type of establishments and bureaux in other countries, and supply men, when available, to effect contacts with foreigners in their own countries. But there is nothing New Delhi can directly do to affect or influence the public opinion expressed in foreign countries.

It is instructive and interesting to see what a country like England does to cultivate goodwill for itself in foreign countries. Recently, a delegation of Indian newspapermen was sent to Britain. Mind you, Britain is no new country to us in India. She

has been with us, in thought and spirit, for the past two centuries. Hundreds of thousands of Indians have gone to England and tasted of English life, and told us about it. English literature is still our cherished possession—and will be, for many a long year, yet. People in India who are literate and capable of thinking for themselves have a fairly sufficient knowledge of England and the English people—and there is nothing a delegation of Indian newspapermen, in the year of the Lord 1950, could add to it.

But in spite of it all, the delegation was sponsored by the Ministry of Information, at a cost of roughly Rs. 7,000 per head. Obviously, this was not for the discovery of facts or information about England, for the delectation of the Indian public. It was for a more important purpose. It was for the creation of some "goodwill" for England in certain newspaper offices in this country—a factor which the English people still value. The Englishman instinctively realises that the newspaper is the fountainhead of public opinion, and he wants the fountainhead to be prepossessed, sufficiently favourably, towards England and its people.

That is an indication of what India also must do, if she wants to cultivate the goodwill of important countries in the world. Not that we have dearth of journalist visitors from foreign countries. But, the trouble with them is that most of these are here for "stories"—for slants on conflicts, for accounts of the unusual and bizarre. The editor in foreign countries still treats India as a sort of museum, housing not merely the famed Rajah and the fierce tiger, but also funny people that lie flat on spikes, that stand on their heads, that throw stones and mud on their heroes and heroines, that venerate the cow. Even Gandhiji was interesting to many American and English newspapers, more for the "News-value" of his toothless smile, his female attendants and his goat, than for a new philosophy he evolved for the creation of a revolution in a country that had accepted degradation and slavery as a manifestation of the divine will.

The ordinary foreign newspaperman comes on his own, sees what he wants,

talks to the people whom he has been instructed to meet or who interest him, and writes what he likes. We have to evolve a new practice for them—of meeting our best men, seeing our best and most typical things, witnessing our handicaps as well as our achievements and writing what will please us and will suit us. And this can only be done by "sponsoring" visits of newspapermen from England, America and other countries just as England has recently done.

Normally, the newspapers in England and America and most European countries are like an invulnerable fortress to us. They take their material from their own men or from men whom they like and approve of. In spite of the small number of local Indians who do a lot of propaganda for their mother country, the opinions of newspapers in England and America are moulded by their own men on the spot in India, or disgruntled Englishmen who have some "pull" with somebody or other.

Friendly Foreign Journalists

The only manner in which this vicious circle can be broken into is to create a new set of men who have been "on the spot" through our good offices and who will sing to a different tune, because it is expected of them as a matter of decency and fairness. Teams of American, British and other editors and reporters, from big papers and small, must be brought out to India, shown round the country, taught to believe that there is also an admirable and beautiful side to the Indian picture, which they must be requested to bear in mind when they are called upon to write or speak on any Indian topic on any occasion.

It is not at all necessary that the very topmen should be brought out; it will quite do if lesser men on the staff are given the opportunity, because, irrespective of the man's status, once the Indian tour is over, he becomes a sort of "authority" on the Indian question as far as his little provincial or country or city paper is concerned—and matters concerning this country will be referred to him. Beginning like a thin trickle, this stream of goodwill will gather

strength and volume as time goes on, as more and more editors and reporters have an opportunity to visit this country and learn something worthwhile about it.

Top men in Britain and America know all that is worth knowing about India, but they will not always use that information in our favour. If the rank-and-file newspaperman has the same information at his disposal, he will normally use it, undeterred by considerations of "propriety" or "prestige." It will be generally realised that such a group of informed men in every country is our best shield against slander and misrepresentation.

Our embassies in foreign countries should cultivate editorial and reporting staff of newspapers in their territories, and make a selection of suitable and representative editors and reporters whom it would be worthwhile to depute to India for "on the spot" studies of this country. The last British-sponsored delegation from India was open only to the editors of papers who could not afford to pay for their own trip to England and back. Some such restriction—mutatis mutandis for the various countries—could be usefully evolved for guidance in choice of editors and reporters to be sent to India.

As soon as India has a "friend" in every newspaper, its tone will undergo a material change; there will be less malice, less venom, less ignorance and prejudice, and quite often, more goodwill and a greater desire to please the contacts made in India.

Let us forget for all time our notions that ambassadors or officials, however high in status and however well paid, will have any "pull" with or competence in the eyes of the editors of newspapers in foreign countries. The editors will only recognise and bow to their professional colleagues, who are the best media for contacting editors. A merely official approach to a foreign editor is worse than useless; the unofficial, indirect, and more attractive approach of the type suggested in this article is the only type of approach that will work. —(Copyright.)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH BURMA?

By MADAN GOPAL

AT first glance there seems to be a good deal wrong with Burma. Even since Burma's independence was two months' old, there has been a minor-scale war in the districts. The city of Rangoon, one of the most well-planned cities in the East, is faced with a serious refugee problem: its population has gone up from 400,000 to 600,000, and there are ramshackle huts by the roadside in all parts of the city. Prices of consumer goods are very high.

Besides, the whole country, one might say, is under curfew; all the roads entering a city or town or village are barricaded; you cannot enter or leave it between certain hours after sunset. Even in Rangoon, the capital city, it is not considered safe to travel on unfrequented roads after nine or ten o'clock at night, for you may be held up. Rail, road and river communications are disrupted, bridges damaged during war or since have not been repaired; and air journey is the usual mode of travel within the country.

And yet underneath all this there is a thread of stability and sound health. As most of the troubles arise out of the internal rebellion by the White Flag (Stalinist) Communists, the Red Flag (Trotskyist) Communists, the White Band People's Organization (PVO) and the Karens, a brief recapitulation of the events since the end of World War II will help understanding the problems facing the Burma of today. The core of all problems is that there are far too many arms around in the country and no State army of any considerable strength.

When the Japanese were in occupation of Burma, the Allies dropped arms to the Burmese to fight the Japanese, and when the Japanese were withdrawing they gave arms to the Burmese to fight the British. It was only towards the end of their occupation that the Japanese agreed to the creation of the Burma Independence Army, the core of which had existed in the Thirty Heroes, among them Bogojoke (General) Aung San who had been smuggled out of Burma

in the late thirties for military training in Japan to oust the British from Burma, and who led the "forces of liberation" from Thailand when Japan invaded Burma.

The Thirty Heroes felt that, after their victory over the British, the Japanese were reticent to honour their commitments to the Burmese; instead of granting independence and creating an army of the Burmese, they used the excuse of expediency, pleading they would wait till the final defeat of the British.

Aung San, then a Minister in the Japanese-sponsored Cabinet, secretly visited Lord Mountbatten in Kandy and arrived at the understanding, under which he organized the anti-Japanese resistance movement, which came to be known as the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (amalgamating the Communist Anti-Fascist League and the Socialist People's Freedom League).

When, however, the British came to Burma they thought they were returning to pre-war Burma, a dependency. And, like the Japanese before them, they were hesitant to honour their commitments. So Aung San started organizing the AFPFL, and its military wing the PVO, for a final military showdown with the British. There were strikes and armed units of the PVOs were given assignments in all parts of the country, to strike at the moment the call was given.

Burma Becomes Free

Just then the British agreed to give independence to Burma. Aung San visited Britain and signed his agreement with the British Prime Minister Attlee, providing for independence to Burma and a constitution drawn up by the freely elected representatives of the people of Burma. The AFPFL was returned in the elections to the Constituent Assembly in overwhelming numbers. But before the Assembly passed the constitution, Burma's man of destiny (now a legendary figure) with six of his trusted cabinet colleagues, was murdered in cold blood by the clique headed by U Saw. As Aung San was the only man in Burma, who

commanded enough respect and influence to persuade the people to surrender arms, with his death came insecurity which rather persuaded people to hold on to the arms they had.

Aung San and his colleagues were murdered on July 19, 1947; in the following month, his trusted lieutenant, the saintly Thakin Nu, who stepped into his shoes, entered into the Anglo-Burmese defence treaty signed in Rangoon. This split the AFPFL and the PVO. The extremists opposed military agreement with Britain, and their opposition led to their expulsion from the AFPFL. In September 1947, the Constituent Assembly passed the constitution of the Union of Burma, and in October, Thakin Nu visited Britain to sign the Nu-Attlee agreement granting independence to the Republic of Burma outside the Commonwealth. Accordingly, Burma became independent on January 4, 1948.

Within two months, the Communists gave the signal for uprising against the Thakin-Nu administration, the "stooges of Anglo-US bloc," to be joined soon by a section of the PVO (called White Band). The Communists were of two hues, the followers of the Stalinist Thakin Than Tun, who married the sister of Mrs. Aung San, and is reported to be negotiating for Peking's help, and the followers of the Trotskyist Thakin Soe. The two fought against the Government and against each other.

But while the revolt of the Communists and White Band PVO had involved the Government in a difficult position, the Karens rose in revolt. The rebellion by the Karens was really serious, and but for a few tactical blunders on the part of the Karens they might have succeeded in overthrowing the Government. This is so because the Karens constituted the most important group in the army.

The Karens number only 1-1/2 million out of a Burmese population of nearly 17 million. Of these 1-1/2 million, five-sixths are Buddhists by faith and they support the Thakin-Nu Government. The remaining one-sixth of the 1-1/2 million Karens profess the Christian faith.

Favourites of the British and US missionaries, the Christian Karens

have been pampered a lot. They were given separate representation, put in responsible Government positions and they formed the bulk of the Burma nationals in the army, the C-in-C. of which was a Karen. There are reported to have been instances of British soldiers fighting with the Karens against the Government; and the Karens are reported to have been supplied with arms on a large scale by the British army personnel, ostensibly in their personal capacity.

Karens Are Like Muslim Leaguers

To understand the attitude of the British rulers one naturally thinks of the Karens in Burma like the Muslims in India before partition. Like the Indian Muslims, the Karens want a separate State with a separate army and separate foreign relations. The Union Government wanted to placate them. They offered them autonomy and two ministries. But the great difficulty that presented itself was that except in the Karenni State, the Karens are very unevenly scattered all over the Delta. It is not possible to demarcate the areas wherein they form a majority of the population. However, the Union Government appointed a commission to demarcate such areas where the autonomous State of Karens could come into being. The commission was presided over by the Chief Justice of Burma. The recommendations were accepted by the Government and the Karen leaders, but one day before the formal signing was to take place, the Karens struck against the Government.

Meanwhile, they had collected arms under the pretext of organizing "village defence units." Most of the Karen units scattered all over the country turned against the Government—in places so far apart as Lashio on the north-eastern border, Maymyo, Mandalay in Central Burma, Toungo in eastern Burma and various places in the Delta region. The most serious was the rebellion at Insein, a suburb of Rangoon, hardly ten miles from the capital and dangerously close to the Mingladon airport, then almost the only communication with the outside world. The fate of the Thakin Nu Government, indeed the fate of Burma, hung in the balance; for if the Karens had taken Rangoon, there would have been atrocities of an un-

paralleled nature throughout Burma.

The Karens hate the Burmese bitterly and the Burmese hate the Karens. It is said that during the British regime, the Karens were hard on the Burmese. During the Japanese occupation, however, the Burmese got the upper hand, and, it appears, committed atrocities against the Karens for whom the Japanese would not lift a finger. Saw Ba U Gyi, the most rabid leader of the Karens, it is reported, hated the Burmese who killed his brother during the Japanese occupation. It was his forces that occupied Insein and threatened Rangoon.

But somehow the Karens withdrew, be it due to divided counsels in the Karen camp or the Burmese army pressure. The Thakin Nu Government turned the corner. Since that day, the Government forces have been clearing the country of insurgents and except in the country round Papun, they have succeeded in doing so. Most of the important Karen-held towns throughout Burma have been taken back by the Government forces. Saw Ba U Gyi was killed in fighting and important Karens like Saw Johnson D. Po Min, a minister in the Karen (Kawthu-lay) provisional Government at Taungoo, left the rebels and turned over to the Government side.

The Karens offered to lay down arms on condition that they be re-absorbed in the army, but the Government refused to entertain such peace feelers. Actually, the Karens in the army are suspect. The C-in-C., General Dunn Smith, has been given forced leave, and is busy hunting and shooting in north-western Burma. The units of the Burma army are being "screened" of potential deserters. Those disbanded or those who surrender are being prepared for civilian life in rehabilitation brigades. To save the Karen leaders from the wrath of Burmese people, their leaders who have been captured are kept on an island in the Kine Lake at Rangoon.

Communists Lose

Gradually, too, the Government forces have been clearing the country of Communists and White Band PVOs, which lately split into three groups—pro-Communists, Independents; and those who would fight against the Communists. The Communists have no large area under their control.

Estimates about the number of Communists and PVO rebels against the Government differ. The two groups of armed Communists number about a thousand each, the White Band PVOs about 5,000 and the Karens another 4,000. A question arises: Are all members of the leftist groups politically conscious, do they ideologically believe in what they are fighting for?

The answer, according to well-informed observers is No! There are undoubtedly groups of intelligent politically trained workers who believe in the ideology they are fighting for, but the groups are too small, and the bulk of their followers are with them either for reasons of personal loyalty, or for the advantages which carrying a gun or rifle gives—sometimes even for the fun of it.

Ideologically the present Government of Burma is left, more left than one is likely to believe. Its policies have been laid down by the groups now in opposition. The leftist unity plan of Thakin Nu, for instance, was drawn up by Thakin Thein Pe, until 1946 the Secretary of the Burma Communist Party.

Those in revolt are against the Government not because of ideological differences but because of temperamental differences. Were they in power, it is doubtful if they could go farther left in the internal policy of Burma. Besides, but for the pocket-size war in Burma the Government would have gone farther left.

Leftist Programme

The following are the essential features of the 15-point programme outlined by Thakin Nu on June 13, 1948: Immediate establishment of diplomatic and economic relations with the Soviet Union and the new democracies of Eastern Europe; nationalisation of monopoly capitalist concerns and their joint control by the State and the workers; State control of foreign trade; "non-acceptance of any kind of foreign aid which will compromise the economic or military independence of the State"; reorganization of the armed forces on the models of the people's democratic armies; abolition of landlordism and distribution of land among the tillers of the soil; plan for the industrialisation of Burma; repeal of all repressive laws and oppressive measures;

joint action with the workers "against the encroachments made by big capitalists on the workers' rights and living conditions"; and the formation of groups for the study and dissemination of Marxism, including the study of the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and such other Marxists as Mao Tse-tung and Dimitroff, etc.

The goal of leftists in Burma, according to Thakin Nu, was that the wealth of the country be exploited by the united efforts of the people and there be a system under which what is won by these efforts should go to the people themselves.

Already inland water transport has been nationalised; so also one-third of the forest concessions. The nationalisation of the remaining two-thirds, which was to have been implemented in June 1949 and 1950, has been held up because of disturbed conditions. Trading in rice is a Government monopoly.

The Burman is as lovable, happy-go-lucky a fellow as the Italian in Europe; he is fond of gaudy clothes, his cheroot and a good time; he is all smiles and laughter. In competition with the neighbouring races, for instance Indian and Chinese, he has lost heavily, for, it is said, he is incapable of sustained manual work for any length of time.

Observers of Burmese ways and habits say that the institution of lottery has done incalculable harm to the Burmese nation—this by making them indolent; others say their outlook is shaped by the matriarchal system prevalent in Burma. The woman dominates the life completely; she runs the business and chooses her partner according to her choice. It is she who works hard; and she is money-minded. Man, on the other hand, are spendthrift, and they take life easy.

Consequently the pattern of fighting in Burma is not traditional. The war is not a total war; it is based more on the hit-and-run tactics. The insurgents control a few isolated points in the interior of the country; from these places as bases they direct their activity, which may consist of imprisoning the civilian administrators, looting the treasuries, or organizing hold-ups in the countryside, e. g. of road convoys, and threatening communications. There is no

blockade, either for trade or other purposes.

In areas controlled by them the Communists have been encouraging the production of rice which brings cash or consumer goods to those areas, for ultimately the Government buys up all the rice for export or internal consumption. And no Burman would fight in the sense generally understood. He may fire rounds for the fun of it. If he feels tired, he would sit down in the midst of heavy fighting and gamble with his colleagues may be with catridges, which may later be sold in China Town.

Two factors are responsible for bringing about quick stability to the Thakin Nu regime. One is the support of the Kachin and Shan chiefs to the Government. These chiefs, who are like the ruling princes in India, were won over by the present administration by letting them retain their privileges and internal autonomy in several matters, and by giving them responsible posts. The President of the Union is Sao Shwe Thaik, a Shan chief, who has a considerable following among the chiefs.

At one stage the Karen soldiers wanted refuge in the Shan States, where the extremely difficult terrain would have made it impossible for the Government troops to oust the Karens for a long time; but the chiefs refused, thus enabling the Government to give battle to the Karens in the plains of the Delta. The chiefs have stood by the Union, and the Government has reciprocated by giving them all consideration.

Religion Used As Statecraft

Thakin Nu did another thing which stabilised the Government and also raised him in the eyes of the people. He borrowed the relics of the Buddha from Ceylon and India and sent them round the country. This was responsible for what has been termed a great religious revivalism, the like of which has never been witnessed before in Burma, where the masses have deep faith in Buddhism. Nu's reputation, already that of a saintly and holy man, was further strengthened. And Nu often repeats his determination to retire from active political life to a life of meditation, the life of a pongyi a monk.

Every Burman becomes a pongyi once in his life, be it for a day or a year or ten, and has great regard for this institution; he admires the self-sacrificing spirit of the simple-living and high-thinking Prime Minister.

The civil war in Burma has completely upset the economy of the country; exports have dwindled down to a small fraction of the pre-war figures; and imports have increased, even of goods which Burma previously exported. Inland communications being disrupted, the interior areas hardly get the consumer goods, and when they get them they have to pay through their noses.

The Changing Pattern Of Trade

The pattern of trade in Burma has undergone a radical change during and since the war. Before the war, the economic life of Burma was dominated by non-Burman interests—the few monopolists, British, Indian and Chinese. It has been estimated that Indians owned two-thirds of all the cultivable land in Burma and controlled 60 per cent of the trade; 58 per cent of the entire foreign capital invested in Burma was Indian. The Burman could not secure any place in business; the foreigners crowded him out.

The war changed the situation. Hundreds of thousands of Indians fled to India, and the British packed and ran away to the UK or came to India. With the liberation by Japan, the Burman rose as if it were from sleep, and quietly walked into Europeans' establishments and claimed them to be his own.

Besides, the Japanese made the Burmese work and disproved the myth that the Burman was good-for-nothing, a myth engendered by the British. Then came the end of the Japanese and post-war British occupations, and the Burman became the master in his own house.

Sixty per cent of all import licences are given to Burma nationals. But the Burmese, new in the field and not yet prone to saving, have little capital of their own. Hence there is a big racket in import licences. The Burman takes the licence, and sells it at a premium which often equals the value of the goods to be imported. It is even possible that the licence-holder may use his possession of the licence to extract further money, once the

order has been placed and the goods await clearance.

Before the war Burma exported 3½ million to 4 million tons of rice, 40 per cent of her total exports. The production has fallen and so have the exports; in 1949 she exported only 1 million tons; and the figures for 1950-51 are not expected to exceed very much those of 1949.

The Thakin Nu Government started off as an extreme Leftist State. The internal troubles have mollified its ardour, and today it is a Socialist State which believes in following a middle-of-the-road policy in regard to the power blocks. Burma has exchanged diplomatic representatives with Russia and seems to be looking up to the new democracies of South Eastern Europe for inspiration to build up the country.

She does not want to antagonize China, and was the first Asian country to recognize the Peking regime; and when 4,000 KMT personnel entered Burma to escape to Thailand, Burmese Government forces disarmed them and interned them. Burma must maintain a friendly attitude towards China, her powerful northern neighbour, as also India, her neighbour on the western side, with which she has closer bonds. Pandit Nehru is held in great esteem throughout Burma, and the Burmese think that a small nation like theirs must not antagonize either India or China.

Generally speaking, the foreign policy of Burma, India and Indonesia has been the same, particularly after Nehru's visit to Indonesia and to Rangoon. Burma is aware of her strategic location between Chinese Communism and the so-called democracies on her left and right flanks. She means to preserve her independence by a policy of neutrality in any conflict between the two major power-blocs; what her attitude would be if India or China were involved in a major war is difficult to say at the moment.

On the whole, in spite of the pocket-size war in parts of Burma, in spite of corruption and economic ills, in spite of snares laid down by the Anglo-US block or the Communist bloc, the small nation of Burma, with a young but politically mature leadership, is trudging along to a better life.

THE MYSTERIOUS GENERAL LI MI

By ANDREW ROTH

IN a curious way the future of American policy toward Communist China hinges on the fate of 4,000 malaria-ridden Kuomintang Chinese guerillas holed up in the almost inaccessible mountainous jungles of the Shan States of Northeast Burma. Their veteran commander, Lt. Gen. Li Mi has recently reached Formosa after a clandestine voyage via Bangkok and Hongkong and is attempting to secure supplies and further reinforcements. Adequate food, arms and medical supplies—which must come through Bangkok—can now only be supplied with more open American complicity.

It was to focus the full floodlight of international attention on this impending American decision that Peking and Moscow have been making patently ridiculous exaggerations of U. S. intentions. "The American Command," Soviet Foreign Minister Vyshinsky trumpeted at the UN General Assembly on January 3, "is busy transferring Kuomintang troops from Formosa to Siam and Western Burma. It is busy preparing largescale military operations on the borders of the Chinese People's Republic."

Coming at the time when Mr. Churchill's ship was approaching New York, it seemed a rather obvious attempt to emphasize by exaggeration the differences among the non-Communist countries in their relations with China. One of the most difficult briefs that the Churchill-Eden team carried with them was the attempt to convince Washington to "freeze" matters in Asia in the thin hope that the Formosa government might be abandoned after the U. S. elections in November. By focussing attention on the Kuomintang guerillas in Burma, Peking and Moscow hope to emphasize not only the gulf on Chinese policy between the British Government and the Truman-Acheson "moderates" in Washington, but the unbridgeable chasm separating British opinion from the MacArthurite wing

of American strategists which wants to keep the Chinese Communists "off balance" by sponsoring Kuomintang guerilla raids on mainland China.

Although the *Manchester Guardian* has described Li Mi's troops as "the only Kuomintang guerilla force to achieve any substantial success," it is more likely to win victories in Washington than in Yunnan. These 4,000 guerillas are more significant for the wide political ramifications of their actions than for their military potential.

Lt. Gen. Li Mi is a little-known veteran Kuomintang General who managed to escape through the Communist lines after his troops had been smashed in a decisive battle along the Eastern section of the Lunghai Railway in 1948. He came into the news when the Kuomintang appointed him as Governor of Yunnan and commander of its remaining troops after its long-time governor, Lu Han, defected to the Communists in December 1949. In January 1950 the Kuomintang's last divisions on the mainland, the 26th and the 8th Armies, were routed by the Communists in South Yunnan. About 10,000 troops from these units and the KMT 93rd Division were pushed back toward the high passes linking mountainous Yunnan ("South of the Clouds") and the unfamed Northern stretches of Burma.

The infiltration across the largely undefended 100-mile Burmese border of KMT soldiers in civilian dress, beginning in March 1950, was a source of severe embarrassment for the struggling Union of Burma government. Its small, overextended army could barely hold Burma's major cities and inadequately police main roads. Its Northern command could scarcely spare a couple of regiments for the mountainous, poorly-demarcated border with China. Thus, while some KMT troops were disarmed and imprisoned and a few were killed in border skirmishes, the bulk filtered through. They gathered in the East-

ernmost Shan province of Kengtung where many Chinese refugees had settled as farmers in World War II. This part of the Shan States overhangs Northern Siam and its best connection with the outside world is by mule-track to Chiengmai, the Northern terminus of the Siamese railway.

The bulk of these KMT troops entered between May and June 1950, just when Burma and Communist China decided to exchange recognition. In order to show its "honourable intentions" to the Peking regime, the Burmese Government flew two regiments of fresh but unseasoned troops into Kengtung and attacked the KMT troops which had dug themselves into prepared positions a few miles from the border of Siam. The Burmese took some prisoners but the bulk escaped by breaking up into small parties, some of which crossed into Northern Siam before returning.

General Li Mi's survival and reinforcement over the next year provides an interesting insight into the complicated and shifting network of forces operating in Southeast Asia. General Li Mi received the support of pro-Kuomintang elements among the locally-settled Chinese and pro-Kuomintang Chinese throughout Southeast Asia apparently sent him money and some recruits. With typically Chinese dexterity, the General established intimate relations with some of the autonomous feudal Shan chieftains who valued his armed support in local rivalries with competing chieftains. The Burmese government, lacking sufficient seasoned troops and adequate transport to cope with Li Mi militarily, tried diplomacy. It explained to the Peking Government its military inability to expel the KMT troops. The Burmese, who had no diplomatic links with Formosa, asked the U. S. in May 1951 to intercede with the Kuomintang regime there to withdraw these troublesome troops. It should have expected little support for this request because it was during this month that U. S. Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk made his celebrated speech implying U. S. support for rebels against the Peking regime. At the same time Burma protested to the Siamese Government for permitting

gun-running across its borders into Burma. It became clear that the Siamese Government which had become increasingly pro-American and anti-Communist after it received a \$10 million grant in 1950 and was the first Asian country to send troops to Korea, was granting Li Mi's volunteers the same sort of facilities prior Siamese governments had once given Ho Chi Minh's Vietminh guerillas. It placed no restrictions on the activities of Li Mi and his agents and allowed him to establish a sort of headquarters in Bangkok. It also winked at the use of the overland route for his supplies. Thus supplies can be shipped to Bangkok, sent to the railroad at Chiengmai and then taken by mule-track into the East Shan state of Kengtung. The only open question has been the degree of direct U. S. support for this operation, apart from increasing general support for the Formosa regime. The Burmese learned of planes dropping supplies in the Kengtung area but were never able to learn their nationality.

General Li Mi's troops made their first major appearance in the world press last summer when agencies carried the story that three columns of his troops, allegedly totalling about 10,000 men, had thrust 65 miles into Yunnan from Burma. From Taipei, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's capital, came the wild exaggeration that the General had seized one-third of Yunnan, Taipei suddenly lost its voice in August when General Li Mi's troops began trying to filter back into comparatively hospitable Burma, after losing half their effectives in combat with the Communist forces in Yunnan. General Li Mi could console himself only with the thought that the Formosa government's propaganda exaggerations of the success of his attack gave a temporary "shot in the arm" to the remaining guerilla bands in mainland China, fast evaporating as a result of the determined efforts of the Chinese Communists to extirpate all "counter-revolutionaries." This may have been small consolation as the heavy rains beat down and malaria took its toll in the isolated Shan hills. As the "open season" approached with the end of the rains in December it became necessary to

replenish supplies if Li Mi's troops were not to disintegrate.

Communists Smell Plot

When news leaked out that General Li passed through Hongkong on Christmas Eve on his way to Formosa, the Peking Government began to send off wild charges about gigantic plots to attack its Southwestern borders. It was these charges that Mr. Vyshinsky repeated in a somewhat garbled form in Paris. The Peking *New China News Agency* listed the flights between Formosa and Bangkok of U. S. Army Chief of Staff J. Lawton Collins and other American and Kuomintang Chinese officials and came to an unproved conclusion: "All these activities indicate that under the sponsorship of the United States, a new conspiracy is hatching between the reactionary authorities of Thailand (Siam) and the Chiang gang in Taiwan (Formosa)." The agency claimed 'inside information' on a conference convened on November 13. At this, they alleged, Major General William Chase, head of the U. S. Military Assistance Advisory Group in Formosa, said "because, at one time, the Burmese Government felt uneasy about the Kuomintang remnant troops concentrating in the northern part of the territory of Burma, the work of reinforcing the bandit (Kuomintang) troops had to be suspended for a while. Since the Government and public opinion of Burma have relaxed their attention on this matter, Washington circles consider that the plans fixed for transporting the bandit troops to this area must be fulfilled in the immediate future." It went on with the wild assertion that the U. S. 7th Fleet was supposed to transport 70,000 Kuomintang troops to Bangkok before the end of 1951.

It is dubious whether Peking believes that 70,000 troops can be shipped through Bangkok without anyone noticing them. And it probably has fairly accurate information on how little a threat Li Mi's guerillas comprise from a military viewpoint. But it may well have wanted to nudge Burma into taking action against the KMT guerillas using its territory as a base. But above all the Chinese, too, have hoped to drive a wedge between the U. S. and its allies over their policy toward China.

British diplomats were overjoyed last spring with the victory of the Truman-Acheson "moderates" over General MacArthur and his supporters of an extreme policy of hostility to Peking. But they have been concerned over the tendency of Washington administration to take over, bit by bit, the policy of the MacArthurites with regard to China. As long ago as April 14, a "Voice of America" broadcast from Washington stated: "It is one of the openest secrets here that both British and American agents have maintained contact with Resistance forces in South China from the first days and that aid to such forces has been flowing by various channels for many months." Britain's Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs expressed "dismay" at the allegation, denying there was any truth in it "as far as the United Kingdom is concerned." But the broadcast's reflection of American policy was suggested by Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk in a speech on May 18 in which he implied help to the Chinese if they would "assert their freedom" in revolt against the Peking regime which he classified as "a colonial Russian government." Although Mr. Rusk was chided for overstating the official policy of that time, a high State Department official explained the policy to Sebastian Haffner, the Washington correspondent of the pro-American *Observer*. "America intends, in fact, to continue a 'wait-and-see' policy towards the Chinese mainland, watching developments and reserving the right to give diplomatic and material support to any local or national rival Government which might develop out of the present resistance and guerilla movements." These enunciations of U. S. policy must have given General Li Mi, then starting his thrust into Yunnan, tremendous encouragement.

Under the terms of last autumn's Mutual Security Act the U. S. was fully converted from a protector of the Formosa regime to an active ally. The 1952 Mutual Security programme allots \$300 million—a third of the whole Asian allotment—mostly to modernize the KMT's 25 divisions on Formosa. Its implications are spelled out in the recent New Year statement of Major General Chase, chief of the U. S. military mission on Formosa,

who described the U. S. and the Chiang regime as equal partners in the fight against the evil of Communism." He mentioned for the first time the possibility of the U. S. and Kuomintang Chinese forces working as a "team" outside Formosa. Gen Chase urged "even closer co-ordination" between American military advisors and the Kuomintang Chinese armed forces "to make sure that the 'team' is ready for whatever action is called for—whether it be on this island or in other troubled areas. Every man of my command is resolved to do the best he can to help you realize your plan for a completely free, strong and independent Chinese nation." It is clear that Gen. Chase conceives as the ultimate objective of his mission the overthrow of the Communist regime in Peking and its replacement by the Chiang regime. But how far can such an objective be carried out by assisting inaccessible KMT guerillas located on the territory of a friendly state (Burma) which recognizes the very Peking regime which it is apparently the General's—and American—policy to overthrow?

This is not the only political embarrassment which America's almost solitary support of the KMT regime produces. Thomas J. Hamilton the *New York Times* United Nations correspondent has disclosed that the U. S. delegation at the General Assembly is feverishly seeking a way out of the situation which would arise if the Korean war were to end completely and formally. It would remove the rather thin pretext under which the U. S. 7th Fleet is guarding Formosa to protect Korea's "flank". If the Korean fighting ends formally, so far as the UN is concerned, and the Chinese Communists then attack Formosa, any U. S. participation on Chiang's side would simply mean unilateral intervention in China's civil war. It will not have any UN authorization. And the U. S. will probably

not have the support of Britain or France. The American delegation, according to this usually well-informed source, is seeking to have the UN take over Formosa as a UN trusteeship, which would provide a UN cover for U. S. Navy action to protect Formosa from Communist landing forces. The only trouble with this strategy is that if the UN did agree to take it over, it would be difficult for even the pro-American majority in UN to agree to Chiang Kai-shek's regime continuing to rule there. And certainly a UN trusteeship could not permit Formosan support for a policy of mainland raids, such as represented by the activities of General Li Mi and his guerillas. This predicament may explain why a section of the U. S. delegation is reported to be opposed to any formal peace in Korea except under the currently impossible conditions of a united non-Communist Korea.

Possibly Prime Minister Churchill and Foreign Minister Eden have never heard of General Li Mi and his guerillas. But American sympathy for such actions must inevitably contrast with Britain's recently renewed determination to recognize that the Peking regime cannot be replaced in the near future, certainly not by the KMT. Mr. Churchill has made clear his feeling that too many Western troops are concentrated "on the approaches to China" and too few in the Middle East, where Britain would prefer to see them used. The British, who now follow American politics with the keen eyes of a penniless relative watching the health of a rich uncle, know that the Washington administration could not—even if it wanted to—abandon Formosa in an election year. But if General Li Mi is going to "needle" the Communists by raids into Yunnan the Foreign Office would certainly prefer to have no label showing that the needle was "Made in the U. S. A."

A guide and catalogue devoted to classical and traditional Indian music has been published by Unesco as part of its collection of Archives of Recorded Music. Prepared by a French specialist, M. Alain Danielou, who is known in India, under the name of Shiva Sharan, the work includes an introduction to Indian musical theory and the country's instruments. The two editions, in English and French, carry many illustrations.

INDIAN UNIVERSITIES TODAY

By V. S. MATHUR, M.A., Dip. Ed. (Cantab.)

TODAY in India, more than schools, our universities are places where education is being literally 'butchered.' They have become like factories fitted with the same kind of machinery, producing exactly the same pattern of soul-less, foggy-headed clerks.

The reasons for this sad state of affairs, among others, are: the automatic transfer of students from schools to the universities; their non-residential nature; the dull monotony and sameness in their standards and traditions, the university education being rather expensive and thus not within the reach of all youngmen of promise; the absence of any moral and cultural education; and the defective administration which is practically entrusted to non-educational persons who somehow manage to secure a certain number of votes.

Those who have the privilege of teaching in degree colleges know that at least half of the students sitting before them should not have been there. There are persons of all types—bright boys clustered together with 'veterans' who never leave a class for many more years than is necessary. There are indifferent students who have joined the colleges only because they have nothing better to do and because their parents believe that colleges are an easy pass-port to better jobs.

The picture gets even gloomier in some of the private colleges where the managements want a certain number of students to be admitted at any cost. I have even known cases where teachers are taken to task if there is a fall in college admissions. Consequently there is chaos not only inside the colleges but also outside when the country gets 'bumper crops' of graduates every year.

Merely passing the Matriculation or Intermediate examination should not be the only qualification for entering a university. An additional university admission test should be instituted and endeavours made to select only those students suitable for higher education, who are capable of gaining from it.

This will drastically reduce the number of 'shallow' graduates and also raise the general standard of university education which in many places is disgracefully low.

Further no student should be allowed to remain in a college if he fails even once. Results should not be declared merely on the basis of the written examination but equal emphasis should be laid on the report of the teachers and the tutors who have been intimately acquainted with the students and their work, and the interest the students have shown in sports and general life of their institutions. This will do away appreciably with what we attribute to 'chance' in examination.

Private Students

It is a common practice in universities that students are allowed to appear in examinations privately and no distinction is made from those who have actually resided in an institution for the prescribed number of years. It means that degrees simply have an examination value. Of what use are then the colleges and the professors? Help-books and notes can be cheaply purchased in the market and they are quite sufficient for getting a clear pass.

An outright abolition of the system may perhaps be too drastic a step to start with. What could be easily done is that separate examinations for external students may be held along with the regular examinations and the certificates of such candidates clearly endorsed. This, however, will not affect the students of regular evening and night institutions, which may form a part of the scheme of adult education—on the model of Brickbeck College, London.

The selection of college subjects should also be paid attention to. Students should enter the colleges with definite aims in view and take only those subjects for which they have a natural aptitude. Double courses in M. A. and Law are things which it is hard for one to reconcile.

A majority of our universities are simply affiliating and examining

bodies, constituted on the model of the London University. The idea might have looked feasible more than half a century ago when high education was only in its infancy in this country, but today, when things are so much changed and when so much attention is being paid to the cultural side of education, a revision of policy seems only overdue.

An affiliating university has a number of institutions of all types and all sizes within its folds. Some of the colleges are well established and have excellent staff and healthy traditions, while others are commercial creations with poor equipment and equally inefficient teachers. The students of the two types of colleges should not be labelled as one. They might be possessing the same minimum academic qualifications but the better colleges give to their students training in many other aspects which are never tested. Their students are certainly superior to others.

It should, therefore, be our endeavour to move towards making most of our universities of the residential type having various departments. The Muslim University, Aligarh, is a good example. Here, the hostels are part of the university buildings. As such there is no sudden change of environment when students step out of their residential quarters into the class-rooms, which in many cases lie only a couple of yards away under the same roof.

In this university, a uniformity of dress and culture pervades the whole atmosphere and, in spite of what many critics may have to say, the university, in normal times, has a 'charm' and a personality of its own. The Hindu University, Benares, has high and noble ideals before it, but only when they are attained to the full can we expect it to be a healthy 'national' institution. The only thing that startles one is its formidable size.

In Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi, where it is a physical necessity to have more than one college, it might be useful to have more than one university or to have an inter-collegiate system so that a cultural and academic uniformity may be evolved.

Regarding the third defect, i. e. extreme monotony in standards and

traditions, there is nothing for the country but to follow Sir Maurice Gwyer's advice that there should exist some peculiar 'character and colour' in every university which should be its 'sole property'. In addition, the different universities should specialise in different spheres of learning and research. All this will create a sort of 'freshness' and a new vigour in our education and provide ever so much wider scope for the young geniuses of the country.

Cultural and moral education is practically non-existent in our colleges. Bible lessons in some Christian colleges do not serve the purpose well. Religion taken in its literary meaning has no appeal for anybody, but used liberally the term is all-fascinating; and our aim in higher education should be to train students to use the term in its wider application.

Commercialized Atmosphere

One who is intimately acquainted with the university politics in this country knows very well how sickening is the state of affairs that goes on within the portals of our 'temples of learning'. The election campaigns and the mutual jealousies amongst professors and lecturers bring about a disgusting stagnation of knowledge and very often a wholesale massacre of genius. Democracy in education has been grossly misused in India, and everywhere a few individuals with influence and power control the affairs of educational institutions while the better but quiet workers are thrown into the background. A sort of narrow money-making commercialization pervades the whole atmosphere and many unacademic interests prevail in these purely academic bodies.

The three-year degree course, a bold reform introduced by the Delhi University, is perhaps the first example of a courageous step taken by a Vice-Chancellor in spite of bitter criticism from all quarters.

The institution of visiting professors has also proved its utility and we should make wider use of this very valuable innovation. Transfers of the members of the staff from one university to another should also be encouraged. An exchange of suitable research students may also prove worthwhile. The scheme of extension

lectures needs a wider and a more sincere and earnest application.

Now that English is being relegated to a secondary position in the curriculum, the question of the medium of instruction has assumed an increased importance. There cannot be any possible objection to making the mother-tongue of the student the medium of instruction. But for the present, there will be some difficulty in connection with the scientific and technical vocabulary, and it will be some time before complete vocabularies in the various Indian languages are ready. The continued use of English is, therefore, a necessity. But there should be a keen desire in us to work steadily towards the change-over.

To sum up, one cannot find better

words than what Pandit Amar Nath Jha has said about university education in this country: "Circumstances have altered. Old values are challenged. A change is coming over the spirit of man's dreams and the universities must adapt themselves to the conditions that are arising. They cannot afford to cut themselves adrift from the rest of the community. They must remain faithful to their high ideals. Things that are of permanent value—academic freedom, the freedom to seek knowledge and to express frankly the results of patient investigation, the freedom to resist interference from without in the pursuit of knowledge, the freedom to hold and express opinion, these must be preserved at any cost, or else the universities will fail to justify their existence."

"LEARN AND LIVE"

THE story behind a unique "school" set up to teach better standards of living is told in "Learn and Live", an illustrated pamphlet just issued by Unesco.

This "school" is Unesco's first "regional training and production centre" in fundamental education—that is, education in the fundamentals of daily life. It was established in May, 1951, at Patzcuaro, in the heart of Mexico's Tarascan Indian country.

The purpose of the centre is to train the teachers and develop the teaching materials needed to launch a campaign against illiteracy and low living standards in the region of Latin America.

"Learn and Live" describes the centre's international student body drawn from nine Latin-American countries and the problems faced by twenty Tarascan Indian villages in the Patzcuaro region, where these students are putting their training to practical test.

Unesco's centre at Patzcuaro, the pamphlet points out, is the first in a proposed network of six centres to be established over the next twelve years in Equatorial Africa, the Middle East, India and the Far East, as well as Latin America.

"Learn and Live", illustrated with

photographs and with drawings by a Mexican artist, emphasizes the basic importance of combining education with technical improvements, no matter how elementary.

"It is no use teaching a man to read and write unless you can convince him it will help solve his everyday problems of living", states Lucas Ortis, director of the Patzcuaro centre and former head of rural education in Mexico, in the pamphlet. "The four cardinal points of fundamental education are:

"Man must protect his health.

"He must make the best use of the natural resources surrounding him.

"He has the right to a dignified home life.

"He has the right to enjoy leisure time."

It may not appear to be a very ambitious programme, but it contains the seeds of a profound change in the lives of most of the world's population. The number of illiterates has been estimated at 1,200,000,000 and they also comprise the world's underfed, diseased and poverty-stricken peoples.

In a final chapter, the pamphlet sets forth Unesco's proposal to attack the problem on a world front by setting up similar centres elsewhere.

NOT ONE NIGHT

By KRISHNA DEVAN

THE pavement spread like a miserable piece of worn-out hide, shapeless and tattered. Banana skins and other refuse were strewn all over the place. Spittles of chewed betels blotted the concrete pavings like stains of blood. A neglected handcart lay under a lamp-post. The cartman was sleeping on its sloping planks, his head resting over a cane basket wound with ropes and strings.

The restaurant across the pavement closed and the servant boys came out and squatted on big boulders near the hand cart. They chewed betel and smoked cheap cigarettes. As usual they employed themselves in poking fun at the passers-by.

It was an every day scene in the city of Bombay. After the tiring work of the day, the boys came out and gossiped in their own vulgar manner and sought entertainment of one kind or the other, finding nothing better to do.

In winter and summer and spring the pavement offered a place of rest to many tramps and beggars. They were mainly the savage looking, dark Tamilians who came every night to the very same spot with their bundles of rags and their unkempt rickety children in arms.

Whole families moved from place to place during the day and even late into the night, begging for a morsel of food and when there was no one to hear their agonising call, they met near the lamp-post and shared among themselves what little they had collected in their cans before going to sleep.

In the middle of the night, children woke up to suck their mothers' milkless breasts and then cried breaking the cold, stony silence of the night. It happened every day, like a routine, and woke up the neighbourhood. People in the neighbourhood cursed the beggars and their children, cursed all

their generations past and generations yet to come.

The hotel boys sat on the boulders, their weary legs dangling and spat on the pavement in utter disgust. They laughed aloud like drunken men and pointing to the passers-by talked about them and laughed again.

"That girl up there," said one of them.

"She is mine. You better keep away from her," said another.

"I was the first to spot her. She returned my smile. She won't even look at you," said a third.

"She is the one I have been looking for," said the fourth boy.

Thus they talked about all the girls on the street. Perhaps they too had their homes somewhere in the countryside, perhaps they too had mothers and sisters. Perhaps they too loved and longed for their homes. The drab dreary life in the city had killed the real men in them and in their place were degenerated humans with animal passions and instincts.

The South Indian beggars assembled near the lamp-post as usual. They ate from their dirty cans their day's collection of stale bread and chappaties, fermented rice and anything else they had been able to lay their hands on. They ate sitting in a circle, the mothers, fathers, sisters, husbands, children—all.

The city never goes to sleep in the sense a village in the remote countryside does. The street lights burnt silently. The wind was asleep and the trees stood motionless like dumb spectators. Breaking the sultry silence of the night a car or a heavily loaded truck shrieked through the road pouring out a flood of light on the black streets.

The beggars squatted and talked among themselves of the dead day. Babies clung to their mothers' breasts. Grown up men scratched their heads

as if in wonderment and parted their bushy moustaches with their rough fingers.

The night had come and would pass before long.

The women said something. The men said something and then the children. Nobody knows what they were talking among themselves. What do beggars talk among themselves?

The boys squatting on the boulders dropped small stones on the crowd of beggars. Then they turned their faces heavenward and laughed.

"Who is throwing stones?" The beggars asked among themselves in Tamil.

"May be that boy sitting there," said the wife of one of them, a woman in her late thirties, short of stature, dark and worn-out, with a babe in her arms. "Not one day in our life goes without trouble. Not one day."

The beggars spoke something more. They cursed the mothers of the hotel-boys. "What do they gain by throwing stones at us? Only the God in heavens knows."

The boys laughed a hollow, provoking laughter. Then they mimicked the beggars by crying out into the night, "Amma, Thaye."

Said one of the boys, "Yes those Amma Thayes. As usual to spoil our night. They should be driven away."

"They sell their women. They find their customers here, that is why," joined another, a slim tall lad with a pock-marked face and short trimmed red hair. He spat on the pavement, and puffing at his cigarette shouted "Amma Thaye. Very good that one—that young girl with high bosom and all that. Very good."

The boys pelted a few more stones at the group, as would children at frogs in a wayside pond.

"They are again throwing stones," said the father, twirling his black moustache. He got up.

He moved forward and asked the boys in Tamil, "Why do you throw stones? Have you nothing better to do?" His large eyes were ruddy, his black hair grew long and lay loosely over his bare shoulders, and he wore a piece of rag round his waist. He stood before the boys for a while, as if demanding an answer.

The boys laughed again and screamed, "Amma, Amma, Thaye."

Said one of them, "He wants an explanation, ha ha...."

Said another, "Let him go to hell. We don't talk to Amma Thayes." The third one spat on the pavement utterly disgusted.

The beggar asked again, "Why do you throw stones at us, what harm have we done to you?"

"No, no," replied one of the boys and in a dragged tone asked, "But tell me, will you give me your daughter for the night, just for one night?" And then all the boys laughed together. The boys were talking in Hindi and the beggars understood what they were saying.

The father said, "Have you no sisters and mothers?"

The boys shouted, "Talk to us in Hindi if you want. We don't understand your gaggudu baggudu language. Talk to us the language of the civilised world."

The beggar shouted back, "I can talk only in my Tamil. If you want to hear, you may. I don't know your Hindi. I did not come to this city to learn Hindi...."

The boys said nothing in reply and sat there laughing and making faces at the young beggar girl who was sitting a little distance away from them.

The beggars said nothing more and spreading their rags laid their children to sleep and themselves stretched on the bare pavement, their hands tucked between their knees and curled like worms.

The hotel boys again pelted a few more stones, now bigger and pelted with greater force and properly aimed. A few stones fell on the young girl and she got up weeping.

All the beggars got up and sat. The youngest among them, a lad of fifteen went towards the hotel-boys with clenched fists and shouted, "Thum ko marange, malum?"

"Oh, he knows Hindi, enough to say that at least," remarked one of the hotel-boys. "He wants to beat us, don't you see." And then turning to the beggar-boy, he said, "Is

that your sister. She is nice. What about....?"

The mother with the babe-in-arms shouted out to her son, "You better come away, son. They are ruffians. Don't get to a fight. Come away." And then in a low voice said as if to no one in particular, "Every day of our lives we have to fight. Every day like this, every day, every day...." Her voice slowly died and she held the baby close to her bosom and covered its face with a piece of rag.

The father sat by the mother. "Accursed ones," he said. "Accursed ones. We don't ask them for anything. But they won't even allow us to sleep on the pavements. We can't even sleep on the pavements."

"Why don't you go away," said one of the hotel boys.

"No. If he would give us that girl, we shall let him sleep. Cheap rate," said another.

"No, no. Let them go away. They are spoiling our nights" said the third.

"They can't sell their women anywhere else. That is their goods...." said the boy with red hair pointing to the young girl.

The beggar lad took one step forward. "If you talk things like that," he said in Tamil, "I will finish you off. You scoundrels."

The boys laughed again, "Oh all these Amma Thayes are prostitutes."

The beggar woman with the babe-in-arms said, "We do everything to fill our bellies. We can't even get water. We do everything for food and water." She repeated those words many times.

The beggar lad took another step forward.

Then trouble started as it always happened in the middle of the night in such localities. The beggar lad was kicked and beaten and thrown on the streets.

The whole neighbourhood woke up. Every one pointed his accusing finger at the group of beggars. "These wretched fellows. They never let us sleep."

"*Sab ithar say jao.*"

"*Kither jayaga Maharaj?*" asked the beggar father.

"*Kither bhi jao.*"

"Where, Where? Where shall we go?"

"We want at least water? We do everything for water?" said the mother, not knowing why she was saying that and to whom.

The beggar lad got up and rubbing his joints, spat on the ground. The mother said again, "Not one night. Not one night without trouble. Not one night."

The keeper of the restaurant opened the door and turned on the light. He was like a little white elephant and rolled into the street yawning and rubbing his small eyes. "*Kya karthahe thumlog ithar?*" He shouted. "*Sab jao Jalthe Jai. Nai tho police ko bolega, police ko, police ko.*"

"Where can we go?" asked the beggar father. "Where can we go?"

The crowd drove away the group of beggars.

The beggars gathered their rags and cans and slowly moved on to the road. The woman said, "We will sleep on the road, if you won't let us sleep on the pavement. We have to sleep somewhere."

"Don't talk to them, Amma," said the young girl.

The children cried. The old father twirled his moustache and stood there restless.

Then as they were about to move, he bent over the earth and gathering sand in both his hands shouted, "Oh what a soil. What a soil! They say the earth is very wide. They say the earth is measureless. But Mother Earth, you won't even give us a patch of your surface to sleep. What Earth is this?"

The caravan slowly moved. As they walked forward through the night, the old man scattered the sand on the road in a long continuous line. He was muttering something in his pure and sometimes illegible Tamil.

When the day dawned again, the group of beggars were found lying on the pavement in front of the restaurant. No one knew when they came back.

But they always came back to the same spot.

RUSSIA'S ECONOMIC RELATIONS WITH CHINA

By WILFRED RYDER

SINCE the United States cut off economic aid to China as the Communist armies swept southwards in the summer of 1949, China has had to look to the Soviet Union for aid. What the Soviet Union has provided has been meagre, and in no way compares with what the Nationalist regime received from the United States. The Chinese Communists are as a result dissatisfied.

After long negotiations in Moscow in the winter of 1949-50 China received on February 14, 1950, as part of the Sino-Soviet Treaty, a five-year credit. It was for only \$300 million and was to be repaid in raw materials, tea, gold and American dollars. The amount of that credit must have come as a shock to the Chinese Communists. For in 1948-49 alone the United States gave the Chinese Nationalists \$225 million, mainly in food, cotton and oil.

China did not feel the full impact of the cutting off of American aid until the summer of 1950. Most of the last allocations of American oil, cotton and food for 1948-49 got through. By the summer of 1950, however, they were exhausted. Their lack and the lack of comparable supplies from the Soviet Union soon began to be felt.

Oil Supplies

China can supply as yet only nine per cent of her needs of 7,000,000 barrels of oil a year. Her production in 1949 was 600,000 barrels. The Soviet bloc cannot entirely replace British and American supplies, because they are short of oil themselves, or can send it to China only at prohibitive cost. China received small supplies of oil in 1950 from Rumania, but Rumania has little to spare, and the sea-haul involved is 8,000 miles. The struggling new industries of Eastern Siberia have first claim on the Soviet oil produced in Sakhalin and Kamchatka.

Joint Sino-Soviet exploitation of

the rich oilfields in Sinkiang Province, under an agreement of March, 1950, mainly benefits the Soviet Union. Geography and communications link the Sinkiang oilfields inescapably with Russia rather than with China. The main field, near Wusu, in the north-west of the Province, is only 300 miles from the Russian railhead at Sergiopol; the nearest Chinese railway is some 1,600 miles away to the East, and can only be reached by difficult mountain tracks. Sinkiang oil can therefore be directed towards China only at prohibitive transport costs.

A Sino-Soviet trade agreement for 1951, providing for an exchange of goods "greatly exceeding that of 1950," was signed on June 16 in Moscow by Yao Yi Lin, Chinese Deputy Minister for Trade. He had been negotiating the agreement in Moscow since early February.

An agreement was at the same time signed settling the equipment and materials to be supplied by the Soviet Union under the \$300 million five-year credit. Since, on April 19, 1950, a protocol was signed fixing the quantities of equipment and materials which China was to receive up to 1952 within the terms of the credit agreement, it is clear that the agreement has had to be revised. In fact China has exhausted two years' credit in one, and must be allowed to draw on future years' allowances.

"Experimental" Use

Recent reports suggest that China is finding difficulty in getting from the Soviet Union all the tractors she needs. In fact the Chinese themselves admit that the bulk of Soviet agricultural equipment given them is not even mechanized, but is horse-drawn. An official Peking report states that the equipment includes ploughs for land reclamation, seeders, harvesters and huskers. The total is "nearly a thousand."

Use of the machines is only "experimental," which would indicate that

there is no guarantee of the supply continuing. "The experimental use of Soviet horse-drawn agricultural machines in selected villages of north-east China was continued this year," the report states.

Nor can Communist China find in the Soviet satellites the goods she cannot get from the Soviet Union. For the Soviet Union has skimmed off the cream of their production in long-term trade agreements.

This happened, for instance, when the Soviet Union signed on September 27 a four-year trade agreement with East Germany. By its terms East Germany is to supply machinery, motors, industrial equipment, optical and precision instruments, measuring and testing equipment, chemicals, china, glass, potash, sea-going vessels, and television sets. This agreement, Herr Rau, the East German Deputy Premier, has said, is to be the first of a series of long-term agreements between East Germany, China and the other People's Democracies. But, he

said, "With China only an annual agreement will be signed in 1952, because preparations for a long-term agreement have not gone far enough."

Trade With S. E. Asia

The Soviet Union also seems to be trying to outbid China in trade with South-East Asia as well as with Eastern Europe. The Soviet delegation to the conference of the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE) in Singapore in October last year offered to supply South-East Asia with capital equipment in exchange for raw materials.

The Western delegations were at a loss to know where the Soviet Union was going to get the capital equipment, because she is desperately short of it herself. It seems, however, that the Soviet Union is trying to run its own version of the Colombo Plan by buying Japanese machinery to exchange with South-East Asia for raw materials. The Soviet Union has offered Japan a large trade agreement to that end.

In Japan, as in East Europe, the Soviet Union is obviously trying to get in ahead of China. For China is showing definite signs of seeking to revive trade with Japan and South-East Asia.

Most Bitter Shock

The most bitter shock for China has been Soviet tardiness in helping her cotton industry. On June 6, all Chinese cotton mills were ordered to close because of a shortage of raw cotton due mainly to the United Nations economic blockade of China. From July 23, Chinese mills operated only four days and four nights a week. Not until early October did the first consignment of Soviet raw cotton arrive in Shanghai. By that time the cotton harvest was already reaching the mills.

China's 1951 trade agreement with the Soviet Union was signed in Moscow on June 16. Chinese mills closed on June 6. There had been ample time since May, when it was becoming obvious that a shortage was going to occur, for Yao Yi Lin in Moscow to ask the Soviet Foreign Trade Ministry for emergency supplies of cotton, and even for them to begin the long railway journey from the Soviet cotton-growing Republics. All that was required was that the Soviet Union should be willing to help an ally in need.

While Chinese cotton mills have been shut down or placed on half time because of the lack of raw cotton, ample supplies of Soviet raw cotton have been arriving in East Germany. Between January and September last year more than 10,000 tons of highquality Soviet cotton were delivered to the publicly-owned cotton mills of East Germany; another 6,000 tons were expected before the year's end.

The *Leipziger Baumwollspinnerei* received 22 waggon-loads of Soviet cotton during the second half of September alone. In May it received 60 waggon loads. In the first six months of last year the *Chemnitzer Baumwollspinnerei* used 5,000 tons of Soviet cotton.

The Soviet Union gives Communist China far less credit than the United States gave to Nationalist China. She supplies oil at greater expense. She cannot supply enough machines like tractors, or capital equipment, nor can the Soviet satellites, because the bulk of their production is going to the Soviet Union, which is also endeavouring to take her pick of Japanese products before China can have a chance. The Soviet Union has ample cotton to spare for East Germany, but not for China.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Peking has openly to admit that the Chinese people are not quickly eradicating pro-Western feelings and developing in their place friendly feelings towards the Soviet Union. The admission is made in a review by Chien Chun-jui of the two years' work of the Sino-Soviet Friendship Association of which he is secretary. He says there are "many shortcomings" in the activities of the association.

"The ideological and political nature of activities (and) publicity on Sino-Soviet friendship are still inadequate."

He admits that hostility and criticism of the Soviet Union are still to be found in China:

"There is a lack of timely and systematic refutation and rebuttal of remnant ideas hostile to the USSR and misunderstanding of the USSR."

One reason for Soviet niggardliness in trade with China is that she has not got enough herself of the capital equipment which China needs above all. Or China may have been buying so much Soviet military equipment that she cannot afford to buy anything else. A theory advanced in Whitehall is that the Soviet Union will not supply any great quantities of machinery or capital goods until Soviet experts are sufficiently infiltrated into Chinese industry to ensure that it is properly used, and used in conformity with Soviet policy in China.—(*The Tablet*).

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WEAPONS OF FUTURE WARS

By WILLIAM STEVENSON

FARMERS and trappers are being cleared from several thousand square miles along the border of Alberta and Saskatchewan. "The R. C. A. F. needs the land," they're told, "as a range for developing and evaluating air weapons."

Passengers aboard Trans-Australian airlines are "blackened out" in the region of Woomera, 300 miles north of Adelaide. "This is merely a security measure," blandly comments Australia's Defence Minister. "Since we can't put blinkers on the pilots, too, they're sworn to keep secret anything they see there."

The Red Army has cleared all civilians from the Baltic port of Usedom. At its tip, Soviet scientists have rebuilt Peenemuende, where the Nazis developed their V-2's and other rocket weapons.

Nightly over the Welsh coast streak ghostly, stuttering shapes. From the sun-scorched desert of Tularosa basin, in New Mexico, monsters with inflaming tails roar skyward. Out in the Pacific, the U. S. navy tender, Norton Sound, plunges under the searing launch of a rocket.

Canada, as part of her heavy investment in military science, has joined her North Atlantic allies in the race to master these strange shapes which are soaring from such bases all over the world.

Their names are worthy of the ominous new stable founded by the war scientists—the guided missiles. In the U. S. they are "Viking," "Gorgon," "Matador," in Britain "Snarler" and "Stooge," in Soviet Russia "Fire-Lily."

These are the weapons of future wars. Air authorities are so sure they will dominate the skies in less than a decade, they talk now of orthodox aircraft as "inhabited." They are the precursors of long-range, atomic artillery and the era known, euphemistically, as one of "pushbutton war." But they do exist, and though seldom seen by the public except as distant sky-streaks they mean so much to each of us that Albert Einstein was prompted to comment: "If there is a third world

war, the fourth will be fought with clubs."

The main burden of their development in the West rests with nations of the British Commonwealth and the U. S.

Device Of Fantasy

Canada is now concentrating on air-to-air missiles, the first of which is under development at Valcartier, Que., by scientists of the Canadian armament and research development establishment. It is expected to be used in the Avro Canada Canuck, the twin-jet R. C. A. F. fighter.

For six years, military powers the world over have been battling secretly to master the new weapons. Now, the U. S. has announced its first squadron of the monsters, forming up on Oct. 1 at the guided missile centre at Cocoa, Fla.

Will it sound the death knell to the human duels which, with the sky as arena, recalled the knightly battles of old? Since jets hurtled into war six years ago, air tacticians have believed so. For the jets made "dog-fighting" almost impossible. They were too swift for low, tactical manoeuvring. And human pilots were proving inadequate for the tremendous strains imposed by high, supersonic flight.

So, behind barricades often more formidable than those surrounding atomic research, scientists and technicians have sought pilotless machines flown by electronic "brains" which would be tougher, and swifter in reaction, than man.

The U. S. air force has made known one result—its squadron of red Martin Matadors. Each is launched from a tractor-drawn trailer. It is the cigar-shaped, stubby-winged device of fantasy. Bulging with the electronic units which navigate it to a predetermined target, the Matador is powered by a jet engine and a powerful rocket for take-off. The men who operate it claim they can direct it upon a minute target 100 miles away with complete accuracy.

Yet the Matador is among the least of guided-missile achievements. It falls into one of four main categories under Allied development. Mostly these get power from rocket motors fuelled by liquid oxygen.

Devilish "brains" control the missiles. Electronic computers do the thinking; radio operates servo-mechanisms to give control. More advanced designs respond both to ground control and to "advice" transmitted from computers in the missile itself. These computers use data gathered by instruments aboard the missile, which is thus "homed" on its target.

In air-to-air missiles, such equipment will lead the projectile (fired from a defending fighter) to the bomber being intercepted.

In surface-to-air missiles, a radar beam or ground guidance brings the weapon into contact with the attacking bomber.

The surface-to-air missile may solve the frightful problem of intercepting fast highflying jet bombers. Reaching heights of 40,000 to 50,000 feet in 60 seconds or so, they would be the best defence against jet-bombers, now able to reach their targets before radar-alerted fighters have scrambled to operational altitude.

The air-to-ground missile, on the other hand, gives bombers another edge over defenders of industrial targets. Launched from bombers at anything up to 500 miles away, they shoot forward at speeds of 2,000 miles an hour and more. They are remarkably selective, containing electronic devices which may be sensitive merely to the heat created by a city, or to a particular metal likely to identify a specific industry. These missiles may be controlled, too, by bomber crews using airborne television.

Earth Satellite Debated

Of the missiles now in general, experimental use, the surface-to-surface types offer the biggest grounds for speculation. Totally unlike the other three, they have been developed in the U. S. with the air of 118 German scientists who worked on their progenitors—the German V-2's. The group, moved to the U. S. by "Operation Paperclip" after the war, has been led by the boy-wonder of Ger-

man rocketry, Prof. Wernher von Braun.

Prof. Braun has become involved lately in yet another branch of the U. S. guided-missile programme, the development of "earth satellite vehicles". Just how feasible the satellites might be is not yet clear. In the use of guided missiles, a serious handicap is the inability of radar beams to follow the earth's curvature. This places a restriction on range, which an artificial satellite would overcome. Orbiting earth and carrying relay equipment, it would reflect back to the missile "instruction" beamed to it from earth. In this way, range of control could be prolonged indefinitely.

A flight made in 1949 at the White Sands proving ground prompted Major Gen. Henry R. Sayer, U. S. Army ordnance research chief, to drop a clue in this connection. "There has been conjecture," he said, "as to a possible man-made satellite to circle the earth continuously. It must be admitted that this flight brings much closer the time when such a satellite could be launched."

It was claimed that the flight resulted in a 700-pound Wac Corporal rocket reaching a height of 250 miles. The "shot" as all such firings are called at White Sands, began as a two-stage rocket, with the Wac Corporal carried first to the peak of a V-2's flight before taking off under its own power. "For all practical purposes," said officials, "it soared beyond earth's atmosphere."

It seems more than likely that the rocket also disintegrated. The theory has been advanced that it was not the first to do so; and that particles of destroyed rockets, forming whirling groups, have orbited earth in the same manner as artificial satellites might, and that these have presented the appearance of circular objects travelling through the heavens. In other words—flying saucers.

This is speculation, tough. The fact is that an important feature of guided-missile research lies in the firing of rockets beyond the earth's atmosphere, into an area between earth and the moon where neither exerts gravity pull. If this can be done, Allied military scientists expect

During the recent general election in Britain in October 1951, when a large number of Labour candidates were defeated at the polls, Premier Attlee drove to the Buckingham Palace and tendered his resignation to the King long before all the results were announced. Again in 1945, Mr. Churchill at the height of his glory as the Prime Minister who won World War II for England, resigned as the election results were being announced, when he found his party was losing its majority in Parliament.

It follows that it is not open to a Government which has faced the electorate and is defeated at the polls, either collectively by a heavy landslide of their partymen, or through individual Cabinet Ministers holding important portfolios, to continue in office, except as a "caretaker administration" with no problems of major importance to deal with, or to retain defeated Ministers in the Cabinet as before the poll. Otherwise it would be a glaring outrage on constitutional usage and practice obtaining in the West, which is now sought to be relied on and grafted in India. Article 164 (4) of the Constitution which enables a Minister to be a member of the legislature for six months without a seat in the House, was not intended to enable a defeated Minister to continue in office, or to get back to the legislature through accommodating elected members or electoral colleges as for the Madras Legislative Council, although *technically* there is nothing to prevent such an unwholesome procedure. It is to be hoped that the Chief Minister of Madras will have the political sagacity to reject any such move. He should face the defeats in a good sport instead of sabotaging the verdict of the electorate by indirect methods or questionable tactics. Article 164 (1) does not enjoin on the Governor to appoint as Chief Minister the leader of the party which commands a majority in the legislature. But in constitutional practice it is only such a leader who can form a stable Ministry to run the administration. During his recent election tour in West Bengal, Premier Nehru stated that he could not agree to put off the elections to another six months, so as to enable the refugees from East Bengal to be included in the voters' list, because postponement

of elections would give the opposing parties a convenient handle to attack the Government as not being earnest.

In 1930 in Madras when the Independent Ministry with Dr. Subbaroyan as Chief Minister was defeated at the polls with two of the Ministers themselves unseated, the Governor Sir George Stanley interpreted the verdict as one of no-confidence against the Ministry, notwithstanding the fact that the Chief Minister was returned to the Legislative Council, and would have formed a Ministry summoned by the Governor. Instead, the Governor summoned the leader of the Justice Party to form a new Ministry. In 1923 the late Sir K. Srinivasa Iyengar who was the Law Member of the Madras Executive Council, and held the portfolio of Irrigation as well, resigned his post, because the Justice Ministry under the Raja of Panagal which had supported the Law Member inside the Cabinet in the matter of an irrigation project, failed to extend the same support when he moved the demand in the Legislative Council. The Law Member interpreted the vote as one of censure on him, although as a member of the Reserved Half he was not bound by the vote or bound to resign. Constitutional usage imposes on public men a code of conduct even at the cost of sacrificing a lucrative job. In 1934 in the general election to the Central Legislative Assembly the President of the Assembly who was a prominent South Indian publicist, was defeated after a close contest with a nominee of the Congress. Another prominent Justiceite from Madras City was also defeated at the polls for another general seat. Both these defeated candidates happened to be great friends of the Viceroy Lord Willingdon and they might have got nominated to the Assembly after their defeat, if they had so desired. But they had the sagacity to resist the temptation and face the defeat philosophically. In England by the middle of the 19th century constitutional usage and practice had so far supplemented constitutional law that the powers possessed in legal theory by the Sovereign were almost entirely exercised on the advice of Ministers possessing for the time being the confidence of Parliament. Those who harp on the English practice must be prepared to go the whole hog.

Short Story

WOMEN MUST BEAR

By INEZ DULLAS

NALINI trudged slowly homewards, a huge earthenware *chatty* poised on her sleek, black head. The shadows had fallen as she hastened her step anxiously, hoping to reach home before the return of old Ganga whose biting scolding tongue terrified her. For nearly a year now, she had endured the old woman's nagging with uncomplaining meekness. Ganga despised her, she knew; hated the immature slender body, too delicate for rough work, the pleading look in her eyes, the child-like mouth and the fact that there was no sign yet of any son for Ramnath.

Ramnath was Ganga's son, and the husband of Nalini. That, perhaps, was the reason why the crone disliked the girl so intensely. Ganga considered her a bad bargain—quite the wrong wife for a man who had to toil all day washing clothes. He should have married a woman, stalwart and pliant as a sapling; one who could help him with the washing, and bear him many lusty sons.

There was a light in the hut when Nalini reached it. So Ganga was back. She caught her breath swiftly with dismay; nervously put out a hand to open the door—and, stumbling in the darkness, fell over the doorstep. As she rose, trembling to her feet, dripping wet, the door burst open.

"What has happened—who is there?" called an irate, quavering voice.

"It is only I, mother, I slipped and fell—" Nalini.

"Child of misfortune! Clumsy fool—I suppose you have smashed the new *chatty* I bought only last week. Wasting my son's hard-earned money!"

"Peace, mother," broke in a tired voice, as Ramnath appeared in the doorway. "The girl may be hurt. Art thou?" he enquired solicitously of his wife.

Mutely she shook her head, slipping swiftly into the room behind her mother-in-law.

"Late as usual," grumbled Ganga,

following her. "And all the water split; you will have to return for more."

"Oh, leave her alone," wearily inter-cepted her son. "How can she possibly go to the well at this hour? We will have to use what water remains in the other *chatty*."

Sullenly the old creature shambled off into a corner, muttering under her breath. Nalini started to prepare the evening meal, kneading dough and lighting the fire.

Presently, after Ramnath had eaten, he squatted replete, contentedly smoking a *biri*. Ganga, drowsy with food and tobacco fumes, covertly watched her daughter-in-law. Nalini, having served her husband and his mother with food, was just settling down to begin her own meal.

"Lazy good-for-nothing," burst out the old dame, "eating with such a hearty appetite, and doing nothing to earn your keep!"

"Woman, hold thy tongue," rebuked the man. "It is ill luck that the girl is frail, but such is my fate. She is at least a dutiful wife, meek and obedient. The hour grows late, and the morrow will bring much work to be done. You women retire to rest, and I will follow after one last smoke."

So saying, the dhobi yawned tiredly, and slouched over to the string cot near the door. From a pallet on the floor Nalini gazed wide-eyed and miserable into the darkness. Soon the last embers of the fire died down; Ramnath extinguished his *biri* and, grunting softly, stretched himself flat on the cot.

Minutes passed. Nalini grew drowsy. Suddenly a sibilant whisper jogged her into wideawake consciousness. It was Ganga speaking to her son.

"Son, she is asleep, so we can talk unheard. Listen to my plan—"

"Mother, what do you mean, what would you have me do?"

"Only this, my son, your wife is young, 'tis true, and passing beautiful. But of what avail are youth and beauty if strength be lacking? It is

permitted that a man take unto himself a second wife if there be no issue by the first!"

"Enough! I will hear no further. I do not desire another wife. Nalini is a good wife, though she is not hardy like other women."

"But, Ramnath, whom will you train to become adept in your profession? To whom will you bequeath your land and house and cattle? Who will support you in your declining years when you can toil no longer?"

"There is time," answered the man uncomfortably, "she may yet give me many sons."

"Pshaw! Will you wait years and years in the hope that children will come some day?" Listen, Ramnath, there is Jayanthi, the daughter of our neighbour. She is a fine, sturdy wide-hipped wench. Comely too. And her father will bestow a large dowry on him who marries her."

The voice trailed away, as Nalini gave a small involuntary gasp of horror.

No further sound broke the silence. In a little while more, Nalini knew that her husband and mother-in-law were asleep by the deep regular breathing she could hear, punctuated by occasional wheezy snores. But the girl had no sleep. She lay awake far into the night, her sick heart breathing to the rhythm of "Jayanthi—Jayanthi—Jayanthi" over and over again.

Ramnath was having trouble with the washing. The water in the pool was low; he was perplexed over the problem of rinsing. It looked as though his wife would have to make innumerable trips to the well to fetch many gallons of water. He did not like the idea of the strain this would impose on her, for in his own way Ramnath loved her. But he could not go himself; drawing water was woman's work. As it was, she was of little or no help in the actual washing, being so fragile.

The clouds hung low over the mountain-tops. Ramnath looked up at the thin trickle which fed the little tarn.

"Soon the rains will be here," he announced with satisfaction. "The stream will swell, and my pool will brim over."

Nalini looked towards the cloud-clad hills. She hated the monsoons.

It meant that the clothes would not dry, and would have to be heated over charcoal fires in a drying-room. She would have to tend these *cigrees*. The damp dreariness of the season always filled her with forebodings. To the sensitive girl, June wind sweeping down rain-laden from the mountains, seemed to portend the fury of the gods and the elements. Anything might happen!

A sudden plop of rain on her upturned face made her start. An unexpected gust of wind came swirling along, making the clothing drying between bamboo poles dance eerily like queer, inflated, decapitated bodies with wildly waving arms.

"It would seem a storm is brewing," Ramnath spoke eagerly. "Quick, remove the clothes from the line to the drying room."

Nalini hurried to obey her husband, staggering under a vast load of half-dried apparel. As she reached the shelter of the hut with the last bundle, the storm broke loose. Rain, in solid sheets, came hurtling down with a steady roar. In no time the meagre trickle that fed the pool became a cascading waterfall.

"Hurry up, hurry up," panted Ramnath, struggling with the wind in an effort to save the poles and ropes which threatened to be torn out of his grasp. Nalini, gasping painfully, helped her man to rescue poles and dripping clothes. Her sari clung close, outlining the youthful contours of her body in all their grace and suppleness. Water streaming down her face and into her eyes, made her choke and gasp.

When at length the door of the drying room was safely secured, the exhausted couple started for home. Nalini wondered whether Ganga would have thought of laying out dry clothes for her son, or of frying fresh chappaties, and making tea. Ganga met them on the doorstep, her face puckered into furrows of anxiety. As Ramnath swiftly entered and walked into the inner room to seek a fresh dhoti and kurta, Ganga stopped Nalini on the threshold.

"Daughter," she began insinuatingly "the wrath of the rain God is vehement. He is angered with thy husband—hark how he rages! Clothes cannot be properly dried if this storm

continues long. Then will my son lose many rupees.... It is said that the Great One is susceptible to propitiation. He will withhold his fury if he is mollified—by some appropriate sacrifice," she concluded significantly.

Without a word Nalini turned and stepped out into the rain—drenched world, shivering with apprehension.

"Oh—And daughter," called the old woman after her "the small brown calf is tethered in the furthest field." The rest of her words were swallowed in a smother of spattering rain, and the door was wrenched from her hand by the force of the wind, and slammed shut.

As she fought her way through the fields, Nalini's mind was awl with confused impressions. Perhaps it was true. Perhaps Ramnath's marriage had altered his kismet for the worse. No wonder Ganga wanted her out of the way. "Jayanti—" moaned the wind, "Jayanti—" teased the roaring waterfall in one loud continuous reverberation. With superstitious dread the girl remembered her fancy—that June unleashed strange elemental gods. Would Ramnath prosper if with proper humility she appeased these demons?

An hour later Ramnath reclined on a mat, sipping scalding tea. Ganga was busy clearing away the remains of his meal. Her worried look betrayed the inner struggle of her mind; vainly, as the minutes lengthened, she strove to reconcile a guilty conscience with the argument that what she had done was for her son's welfare.

"Mother, where is Nalini? She cannot still be in the barn seeing if the stored grain and poultry are secure. She has been gone over-long."

"Don't worry, son, she will soon be back," said Ganga with a confidence she was far from feeling.

"But where is she?" interposed Ramnath.

"I reminded her of the wee helpless calf," began Ganga reluctantly, "it is so...."

"Woman!" interjected her son. "do you mean to tell me you sent her out in this filthy weather when she is so frail? You must be crazy!" Angrily he turned away, and snatched the lantern from the floor.

"Where are you going?" quavered the old woman.

"To look for her," answered Ramnath brusquely.

Overwhelmed by a leaping terror, he strode out into the rain. Where could she be? An ominous rumble made him recollect her fear of thunder. He was running now, with a swift unreasoning panic, towards the pool and the waterfall.

"Nalini!" he shouted as he ran. When he reached the Dhobi ghat, his voice fell to pleading. "Nalini!" he whimpered like a child. But only the clamour of wind and rain could be heard, as he stood soaking wet, gazing at the turbulent waters. Falling on his knees, he searched the earth for traces of recent footsteps, but even his own were obliterated as fast as he made them.

Ramnath scrambled to his feet and walked unhappily towards the furthest field. The calf was gone. Swept away by the powerful gale, doubtless, for the tethering post was uprooted and the rope frayed.

The man, utterly fatigued, reached the door of his hut, and knocked for his mother to open it. She emerged as he stood distraught and swaying on the doorstep.

"Quick," she urged, "get inside and change those clothes quickly."

"But Nalini—I cannot find her," he cried miserably.

"No matter now," Ganga remarked. Then seeing his face she relented. "She may have taken shelter at the house of Gopal, the grain merchant, whose house is near the last field."

Though the words held little conviction for Ramnath, he staggered into the hut and dropped on his bed; there seemed little else to do for the moment, till the raging of the storm abated, and his strength returned.

Suddenly a low, inarticulate cry froze them both! They listened motionless for a second, then....

"The barn!" shouted Ramnath, scrambling to his feet. Ganga hobbled after him with swinging lantern.

As the barn-door was roughly flung open, a curious spectacle met their wondering eyes—Nalini trying to get up, her face pain-drawn, blinking dazedly at the cow licking her calf.

"I—I am sorry," began the girl apologetically, meeting her mother-in-law's gaze timidly. "I must have fainted—"



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"What happened? Are you all right? I have been searching everywhere for you," interrupted her husband.

"Yes. After I rescued the calf I was returning when I slipped and fell down, spraining my ankle on the muddy ground. It was not far from the waterfall and I thought the water demons were after me. That was why I fell down, because I was running terror-stricken," she said shamefacedly. "Somehow I managed to limp here leading the calf. Then the pain of my ankle was increased by one of those sick dizzy spells I have recently been having because of the heat. I fainted in the barn."

"Fainted!" echoed old Ganga, a gleam of interest lighting her eyes.

"Yes, mother. The hot weather has been so oppressive till today."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the crone, "you are young and healthy, and the hot weather does not affect such as you, girl!" She paused, "I believe—thou—art—going—to—bear—a child!"

"Mother! No—it cannot be," cried Ramnath. But a wild hope leapt into his heart.

"Foolish one. Have I been a *dai* to all the village these forty years for nothing?" demanded Ganga scornfully. "The symptoms are known to me. What can men-folk reckon of such things?"

Nalini sat dumbfounded but her hand crept to her throat and a fleeting expression of unbelievable joy flickered over her pale features. She had noticed too, that Ganga had said 'thou' to her for the first time.

A new unaccustomed gentleness came into the face and voice of Ganga as she assisted her daughter-in-law out of the barn.

"Come, daughter," was all she said.

The three of them hastened back to the small hut. As Nalini entered, old Ganga disappeared into the inner room, and the girl heard her chuckle delightedly. Nalini peered uncertainly at Ramnath, but he, man-like, was lighting a *biri*, and was unaware of her look.

"A son for me!" he breathed softly, and an ineffable peace stole into his heart, and with it, a shy new tenderness for the mother of that babe-to-be.

INDO-CHINA—TWO RICE BASKETS ON A POLE

By ANDREW ROTH

THE usual way to describe Indochina's strange shape is to compare it to two rice baskets tied to a pole. To those who know South-east Asia this description immediately conjures up a picture of frail-strong little rice-bearers moving with a swift but regular pace which is adjusted to the swing of the baskets at both ends of the pole. Unless the pace is regular and adjusted to the swing of the rice-baskets the coolie can easily be thrown off balance and his precious burden scattered in the dirt.

Trying to work out a three-power method of bearing the burden of Indochina's politico-military defense is somewhat as if three persons of unequal height and with differing ideas about the right pace were jointly trying to shoulder the carrying pole bearing the rice baskets. France feels it has carried too much of the burden too long and wants the U. S. to shoulder more of it, but does not want it to set the pace. Although France itself has often cried "Chinese Communist" it fears that the Americans are now too jumpy about Chinese military intervention and may upset the rice baskets by doing something rash. The Americans are averse to committing any manpower to the present jungle war and, if the Chinese intervene, are reluctant to do so under French Command. Britain replies to France's efforts to get it to shoulder some of the burden with protests that its strength is fully taxed by bearing the brunt in Malaya.

Rising Anglo-American concern about the non-Communist world's ability to continue to carry the burden of Indochina's defense was reflected in the recent Washington talks. After discussing the question with Prime Minister Churchill, President Truman told Congress on January 9 that while American "aid has helped our allies to hold back the Communist advance" in Indochina, "there are signs of further trouble in that area." Foreign Minister Anthony Eden in his Columbia University speech on

January 11 stated: "It should be understood that intervention by force by Chinese Communists in Southeast Asia—even if they were called volunteers—would create a situation no less menacing than that which the United Nations met and faced in Korea. In any such event the United Nations should be equally solid to resist it." In this case Mr. Eden's wish is clearly father to the thought because on the same day military leaders convened a conference in Washington to secure a unanimity which has hitherto been lacking. Their efforts were shadowed by the death, on that very day, of General de Lattre de Tassigny, who had managed to bridge allied differences on Indochina more than any other Frenchman.

It was an amusing commentary on the diplomatic fiction that the Baodai regime is independent, that no representative of the Emperor was invited to the January 11th talks in Washington. General Alphonse Juin, the hard-bitten colonial soldier who has long kept the Sultan of Morocco "in his place" represented France in place of the late General de Lattre de Tassigny. Field Marshal William Slim, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who accompanied Mr. Churchill to Washington, presented the British point of view. The American attitude toward the problem of a possible Chinese intervention in Vietnam was put by General Omar Bradley, head of the Combined Chiefs of Staff. Representatives of New Zealand and Australia, who might later contribute troops, were called in. But no Vietnamese.

The official story is that the conference was held simply to implement the recommendations of the Singapore conference on Southeast Asia of last May. The Singapore conference was convened largely at the instigation of the French, for Gen. de Lattre wanted to convince the British and Americans—who were present only as observers—that the fight for Tongking (North Indochina) was the battle for the whole of Southeast Asia.

No one disputed his contention that the loss of Indochina would endanger the whole of Southeast Asia. But there was less willingness to meet all De Lattre's demands for support. Britain agreed to an increase in exchange in intelligence information and, apparently, to more naval coordination in the Siamese gulf to control the smuggling of arms. General de Lattre did not secure any major commitment until his celebrated voyage to Washington in September, where President Truman assured him that he regarded the Indochinese conflict and the Korean war as "the same fight for liberty." And Pentagon officials assured him that \$200 million of promised military supplies would be given the same priorities as those for Korea.

Even the speeding up of American military supplies—which, however, did not keep pace with promises—and economic help did not staunch what the French have described as the "hemorrhage" of blood poured out in Indochina. The death of General de Lattre's own son there last May and the recent capture of the son of the late General Leclerc has emphasized that apart from 20,000 French colonials, over 10,000 Frenchmen—the cream of the French Army's young combat officers and noncoms—have been lost in an endless war which France alone cannot bring to a military decision. Almost half of France's officers and noncoms are committed to Indochina and France loses every year more officers there than are graduated from all the training schools in France.

The economic "hemorrhage" which accompanies this blood-letting was disclosed at the end of December when the French National Assembly debated the credits for the Indochina war. Out of the record 1952 budget of 3,370,000 million francs, one-tenth, or 326,000 million (£330 million, \$940 million) have to be allotted to finance the war with the certainty that, as in 1951, supplementary credits will be called for which will bring the cost over £400 million (\$1,100 millions). Of this, only a seventh is expected to be covered by U. S. allocations to Indochina under the Mutual Security Act. Little wonder that the former Premier, M. Daladier complained that France, by

spending lives and money in a seemingly endless campaign at the other end of the earth, is crippling itself as a European and African power. This, he argued, can only help Germany. Although Daladier was outvoted and the budget estimates accepted, it was significant that the Plevin Government fell a few days later on the issue of how to apply the cuts on non-military items necessitated by the burden of rearmament and the Indochinese war.

M. Plevin's Government had sent out signals of distress even before its fall. At the Rome talks in November, General Juin presented a memorandum to General Bradley asking for an allied strategy to take part of the burden of the conflict off French shoulders. At the end of December, the French Premier pressed this point again with David Bruce, the U. S. Ambassador in Paris. Perhaps to speed American action, French leaders began to speak of attempting to negotiate a peace, even if it meant talking to Ho Chi Minh and recognizing Communist China. In a speech at Toulouse on January 6, the former French Foreign Minister Robert Schuman said "Our policy is a policy of peace.... Without wishing to abandon any of the interests of France or of the Associated States (of Indochina) who have placed their trust in us, and without wishing to run the risk of opening the door to Communism.... if an armistice can be concluded, there too, on honourable terms, France will not hesitate to make peace."

The American attitude toward French requests for help in Indochina oscillates between recognition that strategically Indochina is the most important point in the containment arc around Communist China—much more important than Korea—and the fear of having over-committed U. S. ground troops "sucked in" there under damaging conditions. At present the National Security Council is reported to believe that no more U. S. troops can be spared for a "peripheral conflict." As General Bradley would put it, the U. S. does not want again to fight the wrong war, in the wrong place, against the wrong enemy.

Washington suddenly decided to accept French importuning for a conference on Indochina apparently after

a meeting of the National Security Council with President Truman on January 5. The U. S. got the jitters about the increase of Chinese forces on the Indochinese border. Mr. Vyshinsky heightened Washington's temperature by his reference to Southeast Asia in the General Assembly on January 4. The fact is that the increasing military, economic and administrative strength of the Chinese Communists gives them possibilities of initiative that alarms those who are convinced that a Communist State must automatically become aggressive if it has the possibility.

The possibilities are clearly there. The Peking Government, in its general improvement of transportation and communications, has recently extended its through railway to the Indochina border at Chennankuan—something planned since the '30s by the Kuomintang. And, after a period in which the Korean war drained most regular troops out of Southwest China, there are now as much as 250,000 men stationed along China's southern borders. Roads, bridges and airstrips are being built or overhauled.

It is here that Britain's Imperial General Staff and the French command differ from America's Joint Chiefs of Staff. Neither the French nor the British minimize the threat to their position if the Chinese do attack in Southeast Asia. But they consider that American intelligence estimates tend to oscillate between gross underestimation of the Chinese and immense overestimation. Thus, General MacArthur thought that the Chinese were "bluffing" when they warned against crossing the 38th parallel in October 1950. But now the Americans insist that the Chinese can carry on another war in Indochina while simultaneously claiming that the Korean war is imposing crushing strains on the Chinese economy. British and French strategists recognize that a Korean armistice will give the Chinese more initiative but are not as certain as the Americans that they will take advantage of it.

In actual fact, the Chinese have behaved very "correctly" toward Indochina. They have trained Vietminh troops and supplied them with arms. But every major power has done this

for the troops of allies under analogous circumstances. The U. S., for example, trained virtually the whole of the Kuomintang air force in the U. S. The painful problem for the West is that the Chinese appear to be training Ho Chi Minh's Army more quickly and effectively than the French are training Baodai's forces. The Vietminh, which had three divisions of regulars in December 1950, had doubled this by October 1951 and are now credited with eight effective divisions.

This growth in Vietminh strength makes the contradictions within the already ambivalent French position very much sharper. The French now want all-out American support, including, if possible, troops, but do not want to yield any portion of the command. Thus, in earlier discussions on what would be done if Chinese armies entered Indochina, France has agreed to refer the attack to the UN in the hope that this would produce substantial numbers of troop reinforcements, as in Korea, but has insisted that the command remain French. Similarly the French oscillate between frightening the Americans with the Chinese and frightening themselves with the fear that the Americans will provoke the Chinese. Thus, during his Washington visit the late General de Lattre said Ho Chi Minh had 8-12 Chinese divisions at his disposal. But last August, according to Michael James of the *New York Times*, the French were convinced that the U. S. was aiding Kuomintang General Li Mi's troops in Yunnan and were jittery that Peking would think they too were involved. M. Jean Letourneau, until recently Minister for Indochina in M. Plevin's cabinet insisted on January 9: "I was in the Ministry for the Associated States for twenty-eight months, and for twenty-eight months there were periodical allusions to the Chinese Communists' preparations for invasion.... There is no sign permitting us to think that the situation on the Sino-indochinese frontier is different today from what it was six months ago or a year ago.... There is also a question of the construction in this area of roads, airfields, and railways. But in actual fact, I repeat, we have no new evidence making us believe in the imminence of an invasion."

PROBLEM OF A "SETTLEMENT" WITH RUSSIA

By Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

This penetrating article by Captain Liddell Hart, world famous military historian and strategical authority, analyses the factors and likelihood of partial agreement with Russia, and the necessity of regarding the entire situation from a higher level than either military strategy or normal politics. What is essential, says Captain Liddell Hart, is to reduce the present tension; if that can be achieved it is likely that a settlement will eventually achieve itself. The greatest danger of war lies in exaggerated hopes of a settled peace.

THERE is much talk of a "settlement" with Soviet Russia, and a widespread belief that fresh moves of a spectacular kind are being planned, following the lead of President Truman and Mr. Churchill. In the foreground are the new disarmament proposals put forward by the United States Government and presented to the United Nations Assembly in Paris. In the background is the growing idea of "negotiating from strength", as soon as Western rearmament has reached a strong enough pitch, with the aim of producing a wider political solution.

What are the prospects? The word "settlement" tends to put expectations dangerously high. For nothing is so apt to create, or aggravate, a dangerous situation than the shock of sudden disillusionment.

Moreover, the people who most ardently expect and desire a peaceful settlement are the people most apt to suffer the worst reaction, even a bellicose reaction, when their hopes of a settlement are disappointed. Peace-planning too often seems to breed a sense of self-righteousness that provokes war, or precipitates it, instead of preventing it.

The word "settlement," has an unreal sense of finality in it, and thus paves the way for disillusionment. Study of history does not encourage much belief in its possibility, however desirable it may be.

Politically, the settlements that Governments make are liable to be upset by changes of government, changes of popular mood, changes of friendships, changes of economic condition, changes in the balance of

power. The kind of settlement that takes the form of a signed and sealed treaty is often the most precarious—because its fixity makes it less adjustable to changing conditions.

Armament Races Always Proved Fatal

Nor does history make one hopeful about the possibility of arriving at a "settlement" about disarmament. There have been repeated attempts to make progress towards peace by this path, but no successes. While the pursuit of security in armament races has always proved fatal to peace, disarmament projects have never fulfilled their better inherent promise.

The proposal for a general scaling down of armaments seems the easiest solution, and has the most obvious appeal—not least on economic grounds. But numerical scales form, in practice, the most difficult approach to the problem. When numbers come into calculation it is hard to reach a general agreement about the scale that different countries deem requisite for their security.

Each country is naturally inclined to exaggerate its own special circumstances, and overestimate its own minimum needs—while failing to see the justification for what others claim. Thus a discussion of the relative size of national forces leads to interminable wrangling, and to no definite conclusion.

Any such quantitative approach to the problem seems even more impracticable now. For Soviet Russia has such a large existing superiority in numbers of men and machines, that any all-round reduction of a proportionate kind would do nothing to improve the security of the Western countries, who are much weaker

in armed numbers. It would entail the fixation of their present condition of inferiority. The effect would be dangerous psychologically as well as materially. A feeling of insecurity makes for war, whereas a feeling of security makes for peace.

A More Promising Approach

A qualitative kind of disarmament, as proposed at Geneva in 1932, was a more promising approach. Firstly, because the abolition of particular weapons had a better chance of being agreed than any numerical scale. Secondly, because the general abolition of certain weapons at that time would have nullified the prospects of successful aggression. If tanks and bomber-aircraft had been universally abolished in 1932 as was then proposed—and nearly agreed—and a system of international inspection established as a check on their revival, there could have been no successful blitzkrieg in 1939-40.

For Hitler owed his initial victories mainly to those particular defence-breaking weapons. Numbers of troops counted for little in comparison. Indeed, his opponents had the superiority in that respect.

If the decisive weapons had once been banned, it would have been very difficult for Hitler to have developed them in secret to an adequate pitch of effectiveness—even without the check of an international inspectorate. For tanks and bombers largely depend for their effectiveness on their crews having operational practice in exercises, and such practice could hardly have been hidden.

But the value of any such agreement now on qualitative disarmament might be nullified because of the much greater chances of carrying out the necessary practice somewhere in the depths of Asiatic Russia. Evasion of any agreed system of inspection would be far easier than in Europe. There would also be much less chance of any fresh developments of a sinister kind being spotted and reported by travellers.

Science Threatens Military Calculation

An awareness of what science is doing also discourages optimism about the basic solidity of any disarmament agreement, even if agreement could be reached. In earlier centuries, the

pace of development was very slow—and thus provided a reasonably firm basis for military calculations. Even so, there was abundant error, simply because official military minds were even slower to change their conceptions. But in this century the application of science to warfare produced an ever increasing acceleration of weapon development. That is now threatening to nullify even the possibility of military calculation.

I was one of the early advocates of what is called "operational research"—the application of the scientific method of enquiry to the study of warfare. In trying to apply it myself so far as I was able, I managed to be fairly successful in predicting, after World War I, the main military developments that governed World War II. Yet I feel very dubious now in attempting any predictions about a World War III, if war should break out. And I don't feel much confidence in even the best organised system of operational research. Things are moving so fast in the weapon sphere that even the most scientific calculation becomes little better than speculation.

"Grand Strategy" Offers Hope

The technical instability of any military basis of settlement, and plan for mutual disarmament, thus becomes all too clear. Let me add that I do not disparage the psychological benefit of an attempt to reach some limiting agreement in the military field. Any mutual step that tends to relieve tension, and create even a limited check on aggressive action is likely to be a help in averting war. It is worth taking some risks—short of fundamental risks—along these lines because of the psychological value. But it would be unwise to count on such steps too much, and wise to regard them as subsidiary.

The main hope of preserving peace lies on the higher level of "grand strategy"—a term about which I have written a lot without making much impression on people, so far! Whereas strategy is only concerned with winning a war, grand strategy takes a longer view. Even in war it never loses sight of the peace that will follow, and should guide the war with that aim always in view. It is no less

needed in peace—not only to preserve peace, but to produce a better state of peace. It might be called the higher strategy of enlightened self-interest.

The conduct of grand strategy rests with statesmen—though soldiers ought to understand it, as servants of Government. While it is primarily political—in the sense of policy—it requires on the part of the political leaders an understanding of war, and particularly of how wars come about.

Situations Change

In dealing with the present problem, it would be wiser for Western statesmen, and all of us, to become adjusted to a continuation of difficulties, and tense manoeuvring, than to look for any definite settlement. Such settlements are uncommon in history, but situations change. That very changeability may in course of time solve our present problems *indirectly*. It has frequently done so in the past, even in the case of problems that seemed quite insoluble.

The problem we face today is appallingly hard—the most difficult in history since the devastating wars of religion between the rival fanaticism of Catholicism and Protestantism three centuries back. Yet that seemingly insoluble problem gradually faded away. Then from 1815 to 1905, a stretch of 90 years, Britain and the British in India lived almost continually under the cloud of war with Tsarist Russia. Yet by an amazingly rapid change the British came to find themselves in alliance with the Russians, against the Germans—their traditional allies!

My vocation has been the study of war—the exploration of its causes, conditions, course and effects. In studying the way that wars break out I came to see that the best hope of its prevention lies in a well-judged avoidance of the things that always tend to produce a catastrophe. In a sense this is a negative solution—but it is a negative that proves the way for the positive. It keeps clear of the accident—causes that are apt to be fatal, and keeps the road open for eventual progress towards a better situation.

Opponent In A Corner

Statesmen need to realise the psy-

chological effect of getting an opponent in a corner. Many people have now come to think that Soviet Russia cannot be placated, and there is a growing belief that no conciliatory move will allay her rulers' desire to grab more gains wherever they can. If that belief is correct it becomes all the more vital that in our precautionary counter-measures we should bear in mind the longstanding lesson of police experience—that "a burglar doesn't commit murder unless he is cornered." That applies in the community of nations as in any smaller community.

The study of war has taught me that almost every war was avoidable, and that the outbreak was most often produced by statesmen losing their heads, or their patience, and putting their opponent in a position where he could not draw back without serious loss of "face." Clumsy efforts to forestall a feared aggression have too often provoked it—particularly where politically-inspired moves have jumped beyond strategic possibilities.

There have been too many recent examples. Chamberlain's "Guarantee" to Poland, in 1939, a sudden reversal of his policy of appeasement, had the obvious effect of combining provocation with temptation. No dictator, especially one like Hitler, could be expected to submit to such a slap in the face. At the same time the palpable impossibility of Britain giving any effective help to a country so remote as Poland tempted him to show the futility of the guarantee. Yet the captured German archives show that Hitler had not intended to deal with Poland in 1939, and that he only made up his mind to attack her after Chamberlain had made his unfulfillable offer of support. So the guarantee merely guaranteed that war would start at the time and in the circumstances most disadvantageous for the Western powers.

MacArthur And China

Similarly, MacArthur's advance beyond the 38th Parallel in the autumn of 1950 was the surest way of provoking the Chinese to intervene in the Korean conflict—after three months' hesitation on their part. It is a sad reflection on Western statesmen that they were carried away by

the flush of success in regaining South Korea, and made no adequate effort to put a break on the continuation of the advance.

The statesmen of the Western democracies should have learned two fundamental lessons from their bitter and repeated experience since 1939. Don't try to bluff on an obviously weak hand. Do try to look at each step you plan from the other side's viewpoint—*before* you take the step.

To minimise provocation in building up our power of defence, we need to get into "the other man's mind." We must try to understand Communist-Russian mentality—not only its Marxist logic, missionary fervour, and urge for expansion of power, but its underlying fears, intense suspiciousness, and strange ignorance: all accentuated by prolonged isolation and the nature of its system.

It may be difficult to fathom that mentality, but we can at least put ourselves on "the other side of the hill," and try to look at things as we should see them from that angle. It would help us to understand, for example, what the Russians may feel about American military activities in Persia, close to their vital sources of oil supply in the Caucasus, or about efforts to make Sweden join the Atlantic Alliance.

The Biggest Risk Now

It is evident that Soviet Russia does not want to venture on war, for if she did she would have struck before the West began to rearm, when the going would have been easy. So the biggest risk now is that the Western powers may say or do things likely to make the Russian Government feel that the Western powers will take the offensive once their rearmament is completed. If the Russian Government becomes definitely convinced that such a

stroke "is certain to come, they will not be likely to wait for it.

From that point of view there is obviously more threat in multiplying the scale of America's long-range strategic air force than in N. A. T. O.'s effort to build up a ground force and tactical air force for the defence of Western Europe. The planned scale of this N. A. T. O. force is such that it may suffice to check a Russian invasion of the West, but is not nearly enough for an invasion of Russia. It is thus plainly defensive, not offensive, in purpose—a shield rather than a sword.

An adequate covering force on the ground is a better safeguard than to depend purely on the retaliatory threat of atom-bombing. An atom-bomber is a bad policeman, or frontier-guard. It is uncertain of stopping an invader, while liable to be mutually fatal in ultimate effects.

But the best safeguard of all is for all of us to keep cool. Indignation and exasperation are primary risks, for such emotions are all too liable to produce a fatal explosion. Nothing can be more fatal than the feeling "it's bound to come—let's get it over." War is not a way out from danger and strain. It's a way down into a pit—of unknown depth.

On the other hand, tension so intense as now is almost bound to relax eventually if war is postponed long enough. This has happened often before in history, for situations change. They never remain static. But it is always dangerous to be too dynamic, and impatient, in trying to force the pace. A war-charged situation can only change in two ways. It is bound to become better, eventually, if war is avoided without surrender. Such logic has been confirmed by experience.—*Reuter Features.—World Copyright Reserved.*

The real guarantee of freedom in a society governed according to the principles of political democracy, whether it be socialist or capitalist, lies of course not in formal rules or safeguards on a statute book, but in the whole climate of public opinion in which political democracy functions, and particularly in that continuing public debate on platforms in the press and above all in Parliament or Congress which is the true characteristic of democracy. The Government of the day must know that it is subject to constant challenge, cross-examination and criticism. Above all it must know that its life is short and that very soon it must submit itself to the judgment of the people, to be returned or rejected according to how they judge of its performance.—FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

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.

Advocates Of Linguistic Divisions, Beware,
Sree Nehrujee in his recent Andhra tour made it crystal clear that he is personally against the re-distribution of the country on a linguistic basis. He was however kind enough to concede that the Andhra State for a variety of reasons has justified itself and it was enough for him that the Andhra people demand it.

A possible inference is that the Guzaratis, Mahrattas, the Kannadigas, the Keralas and the Tamilians, have not impressed upon him, the urgency of meeting their desire and demand for their separate States.

There is another possible inference also. Though he is a Congress President, he may not feel bound by the Congress resolutions and election pledges and may not take necessary action as Prime Minister of India to implement the same.

I am rather afraid that the Andhra State also may not materialise in the near future.

I request the advocates of linguistic redistribution in the country to give their invaluable assistance to the early realisation of the Andhra demand. The Andhra State will be the spearhead of the new revolution. If, as Vinobaji described it, this is a wedge into the over-centralized administrative machinery of the Government of India, this wedge should be driven deep into that structure. Then it will yield results and all linguistic provinces will be easily established in consequence thereof.

Let all lovers of linguistic States unite in defence of their cherished object.

Vijayawada. SWAMI SITARAM.

Election Shocks And Surprises

In view of the fact that during the last five years power was abused by Ministers, one of the major surprises is that the general elections have been free and fair. When Ministers themselves have been unseated, it is not fair to say that the elections are not fair and free. Official machinery has been so neutral and impartial in Hyderabad State that, it is amusing to note, the Congress, the ruling party, is more vociferous in complaining of unfair elections than the opposition parties. Since bad workmen quarrel with their tools, it is but to be expected that politicians argue that elections are fair in all the constituencies where they win and unfair in constituencies where they are routed.

The Congress High Command must by now have realised that no party can rule

the country as it pleases for five years in disregard of the people's interests and yet continue to be in a position to boast that even a stick set up by it would sweep the polls. Even some of the top leaders of the Congress have not been spared by the electorate and have been thrown out. As far as Telangana is concerned, the People's Democratic Front, which is the legal abode of the banned Communists, has assumed the position the Congress enjoyed at the last general elections. The Front has proved to be a veritable Samson in Telangana. Even some of the most outstanding leaders of the Congress have suffered crushing defeat at the hands of the People's Democratic Front. What is the secret of the strength of the Front? Other parties say that the Front secured votes by means of terrorisation of voters. The Front won every seat by thumping majorities, and it is difficult to believe that any party could terrorise thousands of people into voting for it. The truth appears to be that the Communists, in the absence of any solid achievements of the Congress Governments, won over the rural masses in Telangana to their side. Anyway, in view of the seriousness of the allegations made against the Communists, one would be glad if an official enquiry satisfies the public that the strength of the P. D. F. is heart-borne and not bullet-borne.

The reaction to the results of elections varies from man to man, but the general public hail certain defeats and curse certain victories. Nobody ever likes anyone's victory over such universally respected and loved personalities as Sri Madapati Hanumantharao, popularly known as "Andhra Pitamaha", or Sri Jamalapuram Kesavarao, both outstanding leaders with records of the greatest service to their credit. It is scandalous that certain group leaders of the Congress should have short-sightedly manoeuvred to allot to them constituencies that are the worst strongholds of the People's Democratic Front.

The Socialist debacle in Travancore-Cochin and Bombay has taken everyone by surprise. The Socialist Party has somehow not captured the imagination of the public. They talk too much and too often without doing any work among the masses. Their alliance with the Scheduled Castes Federation was a blunder of the first magnitude. K. S. S.

Defeated Ministers

The public are gravely perturbed over

the question of the defeated Ministers continuing in office until the formation of a new Ministry. The Premier's statement that there is no constitutional impropriety in their so doing has not set their mind at rest. On the other hand they have produced just the contrary effect. For one thing what the public want is not an exclusive constitutional approach to the question. What they question is whether such an act would meet the requirements of a minimum desirable political conduct from persons who are entrusted with the governance of the country.

The Premier seeks to support his stand on the analogy of the British practice. The analogy is entirely misleading. Why should the Chief Minister invoke the British practice for sticking on to office and not for getting out? Public memory may be short but the tenacity with which the Ministers refused to face a judicial enquiry into the charges—some of them most serious judged by any standard of political morality—levelled against them by the Ex-Premier Prakasam and a host of other legislators is still fresh in their minds. Is it the contention of the Premier that that conduct was also modelled on the British pattern?

The British elections do not take more than a week. In our country, on the other hand, the elections to the Madras State Assembly will run for over two months. In the case of the Union Parliament they will go on for over six months. The British Parliament is never called to session in the midst of an election. Nor does it ever have to meet in the peculiar circumstances in which the Parliament and the State legislatures in India have to meet in February before the next Ministry is formed. So the question of defeated Ministers continuing to hold office in England is more academic than real and it is no use drawing analogies from British practice when they do not exist.

The Premier has entirely misconceived the question. It was not suggested in any quarter that the Ministry as a whole has to retire immediately on the defeat of a particular Minister. The simple question was whether an individual Minister should continue to hold office after his defeat until the new Ministry is formed. The framers of the Constitution did not apparently envisage the possibility of a Congress Minister losing his seat in the very first election. Possibly they did not also have the faintest idea that the elections in the country will be spread over a period of six months. So what is the use of invoking the Constitution when it does not specifically provide for the situation which has now arisen? The Chief Minister is confusing the issue when he says "We are holding office by virtue of being returned in a majority at the last election." Quite so, as a party. But

how does it help an individual Minister who, to be competent to hold office, must first be a member of the legislature returned in the new election? What John Citizen wants is not a treatise bristling with constitutional niceties but political conduct of bare minimum decency from those whose privilege is to govern him. He therefore expects that when a Minister is defeated in the election he will quit forthwith and not hang on till it pleases the party in power to relieve him.

Some eminent professors of politics have come forward to support the Premier in the untenable stand he has taken. Father Bosmack, invoking the principle of collective responsibility, posed a hypothetical case—it is no longer hypothetical—of the Premier being defeated. Apart from the irrelevance of this point to the matter at issue, I would only remind the reverend Father as to the manner in which the principle of collective responsibility has been worked in actual practice by the Madras Ministry, first when Sri Prakasam resigned and later when Sri Omandur followed suit. The assumption underlying his reasoning seems to be that the Government cannot be carried on without a Ministry—which would happen if the entire Ministry resigned. That this assumption, even in pre-election normal times is entirely wrong is afforded by the example of the Punjab which is having a Governor's regime for the past several months.

C. K. SIVARAMAKRISHNAN.

(ii)

As the general elections are progressing and as the names of successful contestants from Parliamentary and State Assembly constituencies are being published, the question has cropped up whether a Minister defeated at the polls can continue to hold office. Apart from the moral implications involved in the issue, even constitutional rules do not seem to support the contention of the Chief Minister, Mr. P. S. Kumaraswami Raja who maintains that there is no bar to his continuing in office in the teeth of his defeat at the polls.

According to the rules framed by the President under Article 101 (2) of the Constitution, a member of the present Parliament, if he is elected a member of the State Legislature, will lose his membership of Parliament within 14 days of the Publication of the results in the Gazette unless he resigns his membership of the State Legislature. So also, a member of the State Legislature who is elected to Parliament, will lose his membership of the State Legislature within 14 days of the official publication of the results of the election in the Gazette. Thus a member of the State Legislature, who has been elected to Parliament, is being deprived of his mem-

bership of the State Legislature even before he can take his seat in the Parliament and is forced to remain in 'mid air', as it were, till such time as the new Parliament is formed. The same is the plight of a member of Parliament, who has been elected to the State Legislature, till the new Legislature meets.

If such be the case of the present members of Parliament and the members of the State Legislature, who are elected to the State Legislature and the Parliament respectively and who, by virtue of their success at the polls, still command the confidence and respect of the electorate, what should be the position of the present Ministers (they are also members of the State Legislature) who have been deprived of the confidence and goodwill of the electorate and have been defeated at the polls? Is it reasonable that such defeated Ministers' should be allowed to continue in office till the new Ministry is formed and draw salaries from out of public money and enjoy privileges and amenities at the expense of the people when they (the people) themselves have given their verdict to the contrary? No amount of feigned responsibility on the ground that, if they should now resign or seek to lay down office when no alternative Government has been formed or can be formed, they would be irresponsible men, will convince the people, especially when they are not going to initiate any new policy or measure or levy any new tax.

KAKUMANU VENKATESWARA RAO.
Masulipatam.

Location Of Mineral Oil Refineries

It is indeed good news to hear that the leading petroleum companies have decided to establish their refineries in India and the Government of India are actively encouraging them by giving various facilities and concessions. It is further understood that two companies have already signed contracts with the Government of India and decided to locate their refineries in Bombay. Bombay does not appear to be a sound choice even for locating one refinery—leave alone two refineries!

Many town planning experts who have studied the city of Bombay advised long ago against the location of any more industries in Bombay and even the Planning Commission has recommended the proper regionalisation of industries. Bombay is already over weighted with industries and after the division of India, the city has become unmanageable. Transport to and from Bombay is still the greatest bottle neck.

The new Port Kuch Kundla in Saurashtra would have been the ideal place for locating one of the refineries. This

new port brings Delhi and Amritsar into a close range. Probably the proximity of this port to our frontiers has weighed against its selection. Bombay is equally vulnerable for air attacks if the peace of the country is endangered; Kutch Kundla is in no way worse than Bombay in this respect.

The other suitable place for locating a refinery would have been Cochin, or Coimbatore—if a pipe line could be laid for the transport of crude oil from the Cochin Port. The oil companies should not take into consideration their present establishments, which may reduce the cost of installation of the new refineries. Although it would be a little more expensive to locate the refineries at Kuch Kundla and Cochin or Coimbatore, in the long run the oil companies, the Government and the country will stand to gain.

D. V. M. RAO.

Krishna Pennar Project

With reference to the Krishna Pennar Project I am very glad to see that the Government of India has appointed a committee to investigate into the question of giving priority to the execution of the project and the inclusion thereof in the first five year plan. But the public have a right to question the suitability of the personnel of the committee appointed by the Government.

In this connection I invite the attention of readers to Para XI of Chapter VII of the First Five Year Plan relating to irrigation and power projects. According to the recommendation contained in the para, the committee is to consist of

- (i) A chairman appointed by the Government of India,
- (ii) Additional Secretary, Ministry of Natural Resources and Scientific Research,
- (iii) A representative of the Ministry of Finance,
- (iv) President, Central Board of Irrigation, and
- (v) One eminent engineer not in the service of any Government in India (Thick types are mine).

But the personnel now appointed is contrary to this recommendation obviously intended to avoid the committee's provision, decisions being influenced by the Government in Office at the time.

May I therefore suggest that Sir M. Visvesvaraya and two eminent retired High Court Judges from some State other than Madras be appointed forthwith to the committee? It is only then that the recommendation of the committee will command the respect of public opinion.

B. BHIMA RAO.

Bellary.

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THE COMMUNISTS

A correspondent finds fault with us for having called the Communists a blood-stained party. Are not the hands of the Congress, he asks, no less stained with blood. His question is pertinent, since there have been occasions when Communist prisoners in police custody were shot in cold blood under the Congress regime. We are as much against the cold-bloodedness of the Congress as of the Communists. But there is a difference between the two brands. Congress violence is a departure from professed creed for which the organisation as such is not so much responsible as individual Congress administrators who had fallen from the Congress ideals. It would have been the right and proper thing if top-ranking Congress leaders of the stamp of Pandit Nehru had called to order individual Congressmen in office when they exhibited violence and savagery in violation of Congress ideals. But under a mistaken notion evidently that open correction of erring Ministers would weaken the organisation, the supreme bosses condoned their misdeeds. The result is seen in the elections. In Madras State, the prime centre of the Congress-Communist conflict, practically every Minister associated in the public mind as a real wielder of power in the Cabinet, has been rejected and defeated in the polls. Only the comparatively inconsequential have been returned. The Congress Party itself has had its feathers shorn. It is doubtful whether it will command a majority in the legislature. On the other hand, in Bombay where the administration was not disfigured by anti-Communist

orgies of violence, such as prevailed in Madras, the Congress Party has been splendidly victorious and has come out with flying colours in the elections.

Many of the Communist victories in Madras have been the result of adverse popular reaction to Congress rule. In Andhra, where Congress rule has been at its worst owing to the wholly selfish and irresponsible character of the Ministers, Congress defeats have been more numerous and spectacular than in Tamil Nadu. In some of the Andhra districts the rout of the Congress has been almost complete. It was as if the voters preferred any candidate to a Congress candidate, and they supported either a Communist or an Independent or a Praja Party nominee according as one or the other appealed to them in the light of their individual qualities and local influence. To some extent Government violence against Communists had cancelled out Communist violence against Government and prepared the way for Communist candidates posing themselves before the voters as injured martyrs of Congress tyranny. It has also to be admitted that the technique of the Communist electoral campaign is more efficient and thorough than that of any other party. These are some of the reasons that account for the emergence of the Communists, to the amazement of the comrades themselves, as a very strong party in the Madras Assembly, next only to the Congress in numerical weight.

If the past bungling of the Congress continues apace, if for instance the defeated Ministers are somehow

brought back, the adverse popular reaction against the Congress regime will be still further intensified, and it is the Communists that will garner a rich harvest out of it. Nothing can then prevent a Communist Government coming into being, especially if an Andhra State is formed after the elections. The Communists are superb experts in capitalising the misdeeds of any non-Communist ruling party to their own glory, and if the Congress goes on as before, it must either give way to the Communists or do away with elections altogether.

If the Communists win a majority of seats in the legislature there will be no alternative to Communist rule in the State concerned. We do not contemplate with equanimity the replacement of Congress rule, bad as it is, by Communist rule, because the spirit of violence hitherto an aberration, is apt to become a sanctified

procedure under Communism. Democracy cannot survive under the tutelage of a party given to violence in the pursuit of its ends. The absolute unreliability of Communist prescriptions for social welfare is another frightening aspect of their politics. Some of their leaders line up with the Communal G. O., some with the Dravida Kazhagam, others with Independents. Their somersaults from one principle to its opposite over the past half a dozen years convey an impression of shiftiness far from conducive to trust. As it is Congress misrule that has given to the Communists their present electoral victories, it lies with the Congress leaders still at the helm to determine how soon the process of Communist expansion shall be hastened, or whether it shall be checked while there is yet time, if indeed it is not already too late.

Sotto Voce

PANDORA'S BOX



A woman voter on receiving the ballot paper is reported to have burst into tears. Was it the gods weeping at the sleek hypocrisy of our intellectuals slobbering over adult franchise? The ruling caste is more cautious; struggling in mid-stream and not yet in a position to reckon the casualties it does not know whether to be glad or sorry. The Chief Minister of Madras would not commit himself: "We have had reverses no doubt, but then the Congress is winning in Bombay and

Madhya Pradesh". Naive his criterion undoubtedly is; but the Congress was hardly more profound or disinterested when it plumped for "Votes for all."

Mr. Nehru, privileged person that he is, likes to indulge his ambivalence, knowing it will gain him credit for freedom from prejudice. Holding forth among the philosophers the other day he confessed to heart-searchings about democracy. And he was rather severe on adult

franchise—the T.-C. debacle was fresh upon him as he spoke—and asked whether some sort of indirect election at least to Parliament would not be preferable. There was a great flutter in the dovescotes, the text-book democrats even venturing so far as to twitter respectful doubts. But the pretorian guard are surer than ever that his heart is in the right place: did he not hand a magnificent bouquet to Mr. Patil the Bombay hero?

And with reason: Mr. Patil's contribution to victory to date has been far more concrete. The P. M.'s word-spinning palls, his magic wears thin. The bourgeoisie, whom he tries to frighten with the bogey of chaos should the Congress go under, seem to prefer unstable government to the kind of stable government which has pitched them head foremost into the ditch. Naturally Mr. Nehru feels more at home with the crowd. Like an old wife adding up her pence he reckons with glee that two and a half crores of people in all came to see him. And he has persuaded himself that the adventure in mass contact *de luxe* by I. A. F. plane has made him the symbol of India's unity.

That is the kind of mystique on which Caesarism thrives. And adult franchise, given a people to whom democratic process is mumbo-jumbo, will safely hoist you to power if you can silence or overawe the handful of doubters. It is to this godly purpose that our Trotskys and Rosenbergs, the theorists of our Revolution, are now sedulously applying themselves. They are converts overnight to the cult of the noble savage. One eminent jurist pointed the finger of scorn at T.-C. and thundered, "If that is what education can do, give me illiteracy every time." The good man, one of the architects of our Constitution, must have been nodding when they declared education as a fundamental right.

"There are illiterates who are shrewd, and there are literates who are fools; so there is every chance

of adult franchise justifying itself": thus the neo-Rousseauists comfortingly reason. And in evidence of their optimistic faith they point to the smooth and orderly conduct of the current elections. You may as well argue from the care-free air of the cattle on Pongal day that they are convinced adherents of Dravidian culture. For the vast majority this voting was one of those mysterious things that just happened; some wept, others laughed, the rest mostly gaped, did as they had been told and passed on.

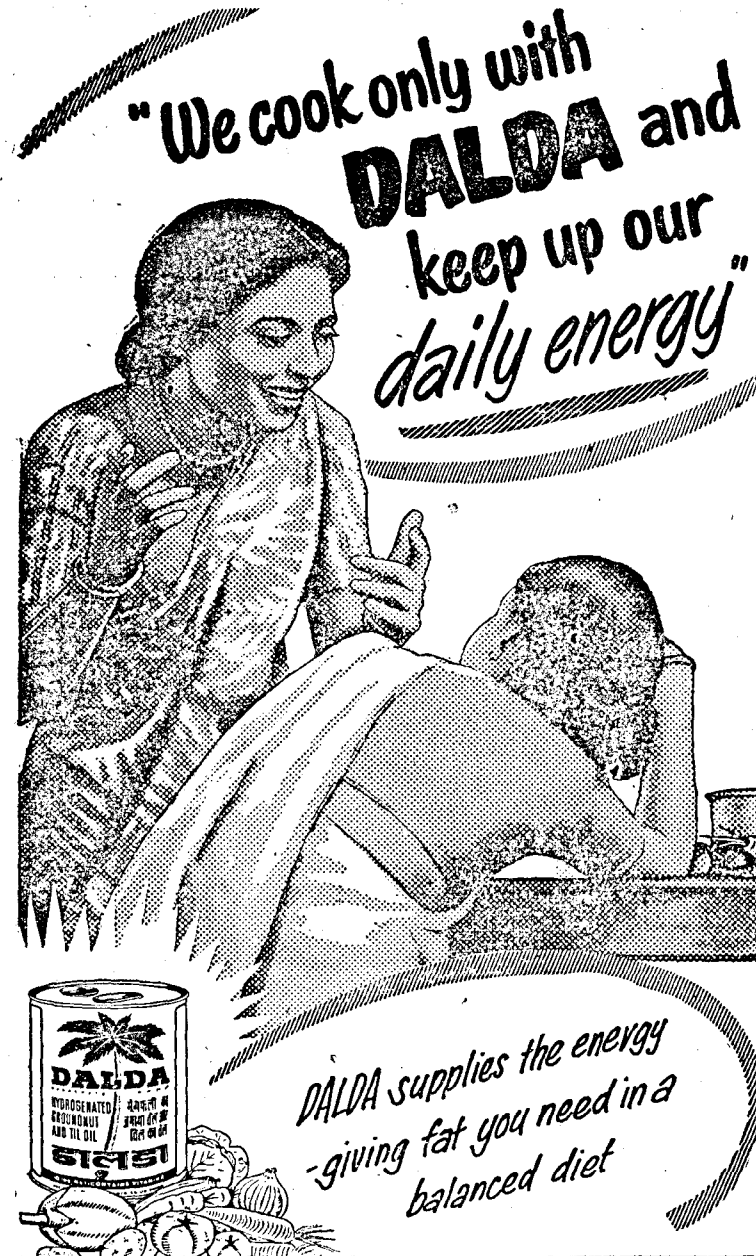
I should be the last to deny the homely wisdom of the peasant. In things which engage his heart or concern his affairs he rarely goes wrong. And he is an excellent judge of character where it comes within the range of his immediate observation. If good government were merely a matter of selecting men who are deemed good by the standards of small, isolated and till the other day self-sufficient communities, adult franchise might be a tolerable success. Even in the present elections the successful Independents probably enjoy the esteem of their constituents in greater degree and are, by and large, more truly representative than the carpet-baggers who are plastered all over with political labels.

But the illiterate may be a menace when they are manipulated by the unscrupulous who are only too well read in the ways of darkening counsel. That is the moral of the Communist successes. The peasant, like every one else, has too much of the old Adam in him to avert his face resolutely from the tempter. And small blame to him if he lends his ear to quacks, as his need is great. But the panacea is not political sleight of hand nor incendiarism, but just plain good government; and that requires knowledge as well as good will, hard work as well as honesty on the part of those who are summoned to work representative institutions. Government by lucky dip is not good government.

VIGNESWARA.

BRITAIN'S SECRET STERLING BALANCES

By ANDREW ROTH



HVM. 165-50

WHY does Britain keep secret the sterling balances of colonies such as Malaya? Is it because that instead of Britain financing colonial development the colonies are in reality helping finance Britain including its burdensome rearmament? Are the colonies, by being compelled to pile up sterling balances, being used to counterbalance the demands of India and Pakistan which are running theirs down?

These questions arise out of the curious run-around accorded this correspondent when he attempted to learn from official sources the total of Malaya's sterling balances. Sterling balances are, in effect, credits chalked up to sterling area countries by Britain when the latter cannot afford to pay for its needs in cash or exports. During World War II Britain piled up over £3,500 millions in such obligations—over £1,500 millions to India alone—on the promise to pay after the war. India, Pakistan, Iraq, Egypt and other sovereign sterling area countries have been able since then to use up a substantial portion of the credits they had earned.

The fact that the Labour Government began paying off these sterling balance debts contracted by the Government Mr. Churchill headed during the war has been one of the Prime Minister's abiding irritations. He favoured scaling them down. He referred to this subject again during his speech to the U. S. Congress on January 17: "After the war... we accepted as normal debts nearly £4,000 millions sterling of claims by countries we had protected from invasion or had otherwise aided. The £1,000 million we borrowed from you in 1946 and which we are now repaying was spent not on ourselves but mainly in helping others."

This was certainly not the viewpoint of the Indian or Pakistani delegates meeting just then in the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference in London. They felt that the 2,000,000 troops supplied by the Indo-

Pakistan subcontinent did as much to defend British interests as Britain did to defend the sub-continent. And they were quite insistent that if the Labour Government had agreed to Mr. Churchill's suggestion and repudiated its debts almost certainly neither country would be at the Finance Ministers' Conference since they would probably not have remained in the Commonwealth.

Britain's remaining colonies and particularly Malaya now appear to be taking India's place as financiers of British trade and rearmament. Of the approximately £4,500 million Britain owes now in sterling balances, over £1,000 million is owed to its colonies. Of this more than £600 million—according to rumour—is secretly credited to Malaya.

When the Colonial Office spokesman was asked the amount of Malaya's sterling balances, he pleaded ignorance and referred me to the Treasury. The Treasury spokesman rather testily insisted that Britain, as the "banker" of the sterling area cannot disclose the balances of its clients without their consent. He referred me back to the Colonial Office where I found that some fairly senior officials have been unsuccessful in learning what credit balances the Malayan Federation and Singapore have been piling up. The Deputy Agent-General for Malaya, whose job it is to represent Malaya's economic interests in London, admitted that he himself had been unable to secure sterling balance figures from the Treasury when he wanted to check Malaya's earnings with those of other colonies.

Another attempt to penetrate the Colonial Office through its economic flank uncovered the fact that some persons there do have the corrective statistics. But, I was told it would require very special permission to release these figures for publication. In view of the fact that these figures have never been disclosed to Parliament, to which the Colonial Secretary is responsible, I decided not to hold

my breath until I had received them.

This renewed attempt to secure these figures—the prior attempt last year also resembled a chase after a disappearing rabbit—was provoked by a striking article by Dr. W. Arthur Lewis in the *Financial Times* of January 16. West Indian-born Dr. Lewis is Professor of Political Economy at Manchester University and a member of the Government's Colonial Development Corporation. Reinforced perhaps by official information he put some blunt truths:

"Britain talks of colonial development but on the contrary it is African and Malayan peasants who are putting capital into Britain... the British colonial system has become a major means of economic exploitation."

Dr. Lewis pointed out that "now many colonies must sell their produce to Britain at prices below the world price and, through exchange control, must buy from Britain at prices above the world price, or pay an ever increasing sum into the Bank of England (as sterling balances) because Britain will not deliver goods in return for what she receives."

"The sterling balances of the British colonies have increased steadily since the end of the war," Dr. Lewis underlined. "They were £445 at the end of 1945, and £908 millions at the end of June 1951. This is the only group of territories whose balance increases all the time. The balances of the Dominions and of non-sterling area countries fluctuate, on the whole, in a downward direction; only the colonies have invested more every year in Britain."

Of the total of over £1,000 millions in sterling balances piled up by British colonies by the end of 1951 Malaya is believed to have accumulated over £600 millions and perhaps as much as £750 millions. The tremendous gap between what Malaya has exported and what it has been permitted to import is indicated by the fact that in 1951 Malaya only imported from the U. S. and Britain together about 40% of what it exported to those countries.

Malaya's inability to use freely the

currency it earns has set back its long-overdue development plans tremendously. In Singapore in the boom year of 1951 only a third of the insufficient housing planned was built. Less than a quarter of the budgetted capital expenditure on medical services was expended and only 11 out of a projected 23 Government schools were built. One main cause of this failure was the shortage of steel, cement and other imported commodities. But had Malaya been able to use its dollar earnings in bidding for these scarce commodities it probably would have gotten a much large share. And even in purchases in sterling, Indian or Pakistan officials are much more demanding than the British officials employed by the Malayan Governments.

In other words Malaya is doubly exploited. In selling its rubber and tin to the U. S. and using only one out of every six dollars earned there, Malaya makes the largest dollar contribution to the sterling pool. In 1951 it contributed \$415 millions. But then it is not even enabled to get goods for the sterling equivalent of its dollar contribution.

During the election campaign Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, who did not then think he was going to get the post of Colonial Secretary giped at Labour's pretensions about having aided Britain's colonies through such paper projects as the "Colombo Plan." In a speech on October 11 he asserted that the Labour Government had actually intensified exploitation of Britain's colonies by compelling them to pile up sterling balances instead of supplying them with goods as valuable as their exports. Since he became Colonial Secretary he has rather dropped this theme. After all, if his Prime Minister complains that the Labour Government should have welched on its debts to former colonies, Mr. Lyttelton can scarcely be so generous as to suggest that a Conservative Government should not even permit its colonies to accumulate debts. Even with the present level of U. S. aid, it is only by such forced borrowing from its colonies that Britain can stay afloat economically.

MADRAS MINISTRY VIS-A-VIS ELECTION RESULTS

By P. RAJESWARA RAO

THE constitutional position of the Madras Cabinet at this juncture deserves to be examined with impartiality and detachment. At the outset it is necessary to note that the present Ministers in the Madras Cabinet were returned as members of the Legislature on a limited franchise before the transfer of power, prior to 15th August 1947. It is a settled principle of constitutional law that those that were returned to office before the change of status are incompetent to continue in office after the change of status. Fresh elections ought to have been held immediately after 15th August 1947. Under a democratic set-up, sovereignty expressly or by implication vests in the people. Sovereignty is not, of course, the subject of law, for it is the author and source of law. While sovereign powers are delegated, sovereignty vests in the people.

Even if this preliminary point were to be brushed aside, the continuance of the present Ministry raises several issues. All the important members of the Cabinet that really counted, wielded power and functioned as the inner Cabinet are disowned by the electorate under adult franchise. There is no parallel for such wholesale defeat of the members of a Cabinet in any country. The plea that they are anxious to keep the Government going till the new Ministry is formed is not tenable. Even without them the administration can be run. By virtue of Article 154 of the Constitution the executive power of the State is vested in the Governor and shall be exercised by him either directly or through officers subordinate to him. According to Article 163 the function of the Council of Ministers is to aid and advise the Governor.

The constitutional practice in Britain makes it clear that, "In cases where the Ministry still retains the confidence of the House of Commons but the Crown has reason to believe that the latter no longer represents

the sense of the electorate, the dismissal of the Ministry or the dissolution of the Parliament would be constitutional. Cases of emergency might conceivably arise where through unfitness or incapacity of the Ministry the exercise of the power of dismissal would be constitutional, justifiable and proper in order to prevent the adoption of some course of action ruinous to the country." (Halsbury's Laws of England). In obedience to this principle the third Derby and the first Disraeli administration resigned in 1868 upon an adverse vote at the polls without meeting Parliament. Subsequently three Ministries, viz., the first Gladstone Ministry in 1874, the second Disraeli Ministry in 1880 and the third Gladstone Ministry in 1886 retired immediately upon an adverse verdict at the polls. It is interesting to recall that during the Second World War, Prime Minister Churchill took exception to a snap vote in Parliament and insisted on a vote of confidence to continue in office.

Hence if the defeated Ministry insists on continuing in office, it is incumbent on the Governor to demand their resignation or to dismiss them if they refuse to comply with the directive. Consequent on the failure of the constitutional machinery in the State, automatically Article 356 will have to be invoked. In the meantime the existing Legislature should be dissolved in accordance with Article 173. "New occasions" in the words of L. R. Lowell, "teach new duties." Our statesmen like the Victorian statesmen "should know the seasons," as was pointed out by Lord Tennyson, "when to take occasions by the hand." Thus emergency conditions afford a reason for an extraordinary use of existing powers.

Mr. T. R. Venkatrama Sastry, the doyen of Indian liberalism and a constitutional lawyer respected for his moderation and caution, came forward with a special pleading on behalf

of the defeated Ministers. The argument that there is no definite term of office for Ministers and unlike legislatures they work continuously without intermission cannot be an excuse to perpetuate defeated Ministers in office. The provision under Article 164 that even a non-member may be appointed a Minister on condition that he gets himself elected to the legislature in six months stands on a different footing. Here the Minister to start with may be a dark horse, but is not disowned by the electorate. But the logic of this veteran liberal that, "If the party of the defeated Chief Minister is called to form the Government and he is chosen as the head of the party there is no escape from calling him and there is nothing wrong in calling him however odd it may seem," is, to say the least, opposed to commonsense and betrays lack of political and constitutional propriety. In this connection it is interesting to recall that though Lord Curzon was the leader of the Conservative Party the King sent for Mr. Stanley Baldwin a Conservative member of the House of Commons to form the Ministry. Evidently, Mr. Sastriar seems to view the constitution as a purely legal document in which there is place only for rules of law and nothing else. It is no exaggeration to say that legalism devoid of vision tends to maintain the status quo and fortify reaction.

Wholesome political practices that alone can impart vitality to the constitution should have ample scope and soon crystallise into conventions. Even the significance of the term 'unconstitutional' varies from country to country. In England it is branded as opposed to the spirit of the constitution, in France it is a term of censure, in Australia it means that it is in excess of the powers of the Commonwealth, and in India and U. S. A. it denotes something that is void and not law. The authority of any constitution is both legal and moral; like a religion it lives in its followers and not in codes. As Bryce

There must always be a rich moral soil for any great aesthetic growth. The principle of art for art's sake is a very good principle if it means that there is a vital distinction between the earth and the tree that has its root in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it means that the tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air.—G. K. Chesterton.

said, constitutions develop by interpretations, fringed with decisions and enlarged by custom so that after a time the letter of their text no longer conveys their full effect. Thus constitution is a blend of formal law, precedent and tradition. When constitutional changes become inevitable, they may take place either by formal amendment, judicial interpretation, or custom and usage, the exact method of change varying with the constitution and the national temperament. The main problem is how to ensure that democratic government will also be a constitutional government.

In these circumstances the present Ministry in Madras seems to be ill advised in choosing to continue in office. They may not initiate new policies, nor levy new taxes and try to function as a care-taker regime. Still their presence in office will be a political freak and a constitutional anomaly, besides being a source of irritation to the thinking public. In this connection it is interesting to recall that Mr. C. Rajagopalachari (admittedly a far seeing patriot and a sagacious statesman) as the Leader of the Congress Party in Madras (1937) described the "interim Ministers" headed by Sir K. V. Reddy Naidu, as thieves who entered a newly built house by the backdoor when the real owners had not yet made their entry. I am not going to suggest any epithet for the present Ministry in Madras. Let Mr. Rajagopalachari who is enjoying his well earned rest think over the situation and express his views at the earliest. At one time, Madras led the rest of India in many respects. Just now, it is not for me to say whether the activities in the various fields inspire the necessary confidence in a future that is at once great, noble and dignified. It is upto all lovers of constitutionalism, democracy and progress to express themselves unequivocally at this juncture and to put a stop to any further tampering with our constitutional apparatus.

FROM POLITICAL TO ECONOMIC FREEDOM

By N. G. JOG

INDIA is perhaps the only country which has two national days. We have been celebrating January 26 as Independence Day for more than a score of years now, and for the last four years we have observed August 15 as Freedom Day. A year ago the Indian Republic was aptly proclaimed on this day and today is its first anniversary.

In between we scarcely felt free or independent! Freedom came to us without a glow as Gandhiji said. It came to us not as a natural fruition, but as the result of a surgical operation. It came accompanied by a fratricidal strife. It set brother against brother, uprooted large masses of humanity. Millions of people had to leave their homes and roam over lands for an asylum.

*In the darkness with a great
bundle of grief, the people march
In the night, and overhead a
shovel of stars for keeps, the
people march,
Where to? What next?*

Where to? What next? that has been the burden all these four and half years. Freedom did not prove the journey's end as we once fondly hoped. On the contrary it has proved only the starting point of another voyage of exploration amidst the shoals and rocks of an uncharted sea.

And if the ship of State is yet safe and breasting the waves, it is as much due to a kind providence as to our own efforts. More than once it was very near being wrecked. It has been a perilous task to keep on an even keel between the political hurricanes and economic maelstroms, and all we can say is we have survived.

The predominant feeling, however, is one of frustration, disillusionment, even bitterness. Instead of getting a new heaven on earth, the common man's lot has been progressively worsening. The rich few have become richer, but the vast majority of the

poor is becoming progressively impoverished. Want is the refrain of their lives: Want of food, of clothing, of shelter, of security! There has been wanting even an ideal to live for, or a consolation to die with.

Where to? What next? This has been the cry not only of the refugees and displaced persons, but of all of us. Gandhiji, who could have given an answer to this yearning, was himself the first victim of freedom. Nehru, his political heir, is lost in the Nehru the Prime Minister. Congress, that great organisation which was the spearhead of our freedom movement, is a house divided against itself. Power corrupted it, and consequently it was unable to check the corruption in the administration. The profiteer still stalks his prey, and the black-marketeer cocks a snook at the Government.

The Republic Day which we celebrate today sounds as a mockery of the resolution of which the Congress passed on the banks of Ravi 23 years ago. It is as divorced from our dreams of freedom as is Lahore from India. It evokes in us not proud remembrance of the past, but a weary reflection over the future. Where to? What next?

Perhaps the answer will come soon as the result of the first general elections of free India which are now coming to a close. This indeed has been our first taste of freedom and first exercise in democracy. The people for the first time have had a say in their own government. The real masters have at last come into their own. We have become a free people only now.

The election picture is not complete as these lines are being written. The final judgment of the ballot box is yet to be given. But the interim verdict has come as a cold purifying blast from the Himalayan heights. It may not have swept away the Congress governments as its enemies hoped and its friends feared. But it has

given a sufficiently rude jolt to it, especially in the south, and shaken it out of complacency. The position would have been still worse had not Jawaharlal Nehru staked his personal popularity to win votes for many discredited Congressmen.

It is the belief of the present writer that much of the demoralisation in Congress rank and file is due to the unconscionable postponement of the General elections. The difficulties in setting up of the electoral machinery for a country of our size are manifest, but they were exaggerated considering that we have had elections on a restricted franchise for three decades now.

Congress leaders should not have taken the support of the people for granted. With the attainment of freedom, the old role of Congress as a national movement ended. It became a party, and moreover a party with many internal strains and stresses.

Congress should have, therefore, taken the first opportunity to seek the suffrage of a free people instead of carrying on in a leisurely and authoritarian manner all these years. It was essentially a caretaker government, but many Congressmen gave the impression of seeking to cash in for their past services in the interregnum. This was an open invitation to disintegration and chaos in Congress itself.

Public discontent over the Congress administrations has been mounting all these years and it is as much due to inefficiency as to authoritarianism. Not only was Congress unable to deliver the goods but it seemed to be in danger of losing its very soul.

The election result should lead to heart-searching in Congress ranks. Broadly speaking, the country is still behind it, but in a few states the electorate has repudiated its allegiance in no uncertain manner. Significantly, the most literate and politically conscious state in India, Tra-

vancore-Cochin, has decisively repudiated Congress rule.

Whatever the ideological reason for this, it was the unedifying dissensions among Congressmen themselves which has largely contributed to this reverse. Nothing else could have been expected when the first Congress Chief Minister of the State fought the election on a Socialist ticket.

The defeat of the Chief Minister and other leading Congressmen in Madras State is another writing on the wall for the Congress. This shows not merely lack of faith in the men themselves, but with the policy—or lack of it—which they were following. There has been, indeed, a cynical disregard of past pledges and promises by Congress governments in the Centre and the States, for which the High Command must bear the main responsibility.

These pledges and promises must not only be renewed on this Republic Day, but a more honest attempt must be made to live up to them. Nothing has been more disastrous than the Congress failure to solve our socioeconomic problems.

Neither has it remained loyal to Gandhiji's Sarvodaya ideal, nor has it followed a Socialist policy. While paying lip homage to both, Congress has, in a sense, betrayed both. It has lacked both faith in the past and vision in the future.

The Indian people have revealed surprising political maturity and independence of outlook in the polls. Although illiterate and backward they have proved themselves good democrats. They have shown whom they want and what they want. They have given a fresh lease of life to Congress, but they have also proved that they do not share the bourgeoisie fear of Communism. Between the Pink and the Red, they prefer the Red. We have had political freedom but it has proved a mirage without economic equality.

And this is the most important thought to ponder on this Republic Day.

The basic reality of life is not politics, not industry, but human relationships—the association of a man with a woman, and of parents with a child. About these two foci of love—mate love and mother love—all life revolves.—Will Durant.

MUSHTAQ ALI

By P. N. S.

MORE than two decades ago the Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram took out a team around the country which contained the immortal pair of batsmen, Hobbs and Sutcliffe. There was also in that team a tall, slim left-arm bowler, who took a fairly long start and bowled medium-pacers. The player passed rather unnoticed, though to the discerning eye he appeared to be a bowler of promise.

Towards the end of 1949 after the last ball had been bowled in the first test match between India and the second Commonwealth team at Delhi, the commentator, who was none other than the Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram, in the course of summing the match, said, in a voice pregnant with emotion: "His innings must be written in letters of gold. He played his strokes as he liked and wherever he liked—the hall-mark of a great batsman."

The bowler and the batsman mentioned above were none other than S. Mushtaq Ali, who to the glory of the game and to the joy of its enthusiasts, will take strike in the fifth test against M. C. C. starting at Madras on February 6.

It might surprise many that Mushtaq Ali began his career as a bowler; but in his early twenties it was as a bowler that he distinguished himself, and his six wickets for 80 runs for the rest against the All-India touring team in 1932 was a great effort. But Mushtaq Ali, who was born in Indore, could not resist the charms of batting. Who could, when the great C. K. Nayudu was unfolding them to the youth of Indore, where he had made his home? "C. K." too was attracted at young Mushtaq's possibilities in cricket and took him under his tutelage.

C. K.'s batsmanship was the result of impulses that baffled all science. But to his disciple it must have appeared as the only science that could possibly apply to the art of batting, for Mushtaq Ali took to "C. K.'s" style as to the manner born. During the years between 1932, when he broke the wickets of India's top batsmen, and 1936, Mushtaq Ali cast aside the wiles of the ball and took to the magic

of the bat. A series of brilliant performances established him as a classy opening batsman, and when the Indian team to tour England in 1936 was chosen he was one of the first choices.

When we think of this 1936 tour, we cannot but hang our heads in shame at the happenings that marred it. But there were moments of consolation and moments of glory too for us, whenever Mushtaq Ali made the English fields echo to the music of his willow. An innings of 112 runs in 160 minutes in the Manchester test, where he opened with that elegant batsman Vijay Merchant, is fast enough; but the glory and grandeur of the display can be comprehended only when we consider that in the English attack were G. O. Allen, R. Hammond, R. W. V. Robins, and that master of spin and length, Hedley Verity and that there were 17 fours contained in it. As Nevil Cardus put it, the innings of Mushtaq Ali was touched with "genius, imagination."

When the Indian team returned Mushtaq landed with a halo around his head, and with the wistful smile of his mentor C. K. Nayudu, encouraging him on to reveal *their* art for many more years to come; Mushtaq Ali was only 23 years old then. But the war intervened and stole away vital years in the youth's career as world cricketer. But Mushtaq's daring art ripened during this period; and when the Australian Services Eleven toured India soon after the cessation of hostilities, he drew encomiums from Lindsay Hassett, while Keith Miller and R. S. Whittington showered the greatest praise that an Australian could by comparing him with their Victor Trumper.

Mushtaq Ali was then at his zenith and the game and all its offerings seemed his for the asking. But paradoxically the fall came at such a time, as it did in the case of Amarnath. When he had to refuse the invitation to tour Australia as a member of the Indian team in 1946, he fell from official grace. For a time it seemed Indian cricket might lose its most dazzling gem. Fortunately, Mushtaq Ali was given a chance to prove his

sincerity and the Board of Control were satisfied with his explanation so that, when the West Indies were in India in 1948-49, he led the Indian batsmen to the chagrin of Jones, Trim and others.

Of late Mushtaq Ali has not found favour with the selectors. Certainly his age cannot be against him. He is just thirty-seven when a cricketer's art, mellowed with experience, is at its best. Ostensibly the reason is that Mushtaq Ali is not an utility man, and has refused to be one. He would not use the dead bat to the first ball he receives and then lift up his head pavilion-wards for approval. Instead he makes the unfortunate bowler to believe that "freshness, the new ball, morning life in the wicket are no more than trappings" to set off another Mushtaq century.

It was fortunate for the game that Mushtaq Ali has ignored the mute admonitions of the selectors and has refused to turn into an utility man. Perhaps, if he had not, he would have written his name more often in the record books of the game. But would he have embedded it in the hearts of

the multitude, who cheer him all the way of his quick walk to the crease, then remain spellbound at his audacious stroke-play, and when the end of his batting comes, watch him quickly trace his steps to the pavilion with eyes in which well up tears of sorrow not unmixed with tears of joy.

Today after fourteen tests against England, India is still to win their first match. She seemed, at the beginning of the present season, at the threshold of victory; but instead, at Kanpur her prestige descended to a new low by a big defeat. India's utility men cowered at the sight of the spinning ball and succumbed to Tattersall and Hilton long before they took strike. It is interesting to visualise how Mushtaq Ali would have fared at Kanpur. In all probability he would have taken the spin by the scruff and beaten it out of the ball.

Mushtaq Ali has played many an innings of beauty at Chepauk, but they have all been sonnets. It is our hope that during the final test match next month, he will play in a style as beauteous as his wont, and wield his bat long enough for a poem.

THE HIGH COST OF M. P.'S

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

THE unexpected reverses and successes in the general elections should serve as a warning to our legislators in the new State Assemblies and in the new Parliament. Let us hope that those in the latter category will at all times remember that they belong to the House of the People. For India it is a more suitable term than "Parliament."

While it is true of all countries that, once elected, representatives of the electorate forget their promises and their manifestoes, in no other country have legislators acted with such disregard of the interests of the people as the majority of our legislators have done both in the Parliament and in the provincial Assemblies. They got what they asked for and in letting them retire to lick their wounds in secret let us see the causes that led the electorate to hurl them from their seats.

As for Madras, *Swatantra* has time and again exposed the sorry story of nepotism, autocratic conduct and general abuse of power on the part of those who stepped into the shoes of the White rulers. As for the Centre, though a certain amount of legislation has been passed and though certain Ministers have not spared themselves in the discharge of their duties the general apathy and indifference to the condition of the country at large and towards their own particular electorates on the part of a great many M. P.'s cannot be censured too severely.

What made them behave in that fashion? Remember that an M. P. enjoys many privileges including that of immunity from arrest and prosecution. He can be censured by the House as happened in the case of Mr. Mudgal but how many Mudgals who out-Mudgalled Mudgal escaped any censure!

Apart from lobbying and so on, take for instance the abuse of privilege by M. P.'s with regard to Government houses which they get free. So long as it cannot be proved that an M. P. receives money from sub-letting his house or a portion of it he can do

what he likes with it. And not one, not two but many did as they pleased. I can say from my own experience that for two months I had a whole house for my use, a big house with seven rooms, three bathrooms, garden, servant's quarters, garage and so on. It was an M. P.'s house, that is one that was allotted to that particular M. P. But the latter being not only a rich man but also one having a rich relation in New Delhi used to live with his millionaire relation while he had made a present of his house to the leader of a certain anti-Congress Party (the M. P. in question is on the other hand a Congress Party man) who in turn not wanting it himself made a present of it to his nephew. The nephew let me have the use of it and I lived there until the "uncle's" secretary and driver came one day and battered down the door and nearly assaulted me and my seven-year old son and drove us out. The house is now occupied by a family in no way connected to the original M. P., to whom the house was allotted.

All along Ferozeshah Road, New Delhi, you will see huge mansions set in spacious gardens which have been allotted to M. Ps. and which are occupied by families and relations other than the particular M. P.'s relations or family. One Andhra M. P.'s house, for example, is occupied almost all the time by a number of Punjabis, so that the M. P. in question cannot claim that they are even distant relations.

When you see the hovels, worse than dog kennels, hovels made of old sacking, brown paper and bits of tin, in the Paharganj area of New Delhi, where families of eight to ten live and have their being while here are miles and miles of imposing mansions either partly used or used wholly by people other than M.P.'s and their families you feel that no Nemesis can be too great for heartless people who let such things be. When I say this I do not have in mind only Congress Party M. P.'s. The Andhra M.P. whose house has been placed at the disposal of a number of Punjabis is not a Congressman.

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When Sir Edwin Lutyens designed New Delhi he did right by not overcrowding it and by laying on a green belt as it were, for all the houses of the M. P's have spacious gardens and those of other higher officials of the administrative services. As for the Ministers' houses each house has more than Gladstone's three acres. In some you will see a cow or cows but I suppose that is not Government property. Three acres and a cow was Gladstone's idea of an equitable distribution. Well, I suppose Ministers must have residences in keeping with their dignity and certainly New Delhi looks in part like Millionaire's Rows. But it is a moot question whether under the present scandalous shortage of housing in New Delhi and by contrast with the squatter's hovels that sprawl around Paharganj and elsewhere, New Delhi's scenic grandeur must be kept unviolated. I am all for violating it. That is to say, if a good architect is consulted he would be able to suggest ways of utilising the little used vast gardens around the houses of Ministers and M. P's—used of course for drying lines of clothes but for nothing else—while at the same time preserving the beauty of the city as a whole. It is in any case no use claiming beauty for a City which is like the curate's egg. You do not have to go to Paharganj. Just walk along the back streets parallel to Queensway and see the servants' quarters behind Western House, another residential block for M.P's or Eastern House which houses the Post and Telegraph Offices and a number of officials. So that of eyesores there are enough. Certainly we do not want to add to them, but they can in fact be lessened by utilising the vast open spaces now used for growing grass which Government employed *malis* assiduously water and regularly cut, to be sold to tongawallahs.

As for the M.P's very few of them need such huge houses. Where houses have been allotted a stricter account should be taken of how they are being used and by whom occupied.

Besides Western House there is for housing M.P's who come to Delhi without their families or are unmarried Constitution House, and a recently completed block of flats for bachelor M.P's. For a room at Cons-

titution House, for example, an M.P. pays only Rs. 3 a day and five rupees for food supplied by a specially appointed caterer. Those other than M.P's staying here pay Rs. 4-8 for a room and Rs. 6 for meals. An M.P. has the right to get a room allocated to a "guest" and among "guests" sometimes one may come across those who are in Delhi for the purpose of lobbying.

With all these concessions given them and the cheap rates charged, an M. P. gets forty rupees a day when the Parliament is in session. But do the full complement of M. P's who come up to Delhi attend the House? No. It is sufficient to go to the House and sign the register, and several have been in the habit of doing this. The office where the register is kept is, outside so that there have been actually cases where M.P's sign their name and come away without even looking in. And of those who enter several keep going out for chatting while a few make themselves comfortable and snore away. Of course Ministers and their Deputies are on the alert at question time and are on their toes. Among the most persistent questioners and most active M.P's were Mr. Sidhwa, now a Minister of State and Mr. H. V. Kamath.

The House is never even half-full. It is only when there is going to be a division that there is some life and evidence of activity among M.P's. Ministers have their departmental duties and leave the House after questions relating to their particular Ministry have been answered. But there is no such excuse for M.P's who draw their forty rupees a day. Let us hope the new electorate insists upon their elected representatives giving an account of themselves periodically.

Then there are the travelling allowances of M.P's. It was only recently that a case was made public where an M.P. who was in Calcutta attending a meeting of the Tea Board (and drew travelling allowance from them) also claimed to have been in Delhi the same day!

Besides this, Hansard that is the official record of questions and answers and speeches cost the taxpayer a pretty penny. If M.P's prepared

their speeches like lawyers do their briefs and other professionals make themselves conversant with their work for the morrow in advance, there would be less haphazard speeches.

Let us hope that in the new House of the People and in the State Assemblies we shall get a keener and more patriotic type of legislator. Let us

also ask that our M.P's earn their allowances and that they be satisfied with more modest accommodation. As for Ministers, except for the Prime Minister, there is no reason why they cannot guard their status and dignity in houses half the present size.

The masses are awake; let not our legislators regard them as dumb driven cattle.

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE AS A STEP TOWARD PEACE

By MARIO A. PEI

MANY American philologists are in sympathy with the idea of finding a language which can win worldwide acceptance. Few achievements, they believe, could be so effective as this in the establishment of peace between nations and harmony between people.

Forward-looking world statesmen long have been aware of the semantic short-comings of the present language situation. During World War II, Winston Churchill proposed the adoption of Basic English as an international tongue. Various voices have been periodically raised advocating the kind of world tongue that would do away once and for all with the myriad misunderstandings.

Meanwhile, the problem becomes ever more pressing. Language difficulties beset not merely diplomats and U. N. delegates, but businessmen who want to sell products in countries of which they do not know the language; technicians and scientists who must, at any cost, keep pace with the international developments of their chosen branch of learning; statesmen preoccupied with transferring their ideologies beyond their national borders; travellers, tourists, missionaries, students and soldiers, to whom the knowledge or lack of knowledge of a language often means the difference between comfort and discomfort, success and failure, life and death.

Travel time between English-speaking New York and French-speaking Paris, Spanish-speaking Buenos Aires,

Portuguese-speaking Rio de Janeiro. German-speaking Berlin, or Russian-speaking Moscow is no longer reckoned in days but in hours. Friendly contacts, the amenities of social life, the communication and satisfaction of needs are all precluded by lack of linguistic understanding.

The five official tongues of the U. N. organisation today probably represent the world's leading candidates for the position of an international language. Chinese, with nearly 450,000,000 speakers; English, with over 250,000,000; Russian, with nearly 200,000,000; Spanish, with over 100,000,000; French, with at least 70,000,000 can all advance legitimate claims. German, Italian, Portuguese, Hindustani, Japanese, Bengali, Malay, Arabio, each of which has over 50,000,000 speakers, could also advance their candidacy.

Yet all these languages put together represent only slightly more than half of the world's population. The other half speaks the balance of the 2,796 languages (exclusive of dialects) current throughout the globe today. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that, since the seventeenth century, something like 500 artificial languages have been constructed and put forward. None so far, has, gained more than a very limited acceptance among a few million converts.

The achievement of a world language is primarily a matter of government action. If the governments of the United Nations were unanimously

agreed that a world language must be attained, the method would be relatively simple. A world commission of qualified linguists could be appointed, with proportional representation from each country. It would have the precise mission of selecting, from among the world's 2,796 natural and 500 artificial languages, the tongue destined to serve for international purposes.

Learning a spoken tongue at the child stage is a thoroughly natural process, like learning to use one's hands and feet. Some languages, like Spanish and Italian, have written systems in which symbols correspond closely to spoken sounds. Others, like French and English, show a considerable divergence between written symbols and spoken sounds, and still others, like Chinese and Japanese, make use of ideographs which do not represent sounds at all, but symbolize objects, ideas and concepts.

Any and all languages could be presented before the language commission as candidates. Then, by a series of run-off elections, they would be eliminated one by one until a final choice emerged. The choice would be made not arbitrarily, but by a thoroughly democratic process in which the linguistic representatives of all nations concurred. The language would acquire, for international use, a different written form from its national counterpart. If French were selected, for instance, it would be spelled phonetically for international use, but retain its present orthography for use in the French-speaking countries.

Once selected and after a five-year period for the thorough preparation of teachers, the international tongue would go, by international agreement, into the kindergartens of all countries in the world, side by side and on a basis of absolute parity with the various national tongues. Within 20 years a new generation equipped with the international tongue would come to maturity; within 40 it would take its place at the helm of the world's affairs.

Present-day rapid communications,

It is practically a law in life that when one door closes to us another opens. We often look with so much regret and longing upon the closed door that we do not see the one which has opened.
—Christian Science Monitor.

international trade and travel, the radio, the motion pictures and television would be powerful aids in carrying the international language into every corner of the world and in preventing it from breaking up into local dialects. The existing tongues would survive for centuries to come, and the present adult generation could be left completely undisturbed. Those who would wish to learn the new language at the adult stage could do so by the same means by which they now acquire foreign languages.

As to whether the various existing cultures, which are largely expressed linguistically, can be preserved in the face of internationalising of language, the answer is that they would continue to thrive in the early years, or even centuries, of the international language system. Each nation would continue to use its tongue, and the new bilingual generations would communicate with their elders in it. Literature would continue to be written for local consumption in English, French, Russian, Spanish, Chinese and hundreds of other tongues for many years to come.

It would be the work of centuries to render into the international language all the accumulated wealth of human culture that has been inherited from the past. But this task, under modern conditions, is far from insurmountable. Mankind need not fear the loss of its link with its historical past. By the twenty-second century it is likely that the spoken tongues of today will have been relegated to the status of cultural languages, studied for their literary and historical merits rather than for everyday use. Latin and Greek have survived in this fashion for nearly 2,000 years, and by so surviving have escaped the vicissitudes of a tongue like English, which in its Anglo-Saxon form differs from the English spoken today.

This plan for an international language is admittedly a long-range one, but even in the early stages of development it offers the world real hope for permanent peace and the brotherhood of man.—*New York Times Magazine*.

Short Story

WASH YOUR HANDS

By N. S. PHADKE

THE train slowed down suddenly and came to a halt on the slope near the Pimpri station in the early morning hour, and the people in the third class carriage, huddled like half-awake corpses, opened their eyes, heavy with sleep and fatigue, and yawned. "What's the matter?" they murmured, looking like frightened sheep. A few men peeped out of the windows. A gust of wind rushed in and out, sweeping the stink of sweat and dirt and tobacco smoke.

"There's no signal it seems..." somebody said; and hearing the news the human bundles stacked on one another in impossible positions, yawned and closed their eyes again a trifle disappointed that nothing sensational had happened. Those who had peeped out withdrew their heads, lighted 'bidis,' spat and began to talk in dull voices. Silence was about to descend on the passengers when Sambhu, perched on a bag of chillies, his huge torso pressed against the lavatory door and his head hanging limply forward, gave out a terrible shriek.

Heads turned, eyes blinked, curses were uttered. "What's wrong with him?"—came a chorus of fretful voices. Sambhu's neighbours shook him roughly. "Did you dream or what?" they asked, and laughed as he looked at them dumbly. "Tell us about your dream," one of them patted him on the shoulder. "Let's hear. Come on."

Sambhu stared at him. Then his eyes swung to where a handcuffed fellow sat between two policemen with rifles. He closed his eyes, and leaned his head on the lavatory door. No, he mustn't speak about his dream to anyone, he decided. If he did, he too would be hand-cuffed like that bearded chap.

It was true he had screamed because he had a dreadful dream. But he mustn't tell anyone about it. Because he had dreamed about the man he was going to murder!... Let us have

some sleep, he told himself. He rubbed the back of his head against the hard dirty wood of the door and shut his eyes more tightly.

Although he tried to keep his dream away, he couldn't help thinking of the things which had caused it. He was on his way to kill a man—a worker in the Dhayawad district whom the black-marketers there wanted to get rid of, since he, by his zealous propaganda, had succeeded in making the public refuse to buy in the black-market, and had also started helping the Government to unearth the profiteers and their secret godowns. Four such 'workers' had been murdered in these parts one after another during this month, and the news had created panic amongst the people and the workers.

The black-marketers were glad to find in Sambhu a fellow who could quietly finish those who dared to raise their voice against them, and paid him handsomely. Sambhu had silenced four enemies of the profiteers up to now, and was now on his way to deal with one more. He had got used to this work now. The only difference in his present assignment was that he had agreed to kill an old friend of his—Jairam!

Yes, Jairam was an old friend of his. The two of them had worked together in the 1942 movement—lived together, dared together, suffered and escaped death together, laughed and wept together. When India became free, however, there had come a cleavage in their views and they had taken to diverging paths.

Jairam belonged to that group of workers who believed that the most urgent need of the changed times was to teach people to become law-abiding citizens, to establish peace in the country, to fight unsocial forces, and to strengthen the hands of the Government. He had therefore gone from village to village, preaching the gospel of peace and sacrifice and hope, and also warning the profiteers that they

would be considered traitors and enemies of the people if they hoarded grain and sugar and cloth.

Sambhu had, on the other hand, joined another group of people who had received a rude shock at the change of values which came in the wake of freedom. They found their leadership slipping from their fingers. Disgruntled they joined the opposition parties which sprang up like mushrooms in the country, even taught people to defy the law of the land.

Sambhu worked with these men for some time. But he soon found that every one of them wanted to grab money and power while they talked of liberty and equality, socialism and communism in their platform orations. Why should he not make money, himself, he began to wonder.

Loot and arson and murder were no longer considered acts of glory by the common people. But there were men around him who were eager to buy these commodities. Violence was in demand. There was a market for it. And he could sell it. When he murdered one man whom the black-marketers wished to wipe off, and got a fat price for the deed, he thought this wasn't a bad business. He would kill a dozen workers if he was paid for it.

He had murdered four of them. And now he was on his way to Dhayawad where he would murder his old friend Jairam. The train would reach Dhayawad after midday. The little farmstead where he knew Jairam lived was five miles away from the station. He would go there and...

As the train rumbled into the Pimpri station, Sambhu came out of his thoughts, and looked around. A few persons scrambled out of the carriage, but many more got in and still many more wanted to get in. Men climbed through the windows and women and children and bundles of luggage were shoved in. There arose the usual chorus of requests and threats, prayers and curses, shouts and wails.

As the train moved an old man helped a young woman to clamber up and cling to the door, handed up her baby to her, and then flung in a boy of about eight years who dropped on Sambhu's knees after executing a somersault.

The old man trotted with the train and cried, "Girija! Goodbye. Yesha! Goodbye!"

The woman mumbled a few words and waved her hand. The eight-year old crawled up to the door, and although he couldn't peep out shouted "Father, you can go now."

Girija's baby started to cry, and she looked around, puzzled. Sambhu got up and asked her to sit on the bag of chillies. Perching himself on the edge of the bench near one of the two policemen with the rifles he drew Yesha and made him sit on his knees. Girija cast a glance of gratitude towards Sambhu, and rocked the boy in her arms. But the child continued to cry, and so she began to unbutton her blouse. Sambhu moved his eyes away, but not before he caught a glimpse of her beautiful round young breast.

The baby became silent. Yesha bent forward and talked to Girija in a shrill voice. She beckoned him to be silent. But he talked on. "Sister! Do you know what Bahiru the carpenter's boy told me last night..." He kept shouting above the noise of the wind and the rumble of the wheels.

Girija looked at Sambhu and smiled as much as to say, now who can stop this chatter box? Sambhu couldn't help smiling back at her. But then he hung his head down, wondering inwardly at the queerness of this world which contained heartless murderers, and armed policemen, and bearded decoits, chattering young boys, and smiling mothers with babes in their arms....

Crowds got down at the next station. There was ample room in the compartment now. Yesha captured a good seat near the window. Girija moved to a corner of the bench, put her baby to sleep on a rug, and began to read a cheap magazine.

Sambhu saw the coloured picture on its cover—a man with a mask in the act of stabbing another. He couldn't decipher the title of the book since it shook in Girija's hands as the train sped on its way. But as he gazed at the picture it became blurred and grew larger and larger until it filled the whole window frame, and mixing with the landscape outside, danced

mockingly before his eyes. He shook his head, and covered his face with his hands.

He heard notes of music which made him look up. Yesha was playing on a cheap mouth organ. He came over to Sambhu.

"Can you play?" he asked offering the instrument.

"No, I can't," Sambhu replied, trying to smile.

"Aren't you a fool, Yesha?" Girija rebuked the boy. "You shouldn't ask others to blow the organ when you have touched it with your mouth."

She turned her eyes to Sambhu as she added, "He's a queer lad. He has been blowing that organ all day and night since father gave it to him in the fair last week. Have you ever seen a boy like him?" She laughed.

Yesha thrust the mouth organ in his pocket and retired to his seat near the window. He became silent and seemed lost in counting the trees and wire poles and culverts. But he soon got tired of this pastime. Coming over to Sambhu again he produced a pack of small size playing cards.

"Let's play," he said with a grin.

"Only the two of us?" Sambhu asked.

"Why not?" Yesha said. "There are many games in which two are enough. I'll teach you. Come. Sit like this, facing me."

And without waiting for Sambhu's consent he began spreading two rows of cards, face down, and explaining the rules of the game for which he was dealing. Sambhu picked up the cards and assumed the role of his opponent.

As the midday hour drew near, Girija opened a tiffin basket.

"Enough of cards, Yesha," she cried. "Come here. You had better eat something."

The boy happened to hold a very poor hand at the moment. So he decided to be obedient and threw down the cards. He went near his sister and was about to pick up his plate when Girija asked him to wait.

"First give this to our friend," she told him, loading another plate with refreshments and motioning towards Sambhu.

"No, no, please," Sambhu protested, "I am not hungry."

But Girija made him eat.

The train jogged along and the warm midday breeze put Sambhu to sleep, as he reclined on the hard bench after a satisfying repast. When he opened his eyes the train was standing in the Dhayawad station, and the passengers in his compartment were hurrying out. He got up, rubbed his eyes, yawned and climbed down. He looked around, wanting to say goodbye to Girija and Yesha.

But the boy, a basket on his head and a bundle in his arm, had already moved away, and Girija was following him. She turned and looked back. Sambhu thought she smiled. That made him happy, and he kept gazing at her back as she joined the crowd which converged towards the gate. "God keep you always happy, child!" he murmured. As he turned about he saw the man whom he was to meet at the station—the black-marketer who had engaged him to finish Jairam.

It was almost dark when Sambhu walked into the farm where Jairam lived. The night was warm. Clusters of grey clouds hung in the sky. A light marked the window frame of Jairam's cottage. Sambhu walked towards it. A hare ran into the hedge. He grinned to himself and walked on.

He found the door of the cottage standing ajar. He pushed it and stood in the doorway.

"Who's that?" a feeble voice asked.

Sambhu didn't answer. He saw Jairam lying on a cot—evidently ill. A kerosene lamp was fixed on the wall, and on two sides of it were framed pictures of Gandhi and Nehru. Newspapers lay scattered at the foot of the bed, and there were books and bottles and a jug of water on a low stool.

A small part of the hut was partitioned off by a wall of mud-covered sticks. There was no one else in the hut or in the adjoining cattle shed. It was good, Sambhu thought, that he had chosen this hour for the deed instead of midnight. He had found his quarry alone. He chuckled.

"Who's there?" Jairam asked again, trying to sit up this time.

"It's me. Sambhu."

Jairam murmured in disbelief, "Sambhu?" He strained his eyes, and

his voice became louder as he threw the rug aside and said, "Ah! You! What a pleasant surprise. Excuse me, I am not well. Come and sit here on my bed. Come, my friend."

"Don't bother to get up," Sambhu said. "And sit still. I haven't come as a friend. I have come to take your life."

"My life?"

"Yes, your life."

"But why?" Jairam's voice was steady. "What makes my life so precious that you must take it?"

"I don't want to discuss that," Sambhu snapped. "I only know that I must finish you—and your work."

Jairam fixed his gaze on Sambhu. A faint smile flickered about his mouth as he said, "Yes, you can finish me if you like, but you can never finish my work. You can destroy the body that is me, but not me that has taken the shape of good work. I'll continue to live in the form of the good work that I have done. You, on the contrary, are as good as dead although you breathe and move, because you have become a murderer and cannot live openly and proudly. Don't suppose I'm afraid of your gun, but my heart bleeds at the thought that you've sold your soul to the Devil. Listen to me, dear old friend. Violence is no good."

"No good?" Sambhu barked. "Ha Ha. How can you forget the deeds of violence which, in the days of the sabotage movement, we together performed and for which we were both patted on the back? It's a big joke indeed that you should say violence is no good. You believed in violence only a short time ago, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," Jairam said as though he was ready with an explanation. "But those days are gone. Times have changed now. We are a free people. We are ruled by our own Government—a Government which is not Nehru's or Patel's but everybody's—yours and mine. Each one of us must make this Government strong by establishing peace in the land, and by giving food and clothing to all people."

"That's what I'm trying to do in my own humble way. I'll be mighty glad if you, my old comrade, would join me. But here you come, and level a

gun at me. We'll, I'm not afraid of it. But tell me why should you want to kill me? Are you doing this for money? How much do you want? And if—"

Sambhu frowned with impatience. "Look here, Jairam," he said, "it's no use your trying to talk me out of this. I have promised to kill you. The sooner you get ready to be killed the better. I'm in a hurry, understand?"

"Yes, I understand," Jairam said. "Who said I wasn't ready? You can fire any moment."

"That's good."

But as Sambhu raised his gun there came a cry from behind the partition wall—the cry of a child waking from sleep.

The eyes of the two men met.

"Your child?" Sambhu asked.

"Yes," said Jairam.

"Oh!" murmured Sambhu. In the days of the movement Jairam had been single, and Sambhu was surprised to discover that he was now a married man and had also a child. His hand faltered a little.

"But this doesn't matter," Jairam said. "You can kill me. I don't want you to pity me because I have a child. But please do one thing. Kill me before my wife returns. She has gone to bring medicine and she'll return any moment. Let her not be a witness to—"

He didn't finish his sentence. Instead he whispered almost imploringly, "Please be quick. Fire." His eyes seemed to be fixed on the door.

Sambhu turned round, and looked. There stood Girija in the doorway. And behind her the boy....

"You!" Sambhu murmured half to himself.

Girija came up to him slowly, surprised at his unexpected presence, and not comprehending why he stood like this at a distance from her husband. She didn't say anything, but gave him a smile of cordial welcome as she moved closer.

"Aren't you the man who played cards with me in the train?" Yesha asked him as he hurried towards him, and then he ran towards Jairam and began to tell him, "Brother, this gentleman—"

"Come, be seated," Girija said to him. "You'll have supper with us, won't you?"

As Sambhu looked into her eyes he remembered how she had urged him only a few hours ago, and how, standing on the station platform and looking at her departing figure with her child in her arms, he had blessed her, "God be with you."

He also remembered all the things which Jairam had tried to make him understand—this was not Nehru's Government or Patel's Government, but everyone's, yours and mine. He looked into Girija's eyes again. And the next moment he turned round and went out of the door into the dark night.

On the next day everyone in Dhayawad gasped at the news that a terrible murder had occurred on the previous night. The richest merchant of the little town had been found shot dead in his bed. The assailant had escaped, and no one knew who he was. Jairam, however, easily guessed. And he regretted the event very deeply. He found no satisfaction in the thought that his words had made Sambhu change his mind and kill the black-marketer instead of a worker like himself.

Sambhu had taken the wrong road. Jairam wished he could tell this to Sambhu and make him understand his mistake—the mistake of correcting things by murder.

Every evening as he sat under a tree in the yard of his cottage these thoughts came to Jairam with great anguish. He wanted to meet Sambhu. But he was far away, where, no one knew. Then one day he remembered what he had once read in a book. One could send one's thoughts to a distant friend if the wish to do so was strong enough. As the night gathered and the stars came up into the sky he gazed at one of them fixedly and spoke as though Sambhu was near him. He went on whispering to him in a friendly voice, talking to him of many things. "You are on the wrong path," he repeated again and again, "You are lost unless—"

"I know I am," Jairam heard Sambhu's voice distinctly. "I want to be different. But I don't know how I can be now after all that I have done. What should I do? Tell me."

And still gazing at the twinkling star, Jairam said, "I shall tell you. Come to me."

"Yes, I shall come...." the voice trailed off.

Girija found Jairam in a specially happy mood as he ate his supper that night. He seemed to be constantly smiling to himself. "Something seems to have made you very happy," she asked him at last. "What is it?"

"Sambhu will soon be here," Jairam told her.

"Did he send you word that he will come?"

"No."

"Then how do you know?"

"I can't tell you that. But he will come. You'll see."

Girija shook her head and murmured words of incredulity.

But after a few days as they were about to sit for their supper one evening there came a knock on the door, and when Jairam opened it he saw Sambhu standing outside.

"Girija, come and see who has come!" he shouted to his wife, and without waiting for her he linked his hands in his friend's and dragged him to the other end of the cottage.

"Look!" he said to her, standing before her. "He has come. Didn't I tell you?"

"Indeed!" This was all that Girija could say.

"Did you ask me to come to you?" Sambhu asked Jairam. "Did you talk to me one evening a few days ago? Did you ask me to throw away the gun, and to come to you?"

"Sure, I did," Jairam grinned.

Girija couldn't understand their talk. But anyway she was happy the two old friends united again. She placed a wooden seat near her husband's, took out a clean brass plate from a rack on the wall and put it in front of the seat, and held a big pot of water before Sambhu.

"Come," she said, "wash your hands. We'll eat while the food is hot. Hurry up. Wash your hands."

Sambhu smiled at her. Her words had a different meaning for him. He had washed his hands clean and come to her husband. Thinking of this he looked at her and smiled again. —Copyright.

DESERTS AND DILETTANTES

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

"YOU have come to ask my opinion of this country, I suppose; well, it stinks." So, gratuitously, an English journalist and novelist, Mr. Eric Linklater, told a "Ceylon Observer" reporter as he explained for Britain from Colombo, late in December 1951. He was on his way back from Korea, and the British Council in Ceylon had organized a few lectures to be delivered by him in Ceylon. At the end of his stay, he made the remark above quoted, at the aerodrome.

Along with him was Mr. Himbury, the representative of the British Council in Ceylon, who told the same reporter, immediately after Mr. Linklater's remark, that he considered the country wonderful. Mr. Himbury himself thought that the offensive remark of Mr. Linklater was made in fun. Linklater, also, after hearing about the storm of protest, about his remark, expressed surprise in London that it should have been taken seriously. He meant it all in fun. But Mr. Himbury, the representative of the British Council, would not however leave it at that. Soon after Mr. Linklater's remark, he explained that his reasons for the remark might have been the restive behaviour of the audience during his lectures; to wit, getting up midway during the lecture, and opening up newspapers and reading them. Later he sent a letter to the "Daily News," wherein he said that others have told him that Ceylon was a cultural desert, and now he had verified it for himself. Hereafter, he added, he would advise the British Council not to waste good speakers on Ceylon.

The letter caused some real stir even in London. The "Daily Express" finally came out with a stinging editorial. If a speaker is dull, said the paper, what is wrong with the people fidgeting and walking out or reading newspapers? If the people prefer a film to a bad speaker, it added, it just shows their good sense. It bewailed the fact that Mr. Himbury had wounded by his statements a sensitive people like the Ceylonese, and wondered how many British intellectuals

had thus antagonised Eastern peoples by such talk. The British Council in London however said that they were waiting for Mr. Himbury's own explanation.

I attended one of Mr. Linklater's lectures on Korea. He was introduced as an ex-assistant editor of the "Times of India," a lecturer in Aberdeen University for some time, and a novelist and a journalist of repute. But an old gentleman proceeded after this none too brief introduction to dilate on the beauties and possibilities of language as the expression of the soul of a people. At this stage of the proceedings, quite unashamedly, I opened the day's "Ceylon Daily News" to read up the unread portions of it. I closed it up as soon as the old gentleman finished and Mr. Linklater began. I listened as attentively as I could for nearly forty five minutes, while the lecture lasted. I have heard few more pompous and purposeless lectures. It was a bare summary of news reports which most of us had read in the daily press, and with very little of personal touches, but what made it even more dull than usual was the pompous outbursts in between and at the end of it, about the U. N. O. acting promptly where the League failed, thus saving peace. There was very little of the punch of Andrew Roth, or the eloquent silence of Lippmann, and the whole problem was handled by the lecturer at about the schoolboy level. If it cannot be called lousy, one may at least justifiably call it amateurish, for a journalist with his reputation.

The Ceylon Press deserves a bouquet for its handling of this incident. There was very little open bitterness. The editorial which dealt with this, after Mr. Linklater's efforts to wriggle out of his remark by calling it a joke, was quite brief. It summed up the whole story of remark, counter-remark, letters and denials in one sentence. 'It stinks'. The columnists, however, kept on to the subject longer. Some of the paragraphs on the subject were quite entertaining. One columnist wound up by quoting a poem from a

reader wherein Link Later was referred to as a Later Link with Bishop Heber who wrote about Ceylon.

The incident is interesting to Indian readers in many respects. The Indian public is not unaware of pompous western journalists, diplomats and dilettantes, passing stinking remarks on the eastern countries they visit. But in Ceylon, this incident has a bearing on Ceylonese character and culture. Few people are so concerned about what foreigners think about their country, as the Ceylonese. Be the visitor rich or poor, well dressed or otherwise, the average Ceylonese will very soon ask him the question, sooner or later, "What do you think of our country?" It is a real delight to see his eyes lighting up with pride when one gives the expected answer, that it is a beautiful country; which is true also.

This concern to please the foreign visitor is partly based on a desire to get the largest amount of tourist revenue. The Government is concerned with improving facilities to visiting foreigners, and particularly to get rid of the touts who pester the tourists in Colombo. But the tourist agency forgets one important factor in the psychology of the average western visitor and journalist. He salves his pride and vanity with the tout's ignorant outpourings, which also give him material enough to write on eastern touts, pidgin English and all the rest of it.

The Ceylonese as a whole are concerned more than other eastern peoples, about what others think of them. This leads to two interesting consequences, somewhat mutually contradictory. There are one set of people, particularly politicians, in Ceylon who are not prepared to wait for the approval of other people. It might either come late or in dribblets. So they begin to bluster about making up for what they lack in achievement, with grandiose phrases. One can think of at least one or two Ministers in the Cabinet of Ceylon, who have no use for the positive or comparative degrees for anything about Ceylon. Thanks to a small set of sensible humcrists, these worthies are not taken too seriously. A cartoon or a column pricks the bubbles blown with consummate effect.

There is, on the other hand, ano-

ther aspect of this attitude. Concern with wide foreign publicity drives even sensible officers and pressmen to flash up little items of news about Ceylonese exploits in other lands. And a constant anxiety to earn other people's good opinion is a standing invitation for pompous mediocrities to come out with epigrams, stinging or stinking. "Ceylon is a cultural desert" is one such trite remark, which foreigners and some Ceylonese love to quote, confirm or refute.

It is very difficult to arrive at a correct judgment about the culture of a country but quite easy to talk damagingly or flatteringly about it. Like most countries of the East, Ceylon had a chequered history. It has considerable achievements in architecture and painting to its credit. Especially in building beautiful large tanks for irrigation, the ancient Ceylonese had few equals. The arts of music, dancing and drama, however, never seem to have attained maturity in the history of Ceylon; a fact which some Ceylonese connoisseurs admit themselves. The Kandyan dance is a testimony to the originality as well as that desperate desire to cling to a certain individuality of expression, in spite of its inadequacy, on the part of the Ceylonese. Ceylon has suffered as well as gained by the impact of the West as many eastern countries have done.

The chief desire of a considerable number of educated Ceylonese is to be everybody but themselves. This complex drives them by turns to live on other people's compliments, their own bluster, or in the last resort, a complete anglicization of their manners and lives. This anglicization, once adopted as a mark of culture, has now stayed on, producing of course its violent counterparts in the national language and the national dress. Naturally this violent reaction against the West has not resulted in anything distinctly Ceylonese. In Bengal and elsewhere in India, English education produced a national resurgence in art, literature and politics. But belated violent reaction against the West is no substitute for a renaissance. So on the whole, the educated section of the Ceylonese are left in a no man's land, where they try to be everybody else but themselves.

CANADA'S NEW SOCIAL WELFARE SCHEME

By J. E. BELLIVEAU

Today Canada is offering its old folks a pay-as-you-go pension without a means test, that cannot be matched anywhere else.

FROM the old Prince Edward Island sailor, who toddled on his tattooed leg to Charlottetown, and thereby proved his age, to the genteel old lady of 103 in Ontario who sent press clippings to show she was born in 1848, more than 648,000 Canadians who are 70 years or older will receive old-age pension cheques of \$40 each late in January. Within a year, senior citizens will be getting an annual total of \$335,000,000. By that time, there will be in Canada nearly 700,000 persons over 70 taxing the public purse nearly \$1,000,000 a day. Yet the strain on Canada's economy will hardly be felt by 5,000,000 in-coming earning citizens.

Indeed, Canada's wealth has risen so dramatically that today it can offer its older people a universal pay-as-you-go old age pension without a means test that cannot be matched anywhere else in the world. It is the only country in the world to pay, without contribution, so much as \$40 to everybody 70 and over who can meet the residence requirements.

The universal pension wipes out the existing system of old allowances, which put a penalty on thrift because people who had cautiously accumulated something for their old age could not benefit. Even the U. S. has nothing to match Canada's system. Its social security plan calls for contributions from wage earners through their working lives, pays no more than Canadians will get without contribution, and leaves out millions who are not regular wage earners. Worse still, it does not cover the poor, who need it most, because they have been unable to contribute. They must be cared for by other means.

What elderly Canadians will receive is an allowance of \$480 a year, with no strings attached.

A Notable Milestone

This sharing of the good life by

the prosperous with their less fortunate fellow countrymen will further add to Canada's expanding economic well-being. When the plan is fully implemented and tied in with the old age assistance scheme (that is, pensions to those between 65 to 69 on a means test), it will provide a guaranteed yearly sum of \$410,000,000 for Canada's aged. The new allowances for the blind are included in this. This money will go to buy consumer goods and services, thus keeping national business at a high level. Together with family allowances, it will give Canadians who need it most nearly \$700,000,000 a year for essentials. And it has been found that security payments in Canada go directly into circulation for provident purposes. The spending of so much money for such purposes, money which otherwise might be frozen in the hands of a few, will be a major factor in maintaining high production and, obviously high employment.

Old age pensions were first discussed in Parliament 45 years ago. But it was not until 1924 that a special committee of the Commons recommended a pension system for indigent persons over 70, and not until 1927 that Parliament passed the law which gave a maximum of \$20 a month to those who could prove poverty.

Even this scanty benefit did not come without a struggle, and as late as 1914 a Conservative Minister of Finance, the Hon. Thomas White could say blandly in the Commons that pensions for the needy aged were "premature and in advance of necessity." Thirty-seven years later, I changed to dine with the Hon. Paul Martin, who some day will be called the father of the universal pension system in Canada, that day in June when Parliament passed the legislation establishing the present system.

It was the most memorable day in

his life, he told me, and if he could do nothing more important for Canada in his lifetime than to have seen this legislation through he would be satisfied with the accomplishment. He had just come from the office of the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent, his great supporter in the pensions movement, and they had drunk a toast to the occasion. Well they might, for in many respects it was one of the most notable milestones in Canadian history.

Few people know the fantastic amount of work which has gone into setting up the pensions. Even before the Old Age Security Act (which legislated the universal pensions) was passed by the Commons, 68 per cent of the old folk eligible had applied and 48 per cent been processed. In early December about 83 per cent of those entitled had applied and a great proportion had been processed, approved and stood ready for payment.

Part of the effort of making this possible was the fascinating but thorny problem of proving the age of applicants who did not have birth or baptismal certificates. Many thousands were in this category. Since the person who attains the age of 70 has a life expectancy of 10.4 more years, the Government will have an individual investment of about \$5,000 in each pensioner.

Some Brought Pictures

In these proofs of age, many from family Bibles treasured through generations, were hundreds of unusual documents. Together they wrote a modern history of Canada. To the regional family allowance offices which handled the applications, came articles and records that took history back to the days of the Mackenzie-Papineau rebellion. They moved forward, from the days when Canada was composed of four colonies and the territories, to the years leading to Confederation. There was the woman who sent, as proof of birth, a letter written to her father to congratulate him upon her birth. The letter was from John A. MacDonald, Canada's first Prime Minister.

You could see in these documents the opening of the great West, when people from the old lands and people from the older provinces, the Maritimes and Ontario, trekked over the

prairies to take up homesteads. In those times the western provinces had no formal registrations for vital statistics. You could see, too, the opening of that quasi-empire on the Pacific coast, British Columbia, though it is one of the few provinces where statistics were kept officially as long ago as 70 years.

Russian-born folk who had fled their homeland in the Revolution of 1917 and had destroyed documents in order to get away, sometimes had difficulty proving their age. Ukrainians who flocked to the prairies and in turn to Toronto and other parts of central Canada, brought into allowance offices huge family pictures or family records framed in gold.

And there were the thousands upon thousands of English, Irish and Scots who were easily able to prove the dates of their birth because records in the British Isles go back to the early 1300's. One old gentleman sent a discharge certificate from the royal marine artillery, dated 1897, another a five-year apprenticeship contract dated 1895, calling for payment to him of three pounds sterling the first year; and there was a teacher's parchment certificate issued by the Lords Committee of the Privy Council on Education in Scotland in 1889.

Quebec province had registered, by early December 20, centenarians, including one of 103. Fifteen of these were so well physically they could transact their own business affairs. In Quebec, also, there was an application from a father and his son, the father being nearly 100 and the son past 70. There were similar cases in Ontario. Nova Scotia had a higher proportion over 90 than any other province.

A bit of Nova Scotia history came up when it was found that the province had birth records before 1877, but no provincial records between then and 1908. This occurred during a period of decentralization, when registrations were returned to the municipalities.

Administration Costs Low

Ontario's formal registrations began in 1869. Manitoba's after 1882. From Quebec 85 per cent of the applicants sent baptismal certificates; 14 per cent had civil certificates of birth, making that province the easiest of all

for the workers proving births. Only one per cent of Quebec's applicants had to provide proofs other than these.

Ontario's regional office in Toronto got stacks of family Bibles, from 20-pound giants bound in leather and held with clasps, to tiny miniatures small enough to fit into a matchbox.

From one applicant came a newspaper clipping announcing the birth of a baby in 1880. On the same clipping was an advertisement for eggs at five cents a dozen and whisky at 40 cents a quart. Another gentleman sent a picture of his wife's tomb. His birth date was chiselled beside that of his dead wife, with a space left for the day he should be buried beside her.

To achieve this amazing job of checking and registering hundreds of thousands of Canadians, between 300 and 350 people on the staff of the National Health and Welfare Department worked an average of 49 hours a week for four months, nine of those hours being extra time. Many treasury employees worked equally long hours. Much more time and work would have been involved had not the department a corps of skilled workers educated in the family allowance branches. An extra staff of only 125 was hired from September to the end of the year across Canada, an almost phenomenally low number to accomplish the required processing and interviewing. The total cost of preliminary administration will be less than \$500,000. This is about a quarter of what it took to prepare for family allowances, when the present machinery was not established.

The thought, study and research that went into the pension scheme began many years ago, but intensified in 1945 when the Government set about to study a plan. A joint committee of the Senate and Commons sat and worked for years, discussed with the provinces, studied security systems all over the world, heard witnesses and read briefs.

Finally, in June of 1950, it presented its report. It is upon this splendid study and summary that the new pension legislation is based. The work that the committee did can hardly be compassed in a brief explanation, nor the intensity and depth of

its investigations be told quickly. The printed record of committee proceedings and evidence alone amounted to more than 1,300 pages.

The new system is one of two parts; the first, affecting most people and costing hundreds of millions more, is handled entirely by the Dominion Government. It is the universal 70-and-over pension. The Old Age Assistance Act, which became effective only after an amendment to the BNA Act and upon arrangement with the provinces after long consultation, pays pensions after a means test to the 65 to 69 group on a 50-50 basis. In the first year it will cost the Dominion \$32,000,000 and all the provinces together will carry a similar load.

20-Year Residence Required

While persons eligible for the universal pension must have had residence of 20 years in Canada, including the last 12 months (they might have worked outside for Canadian firms or the Government or been missionaries and still kept Canadian residence), those on the Old Age Assistance pension must have resided in Canada for the last 20 years or prior to that 20 years, a total equal to double the aggregate period of absences from Canada in the 20 years. Such a person may not receive an allowance under the Blind Persons Act or the War Veterans' Allowance Act. However, those over 70 will not find other allowances affected by the \$40 payments.

Those to be paid on the means test may not have an income, if single, of more than \$720 a year, or, if married \$1,200 or if married and living with a blind spouse not more than \$1,320.

The Government is making it possible for people to purchase annuities on a term basis, so that if they wish to increase their benefits at the time of retirement, or when pension payments become available, they may do so. Thus, for example, a person may purchase an annuity to provide \$50 monthly after his 65th birthday. He will have this for five years, then get the universal pension of \$40. If he has so arranged it through his purchases of annuities, he will, after 70, have an assured income of \$90 monthly. Amounts, of course, would vary with the size of annuity contributions.

Only those without imagination can fail to catch the vision that is Canada's future. There were those who yelled bankruptcy when Canada spent a mere \$15,000,000 for public welfare in 1913, and each step along

the way has been blocked temporarily by prophets of doom.

But today in Canada the people have a living standard exceeded by only one other country in the world, while it spends 50 times what it did in 1913 for welfare.—(Copyright.—NNF.)

BRITAIN AND THE NEW INDIA

By IAN STEPHENS

NOT much about Indian affairs gets into the British Press, and the visitor to Britain from India, whether he is Indian or British, may at first find this a sorry puzzle. It creates a feeling of emptiness or chill. A reason for it, though not I think the only one, is, of course, the small size of papers, resulting from the shortage of newsprint.

But it may not be long before the visitor, after penetrating the British public's traditional reserve during railway journey talks or among chance acquaintances in hotels or the sitting-rooms of friends, will discover, after all, a surprising latent wealth and warmth of interest in Indian affairs. Certainly India is not forgotten, either by those who served her in settled jobs, or—perhaps more important from the national point of view—by the tens of thousands of young men in the Armed Forces who were swirled temporarily to her shores between 1940 and '45 by the tide of war.

Thus the new arrival in England may find himself pleasantly plied with eager questions, often apt and not ill-informed. For example, during a recent journey between London and the North, it emerged that both my travelling companions, though unacquainted, had been in India during those years, one in the Royal Air Force and one in the Army; and I finished the trip quite hoarse from answering their bombardment of lively enquiries against the roar of the train.

Achievements Since Independence

Many of India's bigger achievements since getting independence are known about, at least in outline. Naturally at the moment interest focusses on her General Election, a unique affair in human history. Its

enormous scale, and the arrangements for recording votes fairly from a population so largely illiterate, have gripped the British public mind.

That the huge franchise is one of the results of the new Constitution—itsself a gigantic achievement and put through fast—is also well understood. And people in Britain were naturally pleased, if at first a little puzzled, when India's becoming a Republic, and abandoning the symbols of the Crown, on the Constitution being passed two years ago, did not mean her leaving the Commonwealth.

Whether the Election will bring into being something like a solid Parliamentary Opposition is a question often asked. One-party rule, such as has virtually prevailed since independence, is considered not unreasonable in a time of nation-building and transition, but its continuance would cause raised eyebrows; democracy in India would be thought not to be shaping very well.

Administrative Problems

Other achievements in which the new India may rightly take pride are perhaps less recognized; and on these the visitor may find himself able to supply knowledge.

One of them—and on this, if British, he is specially well placed to speak—is the fine work done in maintaining efficiency of administration by the higher Civil Servants and military officers. The withdrawal in 1947 of so many trained British personnel left a rather horrifying gap. Predictions were then widespread that a heavy decline in standards and perhaps irremediable disaster would ensue.

Such prophecies have, on the whole, proved wrong. No impartial resident in India during the post-independence

era, I believe, would deny that in general the upper layer of officials, civilian and military, have done a grand job, often in circumstances of shocking difficulty. And since originally these capable Indians were in a sense British-trained, Britain, besides India, may well be happy.

Resettling The Displaced

Other items on the credit side, about which the visitor may find he is called upon to say a good deal, are the independent attitude hitherto of the Judiciary towards the Executive; the progress made in resettling the millions of refugees displaced by Partition; the effects of Sardar Patel's welding into modern India of the ancient Princely States; and India's achievements under the Colombo Plan.

On the second, the British public perhaps still insufficiently realizes the problem's appalling size—on both sides of the borders—and the wonderful patience and adaptability which, on the whole, the transplanted multitudes have shown. It would probably be true to say that no other

two countries in the world could have surmounted the calamities of Partition in quite this way.

To suggest that all India's policies since she became free have been favourably viewed would be foolish. There have been several items for criticism. In particular her unhappy relations with her nearest neighbour—a fellow-member of the Commonwealth, moreover—have caused profound misgiving. But in its wider aspects her foreign policy has often tallied spontaneously with certain aspects of feeling in Britain; indeed, Pandit Nehru, in the affairs of the Far East, and in attitudes towards Communism, became for a while in 1950—though there has since been some divergence—the foremost spokesman of important sections of British opinion.

Thus, despite the meagre space given to Indian topics in the Press, and recurring sharp anxiety about Indo-Pakistani relations, there exists in Britain underlying sympathetic interest in the new India, and eagerness to learn more of her doings.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT SLEEP

By NORMA SCHUELKE

A noted authority debunks popular beliefs by extensive experiments at his 'Sleep Laboratory.'

HOW many hours of sleep constitutes a good night's rest? What position is most conducive to sound sleep? Is eating and drinking before bedtime harmful? Is churning about in bed a sign of restlessness?

These and many similar questions so frequently asked about how to insure sound sleep are answered by Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, associate professor of physiology at the University of Chicago, with "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Years of conducting extensive experiments at the university's "sleep laboratory" have convinced Dr. Kleitman that despite the many questions and opinions on the subject of sleep there are few established facts. Many popular notions are little more than superstitions, and Dr. Kleitman's scientific studies prove they have little or no relationship to how well a person really sleeps.

Check Requirements

One of the most widespread beliefs is that everyone needs eight hours of sleep. Dr. Kleitman, about whom it has been said that "he knows more about sleep than anyone else in the world," says that not everyone needs the same amount. There is no more a normal duration of sleep than there is normal height and weight. A study of 25 subjects spread over thousands of nights showed that the average amount of sleep needed, to feel well rested, is seven and one-half hours, though individuals varied from six to nine hours. As a whole, women sleep from 45 minutes to an hour more than men. When alarm clocks were forsaken and subjects awakened spontaneously, the majority slept an extra 35 minutes.

You can check your own requirements by going to bed when you feel sleepy, for several consecutive nights and sleeping until you wake up, without an alarm clock. Keep a record of

how long you sleep—the average will be what you needed.

There are many theories about good and bad sleeping positions, and warnings about sleeping on one's left side are often heard. (Time was when it was even thought there was significance in what direction the head pointed.) To these admonitions Dr. Kleitman says "nonsense." Practically everyone changes positions all night long, so how you start out is of no consequence. Everyone has his own repertoire of positions whether aware of this movement during sleep or not.

Tossing and turning is another matter that is of no import, according to the "sleep doctor." Here again everyone does it whether he realizes it or not. An ingenious recording device attached to the beds of the sleep laboratory's human guinea-pigs showed from 25 to 50 shifts a night for each subject. It's a good thing we do turn about in our beds. If we didn't we would awaken in the morning more than a little stiff from having maintained the same position all night.

Nap In Daytime

More than half these movements are minor, accomplished in five to 10 seconds, as no time from sleeping is lost by these changes. They are more frequent the last half of the night than the first half. These are seasonal variations with greater mobility in the autumn than during any other season of the year.

* Rests again proved that napping during the day has little effect on how quickly a person drops off to sleep when night comes. Nor will it mean not being able to sleep the whole night through.

As children get older they require less sleep, so don't be disturbed when the youngsters start awakening earlier in the morning or cutting down on their afternoon naps. Keeping child-



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ren in bed to induce them to sleep more is wasted effort and is psychologically unsound. They will stay awake, associating play and wakefulness with being in bed instead of with sleep, as they should. Older people, too, require less sleep, particularly if they have retired. They use less energy, also nap in the daytime and hence need less sleep.

To the off-repeated advice, "Don't eat or drink anything before going to bed," Dr. Kleitman says the effects vary, explaining that people fall into three classes! First, there are those whose sleep is not affected by late nourishment, second, those who are affected slightly and, third, those who think they are!

As to the kind of mattresses and bedsprings to use, Dr. Kleitman believes it's a matter of personal likes and dislikes—plus the power of suggestion. Sailors sleep in hammocks, orientals on the floor and without injury to the body's framework. There's nothing scientific to back up the idea that soft mattresses will cause a curved spine or that it takes any particular kind to ensure proper rest.

Bedding also comes in for consideration when sleeping habits are discussed. Again, Dr. Kleitman says it is up to the individual. Temperature, too, is a matter of personal preference. If pre-warming your bed on a cold winter's night makes going to sleep more pleasant for you, go ahead, but remember there are some people who say climbing into cold sheets makes them lie still and consequently go to sleep faster.

Gradual Process

Going to sleep for some is easy, for others more difficult. The same is true for awakening, which is simply the reverse of "dropping off to dreamland." Both processes are gradual, a succession of intermediate stages of wakefulness and sleep. Throughout the night there is a wavelike alternation of deep and light sleep, a process which Dr. Kleitman says runs its course.

A question yet to be settled is whether or not dreams occur in light or heavy sleep. Because up to the present all knowledge of dreaming has been gained subjectively rather than objectively, this is still unknown. Subjects may or may not recall their

dreams, and their accuracy when they do cannot be established. Interestingly enough, women dream more than men and unmarried women more than married. Persons between the ages 20 to 25 dream the most.

Loss Of Sleep

In studying the effects of prolonged loss of sleep, Dr. Kleitman found no resulting physical deterioration as is popularly supposed. Loss of sleep, it was found, does result in disagreeable dispositions, greater sensitivity to pain and lessened mental prowess.

Poets and philosophers for centuries have propounded their definitions of sleep, some regarding it as a necessary evil and a state to which mortals succumb and thereby diminish their accomplishments, others have "likened it unto death, and still others have called it blessed. In his book "Sleep and Wakefulness" Dr. Kleitman writes: "Sleep is a complement of the waking state, the two constituting alternative phases of the same cycle, the one completing the other as the trough of a wave completes its crest." Sleep results, he says simply, from our inability to stay awake.

During his 25 years of sleep study, Dr. Kleitman has developed a "diurnal theory of sleep." Our lives are based on a 24-hour cycle of day and night, with variations of body temperature accompanying this diurnal cycle. Low in the morning, the temperature goes up as the work day progresses, becoming lower again at night. Our sleep-wakefulness cycle follows this, increasingly so as we grow up, go to school and work on schedule. When this cycle is upset our sleep suffers. Maintaining the diurnal body temperature curve (sleeping when it is low and carrying on daytime activities when it is high) is important, therefore, for quality of sleep as well as daytime efficiency.

Train Children

The temperature and performance peak varies in different people, sometimes it is reached early in the day, sometimes late. To learn if you are a "morning person" (early to bed early to rise) or an "evening person" (late to arise, late to say good night) take your temperature every few hours for several days to find when you reach your daytime-peak. If

possible, arrange your schedule to fit this pattern and you'll get the most out of your sleeping and waking hours.

For many people it's a dull life when routine is never broken—probably more monotonous than many would care to endure—but it is important to establish regularity in our lives if we would make the most of shut-eye time as well as performance during waking hours. This is particularly so for persons engaged in intellectual pursuits. It's worth the effort, too, to train children to regular habits, worth-while for later life and best accomplished when training begins early.

The extent to which regularity affects daytime efficiency and nighttime restfulness is, again, an individual matter. In Dr. Kleitman's experiments, 36 subjects were studied for an average of 179 nights a subject. They were studied for six characteristics which it was thought might collectively determine the quality of sleep. These characteristics were: (1) the ease of going to sleep, (2) mobility during sleep, (3) sleeping continuously, (4) incidence and character dreaming, (5) duration of sleep and (6) the subjective feeling of being well rested upon awakening. The results showed much variation from subject to subject and in the same individual from night to night.

From here Dr. Kleitman went on to study modifications of the subjects' sleep pattern by a variety of external and internal conditions. These included environmental conditions not under the control of the individual daytime and evening activities (entirely or partly under his control) feelings, moods, attitudes, state of health (partly dependent upon the individual's actions, but not under his control), and imposed or prescribed conditions (in which the subject ate or drank certain substances). After careful analysis of these studies it was reported that "none of the foregoing influences on the several sleep characteristics affected all subjects in the same way, or a particular subject to the same extent on different nights."

Uses Students

For his experimental studies Dr. Kleitman uses university students 25 to 40 for each experiment. Persons

with varied backgrounds and characteristics are chosen so they are representative of the whole population. He also uses himself as a subject, once staying awake for five days to study the effects of loss of sleep. With an associate, he once spent a month in Mammoth cave, Kentucky, far underground, to test a 28-hour day. The latter experiment proved that man can adjust himself to other than the 24-hour cycle, though again individual adjustment varies.

The necessity to pay back lost sleep is another commonly heard fallacy. Subjects who were deprived of sleep for several consecutive nights needed comparatively few extra hours of sleeping to make-up for the sleep lost.

Emphatic Don't

By interrupting subject's sleep with a clever bell arrangement attached to the bed—the bell becoming louder each time the subject fails to awaken—Dr. Kleitman measured the soundness of sleep. Contrary to popular opinion he found that the soundest hours of sleep were not the first two or three, but that heavy and light sleep alternate throughout the night. This does away with the popular theory that the best hours to sleep are those before the midnight. Toward the end of the night sleep is lighter than in the middle, but throughout the sleeping period there is variation.

To get the most out of our sleeping hours—and to be sure we sleep during the hours set aside for it—Dr. Kleitman has several general suggestions, though he stresses doing what your own experience shows is best for you.

First, he says, maintain a cycle, getting up and retiring at the same hour each day. Tenseness at bed time is to be avoided. It's a good idea to sleep alone, numerous checks having shown that people sleep best when there's one to bed. If you are sleeping poorly, Dr. Kleitman suggests going to bed an hour earlier. If it takes an alarm clock to arouse you, you probably aren't getting enough sleep. On the other hand, if you awaken punctually without benefit of bell ringing, you are probably getting all you need.

Dr. Kleitman has one don't, about which he's very emphatic. No sleeping tablets without a doctor's prescription.

INDIA'S ROADS UNDER THE FIVE YEAR PLAN

By V. V. RAU

IT is heartening to note that of the several aspects dealt with under the Five Year Plan, road development finds a place. The Nagpur Road Plan drawn up in 1943 envisaged far-reaching improvements but the actual achievements fell much short of the targets aimed at. Noticing this fact, the National Planning Commission in its Report of July 1951 observes: "The expenditure incurred on road development during the three years ending 31st March 1950, in the Part A States was Rs. 2,283.8 lakhs, Part B States Rs. 370.2 lakhs and Part C States Rs. 57.2 lakhs, making a total of Rs. 2,711.2 lakhs for the country as a whole. Against the Nagpur Plan target of Rs. 611 crores for roads other than national highways, this expenditure of Rs. 27.11 crores represents a little less than 5 per cent of progress in three years out of ten."

The Planning Commission has therefore come to the conclusion that the Nagpur Plan targets are impracticable and set before itself a more modest aim. "In view of the paucity of funds, it is evident that progress in road development cannot take place at the rate envisaged in the Nagpur Plan, but it is important that it should be steady, balanced and continuous."

Compared with the figure of approximately Rs. 140 crores budgeted by the Nagpur Plan for 5 years, the National Planning Commission (NPC) for the next corresponding period allots an expenditure of Rs. 23 crores to be spent centrally and Rs. 70.7 crores to be spent by States, making a total of Rs. 93.7 crores. To quote from its Report, "The total length of provisional national highways in the country is about 13,400 miles. Out of this, about 11,800 miles of roads exist at present and there are missing links of about 1,600 miles. The Five Year Plan provides for taking in hand the construction of 750 miles of

roads out of these missing links. At the end of five years, it is expected that about 400 miles of these new roads will be completed and about half the work on a length of 350 miles will have been done. There are about 112 missing bridges (costing about Rs. 5 lakhs or more each) on the national highway system. The Five Year Plan provides for taking in hand the construction of 60 of these major bridges. Out of these, roughly 40 are expected to be completed in five years and the remaining 20 will be in various stages of progress at the end of the period. Out of the existing length of 11,800 miles of provisional national highways, 4,300 miles have got an improved surface and the length requiring upgrading is about 7,500 miles. The Five Year Plan provides for the upgrading of approximately 2,200 miles of road surface. Many of the existing bridges are not capable of carrying heavy loads and will require reconstruction. The work, however, will be taken up only after all road lengths and bridges are provided at the missing links and unbridged crossings. It will, therefore, be seen that the order of priority in respect of national highways is (a) provision of missing road links which are of primary importance; (b) improvement of road surfaces to meet the present demand of traffic; and (c) reconstruction of old bridges for making them capable of taking modern loads."

The fact that the funds allocated for road development are very meagre compared to the actual needs, has been correctly grasped and clearly pointed out by the Indian Roads and Transport Development Association (I.R.T.D.A.) which, in a representation to the Government, pleads for increased expenditure targets. The I.R.T.D.A. is of the opinion that the States should spend larger sums in developing their highways and pres-

cribes the following increased scales of expenditure:—

States	NPC's allocation (Rs. crores)	Increased recommended by IRTDA (Rs. crores)
Central Government (National Highways)	23.00	..
Part A States		
West Bengal	13.85	..
Bombay	11.64	..
Bihar	8.00	..
U. P.	5.22	5.00
Madras	5.00	5.00
Assam	2.13	2.00
Madhya Pradesh	2.00	2.00
Orissa	2.00	..
East Punjab	0.75	2.00
Part B & C States	20.15	10.00
Total	93.74	26.00

The IRTDA reasons out and justifies the proposed increases as follows:

"The (National Planning) Commission has indeed, in the body of its report, stressed the importance of roads and recommended a steady, balanced and continuous road programme, but the allocations proposed are not, except in the case of two or three States, commensurate with the unparalleled role of road communications as the first link in the various processes of production, exchange and distribution.

"It is important to remember that out of a cultivable area of nearly 280 million acres in the major States, more than 100 million acres are uncultivated. Roads are as much necessary as water to bring this land under cultivation, as otherwise the time and money that would be needed

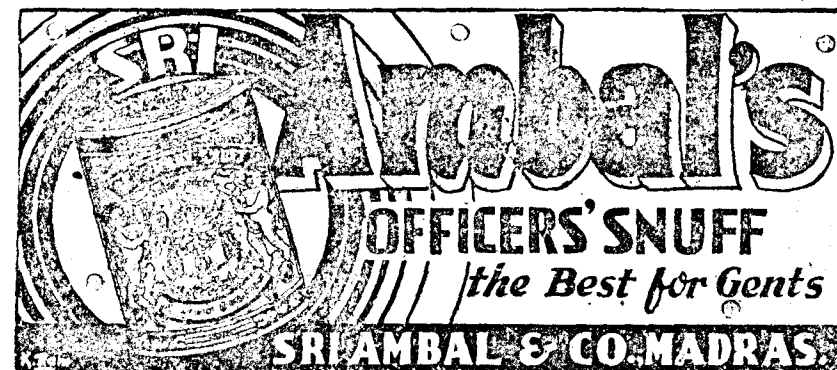
to reach the land and to transport seeds, fertilisers and agricultural implements, added to the cost of carrying the produce to markets by headloads, would exceed by a wide margin the cost of the articles produced. Only by covering this uncultivated area with a network of roads, can it be converted into fertile fields....

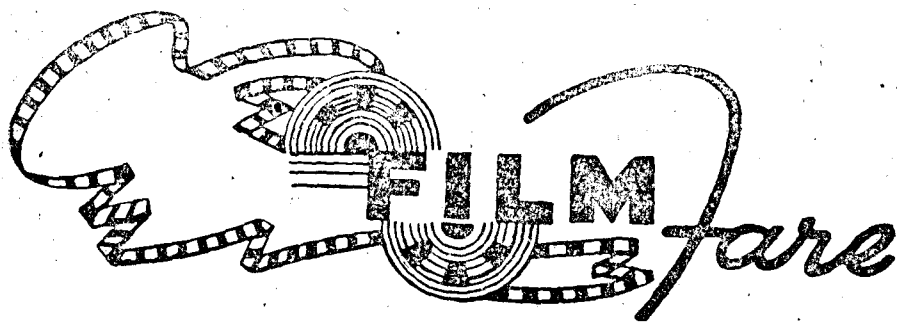
"Looking at roads from another aspect, the report of the Motor Vehicles Taxation Enquiry Committee has shown that existing bad roads constitute a waste of more than Rs. 10 crores annually to the country in higher operating costs of motor transport, and that the nationalised transport services in various States can secure huge savings if given better roads. The Bombay State Road Transport Corporation has itself declared that bad roads cost the Corporation roughly Rs. 2 crores a year at present.

"An adequate and efficient road system represents a most attractive investment to the State because every additional motor vehicle put into use represents a revenue of more than Rs. 1,000 to the public exchequer. As the existing annual revenue of Rs. 30 crores from motor transport can easily rise to Rs. 50 crores through road development, the cost involved should in no way deter us....

"The Association most strongly urges the provision of an additional sum of Rs. 26 crores over the present allocations for roads thus raising the overall target from Rs. 94 to Rs. 120 crores, against a provision of over Rs. 200 crores for railways."

Let us hope that the NPC pays heed to the sober views of the IRTDA and acts up to its sane suggestions.





By V. P. SATHE

THE stage is now set for the film festival. The foreign delegates have started coming and most of the films entered for the festival have already arrived while the remaining are on the way. Over twenty countries are participating in the festival; Hollywood, contrary to expectations, is taking a leading part in the festival. It will be represented by Cecil B. De Mille's "The Greatest Show On Earth" and Walt Disney's "Alice In Wonderland" on the one hand and Frank Capra, Gene Tievey and other stars in person on the other. The films and personalities from Hollywood are now likely to steal the limelight in the festival which begins on Thursday the 24th instant.

The delegates from Soviet Union and China will be perhaps even more organised and impressive; but they would hardly have any familiar name like Capra to boast of. Incidentally, "The White Haired Girl," the Chinese picture which was reviewed in these columns, will be shown during the festival; China has sent three other feature films as well. The Soviet Union has sent "Fall of Berlin," "Bountiful Summer," "Liberation of China" and other films while Japan is represented by "Yuki Warisoo" which, I am told, is one of the best pictures ever produced in East or West. The French entries for the festival include "We Go To Paris" a delightful comedy and "Monsieur Vincent" which won a prize at Venice. The other notable entries are "River" (Indo-Commonwealth), "Nile Boy" (Egypt), "Four In A Jeep" (Switzerland), "Fra Brne" (Yugoslavia), "Mrs. Dery" (Hungary), "Murder In The Cathedral" (Britain), and, of course, "Miracle of Milan" (Italy). The two famous Italian films

"Bicycle Thief" and "Open City" will also be screened during the festival.

In addition to these feature films about hundred documentary shorts also will be shown during the festival. Those who have seen some of these shorts at previews declare that the worst critics of documentaries will be transformed into admirers when they see the documentary shorts produced by Czechoslovakia.

These shorts and feature films will be screened only at four regular theatres and two open air theatres. The organising committee has not been able to secure more theatres. In fact, but for Sri K. M. Modi, the leading exhibitors have not extended any special cooperation for the festival. This lack of cooperation from the film industry is perhaps the only disappointing feature of the whole show.

In this connection I have been told that the Films Division and the Government did everything possible to woo the industry; and though in Delhi, Madras and Calcutta they succeeded in securing fullest cooperation, their efforts in Bombay did not meet with the same success. It is also pointed out that had the Government taken no initiative, the festival would never have taken place. For, left to themselves, the members of IMPPA would have put a very poor show.

Anyway, it is hardly the time to squabble over such petty disputes. It is gratifying that IMPPA is giving at least one party to the foreign delegates. Of course, like all plans, the plan of the festival has also undergone many changes. For instance, instead of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Sri Diwakar is now inaugurating the festival. Then some of the prominent

delegates like Ingrid Bergman, Robert Rosellini, Alexander Korda, Charlie Chaplin, De Sica have had to cancel their plan to attend the festival. Then, thanks to the objection raised by the members of the World Motion Picture Federation, the festival will give no awards. Even the Film Federation of India has dropped the idea of giving an award to the best Indian picture of the year. Moreover, the much publicized star-parade and reception at Turf Club also have been abandoned. Now the social functions are confined to a film dinner and the film ball at the Taj. In addition, the Governor of Bombay, the Mayor of Bombay and IMPPA are giving "at homes" to the delegates. The Indian National Theatre, the Stage and Screen Committee of the Peace Council and similar organisations are putting up cultural shows for the foreign delegates.

Thus, it appears that though the festival will lack the expected spectacle and glamour, it will be a very colourful and interesting affair.

Personality Of The Week

The most important and perhaps most popular personality to grace the film festival, will be Frank Capra. In India at least he has been one of the most admired Hollywood directors for last two decades and like Chaplin, and John Ford, Capra has been one of the few Hollywood directors who has consistently given us thought-provoking purposeful comedies and satires. According to some critics, Capra is the originator of purposeful entertainment.

Capra began his career three decades ago as a gag-man for Max Sennet Comedies. His job was writing gags and those who have seen slapstick comedies will realize how difficult was this job. From a gag-man he blossomed into a scenarist and director and joined Columbia Pictures; and from the beginning he avoided the cheap crime thrillers and took to the production of social pictures—pictures which dealt with real life. In the beginning his approach was rather serious as is evident in "Forbidden" starring Barbara Stanwyk. It was only in 1934 when he made "It Happened One Night," that his genius for comedy and satire came into limelight.

Capra won the coveted academy award for the aforementioned picture and he followed it with such out-

standing hits as "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" and "Meet John Doe." In all these three pictures, Capra's hero was a simple, honest poor man who fell in the hands of racketeers who tried to use him for their end; but in all these pictures the honest hero triumphed ultimately. In a way these pictures were social exposures of the capitalist American society. Indeed there could not have been a better satire of American politics than "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington."

Through these pictures Capra evolved his own school of direction. In all these pictures Capra manifested the power of satire and comedy as against stark drama to portray the follies and foibles of our society; Moreover, Capra was never fastidious about his technique; his camera movements were simple. There was no effort for any arty-arty angles and three dimensional effects in his pictures. He was concerned as much with camera and other technical devices as with the human element. Capra is one of the keenest human observers and in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," he played on the idiosyncracies of every member of the jury and judge to prove the innocence of Mr. Deeds. Indeed, in his picture even the most insignificant character came to life and it is his intimate study of human conduct and sympathy for the downtrodden that made his every picture so humorous, so warm and so delightful.

During the thirties Capra was the ideal of all progressives who believed in purposeful entertainment. During the war Capra did not make many films; his "Arsenic And Old Lace" was hilarious but rather inhuman. It was in "It's Wonderful Life" and "State Of The Union" that the old Capra touch was again evident. But apparently either Capra's style has outlived its utility or it has no scope in the present day structure of Hollywood which does not encourage any social comment and criticism of contemporary American life. That is why we find Capra vitiating his genius on such second-rate pictures as "Riding High", and "Here Comes The Groom". At last Capra too seems to have fallen into the rut. Unless he resumes his old role of humanist and social commentator, neither he nor

Hollywood can look forward to a bright future.

Picture Of The Week

The days of cloak and dagger melodrama are here again. Though Vasan started this vogue with *Nishan*, the other producers are still reaping the harvest. The latest to join the ranks of such producers is Lekh Raj Bhakri who produced *Shaan* for Kuldip Pictures.

Lekhraj Bhakri has produced and directed this swashbuckling drama on a very economic scale. First by undertaking the responsibility of direction, he saved considerable expense. Then the story and screenplay were provided by his brother Mulk Raj Bhakri and but for Suraiya, who worked on a very co-operative basis, the entire cast was chosen from "B" grade. Even on music and sets, no extravagance was allowed. The result has been very paying.

For, considering the amount spent *Rajput* has proved to be a successful, though otherwise undistinguished picture. It has all the elements of an average success; it has a story, for instance, which is not very original but which is engrossing enough to sustain the interest. It is the story of a youth who revolts against the tyranny of the Minister and ascertains the right of the people; ultimately the youth himself turns out to be the heir-apparent to the throne in keeping with the formula of such stories. The villain in this picture is the heroine's brother and as such not a romantic rival of the hero.

This drama is punctuated with songs, some of which are tuneful and apt. The "Quavali" put over by Kuldip and Shakuntala to help Jairaj run away from prison is bound to be popular. It is one of stock song situations which never fail. The last marathon song number is dramatic enough to arouse the audience; it is a substitute for the drum-dance sequence in *Chandralakha*.

The success of *Rajput* lies in clever exploitation of stock situations and formulas which may appear to be very hackneyed to a critic but which never fail to entertain our picturegoers. But for this there is nothing worthy of special mention in this picture which is acted, produced and directed in the usual uninspired stereotyped manner. Suraiya looks comely in rather

odd costumes for a Rajput girl. Shakuntala looks sweet and deserves better roles in future. Jairaj, Kuldip, Sapru, Misra, Randhir are their usual selves.

News Of The Week

—Kishore Sahu has completed *Sapna*. He is launching *Hamari Duniya* on 26th January 1952.

—V. Shantaram opened a new laboratory in his studio last week. After the completion of *Parchhain*, he will start another social picture based on a story by Dewan Sherar.

—Due to passport difficulties Dilip Kumar is not going abroad. Instead he will soon go to Delhi and Lucknow in search of Anarkali for *Mughal-E-Azam* which is being directed by K. Asif.

—O. P. Dutta has been signed by Gope Productions to direct *Malkeen* for which Agha Jani Kashmiri is writing the screenplay.

—Kamini Kaushal will play the lead in *Kamini* which Qamar Jalalabadi is producing for Famous Pictures. Shanti Kumar is the director.

—The production unit of "Poonam" is leaving for Simla Hills for the outdoor shooting. Meanwhile Ramnand Sagar has gone to Kulu Valley for the outdoor shooting of his picture *Mehmaan*.

—Nargis and Nasir Khan who are appearing together in K. B. Lall's *Angaray* will be co-starred again in Daryani's new picture *Pahli Shaadi*.

—Jayant Desai has started the shooting of his Arabian Night fantasy *Thousand Nights* while his *Shivshakti* is being released on Republic Day.

—*Akash* is the title of Manmohan Films' maiden production starring Nadira, Dev Anand, Kuldip. Written by K. A. Abbas, it will be produced and directed by Manmohan Sabir. Nadira is also playing the lead in Nakshab's *Nagma*.

—Vasan is producing the Hindi version of *Patal Bhairavi*.

—Stars Marie Windsor, Caesar Romero and Rod Cameron arrived in Bombay last week. They were on their way to Salem where they are contracted to star in an adventure film *The Jungle* which will be produced by Robert Lippart and directed by William Berke for Mr. Sundaram of Modern Theatres. They met leading Indian film stars at a party given by Ambalal J. Patel, at his residence.

PROMISE OF NEW LIFE FOR DEAD SOIL

SENSATIONAL AMERICAN DISCOVERY

NEW YORK: In their struggle to endow the world with "some of the things nature forgot," as well as to enhance the natural benefits to which man is heir, American scientists are welcoming, with cautious enthusiasm, the development of a dramatic new chemical process which promises new life for "dead" soil.

Announcement of the satisfactory culmination of experiments with a substance called Krillium is being talked of as one of the most exciting contributions to the 118th annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

If Krillium lives up to expectations, this substance, developed by the Central Research Laboratories of the Monsanto Chemical Co., Dayton, Ohio, will usher in a new, happier era for farmers, and for those who rely on their products, by licking age-old problems of soil deterioration resulting from devastating rains and the relentless sun.

Results of first tests, as reported, have shown Krillium to be capable of acting as an effective "cementing agent" in soil having poor structure. Especially impressive has been its effectiveness in improving the "soil aggregation" qualities of earth that has been mud-clodded, or has become slaked and encrusted from long exposure to the sun.

The new substance is composed of "synthetic polyelectrolytes"—large molecules carrying several electrical charges.

These molecules, easily soluble in water, are capable of grabbing up multiple clay particles and binding them together in stable clumps ranging in size from a pin-head to a pea.

The overall effect is the establishment of an ideal soil structure which is stable even in the presence of large amounts of water. Thus, following a heavy rain, the soil does not tend to pack down into a hard mass, on top of which the sun takes a hard crust.

Results obtained thus far from

tests made experimentally by Monsanto chemists on "bad" soil structure have shown an improved quality of crops and increases of yields of 15 to 45 per cent over untreated soil of the same structure.

For farmers, this new technique appears to promise a revolutionary advance in what they know as "organic" farming, without the wastage suffered in the use of tremendous quantities of peat moss, compost and other natural soil conditioners.

Unlike these other soil conditioners, large quantities of which are quickly attacked and destroyed by soil micro-organisms, Krillium has been found to be 40 to 50 times as resistant to soil bacteria.

One pound of the new substance is equivalent to soil conditioners produced by 100 to 1,000 pounds of manures or natural black residue. Krillium is not yet available on the market, but when it is, it will cost about \$2 a pound. This will be comparatively expensive, but the experts feel the long-range advantages will more than compensate.

Additional benefits from the chemical action of Krillium on the soil are foreseen in preventing erosion, especially as it affects highways and bridges. Huge tracts of land, long given up as hopeless of cultivation, and written off as "submarginal," may become a source of new opportunity for tens of thousands of families long orphaned by the results of "what nature forgot."

What Krillium promises in terms of reclaiming soil and recultivating life in under-developed countries, inspires the imagination. One thinks of the struggle of Israel to pump life into the time-encrusted, scorched earth neglected for centuries. One thinks of the vast potential blessings contained in scientific gifts like Krillium for other lands and peoples to whom the "Point 4" plan was, and is, far more than an American political slogan.—P. G. KRISHNAYYA.

ANECDOTES ABOUT GANDHIJI

AS TOLD BY MURIEL LESTER

Here are some anecdotes about Gandhiji from the book "Gandhi's Signature" by Miss Muriel Lester, his hostess in London. We are indebted to them for V. Subramanian who obtained the author's permission for their publication.

A week later when my month at the Ashram was nearly over, Anasuya said, "Have you told Gandhi any of these exciting adventures in pacifism that you people have had in other countries?" I said, "No, of course he knows of our existence but he hasn't asked about any details." "But you must tell him," she said. "Not at all," I answered, "what do you expect? Am I to go and say, 'Please, Mr. Gandhi, I've got quite a nice lot of interesting stories that I'd like to tell you?' "But he wants to hear," she said. "He hasn't told me so," I answered. "But" she said, "he has been inquiring 'Why does this English woman stay quietly in her room studying except when she comes over to meals? Why doesn't she come to talk to me?'"

"Then you must come with me so I won't be self-conscious," said I. "We'll go tomorrow," said she. I knew it was now or never as far as making real friends with Gandhi was concerned.

My heart sank a little as I squatted on the ground in front of his spinning wheel with Anasuya in the corner, highly amused at the situation and my nervousness, Gandhi was giving his full attention to the spinning, as gentle, equable, polite and unquestioning as ever. I blurted out, "I want you to come to England, Mr. Gandhi." With a perfectly formal smile he bowed and answered, "I have not had sufficient success yet in my own country in the use of non-violence to be justified in coming to England to teach anything to you good members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation."

I could bear this equanimity no longer. I remember pulling myself up to my full height, leaning back a little and saying, "But, Mr. Gandhi, I don't want you to come over to teach me things. I want you to come over to learn from them."

Now the thing had happened. He threw his head back and burst out laughing. From then on, we were friends.

He Comes To London

The moment was over. The music started up again. It was wrong to demand too much of the man who had just arrived that day. As he passed the piano on his way upstairs, one of the typical middle-aged cockney women, full of good humour and energy, came up and clapped him on the shoulder: "Gandy, have a dance with me?" He couldn't immediately hide the amazement he felt, but he loved being surprised in this way, and answered, "I'm sorry but I don't know how." Then turning to me, he said, "Muriel, please see that I learn."

Half-Pint Of Extra Goat's Milk

After his other friends and I had had a good breakfast downstairs we would put on coats, hats and mufflers in order to keep warm as we sat by him eating his breakfast of cold fruit, warm honey and water or warm goat's milk. He kept window and door wide open and was perfectly comfortable until we wrapped-up people with big breakfasts inside us would start shivering and ask him to excuse us shutting the window and the door. One day I didn't go for the morning walk. I said at breakfast I was too sleepy to get up.

"Then you should cut down your diet," he promptly replied.

"Oh, I don't know," I answered. "Last night up on the platform in the West End you looked very sleepy. Your eyes were nearly shutting. You looked as though you needed a matchstick between the lids to keep your eyes open."

"Did I? Did I?" he replied with tremendous interest.

"Definitely," I said.

"Now I'll tell you the reason," he said. "Yesterday evening there was half a pint of extra goat's milk left and they persuaded me to drink it as it would otherwise be wasted and I was foolish enough to do so. Of course it is much more wasted when you take more than you need. I'm glad you told me, Muriel. I shall cut down my milk supply today by one half. You'll see I'm not sleepy tonight." And he wasn't. A devastatingly irritating man! Nearly always right but O the joy of finding him wrong, and how he revelled in anybody standing up to him.

This man also is a child of God for all his absurd attempts to prove his essential worthiness by maintaining it is not choice but necessity which impels him to break the Hindu ban on alcohol. Gandhi gives him as much rope as he wants. The man leans forward persuasively or rocks himself to and fro, starts on a new line and when that too gets tangled up he throws up his head, looks Gandhi straight in the face and declares, "Well, I must live." Gandhi in his usual well-modulated voice, says just one devastating word, "Why?" The man gets up and goes out.

Then came the Bihar earthquake devastating an immense area. Gandhi would only take the smallest possible party; a secretary and Mira (Madelein Slade), Dorothy and me. "It's God's judgment on us for the way we treat untouchables," wrote Gandhi in his weekly paper. I tackled him. "I can't agree with that. God never punishes. Oh, of course we get punished all right but it's by ourselves."

As we drove from one half buried city to the next, our argument continued. "But the Bible says God chastises those he loves." I retort, "Paul may have said it, but he sometimes makes mistakes. Besides I don't think the word is chastise. It's chasten—that's different." There was no Bible immediately available so we waited until the next stopping place when one was immediately procured and searched. Neither of us would give way.

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SIDELIGHTS :

We build on the ice, and write on the waves of the sea. The waves roaring, pass away; the ice melts, and away goes our palace.—HERDER.

HAVING tolerated our defeated Ministers for five long years, the public may be reconciled to their continuance for two brief months if, at the end of that period, it could be sure they would quit. But it is not sure. Nobody can be sure of anything with a Minister like Sri Bhaktavatsalam. He declared on the morrow of his defeat that Providence had at last intervened to spare him from the stress and strain of his present career. The hypocritical cant of this declaration is a proper measure of the man making it. Here is one who worked tirelessly to secure the office of Minister, who abandoned leader after leader to cling on to that office, and is reputed with a resolve to pause at nothing to reach the pinnacle of his ambition by making himself leader, and now he assumes the pose of a reluctant bearer of heavy public responsibilities, thankful to Providence for release from them! The verdict of the polls is lost on him, and even in his hour of crowning defeat the hon'ble Sri Bhaktavatsalam cannot desist from humbug. He has over-reached himself with too much cleverness and has attained the distinction of being the most distrusted member of the Ministry. When he says a thing, it is not unlikely he means just the contrary.

As for Sri Gopala Reddi, he has already announced to friends that he will not go back to his native district except as Minister. It is clear that the defeated Ministers hope to counteract their defeat by having themselves set up once again for election—this time to the Legislative Council. A famous British statesman characterised power without responsibility as the privilege of the harlot through the ages. That privilege our defeated Ministers now have, as they are no longer responsible, representing, as they do, no constituency. They possess the suffrage of no electorate. They have power but no responsibility.

There is no end to the corrupting propensities of Ministers thus placed. Adult suffrage has placed a heavy strain on the politically ambitious rich bent on buying votes, but the occasion seems to have called forth redoubled ingenuity to meet the new difficulties. In some places, they seem to have turned the secrecy of the ballot itself to account. Every voter gets his ballot paper but no means has been devised to ensure that every ballot paper goes into a box. Nothing is more simple than for a voter to take his ballot paper, go into the booth, there put his ballot paper in his pocket and come out quietly as though he has voted. Later on the unused ballot papers are sold for a price to the candidate's collectors, also voters, who when they go into the booth in their turn, drop into the box along with their own ballot papers a large number of others' unused ones bought by them. There is no knave-proof device to prevent this technique and I am told it has been extensively employed in some constituencies by rich and corrupt candidates. The advantage with Legislative Council elections is that the area of corruption and purchase of votes is considerably narrower than in the case of elections to the State Assembly and Parliament.

It is possible to get elected to the Legislative Council with the votes of some fifteen members of the new State Assembly. On account of their peculiar position of being in power without responsibility, there can be no end to the resources that the defeated Ministers can employ to advance themselves into the Legislative Council. If abuse of official position be lavish enough, it is not impossible for every one of the defeated Ministers, if he is so minded, to get re-installed, first into the Council and later into the Ministry itself. Our constitution can then be burnt and thrown into the dust bin for all the democratic purpose served by it. It is not merely for a two or three months' stay that the defeated Ministers are fighting. It is for a come-back through the back door.

In Bombay efforts are being made to bring Sri Morarji Desai back either through a bye-election to the State Assembly or through the Legislative Council. A Minister in office defeated in an ordinary election with adult suffrage operating, is one judged and condemned by the public on his record, and he is not fit for restoration to power immediately. For any party seeking to cling to him, he is like the very plague. The party cannot save him but he will destroy the party. In Bombay, while Sri Morarji was defeated, other Ministers were not, and the Congress Party as such achieved a grand electoral victory. In Madras every Minister associated in the public mind as a repository of

power in the Cabinet has been rejected by the electorate, and in the Andhra districts the Congress Party itself has sustained a disastrous rout at the polls. The whole set-up of the administration has been judged unworthy of support by the electorate. If the defeated Ministers of Madras are forced down the throats of a resistant public through technical loopholes or other trickery, it will not be long before the still surviving remnants of Congress influence in the State begin to disappear completely. The Congress President should declare in advance his refusal to set up any of the defeated Ministers as a Congress candidate for the Council.—SAKA.

ECONOMIC CRISIS IN STERLING AREA

By A. ALAGAPPAN, M.A., Bar-at-Law

FOR the third time in the post-war years the Commonwealth Finance Ministers have met to resolve what appears to be the gravest economic crisis the Sterling area has yet faced. The crisis now is not limited to the common problem of dollar shortage for the sterling area as a whole but it also covers the new dangerous development of the balance of payments deficit of the United Kingdom with the rest of the world, estimated to be in the range of 500 millions for the year 1951. A time has come when to the United Kingdom it is not only dollars that are hard to obtain but "all currencies are hard." Besides finding ways and means to satisfactorily settle the dollar problem which has so far defied solution, the Finance Ministers must also crack the other hard nut and set the United Kingdom in equilibrium with the rest of the world.

Normally the United Kingdom exchanged in the main her manufactured products, shipping and other services and her income from external investments for imports of raw materials and foodstuffs which could not be obtained in the country. With the beginning of the war local production had to be diverted for war needs and the merchant fleet was taken up by the nation for war purposes. Britain's earning capacity thus

declined. The need for imports however was as incessant as before and the basic food needs had also to be met. The United Kingdom met the crisis by selling much of her investments abroad and also by raising loans from Empire countries which have developed mostly into sterling balances. The dollar earnings of the Empire countries for the major part were utilised by the United Kingdom in return for promises to pay. At the end of the war the United Kingdom found herself owing enormous sums to members of the sterling area and the United States of America. The need for imports particularly from the United States of America was great as industry had to be re-equipped and war damages had to be repaired. The members of the sterling area which had come to the aid of the United Kingdom clamoured for the return of the debts preferably in the form of dollars as they also had to develop their economies.

The United States of America came out with radical plans to solve the problem. First of all, a loan of \$3750 millions was extended to the United Kingdom which became effective from 15th July 1946. The loan was intended to meet transitional post-war deficits in the United Kingdom's current balance of payments, to help maintenance of adequate gold and dollar

reserves and to assist development of multilateral trade. The loan also made some provision for free convertibility of current receipts of other members of the sterling area. Besides this loan, the other major help given was the outright gift known as Marshall Aid. This aid was intended to promote European recovery and the United Kingdom was the major beneficiary receiving \$2818 millions till the end of 1950. Marshall Aid was intended (1) to help expansion of output particularly in the agriculture, fuel and power industries and modernisation of transport, (2) establish internal financial stability, (3) develop cooperation between European countries and (4) reduce dependence on the United States of America. These objectives were achieved to a great extent. Trade has been developed and it seemed as though the United Kingdom would reach equilibrium of current balance of payments. In the year 1950, particularly in the last quarter there was a surplus of \$398 millions and it looked as though Marshall Aid with the help of devaluation of sterling in September 1949 had converted the deficit into a surplus. Gold reserves were raised from \$1688 million in the last quarter of 1949 to \$3758 millions in the first quarter of 1951.

There was a drive for dollars. All the sterling area countries were anxious to reduce their imports from the United States of America and increase exports to that country. There was a scouring of the horizon for alternate markets. For example, as far as possible, machinery was bought in European countries.

Export markets for sterling area commodities, notably wool, rubber, tea, jute and jute manufactures have been however relatively bad in the later half of last year. The United States Government's prohibition on the buying of tin in an effort to break the price has prevented the sale of tin. (The United States has since decided to resume the purchase of tin). The expected revival of American imports of strategic raw materials has not set in. So dollar earnings have dropped. At the same time American aid has just ceased and repayment burdens have increased. Loss of petroleum from Abadan has led to greatly increased purchases

from the United States. Above all, an important point to be remembered is that imports from the United States are used to increase stocks of commodities, mainly strategic stock piles, and are also used in the re-armament programme. So we find that at this juncture, despite the help given by Marshall Aid and American loans the United Kingdom is still confronted with the persisting problem of dollar shortage.

With reference to the dollar shortage it will not be possible to impose any uniform solution on all members of the sterling area as there are special problems associated with each country. No fixed uniform cut in dollar imports is likely. India, for one, cannot do without imports of foodgrains and also heavy machinery from the United States. India's needs must receive paramount consideration, as otherwise she may be in the throes of famine deadlier than any in the past. Similarly, other sterling area countries will resent any cuts imposed from without. All countries must however put forth their best efforts in reducing imports from the United States through internal output by developing industry and agriculture if that is possible. They must also find alternate buying areas or use substitutes for materials imported from the United States.

In times of crisis like this endangering the economic well-being of all members of the sterling area one wonders about the wisdom of the re-armament policy of the United Kingdom which has helped the growth of this crisis. The United Kingdom must exercise considerable restraint in spending. There has already been a tightening up of credit in the private sector of the British economy. State expenditure, except for ostentatious cuts, still remains at a high level. There must be an all out effort by the United Kingdom to cut down expenditure.

As to the sterling liabilities of the United Kingdom, while restraint and patience may be shown for the immediate future, the United Kingdom must soon help the dependent overseas territories mainly to build up their economies which are at a primitive stage. The less developed countries may be placed on a priority list.

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.

Mayuram Headmaster's Resignation

With reference to the article contained in your issue of the 24th August 1951 relating to the resignation of Sri. N. S. Krishnamurthi Ayyar, the former Headmaster of the Municipal High School, Mayuram, I am directed to forward a note containing the facts relating to the incident as seen from the reports of the officers who made enquiries into it.

I am to request you to be good enough to give publicity to the contents through your journal.

NOTE

The attention of the Government has been drawn to an article in the *Swatantra* dated 24th August 1951 under the caption "Headmaster throws up job in despair and protest". It would appear from the article in the *Swatantra* that the Municipal Commissioner, Mayuram, abused his position by harassing Sri N. S. Krishnamurthy Ayyar, the former headmaster of the Municipal High School, Mayuram, for personal reasons, with the result that the Headmaster had to resign, the final act of persecution being the transfer of Sri Krishnamurthy Ayyar as the Headmaster of the Municipal High School, Koranad.

The Government have had a thorough enquiry instituted into the allegations. From the reports of the Collector of Tanjore and the Director of Public Instruction, it is seen that the allegation that the Municipal Commissioner harassed the Headmaster is not borne out by the facts. On the other hand, there are clear indications to show that the belated charge against the Commissioner has to be regarded as an after-thought, when the agitation to retain him in the Mayuram High School failed. Sri Krishnamurthi Ayyar joined as the Headmaster of Koranad High School, consequent on the transfer from Mayuram High School, on 26-6-51. He continued to serve there till 18th July 1951 and stopped away from duty from 19th July, after obtaining casual leave for 19th and 20th July. On the 22nd July, he put in an application for medical leave for one month with effect from 19th July. On 23rd July he sent his resignation of appointment, to take effect from 18th August. On 19th August he took up an appointment in a private high school in Ramanathapuram District as the Headmaster, on a higher salary.

The sequence of events as seen from the information given above, coupled with

the fact that the letter of resignation sent on 23rd July to the Commissioner is silent as to the cause of resignation, throws considerable doubt as to the bona fides of the Headmaster's conduct when he came up later with a statement that he resigned his job in protest. The earliest indication that he has given about this "protest" is in his letter dated 7-8-51 when he sent a letter to the Secretary to the Tanjore District Teachers' Guild, complaining against the conduct of the Commissioner.

Under these circumstances, the Government do not consider that any action beyond explaining the position through this Note is necessary.

K. M. UNNITHAN, I. C. S.,
Secretary to Government,
Education Department,
22-1-1952.
Madras.

Election Irregularities

Sri T. S. Ramanujam of Madras complains that ballot boxes can be opened without breaking the paper seal. This seems to have been actually demonstrated at Surat to the local Returning Officer. (vide Times of India of the 21st).

At Nagpur the secretaries of the Jan Sanga, the S. C. F. and the Socialist parties have telegraphed that ballot papers can be inserted as well as withdrawn without opening the box. They have asked for permission to demonstrate this by handling six boxes before the officers concerned. (vide Times of India of 22nd).

Sri T. Prakasam states that his agents were permitted to examine only invalid papers.

The Bulsar incident is known to the public.

Writing fifteen days ago, I suggested that entering the number of the ballot paper against the name of the candidates in the voters' list was a breach of secrecy. The Election Commission wrote that election procedure was in accordance with statutory provision and followed English usage. I referred to Rogers on Elections (Vol. III Page 93, 1928 Edn.) where there is a reference to "a mark against the name of the candidate to show that he has received a ballot paper but not showing which paper he has received." The inference from this seems to be obvious.

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Many boxes, at least in Bangalore are sealed only with the seal supplied by the Corporation. On this there are nearly a thousand replicas. Is it a matter of any difficulty to break a seal and reseal it in these circumstances?

In Mysore and Bengal such boxes are kept uncounted for more than 20 days.

I have referred here only to irregularities of a general kind. Voting in Bombay has brought out various other irregularities. For example Sri Dange's box had 30,000 invalid votes. How were these invalid? How could there be so many invalid papers unless Bombay electors are particularly stupid or there have been innumerable irregularities in Bombay elections.

In view of all these, it appears to me that immediately after the elections, there will be numerous petitions very probably ending in a declaration by the Courts that elections all over the country are invalid. I think it is time that leaders of various parties opposed to the Congress met and arrived at joint decisions on these grave issues.

C. V. RAMANUJACHARI,
B.A., B.L.

Bangalore.

Debunking Nehru

I have read with amazement Vighneswara's comments in SWATANTRA (12th January '52) on Mr. Nehru's foreign policy and the part played by him and the Congress leaders in the events that led to the partition of India. I am compelled to write these few lines to protest against this systematic "debunking" of Nehru and the other Congress leaders which has been going on in your columns for a long time. Vighneswara blames the Congress leaders for agreeing to the partition of the country and says that partition was "the hook in the bait which the Congress so greedily swallowed." The whole world knows that the partition was not something which the Congress accepted either in a casual manner or because they liked it. It was a tragic necessity brought on by the inexorable developments which suddenly took place in those critical days. There was no other way out, if this country was to be free. Not to have agreed to partition would have meant the prolonging of the agony of the country, with an unscrupulous and fanatical minority continually remaining as the disrupting and disintegrating canker at India's heart. The Congress was compelled to accept the tragic reality and history will justify this acceptance. Let us not forget that in 1946-47 the Muslim League had acquired an influence over the Muslim minority which no power could weaken, and I shudder at the prospect of having to reckon with that disrupting and

insidious influence continually in the life of the nation. As for the "blood-letting" which followed partition, no person with any pretension to commonsense would blame Nehru or the Congress leaders. These terrible events followed as a relentless consequence of that systematic campaign of hatred which was going on in the sub-continent ever since Mr. Jinnah took charge of the destinies of the Muslim minority in India and preached the "two-nations" theory and filled the minds of the Muslims with a deep hatred and suspicion of the Hindu community. How wise partition was can be understood if we closely study the developments which have been going on in Pakistan.

Vighneswara's remarks on Dr. Mookerjee's charge against Nehru on the question of the Khan Brothers are thoroughly puerile. Perhaps Nehru's agreeing to the holding of a plebiscite in the N.W.F. Province was an error of judgment; but on that account, can we say, as Dr. Mookerjee has so brazenly said, that Nehru willingly allowed the Khan Brothers to be used as scapegoats in order to achieve his political ambition? When tragic developments burst on a nation's life, every one becomes bewildered and often mistakes are made. It is the part of wisdom to accept these major historical events as settled facts, without using them as sticks to beat your political opponents with on the eve of an election.

It is not clear what Vighneswara wants India to do in regard to Kashmir. It is quite possible that Nehru's policy in respect of Kashmir is mistaken. But what is the alternative for India? It is unfortunate that Vighneswara should insinuate that our leaders are playing with the idea of partitioning Kashmir. To do so is a piece of deliberate perversity, especially in the face of the declared intentions of the Prime Minister and the Government of which he is the head.

H. SUNDER RAO.

Udipi.

Madras University And Private Study

Even in advanced countries like England and America, students are allowed to study privately for university examinations, without collegiate attendance. Almost all universities in North India also give this privilege. It is high time that the Madras University removed all the restrictions now imposed on private candidates, so that many a brilliant young student who cannot afford to go through an expensive college course may study privately and appear for the university examinations. Like Milton's hungry sheep many of them today "look up and are not fed."

P. V. SRINIVASAN.

Madras.