



શ્રીદીશ ઈન્ડિયા
સ્ટીમ નેવીગેશન કુ.

વાસ દીવસમાં મુંબઈ પહોંચાડનારો
સ્ટીમરો

સ્ટી. "ખંડલા"

— નવેમ્બર તા. ૮ મીએ મુંબઈ જવા ઉપડશે.
સ્ટી. "કરોઆ" નવેમ્બર તા. ૨૨ મીએ મુંબઈ
જવા ઉપડશે.

સુચના—ઉત્તરમાં પોતાના મોટા દાગીના સ્ત્રીવારે ૧૧
વાગા અગાઉ કચ્છમાં પહોંચતાં કરવા.

ટીકટના ભાવો

સેકન્ડ ક્લાસ: પાર્લક ૨૪-૦-૦

ઈન્ડર: પા. ૧૫-૦-૦

ડેક પા. ૮-૦-૦

મુસલમાની વીથી રૂ. ૪૦; હિંદુ વીથી રૂ. ૩૪.

સેકન્ડ અને ઇન્ડર માટે એક મહિના આગાઉથી બદોબસ્ત કરવો.

ફરેક હીંદીને જણાવવામાં આવે છે કે તેમણે પોતાની
સ્ટીમરની ટીકટ વિગેરેનો બદોબસ્ત ડરખન આવી કરવો.
ફરેક ઉત્તર માટે જગ્યા અને સામાન વિગેરેનો બદોબસ્ત
અમે અમારી જાતે કરી આપીએ છીએ. અમારી સાથે
પત્રવ્યવહાર કરવો બહારનારોએ.

વધુ પ્રુવાસા માટે લખો યા મળે:—

ચેમ્બલ હીમ્બ,

Tel. Add ૩૭૦ પાકન સ્ટ્રીટ, ડરખન.

"Karamat Durban"

અઠવાડીક પંચાંગ

વાર	ખ્રીસ્તી ૧૯૨૬ અક. નવે.	હીંદુ ૧૯૮૨ આસો	મુસલમાન ૧૩૪૫ રખીલ આખર	પારસી ૧૨૬૬ કરમી ચહે.	સુર્યોદય ક. મી.	મુસરિલ ક. મી.
શુક્ર	૨૯	વદિ ૮	૨૧	૨૧	૫-૫	૬-૧૪
શનિ	૩૦	" ૯	૨૨	૨૨	૫-૪	૬-૧૫
રવિ	૩૧	" ૧૦	૨૩	૨૩	૫-૩	૬-૧૬
સોમ	૧	" ૧૧	૨૪	૨૪	૫-૨	૬-૧૭
મંગળ	૨	" ૧૨	૨૫	૨૫	૫-૧	૬-૧૮
બુધ	૩	" ૧૩	૨૬	૨૬	૫-૦	૬-૧૯
ગુરુ	૪	" ૧૪	૨૭	૨૭	૪-૫૬	૬-૨૦

South African Indian Congress

Sixth Session

Preliminary Notice

In terms of the Rules notice is hereby given to all Constituent bodies that the Sixth Session of the Congress will be held at Johannesburg on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd November, 1926.

The following is the provisional Agenda:

1. Presidential Address.
2. General Secretary's Report.
3. Round Table Conference.
4. Colour Bar Bill.
5. Provincial Powers Bill.
6. Revision of Constitution and Standing Orders.
7. Other grievances and resolutions thereon.
8. Treasurer's Report and Financial Statement.
9. Election of Officials.

A. I. KAJEE,

Hon. General Secretary.

South African Indian Congress.

Headquarters :

175, Grey Street, Durban.

સાઉથ આફ્રિકન ઇન્ડિયન કોંગ્રેસ

છઠી મી બેઠક

પ્રાથમીક નોટીસ

ધારાઓ મુજબ આથી સઘળી કોંગ્રેસની સાથે
જોડાએલી સંસ્થાઓને ખબર આપવામાં આવે છે
કે કોંગ્રેસની છઠી બેઠક નવેમ્બર તા. ૧૯, ૨૦,
૨૧ અને ૨૨ મીએ જોહાનીસબર્ગ ખાતે ભરાશે.

કમચલાઉ કાર્યક્રમ નીચે પ્રમાણે છે:—

(૧) પ્રમુખનું ભાષણ (૨) જનરલ સેક્રેટરીના
રીપોર્ટ (૩) રાઉન્ડ ટેબલ કોન્ફરન્સ (૪) કલર
બાર બીલ (૫) પ્રોવીન્સીયલ પાવરસ બીલ (૬)
કોન્સ્ટીટ્યુશન અને સ્ટેન્ડીંગ ઓરડરોમાં સુધારા
વધારા (૭) બીજી ફરીયાદો અને તે ઉપર ઠરાવો
(૮) ટ્રેઝરરના રીપોર્ટ અને હીસાબ (૯) અમલ-
દારોની ચુરણી.

એ. આઈ. કાજી,

જોન. જનરલ સેક્રેટરી

સા. આ. ઇન્ડિયન કોંગ્રેસ.

નેશનલ ટી રુમ

પોરબંદર ધીનો માલ

હમારે ત્યાં દરેક જાતની મીઠાઈઓ તેમજ ચેવડો, ગાઠીયા સેવ ગરેમ મસાલો, દેશી સ્વાદના પાપડ, તથા ઓરડરથી નાના મોટા અળદીયા તથા હલકા ભારી, શાલમપાક મેથીઆ અથાણા વિગેરે બનાવી આપીશું. આ તે તથ્યાર મળી શકશે.

બહાર ગામનાં પેસેનજરો માટે ખાવા રહેવાની પુરી સગવડ કરી આપીશું. અથવા કાગળ લખવાથી ફોરને લેવા આપીશું.

બહાર ગામનો ઓરડર ચોખ્ખાથી અને સ્વચ્છતાથી સંભાળ પુરવઠ પેકીંગ કરી મોકલાવી આપીશું. ધ્યાનમાં રાખવું કે ઓરડર સાથે પહંસા મોકલવા.

મનેજર:

નાહના પરસોતમ ભુલા મટવાડીઆ.

૧૮૬ કે સ્ટ્રીટ, ડરબન.

Phone 1969. 182, Grey Street, Durban. Box 316.

HEERABHAI MORAR MATVADKAR

Wholesale Fruit & Vegetable
and
Commission Agent.

૧૮૨ કે સ્ટ્રીટ, હીરાભાઈ મોરાર મટવાડકર, ડરબન
હોલસેલ ફ્રુટ અને વેજટેબલ અધવાનાર
પેકીંગ સારી ધીતે કરવામાં આવશે.
ટેલીફોન ૧૯૬૯. અને કમીશન એજન્ટ બોક્સ ૩૧૬.

M. I. DADABHAY,

GENERAL MERCHANT.

P. O. Box 48.

25, Van Hagen Street,

Telephone No. 5.

CAROLINA,

Telegraphic Address

Transvaal.

"DADABHAY." CAROLINA.

પો. બો. બોક્સ ૪૮. ટેલીગ્રાફીક: "ડાડાબાય" કરોલોના
એમ. આઈ. ડાડાબાઈ,

જનરલ મરચન્ટ.

૨૫, વેન હેગન સ્ટ્રીટ, કરોલોના, ટ્રાંસવાલ.
ટેલીફોન નં. ૫.

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નથુ ટભા એન્ડ કો.,

નવા અને સુના લાકડાના વેપારી.

કર ખાંધવાનાં લાકડાં, લીન, તથા તેને સબતો સુધી સામાન રાખીએ છીએ. દરેક ચીજ કિફાયત ભાવે મળી શકશે.

ફ્રુટ બોક્સ કિફાયત ભાવે બનાવી આપીએ છીએ.

નાખીસના બોક્સ ખાસ બનાવી આપીએ છીએ.

ખાંધસ લીસ્ટ મંવાવી ખાવી કરો.

ટેલીફોન ૩૫૧૯.

વારક ૨૪, બીરેયા ફ્લેટ ડરબન

KAPITAN'S BALCONY HOTEL



સાઉથ આફ્રિકામાં પ્રખ્યાત કેપીટનની

મીઠાઈ

અમારી બનાવેલી મીઠાઈઓમાં બનાવેલી વેજટેબલનું ખી ખીલકલ વપરાઈ નથી એની ખાત્રી આપવામાં આવે છે.

તે યાદ રાખજો

અમારે ત્યાં પોરબંદર ધીની મીઠાઈઓ તેમજ તીખાંતમતમતાં મસાલાની ફરસાણો, શોલાપુરી ચેવડો, લાખનગરી ચેવ માંડીઆ, બટાકાની પુરી લજ્યા. વીગેરે.

તાલું દૂધના માવાના પેંડા, બરફી, ખંભાતી સુન્દરફેણી વીગેરે મળી જાતની મીઠાઈઓ હમેશાં તાજ મળે છે.

કેકે

અમારે ત્યાં બનેલા કેકામાં ફેટ વીગેરે મરચને બાપ આવે એવી થીતે વાપરવામાં આવતી નથી.

બહારમાં સસ્તો માલ ખરીદો તે પહેલાં વીચારજો.

લારોશો રાખજો ભાવ બ્યાનબી લઈ માલ શેકરેથી સ્વાતા થાય છે.

બહાર ગામના ગ્રહાકોએ ઓરડર સાથે પહંસા મોકલવા મહેરબાની કરવી.

અચાર, કમઠી લીંબુ, કેરી, તથા વેજટેબલના અથાણાઓ મસાલાવાર પાપડ વીગેરે હમેશાં મોટા જથ્થાઓમાં તથ્યાર મળે છે.

ફોન ૩૬૨૩. સેંટરલ

લેખા મેનેજર, કેપીટન આલકેની હોલલ,

મેરનર ગ્રે અને વિક્ટોરીઆ સ્ટ્રીટ, ડરબન.

Indian Opinion

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A GOOD SPRING CLEANING

(BY C. F. ANDREWS)

IT is a fact of very serious moment and importance that the small-pox outbreak has been practically confined to the Indian community. Up to the present time, only Indians have become infected, and only Indian quarters have been attacked by the disease. While I was coming through Zanzibar on the *s.s. Karapara* an outbreak of virulent small-pox there had put the whole island in quarantine. I was not allowed either to land or to see any one from the shore on board the ship. I heard that Indians there also had been attacked.

These things must make us think. We must see whether there is anything in our manner of life which induces dirt-borne diseases. The very first thing to be done is not to blame any one else, or our own surroundings; that may be done afterwards. The first thing to be done is to examine ourselves and put our own houses in order. Here, I do not mean merely the poor people. I mean the whole community; and I am proud to write as a member of the Indian community myself. Therefore I wish first of all to examine myself. I have the right to say that I am now a member of the Indian community for it is literally true that, for nearly twenty years, I have been living chiefly in Indian quarters and among Indians and have been regarded as an adopted member of the family. Probably I have not spent as much as a dozen days in European houses since the time when I came out to South Africa in 1913, except when I was in England. From the year 1907 onwards, I have lived mainly in Indian households. So I wish at every point to share the whole blame of the community, and not to be among those who cast stones at it from the outside. Let me begin first with my own confession.

I must confess that, both in India and in South Africa, I find myself getting careless about little things which are against the spirit of true cleanliness. I often let my own room in Santiniketan remain untidy, without cleaning it up myself. I throw waste paper about, instead of destroying it. If I am to confess the truth, I find myself continually growing more *negligent* about these smaller matters of cleanliness, which go to make the very big matter of small-pox dirt infection. Here I have been to blame. Is not my own experience the experience also of many others? Are we not all of us becoming negligent about the little things?

There are many suggestions which need to be mentioned later, but the very first one, if we are to be practical, is to improve our own little corner of the Indian community life.

Let me put it in this way. We are in the midst of this bright South African spring weather. Let everyone, who reads this article, make one resolution and keep it. Let him or her (for this refers specially to the women of the community who are the keepers of the home) give his or her own house at once a good spring cleaning!

The poor people in Japan are the cleanest people in the world. I have lived among them and have been amazed at their cleanly habits. Every morning, I have seen them almost turning their little houses inside out, in order that not one speck of dust shall remain. They are not even content with that! They go round to every plant, growing close to the house, and pluck away the rotting leaves morning by morning. They wash the front of the house, and make it just as clean as the inside. In one road in Kobe, where I used to live, every morning I saw the ladies of the household carrying water with their own hands in order to water the pathway and the road, so that no dust might get inside their rooms. From either side, they went up to the middle of the road with their watering cans and poured out water, so that the whole road was thus well watered, not by the municipal cart but by private people. When I went into their houses, it was a pure delight to see the utmost perfection in cleanly habits, which had been learnt from childhood among them. I am not suggesting that all these little things should be done in South Africa, but I *do* suggest that the Japanese have got the right spirit.

From all my study of Ancient India also I am certain that the Indian people of earlier days had got the right spirit also. We can see this in the daily bath, which was introduced, we are told, from India to Europe as a daily practice. We can see it also in the *alpans* before each house which has been an immemorial custom in every part of India. Indeed, I can assert that I have seen with my own eyes a cleanliness to-day, in the mud and thatch cottages of the village life in India, which could not be surpassed, and this has survived age after age right down to our own time. Therefore when people tell me that we who live in India are not a cleanly people, it makes me angry at first to hear it; for I know so much of the country. But then afterwards, when I see things like the back of Stratford Road in Durban, which is now in quarantine, or Shire's or Chetty's Barracks which I am visiting daily—when I see the awful filth of these places, I have to hang down my head in shame and I cannot be proud at all. For it must be confessed that lack of sanitation has crept in, and that this is evident to-day in much of Indian life in South Africa. We have been, as it were, detected in this by the simple undesirable fact, that practically every one who has been attacked by small-pox hitherto has been an Indian and only Indian quarters have been infected.

There will be much to mention in future issues of INDIAN OPINION about this epidemic and its prevention and cure in the days that are ahead. But in this present issue, in the midst of this virulent small-pox epidemic, when every moment of my time is taken up with fighting the disease itself, I have only been able to write this hurried article and to say to every Indian reader of INDIAN OPINION 'Give your house a good spring cleaning.'

A Message To The Indian Community

The following message of Mr. C. F. Andrews to the Indian community at the present critical juncture appears in the *Natal Mercury* dated Oct. 29:—

May I venture to make an appeal to the whole Indian community in Natal: (1) to take the simple precaution of vaccination, wherever it may be obtained from the Government Health Officers or private doctors; and (2) in every town, where large numbers are present, to form a "Sanitation and Welfare Committee." The immediate duty of this committee should be to take such measures in its own neighbourhood as may serve to prevent the possibility of the spread of small-pox, a dirt-borne and dirt-spread disease. All rubbish should be cleared away from dwelling quarters and their surroundings. All houses, which require it, should be freshly lime-washed and white-washed. A central congress committee will go from Durban up and down the coast, and also up the main line, in order to explain these things more fully.

Let me urge also the community everywhere at this time to keep calm, and not to listen to exaggerated rumours or idle stories. Let everyone be quite certain, that the measures now being taken are necessary in order to stamp out the disease in the speediest possible manner and with the least disturbance of the daily life of the people.

Lastly, let me impress on any wealthy Indians, who are property and house-owners to do their very utmost in a liberal manner for their tenants. Let them remember that in the sight of God all actions which may injure or oppress the poor are an abomination. Remembering this, as God-fearing men, let them be not only just, but generous towards their poorer brethren who occupy their property. Let their house-property in Durban and elsewhere be kept in good repair, and charged rent at a reasonable rate.

(Signed) C. F. ANDREWS.

THE SMALL-POX OUTBREAK

THE Indian community of Durban and Districts is unfortunately in a fine mess ever since the outbreak of Small-pox last week amongst some of our brethren. The epidemic is confined to Indians alone and that makes the position all the more embarrassing as Indians are so far considered to be a menace to this country without sufficient proof for that indictment, and the present case would provide a strong handle to those who are just looking for an opportunity to condemn them. As reports would show the first three cases of small-pox were found at what are known as Shire's barracks at Umgeni. These barracks are situated on land owned by the Corporation and leased to Messrs. Shire & Co., who have built rooms of the size of about 10x10, the condition of which is found on investigation to be appalling.

These rooms are about 125 in number with mud floors and the iron is so rotten that one could see through the roofs. There are about six hundred people living in these rooms and each room is rented at 12/6 per month!

The following day an increase took place in the number of cases in the same barracks and all the cases were immediately removed to Salisbury Island. The epidemic then spread to Chetty's barracks next to Shire's barracks in which the living conditions were slightly better. Both the barracks were quarantined and yet a few days later a case was discovered at Prospect Hall on the opposite side of the Umgeni of a person belonging to Shire's barracks. Then for a few days no further cases were discovered and the quarantine was slightly relaxed and people from the barracks were allowed to go out with passes. The situation however became rather grave again on Sunday last when some more cases broke out at Shire's barracks and the health department had to adopt stricter measures.

While this is being written no person is allowed to get out of the two barracks mentioned above nor is anyone allowed from outside to enter the barracks. A child taken away from Shire's barracks, was found at Tongaat on Monday and one case was found on premises owned and rented by an Indian at Stratford Road where also the sanitary conditions are not too good. Thus the epidemic has taken a serious turn and serious steps are taken by the local authorities to overcome the formidable enemy. Vaccination has been made compulsory for Indians in Durban. Dr. S. J. Clegg, the Medical Officer of Health, has an unenviable task before him and the Natal Indian Congress in forming a local Committee to co-operate with the M.O.H. has done nothing more than its duty. This is not the time to indulge in mud-slinging but to do all in our power to prevent the disease from spreading any further. The condition of the Indians placed in quarantine is certainly pitiable but we have to be satisfied in doing the best for them in the circumstances. The members of the special Committee have been active in collecting vegetables and groceries for the people kept in confinement and thanks are due to the E. M. M. Association who have very generously supplied the vegetables and the merchants who have

supplied the groceries free of charge. But one name stands foremost in this connection and that is Mr. C. F. Andrews. The presence of Mr. Andrews among us at this critical time has indeed come as a blessing. He is at the head of the special committee formed by the Congress and performs the most risky task of visiting the infected areas with the kind permission of the M.O.H. and giving his fatherly love and sympathy to, and supplying the needs of, the men, women and children including babies, quarantined in those areas. When one points out to him the danger of his self-imposed task he laughs carelessly. To help the suffering and the weak is his only delight. Can the Indian community ever adequately repay him for what he has done for them? The Almighty will truly grant his prayer.

DEATH OF MR. POLAK'S SON

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the untimely death of Waldo Polak the son of Mr. H. S. L. Polak at the tender age of nineteen. The sad news came to us as a severe shock and so will it come, we have no doubt, to every one of the readers of **INDIAN OPINION**. The name of Mr. Polak is a household one to every Indian. Mr. Polak was here when the struggle of Indians in this country to live as human beings had reached at its zenith. He lived with us and suffered with us. Though he is now far from us we know how he is still working in our interests. And as for Mrs. Polak. The Indian community does not owe a small debt of gratitude to her for the enormous sacrifices she had made for us. It was Mrs. Polak who went as our delegate to India to rouse the womanhood of India against the injustices of the then Government to the Indian women of this country. Both Mr. and Mrs. Polak have won the esteem and affection of the Indian community; but to us they were even more. This journal owes a great deal to the able editorship of Mr. Polak who held that honorary post for many years. Providence has truly been unkind to them to have inflicted upon them so severe a calamity. We can but deeply sympathise with them in their sorrow and pray that He who has deemed fit to cast a blow so severe will in His mercy grant them the strength and courage to bear that blow and that He may grant eternal peace to the departed soul. In voicing these sentiments we have no doubt that we are

voicing the sentiments of the whole Indian community of South Africa.

S.A.I.C. Sympathy

The South African Indian Congress at its Executive meeting held at Durban last Tuesday passed a resolution of condolence to Mr. and Mrs. Polak in the sad loss of their eldest son Waldo at the very tender age of nineteen.

Congress Activities

An Indian Small-pox Epidemic Committee was formed last Monday with Mr. O. F. Andrews as Chairman, Mr. Godfrey vice-chairman and Mr. Lawrence secretary.

The opening of new vaccination stations was decided upon and it was further decided to send down daily to Shire's barracks fresh vegetables and other things which might be used to supplement the rations supplied by the Durban Corporation, with the doctor's permission.

Mr. Andrews visits the barracks and distributes these extra comforts, which are greatly appreciated by the recipients, who express their pleasure at this thoughtful action of the Congress Committee.

The Early Morning Market Association has generously responded to the call of the members of the Congress Committee for assistance.

The Star of India and the Greyville Football Clubs have supplied footballs for recreation for those in quarantine. Durban Indian Merchants have generously supplied groceries, cigarettes etc. The Bai Jerbai Rustomjee and the Parsee Rustomjee Trust have each donated a sum of £10 for the relief work during the epidemic.

The following vaccination Stations are available for Indians:—

175 Grey Street	4—6 p.m.
40 Sydenham Road	4—6 p.m.
Congella Police Station	5—6.30 p.m.
Greyville Police Station	3—5 p.m.
May Street (Tamil School)	4—6 p.m.
Old Court House	9 a.m.—4 p.m.

Ten thousand leaflets in Tamil and Gujarati languages have been circulated by the Congress Committee in Natal, explaining the necessity for vaccination and the importance of carrying out strictly the orders of the medical authorities.

The Clairwood branch of the Natal Indian Congress has formed a committee to assist the Local Health Board and Medical Officer of the District to stamp out the disease.

Last Wednesday and Thursday there was no case. There were 28 persons up to that day being treated and deaths totalled six.

Stratford Road Area

The Mayor (Councillor H. L. Buzzard) received a deputation representative of the Indians resident in the Stratford Road area. The deputation protested very strongly against the statements to the effect that the whole of the area was filthy and a menace to public health. It was pointed out that the majority of the residents were respectable Indians who did their best to keep their premises clean, and it was claimed that most of the buildings were kept in good order. The smallpox case, it was stated, had occurred in a wood and iron shanty behind a building in Stratford Road, and had been made the excuse for condemning the new area. The deputation was sympathetically received by the Mayor.

Mr. Andrews on Sanitation

Interview With "Natal Mercury"

The Rev. C. F. Andrews was interviewed by a representative of the *Natal Mercury* in regard to his experiences at Shire's and Chetty's Barracks and the condition of affairs in Stratford Road, where quarantine has been enforced by the authorities.

"It is obvious to me," he said, "that landlords who allow such filth traps to exist on their own property should not be allowed by the community to extract from very poor people exorbitant rentals for them, while the landlords themselves have done nothing in the matter of putting the buildings into decent repair or in the making of proper sanitary arrangements.

"Take, for instance, Shire's Barracks, which I visit daily," he continued. "One room I entered contained a whole family and I found the roof full of holes. The roof was made of old corrugated iron, and the wooden doors, which had never been painted, were worm eaten, and the floor was not cemented. It is obvious that in a rainy season the family would have to live in mud.

Mass of Mud

"There are no drains in the Barracks, and all filth accumulates in the yards, which are a mass of mud whenever rain falls.

"I was told that the rent charged for a single room of this description, together with a very small hovel called a kitchen, was 12s. 6d. per month. Another inmate of the Barracks told me he paid 7s. 6d. per month.

"There are 125 quarters of this description, and all are crowded with prolific families.

"At Stratford Road the fronts of the dwellings looked decent, but the back buildings contained a regular warren of human families. To me this place seemed almost worse than the filthy conditions prevailing at Shire's and Chetty's Barracks.

"I am quite certain," emphasised Mr. Andrews, "that if either the Corporation or some private company put up sanitary dwellings they would at once be appropriated by the Indians, who would pay a good economic rent."

Care of Children

When asked if these dwellings would not become as filthy as ever in the course of a few years, Mr. Andrews replied emphatically, "No, certainly not, if the children are looked after and educated not merely with arithmetic, but in clean habits."

"I have worked for many years in the worst slums of London," continued Mr. Andrews, "and the conditions at Walworth were even worse than those I have seen in Durban, but by far the greatest helper in improving the clean habits of the people was the Board School and the Board School mistress.

Need for Improvement

"I am perfectly certain that Indian children here in Natal are wonderfully amenable to such improvement, for I have already seen such improvement taking place, but the great pity of it is that while we have to spend thousands of pounds in cleaning up such an epidemic as this it seems almost impossible to get adequate grants for the education of Indian children and an adequately trained teaching staff. If only this epidemic could make it clear that the central problem of the future is a very simple education of the children on sanitary and health lines, it might be after all a blessing in disguise.

"I was greatly impressed in Tanganyika when I found that the Director of Education was bending all his efforts to make the primary factor in education in that territory the instruction of the children in health, cleanliness and hygiene."

Durban's Opportunity

"The Indian children," continued Mr. Andrews, "are eager to attend schools, and it would be well worth while to provide just the type of school for young children which might solve the whole problem of epidemics in Natal as far as the Indians are concerned."

In conclusion he said that Durban had a splendid opportunity of solving its slum problems on account of the fact that the town itself was extremely well laid out, its chief characteristics being broad main streets, large open spaces, and an excellent sea coast.

Mr. Andrews did not regard the problem as hopeless, but thought that with wisdom and foresight it could be solved in a single generation.

Mr. Sastri Is Coming!

(BY C. F. ANDREWS)

Few people, who are not at the centre of things in the South African Indian Question to-day, can realise the intense anxiety which we passed through during the four days after the news had been reported in the newspapers that Mr. Sastri had been attacked by a sudden illness and could not come out with the delegation to the Capetown Conference. I had just arrived in Durban with the joyful announcement of the certainty of his coming when this report greeted us like a blow in the face. At once, we sent cablegrams both to the Government of India and also to Mahatma Gandhi and then we waited for the return message.

At last the Government reply by cable came. 'Report untrue. Sastri is coming.' A similar message came from Mahatma Gandhi. Our joy was so great that it can hardly be described in words. It happened that most of the members of the Executive Committee were congregated together at number 19 First Avenue, where I am staying under the hospitable roof of Mr. Sorabji Rustomjee, the son of my dear old friend Mr. Parses Rustomjee, and when I read out the first cable which came from the Government of India denying the report, a shout went up that would have done Mr. Sastri's heart good to hear! There can be no doubt that his appointment to the Round Table Conference along with that of Sir Muhammad Ehabillah is the most popular of all. It is sometimes forgotten what an immense proportion of the Indian community in South Africa comes from Madras Presidency. It is only natural and right therefore that this very large Madras element should not only be pleased, but also proud, that three of the leading members of the Delegation, Sir Muhammad Habibullah, the Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri, and Sir G. S. Paddison, should all come from Madras Presidency.

While we may very gladly regard the intellectual powers of the members of the Delegation, including its secretary, Mr. G. S. Bajpai, as of a very high order, I do not think any one would question us if we gave the pre-eminence in intellect to Mr. Sastri himself. As the successor of the Hon. G. K. Gokhale to the presidential chair of the Servants of India Society, there has been no falling off in intellectual greatness. That which Mr. Gokhale himself foresaw, when he made his great choice of Mr. Sastri as his own successor, has happened. The dignity and character of the Servants of India Society has been maintained and men of sterling powers of mind and heart, such as Mr. N. M. Joshi, Mr. G. K. Devdhar,

Mr. Amritlal Thakkar and Mr. S. G. Vaze,—to mention only a few of them,—have well maintained its level of all-round ability and efficiency. Mr. Sastri comes out with the prayers and blessings of all these great and noble men behind him and this in itself will be an invaluable asset.

Personally I have known and recognised for a long time past the remarkable help that has been given to the Indian cause in Africa by the Editor of the *Servant of India*, Mr. S. G. Vaze, who visited East Africa in 1924 and made a detailed study of the whole Indian and native problem. He will be now at this present juncture supporting Mr. Sastri with his powerful pen in the same able manner as in the past and it will be an asset of no little value to have Mr. Vaze as an interpreter of his Chief, Mr. Sastri.

When I pressed, from the very first moment, Mr. Sastri's name as essential to the success of the Round Table Conference, I knew what a serious request I was making if his name was put forward. For I had worked with him night and day, in London, on the Kenya question in 1923 and I had seen how he had nearly sacrificed life itself quite recklessly while performing his duty for the Indian cause. His health had been very seriously impaired ever since and at one time it seemed to be shattered. Nevertheless, I felt that the risk must be run; for the present cause was even greater, if anything, than the Kenya question and the whole peace of the world depended on it. Therefore I did not hesitate to press his name with all the earnestness I could; for it seemed to me as though the success or failure of the Conference might literally depend upon his presence. I cannot tell how thankful or grateful I am to God that He has answered my prayer and that Mr. Sastri is coming. He is to me a very dear and close personal friend and it will be the greatest joy of my life to work under him in any way I can out in South Africa.

A Letter By Rabindranath Tagore

[The following letter was written by the Poet, Rabindranath Tagore, some time after the Punjab Martial Law, in 1920. He asked me to read it out at an immense mass meeting in Bombay. It contains, in its concluding portion, such noble sentiments that I have felt that the South African Indian community will like to read it.—C. F. Andrews.]

A great crime has been done in the name of law in the Punjab. Such terrible eruptions of evil leave their legacy of the wreckage of ideals behind them. What happened in Jallianwalla Bagh was itself a monstrous progeny of a monstrous War, which for four years had been defiling God's world with fire and poison, physical and moral. The immenseness of the sin through which humanity had waded across its blood-red length of agony has bred callousness in the minds of those who have power in their hands with no check of sympathy within, or fear of resistance without. The cowardliness of the powerful who owned no shame in using their machines of frightfulness upon the unarmed and unwarned villagers, and inflicting unspeakable humiliations upon their fellow-beings behind the screen of an indecent mockery of justice, and yet not feeling for a moment that it was the meanest form of insult to their own manhood, has become only possible through the opportunity which the late War had given to man for constantly outraging his own higher nature, trampling truth and honour under foot. This disruption of the basis of civilisation will continue to produce a series of moral earthquakes, and men will have to be ready for still further sufferings. That the balance will take a long time to be restored is plainly seen by the unrelenting

ferocity of vengefulness ominously tinging red the atmosphere of the peace celebrations.

But we have no place in these orgies of triumphant powers rending the world into bits according to their own purposes. What most concerns us is to know that the moral degradation not only pursues the people inflicting indignities upon the helpless, but also their victims. The dastardliness of cruel injustice confident of its impunity is ugly and mean, but the fear and impotent anger which they are apt to breed upon the minds of the weak are no less abject. Brothers! When physical force, in its arrogant faith in itself, tries to crush the spirit of man, then comes the time for him to assert that his soul is indomitable. We shall refuse to be afraid and to own moral defeat by cherishing in our hearts foul dreams of retaliation. The time has come for the victims to be the victors in the field of righteousness.

When brother spills the blood of his brother and exults in his sin, giving it a high sounding name; when he tries to keep the blood stain fresh on the soil as a memorial of his anger, then God in shame conceals it under His green grass and the sweet purity of His flowers. We who have witnessed the wholesale slaughter of the innocent in our neighbourhood, let us accept God's own office and cover the blood stains of iniquity with our prayer:

'Rudra yat te dakshinam mukhan tena mam pahinityam'

'With Thy graciousness, O, Terrible, for ever save us.'

For the true grace comes from the Terrible, who can save our souls from the fear of suffering and death in the midst of terror and from vindictiveness in defiance of injury. Let us take our lessons from His hand, even when the smart of the pain and insult is still fresh—the lesson that all meanness, cruelty and untruth are for the obscurity of oblivion, and only the Noble and True are for eternity. Let those, who wish, try to burden the minds of the future with stones, carrying the black memory of wrongs and their anger, but let us bequeath to the generations to come memorials of that only which we can revere. Let us be grateful to our forefathers, who have left us the image of our Buddha who conquered self, preached forgiveness, and spread his love far and wide in time and space."

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

[BY M. K. GANDHI]

PART II.

I. Ray Chandbhai

I said in the last chapter that the sea was rough in Bombay harbour, not an unusual thing in the Arabian Sea in June and July. It had been choppy all the way from Aden. Almost every passenger was sick; only I was in perfect form, staying on deck to see the stormy surge, and enjoying a splash of the waves. At breakfast there would be just one or two people besides myself eating their oatmeal porridge from plates carefully held in their laps, lest the porridge itself find its place there.

The outer storm was to me, a symbol of the inner. But even as the former left me unperturbed, I think I can say the same thing about the latter. There was the trouble with the castemen that was to confront me. I have already adverted to my helplessness in starting on my profession. And then as I was a reformer, I was taxing myself as to how best to begin certain reforms. But there was more in store for me than I knew:

My elder brother had come to meet me at the dock. He had already tried the acquaintance of

Dr. Mehta and his elder brother and as Dr. Mehta insisted on putting me up at his house we went there. Thus the acquaintance begun in England continued in India and ripened into a permanent friendship between the two families.

A SEVERE SHOCK

I was pining to see my mother. I did not know that she was no more in the flesh to receive me back into her bosom. The sad news was now given me and I underwent the usual ablation. My brother had kept me ignorant of her death which took place whilst I was still in England. He wanted to spare me the blow in a foreign land. The news was nonetheless a severe shock to me, but I must not dwell upon it. My grief was even greater than that over my father's death. Most of my cherished hopes were shattered. But I remember that I did not give myself up to any wild expression of grief. I could even check the tears and took the life just as though nothing had happened.

A LIFE-LONG FRIENDSHIP

Dr. Mehta introduced me to several friends, one of them being his brother Sjt. Revashanker Jagjivan with whom there grew up a life-long friendship. But the introduction that I need particularly take note of was the one to the poet Raychand or Rajachandra, the son-in-law of an elder brother of Dr. Mehta's and partner of the firm of jewellers conducted in the name of Revashanker Jagjivan. He was not above twenty-five then, but my first meeting with him convinced me that he was a man of greater character and learning. He was also known as a shatavadhani (having the faculty of remembering or attending to a hundred things simultaneously), and Dr. Mehta recommended me to see some of his memory feats. I exhausted my vocabulary of all the European tongues I knew and asked the poet to repeat the words. He did so in the precise order in which I had given them. I envied his gift without however coming under its spell. The thing that did cast its spell over me, I came to know later. This was his wide knowledge of the scriptures, his spotless character and his burning passion for self-realisation. I saw later that this last was the only thing for which he lived. The following lines of Muktanand were always on his lips and engraved on the tablets of his heart: 'I shall think myself blessed only when I see Him in every one of my daily acts. Verily He is the thread which supports Muktanand's life.'

MY REFUGE

Raychandbhai's mercantile transactions covered hundreds of thousands. He was a connoisseur of parts and diamonds. No knotty business problem was too difficult for him. But all these things were not the centre round which his life revolved. The centre was the passion to see God face to face. Amongst other things on his business table there were invariably to be found some religious book and his diary. The moment he finished his business he opened his religious book or the diary. Much of his published writings is a reproduction from this diary. The man who immediately on finishing his talk about heavy business transactions began to write about the hidden things of the spirit could evidently not be a business-man at all, but a real seeker after Truth. And I saw him thus absorbed in goodly pursuits in the midst of business not once or twice but many times. I never saw him lose his state of equipoise. There was no business or other selfish tie that bound him to me, and yet I enjoyed the closest association with him. I was a briefless barrister then and yet whenever I saw him he would engage me in conversations of a seriously religious nature. Though I was then groping and though I could not be said to have any serious interest in religious discussion still I found his talk of absorbing interest. I have since met many a religious leader or teacher. I have tried to meet that

heads of various faiths and I must say that no one has ever made on me the impression that Raychandbhai did. His words went straight home to me. His intellect compelled as great a regard from me as his moral earnestness and deep down in me was the conviction that he would never willingly lead me astray and would always confide to me his innermost thoughts. In my moments of spiritual crisis, therefore, he was my refuge.

THE THRONE VACANT

And yet in spite of this regard for him I could not enthrone him in my heart as my Guru. The throne has remained vacant and my search still continues.

I believe in the Hindu theory of Guru and his importance in spiritual realisation. I think there is a great deal of truth in the doctrine that true knowledge is impossible without a Guru. An imperfect teacher in mundane matters may be tolerable but not so an imperfect one in the spiritual line. Only a perfect *anani* deserves to be enthroned as Guru. There must, therefore, be ceaseless striving after perfection. For one gets the Guru that one deserves. Infinite striving after perfection is one's right. It is its own reward. The rest is in the hands of God.

Thus though I could not place Raychandbhai on the throne of my heart as my Guru we shall see how the moderns have left a deep impress on my life, and captivated me: Raychandbhai by his living contact, Tolstoy by his book, 'The Kingdom of God is within you,' and Ruskin by his 'Unto the Last.' But of these more in their proper place.

Messrs. Tukanidas Bros., Port Elizabeth, have donated £5 5s. and Messrs. Appavoo & Sons £2 to INDIAN OPINION which we acknowledge with many thanks.

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ડરબન.

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