

THE MADRAS POLICE JOURNAL.

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The Madras Police Journal-Vol. III. No. 3, July, 1952.

The journal provides not only a medium for Police Officers of all ranks to exchange constructive ideas, but also an opportunity to employ their literary talents. The Editor is confident that the Force of this State has a fair number of members who, if they only set their mind to it, can wield a facile pen and contribute interesting articles.

The Editor thanks the contributors of articles published in this issue, and requests their further co-operation in making this journal a continued success.

9-8-1952.

M. BALAKRISHNA MENON,
Editor - Principal,
P.T.C, Vellore.

The Second All India Police Athletic Meet at Lucknow.

BY SRI F. V. ARUL, B.A., I.P.

1. On the strength of the performances at the Annual State Police Sports held in December 1951 at Vellore the following 25 Athletes drawn from the various Units of the Madras State Police were selected for being deputed to the Second All India Police Athletic Meet at Lucknow :—

1. Jamadar M. P. Vasudevan (M. S. P.)
2. „ A. Balakrishnan Nair (M. S. P.)
3. Sergeant H. A. D'Lasselle (M. C. P.)
4. „ L. P. D'Lasselle (M. C. P.)
5. Sub-Inspector Subramaniam (Tiruchirapalli Dt.)
6. L. Nk. 455 Gopalan (M. S. P.)
7. „ 898 Balakrishna Panikkar (M. S. P.)
8. „ 511 Krishna Kurup (M. S. P.)
9. „ 1314 Shahul Hamid (Ramnad Dt.)
10. „ 1040 Sourirajan (Tanjore Dt.)
11. „ 154 Royappan (S. A. P.)
12. „ 394 Rangadas (M. C. P.)
13. „ 459 Madhavan (M. S. P.)
14. P. C. 2259 Raman Nair (M. S. P.)
15. „ 1418 Karunakaran Nambiar (M. S. P.)
16. „ 252 Alavi (M. S. P.)
17. „ 1505 Gopalan Nair (M. S. P.)
18. „ 1494 Krishnan (M. S. P.)
19. „ 1337 Krishnan Kutty Nair (M. S. P.)
20. „ 1613 Gopalan (M. S. P.)
21. „ 1515 Madhavan Nair (M. S. P.)
22. „ 226 Alankaram (Coimbatore Dt.)
23. „ 1867 Marimuthu (Coimbatore Dt.)
24. „ 651 Shanmugam (Tanjore Dt.)
25. „ 1081 Devaraya (South Kanara Dt.)

2. These 25 Athletes were assembled at Madras and accommodated in the M. S. P. Camp at 'Azeez Bagh' with effect from 3-1-1952. They were put on a special diet at Rs. 4/- per diem and were taken every morning and evening to the Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education at Saidapet for intensive training. The College Authorities very kindly placed at our disposal gratis the services of Mr. Ted Arnold, expert American Coach. It was this gentleman who trained the Indian Team for the Asian Games held in Delhi in 1950, and we were very fortunate in securing his help and guidance. Mr. Arnold took the team in hand and put them through a very strict regimen of training, which as events proved later stood them in good stead.

3. In order to test the prowess of the team as a whole, it was decided to enter the team for the XXV Madras Olympic Games which was held at the Corporation Stadium on the 1st and 2nd February 1952. To quote the expression used by the "Sport & Pastime", the police athletes swept the board securing 78 points to win the Team Championship from the Southern Railways who scored only 59 points. The individual championship was also won by Police Athlete Marimuthu who came first in the 100 Metres and 200 Metres Races and second in the 400 Metres Race. Further 2 new Olympic records were set up by the Police Athletes, details of which are given below :—

1. Discus Throw ... Sergeant L. P. D'Lasselle -
118 feet 7½ inches.
2. 4 x 400 Metres Relay Race ... Madras Police -
3 Minutes 32 seconds.

It was very appropriate indeed that on this occasion the Inspector-General of Police himself presided over the Olympic Games and distributed the prizes.

4. Having won a major victory, the Police Team left Madras in good heart on February 4th. 1952 by the Grand Trunk Express. They were given a grand send-off by local officers. They arrived in

Lucknow on the afternoon of February 6th and were duly received by the officials of the U. P. Police. They were accommodated in barracks of the Provincial Armed Constabulary near the track and the feeding arrangements were in charge of a Contractor. All Gazetted Officers were accommodated in tents which were about a quarter of a mile from the Barracks. It was generally felt that the officers should have been accommodated nearer their men for convenience and control.

5 Lucknow in early February is bitterly cold particularly during nights, and it was fortunate indeed that the team had been provided with woollen track-suits through the good offices of the Inspector-General of Police. These suits were of inestimable value in keeping our athletes warm both on and off the track. The athletes rested on the 6th after a long and difficult railway journey from Madras. They limbered up on the morning of the 7th and attended the rehearsal of the March-Past the same evening.

6. The Second All India Police Athletic Meet at Lucknow commenced on the 8th afternoon at 1-45 P.M. with a colourful March-Past by over 400 athletes from the following 17 States :—

Assam. Bihar. Bhopal. Bombay. Delhi. Hyderabad.
Madhya Bharat. Madhya Pradesh. Madras. Mysore.
Orissa. PEPSU. Punjab. Sowerashtra. Uttar Pradesh.
Vindhya Pradesh and West Bengal.

The Provincial Armed Constabulary Band was in attendance and the Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh Pandit Pant took the salute. On his declaring the Meet open, the Indian Police Flag was hoisted by Mr. Mirajuddin Ahmed, Commandant of the 11th Battalion Provincial Armed Constabulary and Manager of the Meet. A senior athlete of the Uttar Pradesh Team then took the Olympic Oath on behalf of all the athletes and this was followed by two minutes silence as a mark of respect to the memory of the late King George VI.

7. The Meet commenced with heats in various events and the finals in the following 3 events were decided :—

1. Shot Put.
2. 5000 Metres Race.
3. 5000 Metres Walk.

The results in the 3 finals mentioned above are given below :—

Shot Put :

- 1st ... Ishar Singh of PEPSU.
 2nd ... Bakshi Singh of Punjab.
 3rd ... Kashmira Singh of Punjab.
 Distance ... 41 feet 2 inches (New Record).

5000 Metres Race :

- 1st ... Gulzara Singh of PEPSU.
 2nd ... Shriram of U. P.
 3rd ... Sarwan Singh of U. P.
 Time... 15 minutes 57 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds (New Record).

Alankaram of Madras who won this race last year at Cuttack finished 4th.

5000 Metres Walk :

- 1st ... Mahabir Singh of U. P.
 2nd ... Ram Bashist of U. P.
 3rd ... Amrik Singh of Punjab.
 Time... 25 minutes 4 seconds. (New All India Record)

Rangadas of the Madras Police who ran in the First Heat of the 100 Metres Race established a new record by covering the distance in 11 seconds.

8. The Second Day's Programme commenced with the Marathon Race (26 miles 385 yards) which was run along the Faizabad Road, University Road, Dr. Tagore Marg, Sitapur Road and then back to the Stadium. It was won by Madhan Lal of Punjab in 2 hours 56 minutes and 4.6 seconds. Nathu Ram and Jodde Ram both of

PEPSU were second and third. Royappan of Madras strained a muscle after covering 24 miles of the race and had to drop out. The finals in the 10,000 Metres Walk, Hammer Throw, Hop, Step and Jump, 400 Metres Race, Javelin Throw, High Jump, 10,000 Metres Race and 4 x 100 Metres Relay Race were also decided during the second day. Results in these finals are given below :—

10,000 Metres Walk :—

1st	...	Mahabir Singh of U. P.
2nd	...	Ram Bashist of U. P.
3rd	...	Amrik Singh of Punjab.
Time	...	51 minutes 32·2 seconds. (New All India Record)

Hammer Throw :—

1st	...	Baldeo Singh of Punjab.
2nd	...	Ranji Lal of U. P.
3rd	Bakshi Singh of Punjab.
Distance		110 feet 4 inches.

Hop, Step & Jump :—

1st	Santosh Singh of PEPSU.
2nd	...	G. N. Singh of U. P.
3rd	...	Sawaran Singh of Punjab.
Distance		44 feet 3½ inches.

400 Metres Race :—

1st	...	Marimuthu of Madras
2nd	...	Balakrishna Panikkar of Madras.
3rd	...	Rattan Singh of U. P.
Time	...	52 seconds. (New Record).

High Jump :—

1st	Dilbag Singh of Punjab.
2nd	...	V. Sirohi of U. P.
3rd	Balwan Singh of Delhi
Height		5 feet 8 inches.

Javelin Throw :—

1st	Inderjit of Punjab.
2nd	...	Sheopajan of U. P.
3rd	...	Munuswamy of Mysore.
Distance		150 feet 7 inches.

10,000 Metres Race :—

1st	...	Shriram of U. P.
2nd	...	Sheik Gulzar of Orissa.
3rd	...	Karunakaran Nambiar of Madras.
Time	...	32 minutes 51.2 seconds. (New Record).

4 × 100 Metres Relay :—

1st	...	U. P.
2nd	...	Madras.
3rd	...	Punjab.
Time	...	45.2 seconds. (New Record).

This was a very exciting race in which Madras was beaten at the tape by a couple of inches.

9. The third and final day of the Meet was marked by inclement weather in the forenoon. The day's programme commenced at 6 A. M. with the 50 Kilo-Metres Walk (31 miles). It was drizzling at the time and it soon developed into a heavy shower which continued till 11-30 A. M. In spite of this handicap Kalap Nath of U. P. finished the race in the excellent time of 5 hours 17 minutes and 39 seconds. Lal Singh of PEPSU and Amrik Singh of Punjab were second and third respectively. The finals of the Long Jump and the 1500 Metres Race were also decided in the forenoon.

Details of results are given below :—

Long Jump :—

1st	...	Sarwan Singh of Punjab.
2nd	...	Bhagwan Singh of U. P.
3rd	Santosh Singh of PEPSU.
Distance		20 feet 8½ inches.

1500 Metres Race :—

1st	...	Gulzara Singh of PEPSU.
2nd	...	Sarwan Singh of U. P.
3rd	Onkar Singh of U. P.
Time	...	4 minutes 47.6 seconds.

The timing in this race was poor due to the track being wet and slippery.

10. The Meet concluded in the afternoon when the following finals were decided as shown below :—

400 Metres Hurdles :—

1st	Mohamed Nazir of U. P.
2nd	...	Balakrishna Panikkar of Madras.
3rd	...	K. Patnaik of Orissa.
Time	...	59 seconds.

Discus Throw :—

1st	...	Ishar Singh of PEPSU.
2nd	Dharshan Singh of Punjab.
3rd	Bakshi Singh of Punjab.
Distance	116 feet 8½ inches. (New Record).	

100 Metres :—

1st	...	Ram Swarup of Punjab.
2nd	Marimuthu of Madras.
3rd	Balwant Singh of PEPSU.
Time	11.1 seconds. (New Record).

800 Metres Race :—

1st	...	Rattan Singh of U. P.
2nd	...	P. Lanka of Orissa.
3rd	Gulzara Singh of PEPSU.
Time	...	2 minutes 3.8 seconds. (New Record).

110 Metres Hurdles :—

1st	...	Gopalan of Madras.
2nd	A. Jaleel of Orissa.
3rd	G. Taylor of Bengal.
Time	...	16·6 seconds (New Record).

Pole Vault :—

1st	A. Caleb of U. P.
2nd	A. Jaleel of Orissa.
3rd	...	G. Taylor of Bengal.

Height 11 feet 3 inches. (New Record).

3000 Metres Steeple Chase :—

1st	...	Gulzara Singh of PEPSU.
2nd	...	Sarwan Singh of U. P.
3rd	...	Sadhu Singh of Delhi.
Time	...	10 minutes 4·4 seconds. (New Record).

4 × 400 Metres Relay Race :—

1st	Madras.
2nd	...	U. P.
3rd	...	PEPSU.
Time	...	3 minutes 34·5 seconds. (New Record).

Decathlon :—

1st	...	A. Caleb of U. P.	...	4303 points.
2nd	...	L. Dalai of Orissa	4165 points.
3rd	...	E. Connor of Bengal	...	3865 points.

11. Uttar Pradesh retained the Championship by scoring 85 points. There was a close fight between Punjab, PEPSU and Madras for the second place. Assam, Bombay, Bihar, Bhopal, Madhya Pradesh, Madhya Bharat, Sowsashtra and Vindhya Pradesh failed to secure a

single point. Details are given in the Team Championship Table below :—

Team Championship Table.

<i>State.</i>	<i>Points.</i>
U. P.	85
Punjab	45
PEPSU	42
Madras	41
Orissa	11
Bengal	4
Hyderabad	3
Delhi	2
Mysore	1
Assam	}
Bombay	
Bihar	
Bhopal	
Mahdya Pradesh	
Madhya Bharat	
Sowrashtra	
Vindhya Pradesh	0

12. The individual championship was annexed by Gulzara Singh of PEPSU, while Marimuthu of Madras came a close second.

Details are given below :—

Individual Championship Table.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>
Gulzara Singh (PEPSU)	16
Marimuthu (Madras)	13
Mahabir Singh (U. P.)	10

13. The meet was well organised and it was a distinct success. All officials knew their job and not a single case came up before the

Jury of Appeal and Honour. The standard of athletics was very high indeed and 12 Police Records and 2 All India Records were broken.

14. After the last event, there was a March-Past by the athletes and the Hon'ble Sri Sampurnanand, Minister for Police, Uttar Pradesh, took the salute. He then distributed the prizes. Mr. B. N. Mallick, Director, Intelligence Bureau, Government of India and President of the Central Police Athletic and Games Association, read out messages from Pandit Nehru and Dr. K. N. Katju. The Meet was then declared closed and the Retreat was sounded when the All India Police Athletic Flag was lowered ceremoniously. The Flag was then folded and handed over to the Hon'ble Sri Sampurnanand who in turn gave it to Sri B. N. Lahiri, Inspector-General of Police, Uttar Pradesh, "for safe custody till such time as it is again flown at the next Meet." It has been decided that the next Meet will be held by the Mysore State Police at Bangalore.

15. The introduction of the 3 Walking events and the Marathon Race this year at the eleventh hour gave the Uttar Pradesh Team a distinct advantage over other States, because they had in their ranks Mahabir Singh, the Asian Champion, and other trained athletes for these events. In these 4 events alone, Uttar Pradesh collected 26 points which is the chief reason for their run-away victory. However, the general superiority of the North Indian Teams cannot be denied and this superiority was attained by recruiting local athletic champions and keeping them in Headquarters throughout the year under training. I feel that unless we in Madras recruit fresh talent and keep the team together in Madras by effecting necessary transfers so as to facilitate extended periods of training, we will be outstripped in future competitions by a much larger margin than at present. I know of several athletes of Olympic standard who are anxious to join the Madras Police in various capacities for which they are qualified and if such are recruited we could do better in future competitions.

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THE WEAK LINKS.

BY SRI M. SINGARAVELU, B.A., I. P. S.

"Absolute perfection cannot be expected; so every human institution is in the hands of fallible, imperfect human agents". - Albert S. Osborn.

"Sir, noted", submitted the Sub-Inspector.

"Returned. "Noted" is no explanation" commented the Chief.

"Sir, respectfully noted."

"Returned. Your explanation is not at all informative".

"Sir, most respectfully noted" was the final reply of the Sub-Inspector. This cryptic though annoying response, while carefully preserving his petulance, betrayed nothing but his innermost fears that a more lengthy and enlightening reply would rather be provocative than pacific.

Such an unmeaning though persevering play of mulish 'caution' proved more amusing than annoying in its result and the Gazetted Officer was in no mood to prolong this cruel joke: the reference was filed.

Such discipline even under great stress is in sharp contrast to the mild undertone of discontent, fortunately limited to a negligible few in the force.

"I'm a graduate with a service close on 27 years; what on earth is wrong with me", a much dejected Sub-Inspector asked when an Inspector commented on a routine reference.

"Your pen and tongue" was the sharp rejoinder.

These amusing examples typify the mental angles of those concerned and unmistakably reveal certain untruths and half-truths of the Service fostered by incomplete and ill-digested inferences hastily drawn, not unoften without the proper perspective. The *bete noire*, more common place and frequent, is the question of promotion, where policemen feel injured more often on imaginary data: they emphasize

with a persistence and perseverance worthy of a better cause, that promotions are arbitrary, unsound, influenced more by personal factors than points of merit, bias and bitterness taking a lead where calm and dispassion should rule. Much, if not the most of the impressions, is off the mark and unwarranted, yet that such an unholy impression persists is a sad commentary on the state of affairs which call for quick, urgent and graceful remedial action. Especially so is the case with the lower rungs; a superseded Sub-Inspector or a Head Constable is a dead weight, a drag on the Police Force; they in fact are the weak links in an otherwise strong chain, a chain cast in rich traditions and robust efficiency. Their prospects dim and distant, future bleak and barren, their enthusiasm dull and deflated, they do just the minimum to keep their skin unscathed, and in their leisurely quiet indulge in the idle though dangerous pastime of severe backbiting and scurrilous mud-slinging, which their seasoned colleagues in their fulness of discretion avoid. "The habit" runs a recent G. O. "which some Government servants have of criticising at social functions and elsewhere, the policies and actions of Government with which they disagree, in the hearing of outsiders, should be stopped", is aimed at such idle wags and their counter-parts in other Departments. It is sad that such elements should dim the colours of an otherwise bright Force. True the Force may do well, if not better, without them. But weeding may prove unhelpful; neither can supersession be abandoned. Indiscipline and inefficiency anywhere can seldom be condoned and more so, in a Force charged with the sacred and significant task of law and order. The remedy lies in successfully quarantining these "mental Midgets". This is not to say that occasional miscarriage of justice, palpably through error of judgment, does not occur. "Homer himself nods", is as true as ever. Active quarantine activities should be supplemented with positive measures to promote healthy competitions, zealous discipline and maximum efficiency and a sense of duty and purpose. Cases are where people at vantage points, catch the eyes, and those less

fortunately placed lose by default ; some unfortunately do fall victims to personal bias ; they suddenly fall in grace and find themselves in material quandary for no fault of their own. Some cute beings search for a short cut to prosperity, for instance, fighting into the C. I. D. wing of the Police. Not long ago, a senior officer of another Department, sought my advice if his son-in-law, a probationary Sub-Inspector, might seek a transfer to the C. I. D. to ensure better prospects. Such false and dangerous impressions should be completely eliminated and the myth successfully exploded, lest the efficiency should deteriorate into a chase of will o' the wisp. No effort will be too great to give the lie direct to such false beliefs which certainly cloud vision and distort action.

A Force, large as the Police, can ill-afford to leave things to drift into a situation fraught with dangerous possibilities. Grievances noted above, though largely far from truth and less frequent, should be weeded out with courage and determination. Certainly, progress in years has maintained the progress in our system of promotion. It is very gratifying to note that of late promotions are informed with care, caution and a comprehensive sense of purpose. Promotions most certainly should depend on service combined with merit. It is necessary that justice and fairplay should be ensured; it is more necessary that the people concerned must be made to realise that justice and fairplay have been ensured. Departments of the Union Government have set up Departmental Committees for promotions, who meet periodically and confer promotions on the deserving. A similar step introduced at different levels of our Force may prove of definite advantage. Cynics might grin this out as one affecting the prestige of the immediate superior. Nothing can be farther from the truth. On the other hand, it shall be said to the credit of the Committee that, by virtue of their close proximity to and association with local conditions and calibre, their competency to judge and decide on matters like this is unquestionable, if not, unsurpassed. The very

intimate touch that these knowing people bring to bear on such vital problems of immediate importance can be significantly objective, as contra distinguished from a distant act which may very naturally lose itself in dim impersonality. For one thing, this arrangement, if executed, can most delicately harmonise the objective and collective wisdom of a Committee with the personality points of the concerned that only nearness and immediacy can yield. The British Police also have a carefully thought out system of promotion, which includes a Promotion Board and a strict standard of confidential assessment of those responsible.

The question of confidential sheets and personal files, their writing and maintenance is all too important, and no care will be too much that can make it real, abiding and valuable. Here, the Army system may be copied with advantage. An officer adversely commented upon is told about it and immediately posted out to work under a different officer to prove his mettle. The great feature about this arrangement is that it eliminates the personal element truly and completely. Suggestions, such as these, are simple for execution and cost the public exchequer next to nothing. These steps will keep down the discontent and above all, convince the people of the sincerity in public action. Even those who have been cried down, after adoption of these measures, may well go with a sense of satisfaction, without any trace of frustration. The psychological and the ethical switchover resulting from these objective steps will react on the Force as an invigorating tonic, medicinal and recuperative, and help restore the health of a Public Force, for whose moral stamina and material well-being, the State is no less responsible, as the members of the Force should be responsive.

* * *

IT WAS NOT SAID BY A POLICEMAN.

Most Ozark mountaineers are riflemen rather than pistol shooters, but some boys in Oklahoma still carry revolvers. It is said that one young farmer got so handy with a '38 that he could stand in front of a mirror and beat *himself* to the draw.

ON LEARNING TO DRIVE

BY SRI N KRISHNASWAMY ~~M. Sc., F. P. S.~~

When I received the only bill I have received for the one and only car I have ever possessed, I was plainly taken aback. Apart from the painful fact that the bill total almost touched the fourth digit, there was also a foot-note from the Workshop Manager suggesting that the car be sold as scrap. Needless to say, my blood boiled. What the heck, I said to myself, if learning to drive is itself going to cost me so much, what about real regular driving? Well, I might as well tell you the whole story from the beginning. This bill comes towards the end of the story.

Getting into the current craze for cars, I bought one, and that, at a price which I feel shy and afraid to admit to anyone. And there I was one day, at its wheel, with my friend A by my side. In one of his weak moments he had committed himself to the task of teaching me to drive. Altogether a good fellow this A, but a very rigorous task-master. He believed in teaching things only once. So, my starting the engine started with searching for the self starter, unaided, because he had already pointed it out once. Now which could it be, I wondered, surveying the knobs on the dash-board. By trial and error, I located it and when it hummed to the pressure of my finger, I was indeed gratified. It hummed every time I pressed and never let me down once. But the engine wouldn't start. A singularly unresponsive engine, I thought. There is no doubt I would have diligently stuck to the job but for the timely interference of A, who quietly switched on the ignition at this stage.

The engine now broke into vigorous activity much to my gratification. I raced the engine once or twice in sheer triumph. I have started the engine, I told myself elatedly, now let me start the car. And without ado, I seized the gear and pushed it vigorously down. A terrific grinding noise smote the air and silence followed. When I

opened my eyes, I found the engine had stopped, and my heart, nearly so. The accelerator was completely in under my right foot, and the brake pedal completely in under my left. I wiped my brow and turned to A for an explanation. Gears, he said in his sweetest manner, are never changed without pressing the clutch. And you might as well know, he added, that the left foot was meant for the left pedal, which was designated the clutch.

The lesson was learnt. At my next trial, I started the car, (I remembered the ignition very clearly this time) religiously put the car in gear, commended my soul to God, and paused to look at A for any last minute instructional hint, he might mercifully give. But the fox that he was, he wouldn't bat an eyelid. Carry on, he said most briefly. Exercising my memory, for a few moments, I suddenly recalled the whole procedure. Why, press the accelerator, and release the clutch, of course! I did this with vigor and without ado. There was a terrific jerk and the engine went off. Now what the heck, I said to myself and then pressed the self starter. Another violent jerk, and again it stopped. Once again I made for the self starter and this time I meant to have no nonsense—I would keep the self starter pressed till all this jerking and stopping stopped. At this stage, A intervened and disengaged the gear. My God, I remonstrated, for I hated these contrivances, can't they make cars without these wretched gears? Gears replied A, are absolutely indispensable and without them the cars wouldn't run. But here, I said, is a car with gears which doesn't run either. Ah, said A, recalling my last effort, that was because you released the clutch too suddenly —you must let it go gradually.

So, once again all was set for the car moving off with me at the wheel. The clutch was in, the gear was on and for once A actually became helpful. De-clutch, he said, and accelerate simultaneously and gradually. With scrupulous care, I did this making thoroughly sure that for every inch the clutch came out, the accelerator went in by exactly the same distance. Though the clutch came out an inch and

the accelerator went in an inch, the car did not move an inch for a long time and this was rather intriguing. Meanwhile the engine was working itself into a furious din. As things were fast moving to a climax, A's voice broke out. For heaven's sake, he yelled, release the confounded accelerator. Sensing the urgency in his voice, I promptly released whatever could be released under the circumstances, viz., the clutch, the accelerator and the steering wheel, thinking this would remedy matters. Far from doing so, the car simply shot forward, we shot forward, and indeed everything on earth seemed to be shooting forward. Fifteen yards ahead with twenty-seven jerks the car came to a halt. I was about to ask A some nasty question on the necessity for the blasted contrivance called the clutch, but seeing his grim face, I thought we could discuss the matter later.

By a series of trials, all of which were sore trials for A, and during which I had ruined the whole garden and brought down half the compound wall of my house, I finally got it, viz. driving the car in first gear. When A then told me that the next step would be to change on to second gear and to this end it was necessary

- (1) to use the left hand for changing the gear
- (2) to operate the clutch with the left foot
- (3) to operate the accelerator with the right foot
- (4) to steer with the right hand and
- (5) to have both the eyes on the road,

I was plainly appalled. There was such a variety of different coordinated actions to be done by different parts of the body, that was plainly too much for one single individual. Two, I thought, might manage. Why, changing the gear itself might sometimes require two hands and how could it be done unless for those brief moments you held the steering with your teeth. And how could you possibly find the gear, not to speak of changing it if your eyes had to be kept on the road all the time? If this was not the dashed limit, what was? It had all the looks of one those Yogic feats where you do a dozen odd things at a time.

Seeing me in all this turmoil, A thought he might as well break it to me now itself, that the same process had to be repeated when changing the gear from the second to the third. The thought of changing it from the first to the second was bad enough, now, here was this blighter announcing that a third gear was in the offing. I was thoroughly aroused and full of righteous indignation. Was there no end to it? I suppose, I told A, and rather sarcastically, I am afraid, the whole thing has got to be repeated in changing from the third to the fourth gear. Yes, he replied, where a car has four gears, it has simply got to be done. I suppose, I went on, for my blood was up, they have cars where the gears run into dozens. Oh, said A, the maximum would be five, including the reverse gear. There is no doubt I would have gone on with my cutting questions but for the new disclosure - this reverse gear, I mean. And what would that be, pray, I asked. You put the car in the reverse gear, said A, pointing out the position, crane your neck to see the road behind the car, accelerate and let the clutch go. And what happens, I asked, not quite getting the hang of the whole thing. Why, said A, the car goes backwards. Did I say I was appalled? I should have said aghast. Absolutely aghast.

Though, aghast fairly described my view of the whole proceedings, it was not as though I was going to give up. Oh, no, not without an honest try. Here was a car with a clutch, a steering wheel, a gear - in fact four gears - and all that a car needed, and if A could drive it, why, so could I. A series of nerve-racking experiments followed. My first attempt to change the gear changed the shape of the front of the car, because of a collision with the compound wall. My second attempt at changing the gear resulted in the need for changing the whole gear box. My third attempt changed the whole course of events, and the car had to go once and for all to the workshop. (What happened on this occasion is too frightful to relate.)

A week later I got the detailed bill. The bill was got up in three parts :—

Part A comprising of the list of parts replaced, and it was such a long list that I had my doubts whether a single car could have so many parts;

Part B comprising a list of damages repaired;

Part C comprising a list of irreparable damages which were left unattended.

The grand total by some act of mercy had been restrained from assuming the fourth digit. And last but not least was the crushing note of the workshop manager saying the car had now only scrap value. For a while my indignation knew no bounds. But later when the temper had cooled down, I wrote back to the Workshop Manager. Dispose of the car, I said, adjust your bill on the proceeds, and let know who is to be paid the difference, you or I. Very painful what? Well, I have learnt the lesson. No more, I have told myself very firmly, no more driving for me again.

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DESIGN YOUR LIVING.

Don't be afraid to be alone! You really get nothing from people, hordes of people skipping through your life, hardly touching you. Until you mean something to yourself, you can't be important to anyone else. One must live the good alone-life, in order to grow and develop in one's own way.

You develop your best—alone. "Happy is the person who demands of life the leisure to catch the beauty and emotion of deep living."

—G. M.

MARRIAGE MATTERS.

Agatha Christie, detective—story writer, lives most of the time in Baghdad, where her archaeologist husband is working on important excavations. "An archaeologist," she says with conviction, "is the best husband any woman can have. The older she gets, the more he is interested in her."

—Gothenburg Trade and Shipping Journal.

BEN GETS HIS MAN.

From "Reader's Digest, April, 1952."

(He has caught 100 Criminals and he's the toast of Britain.)

Scotland Yard has produced a new hero to captivate British hearts and minds. His exploits make headlines; television and radio programmes highlight his career; his fan mail exceeds that of any movie stars. His greatest distinction was to be patted fondly by the Queen Mother herself—an honour which, according to some of his friends at the Yard, turned his head completely. They admit, however, that it hasn't affected his way with criminals.

This spotlight-loving hero is Ben, a Labrador retriever who, in the past three years, has captured more than 100 lawbreakers. "Old Ben," says Chief Inspector S. E. Peck of Scotland Yard, "has set a better record than most police constables achieve in their entire service."

Ben came to Scotland Yard in 1947, when he was one year old. Since the war the Yard had been experimenting with a new order of Police dogs—peaceful but knowing animals, as gentle but firm as the traditional "bobby" himself. These dogs patrol the byways of London and provide the constable on the beat with extra eyes and ears plus that "sixth sense" which the human patrolman can only admire and envy.

That first day on the training grounds at Imber Court, Ben's sleek black coat quivered with excitement as he watched the other animals—mostly German sheep dogs and Labradors—being put through their paces. The broad green acres were dotted with false buildings, odd-looking shacks, simulated backyards, strategically placed walls and hedges—duplicating conditions that the team of constable-and-dog would encounter on their rounds.

Ben seemed impatient to get into the show. His handler, a cheerful man with an enormous Old Bill moustache, was Police Constable

Herbert Shelton, and in those first moments a spiritual adoption was sealed. Together they watched as a veteran German sheep dog, playing the part of "instructor," demonstrated the supreme importance of obedience. A police constable enacted the role of sneak thief or purse-snatcher, tempting the animal in a variety of ways. Yet each time the dog, tense and growling, sprang to action only when he heard his handler's command.

The novices of Ben's class watched this performance time after time. Then, individually, they were confronted by the same situations, and called back repeatedly when they acted without the master's command. Only after demonstrating absolute obedience were they allowed to pass to more advanced training.

Following a scent, they tracked a "fugitive" over fields and along city pavements, through abandoned buildings, into all kinds of hideaways. They learned to "capture" a heavily padded constable, who would try every trick of resistance and escape, and to hold him at bay until help arrived.

Ben quickly became the star pupil. His obedience was flawless, his intelligence remarkable, and his tracking superb. But when it came to "arresting" a man, Ben was openly critical of the prescribed routine. The dogs were trained to seize a man by the right arm, firmly, yet without tearing a sleeve or leaving even a tooth mark. Ben having shown that such a trick was a push-over, made it clear that he preferred methods of his own.

For a time he favoured thrusting his head between the runner's legs and throwing him off balance. Then (having had his nose kicked a few times) he adopted a manoeuvre of encirclement, during which he fixed his man with a beady eye and growled assertively.

After three months at Imber Court, Ben was ready for active duty. He and Constable Shelton were assigned to a beat in Hyde Park. Each night they patrolled the paths, ignoring lovers spooning in the

darkened shrubberies, but always alert for the sneak thieves who slip off their shoes, pad quietly up to a preoccupied couple and snatch a neglected purse.

Ben early showed a remarkable awareness of guilt. Often, as man and dog strolled through the park, Ben would come to a sudden halt and growl deeply—a warning that trouble was afoot. Shelton learned to respect Ben's judgment. "Ben can sense the physical reaction of the culprit," he explains. "If a man is guilty, he feels fear at the sight of a policeman and a dog. Ben smells this fear."

At Shelton's command, Ben would be off into the bushes. When the constable caught up in the chase he would usually find a thief, quaking in his socks. Having delivered his prisoner, the dog would fetch the handbag that had been cast away, making any return trips necessary to retrieve its scattered contents.

Ben became the unrelenting enemy of the "spivs," who deal in black-market cigarettes and nylons. Catching a spiv in the act of trading was one thing for the police; spotting him on the prowl was quite another problem.

The spivs learned to fear the constable and his dog, and to avoid their beat. Ben could spot a spiv at 50 paces. His growl became Shelton's signal to stop the man for questioning. "Sometimes Ben caused me to wonder if he didn't know precisely whether it was hosiery or tobacco the chap was concealing," Shelton says.

Ben's uncanny ability to detect fear or a guilty conscience became legendary at Scotland Yard. Once he went along merely for the ride when Shelton drove into the suburbs to question a witness about a series of crimes committed in the vicinity. The witness proved difficult and uncommunicative, and finally Shelton suggested that he should come to the police station for a talk with the sergeant.

"When the man got into the car, Ben growled from his tail up," Shelton recalls. "He was restless during the station interview, and

when the chap departed Ben howled indignantly. I didn't like the man either, but we hadn't a thing against him."

Weeks later, the reluctant witness broke down under persistent questioning and confessed himself the perpetrator of the puzzling crimes. He was sentenced to ten years.

Ben's exploits began to make spectacular headlines in the press. He never "savaged" a captive - "although there have been times," says Shelton, "when he was sorely tried." One criminal kicked Ben viciously when overtaken, and fled again. This time when Ben outran him he reverted to his old "obstructive" trick - head down, nose thrust between the man's legs.

"When I arrived the chap was sprawled on the ground and Ben's teeth were playing a tattoo up and down his shinbone," Shelton relates. "But he never harmed the man, as well he might have."

Shelton claims proudly that Ben has never "muddled" a scent. "One morning, for example, a call came in from the suburbs: six houses had been burgled, the last one only a few hours earlier. Constables had combed the neighbourhood without success. When Ben and I arrived there were 20 or 30 police on the scene and the search had attracted a lot of onlookers. Ben completely ignored the crowd. He picked up the scent and in a few minutes had his man cornered in an orchard half a mile from town."

Ben won his greatest plaudits from both police and public last year for his capture of a dangerous young criminal, Frederick Poole, who escaped from jail and was believed to be hiding somewhere in Middlesex. Warned that he might be armed, police patrolled the area while householders lived in terror.

Then, on a Saturday night, the alarm sounded in Sunbury. Poole had broken into a house and stolen food and a suit of clothes and had dropped a handkerchief bearing prison marking.

Police threw out a cordon ; three police dogs were rushed to the scene. For hours the teams combed Sunbury, but Poole eluded them. Late on Sunday the call went out for Shelton and Ben.

They arrived just before dawn on Monday. Ben sniffed the captured handkerchief and was off. He led Shelton through cluttered back-yards, over hedges, across fields. Finally Shelton heard Ben's warning bark and saw a figure run from behind a clump of bushes. A few minutes later he saw the figure fall with Ben on top of him. Frederick Poole had been captured.

By now Ben was a familiar figure in the police courts—as a party to the arrest he was required to appear at the hearing. Wherever he went he was besieged by admirers. His press clippings filled scrapbooks. His fan mail, formerly acknowledged by Shelton, now required the services of a clerk at Scotland Yard. At the Police College near Coventry he gave a command performance for King George VI and his Queen.

When he appeared on a BBC television show, his sleek coat shimmering under the Klieg lights, he put on a polished performance. For the fade-out, he looked directly into the camera and gave what Shelton insists is "Ben's characteristic smile."

Success, of course, had some drawbacks. Ben was sent back to Imber Court, where, for more than a month, he served as instructor. He demonstrated his tricks for the other dogs, obedient, but obviously bored. He seemed relieved when he and Shelton went back to pounding the beat again.

Asked how Ben is rewarded for a job well done, Shelton ponders: "Well, I suppose he enjoys most a juicy bone, and perhaps an extra romp with David."

David Shelton, a four-year-old red-head was in the cradle on the night that Ben first arrived home with his handler, and they have

been pals ever since. David alone enjoys such rough-house privileges as pulling Ben's ears, twisting his tail or straddling his strong back.

Ben caught his 100th miscreant last October. Recently, after a spectacular arrest, the presiding judge said: "I regret that the court cannot communicate its appreciation to this remarkable animal. If it were possible to promote police dogs for performance of duty, this dog should certainly be elevated in rank."

If would be enough, perhaps, if Ben could sense the gratitude of London's worshipping citizens. They feel safer knowing that their hero is around.

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PONDERABLE.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend.

—Cardinal Newman.

To say the right thing at the right time, keep still most of the time.

—John W. Raper.

LOST IN LONELINESS.

BY SRI A. G. VIRUPAKSHI REDDY, A.L.I., P.T.C., VELLORE.

Silence swayed over straggling streets
 Shone splendid the silvery stars
 Slim and slender the orphan lay
 In a corner, seeking for food all day
 Starvation sickened her slender limbs
 She longed for rest, sleep gave her bliss.
 Alone slept she, breath sank below
 Hours passed, still she lay on snow
 Death lay its icy hands on her
 The owl screamed! Yama's messenger
 None on earth, shed a tear at her loss
 Nature mourned, rolled on her dew drops.

DEMOCRACY AND INDIAN CONDITIONS.

BY SRI P. RANGASWAMI AYENGAR, B.A., B.L., ADVOCATE, VELLORE.

“Of forms of Government let fools contest

Whatever is best administered is best in itself”

is a well known saying. India is now a Republic. Overnight, we switched over from an autocratic government by one, to a self governing form of rule by the people themselves.

2. What is the form of government we have voted for ourselves? What are its implications? What was our equipment for that form of polity; what has been the response of the country in actual experience; has proof been forthcoming of our competence to rule ourselves? What is the verdict of History of the Five years 1947 to 1952?

3. Democracy had its origin and development in the Ancient City States of Greece and Rome between the 4th and 2nd centuries B.C. The conditions were most favourable there. The Greek had a passion for autonomy – the exercise of the right of self government. It was the most sacred of all political principles to him. Each City occupying a few square miles, was a state; a political entity. The history of Ancient Greece is the separate history of each one of these City States, whose number was in the neighbourhood of 150. The free citizens of each state met and discussed, and decided by vote their governmental affairs. Every free citizen had a right to participate in the discussion, and exercised his vote. The entire free voting population of a City State consisted of a few thousands, never known to have been more than ten thousands. In these City States real democracy was born; it underwent developments and reached its perfection. The Modern World is under the deepest debt of obligation to Ancient Greece and Rome for the evolution of democratic principles in the art of Government.

4. The Sovereign body was therefore a small number, which could deliberate and administer a small state of a few square miles. It was a direct system of self government. There was therefore no need for Election.

5. Under modern conditions we have not City States, but Nation States. Huge masses of people cannot participate in governance. The remedy was therefore found in electing representatives of the people, to exercise the sovereign authority. We have here the first limitation to complete and full self government. The rule is not by the people themselves, but by their representatives. The question arises whether the electors - large in numbers, spread over a large area, living under varying conditions, - have a point of view in regard to their affairs, i.e., the way they would like to be governed, and how far their elected representatives have been charged to carry out their mandate ?

6. Is the present day citizen of the Indian Union, the custodian of any principles of self government ? Has he inherited any from his ancestors ? Looking back through the ages, the people of our country, have had kingship imposed upon them. From a petty chieftain to a Buddhist Asoka, a Muslim Mogul Akbar, or His Britannic Christian Majesty, to the people of India, the sovereignty lay in one person at the top, by divine right under Hindu and Christian conceptions ; by right of force and conquest of Muslim invader. We shall have searched the pages of our History in vain for any trace of a democracy until the midnight of the fifteenth of August 1947.

7. The only form of Political concept we have had through the ages was that the ruler, in his own right, held and wielded sovereign authority. On the morning of the sixteenth of August 1947, we woke up, to find ourselves—the people of India—in our own right in possession of full sovereign powers. We had the right to rule ourselves; being too numerous to do so—four hundred millions—we have to elect representatives to fill our Council Chambers to make the laws for us, and to see that they are properly administered.

9. Were we really equipped by Political training to exercise democratic power? Have our people realised in any measure the principle vital for the successful and efficient working of a democracy, namely that implicit obedience to the government is absolutely essential, however much that government has been created, and invested with full powers by the people. Some how the idea has got current that because the government is your government you can break laws, fail to observe laws, do what you like, and evade the sanctions of law. It ignores the great principle that laws are made for the benefit of society as a whole ; in obeying them an individual contributes to the general welfare, even as undoubtedly, by disobedience he disturbs the smooth working and well being of society. Attempts have not been wanting to secure top level ministerial influence to avoid or override legal procedure enforced by subordinate executive authority.

9. Have our people developed a full civic sense to shoulder responsibility. The road sense ; observance of hygiene and cleanliness ; patience to wait for one's turn in a queue ; keeping unsoiled places of public utility such as parks, theatres, markets, rest houses, public transport vehicles, Railway stations and trains,—all seem to be a long way off. The difficult and delicate duty of educating the average Citizen of the Indian Republic, in the formation and cultivation of these basic virtues is on the Police Service. A well meant suggestion of a Police Constable, a firm enforcement of a wholesome rule, are easily represented as highanded official cruelty. The man in the street must be taught to realise that a police officer high or low enforces law ; maintains order ; keeps public peace ; and is entitled to respect and implicit obedience.

10. The real democratic spirit is yet to be acquired. The Government is ours ; it is up to us to work it well : if it goes wrong the responsibility is entirely ours. We should profit by the lessons of History. There have always been inconsistencies in democracies. In

ancient Greek and Roman City States there was a section of the population consisting of slaves and foreigners who had no votes. In the name of Fraternity, Equality, and Liberty, a reign of terror swept over France, and blood was shed, and lives were massacred, on a scale unprecedented. In the United States of America, side by side with the declaration of Independence and establishment of a Republic, there was a large slave population of negroes. Abolition of slavery was one of their greatest achievements. The Chinese Republic, which is of recent origin, is already in communist grip, and under the shadow of Russia. Let us steer clear of such possibilities.

11. Education of the masses is a pre-requisite for a successful democracy. The power—the sovereign authority—which vests in each individual has got to be exercised properly. In the modern Nation States, the individual cannot function directly. He can, and must, only through his elected representative. How can the voter discharge his duty properly unless he has been sufficiently educated and equipped so as to take an intelligent view about the problems that concern him, and the society around him? How can the voter's wishes be achieved, unless he elects for representing him, a candidate who has given proof of his competence to handle public affairs honestly, wisely, and efficiently. Here are two fundamental responsibilities. The vote must be exercised; and exercised wisely.

12. We are passing through critical times. There is unrest all over the world. Nations, great and small, are ranging themselves in an atmosphere of a sullen cold war. To these general conditions, we in India are experiencing our first lessons in a costly (as indeed all democracies are, and tend to be) Republican form of Government; an unkind nature, has for five successive years, withheld, to a mainly agricultural country, its greatest gift—rain. Let us hope with Divine Grace, for which the whole country shall ever pray,—that we shall

soon pass through the inevitable - stages of ignorance, and errors of initial inexperience in political experiment, and emerge successfully in this new and great venture in Politics.

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IT WAS NOT SAID BY A POLICEMAN.

A farmer claimed his corn grew so tall it was darker than a dense pine forest; you could see lightnin' bugs in there at noon, and owls hooted all day. An Arkansan once declared that corn near his home town grows so high the moon has to go round by way of Missouri.

CRIMINAL HUMOUR—TIPPED PRISON GUARDS

Criminal humour is not, however, always of the gallows variety. Sometimes it is pure cheek, as in the case of the two Burmese dacoits who escaped from prison and left a polite note thanking the governor for his hospitality. They also left the sum of twopence halfpenny for the prison guards, with the comment that it was all they were worth.

Another instance of cheek occurred in a British court when a man was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. When asked what he had to say, he replied; "All I can say, my Lord, is that you are very free with my time!"

Yet another prisoner was asked his opinion of a famous barrister. It happened that the barrister had once defended him, but had failed to save him from a stiff sentence.

"Him?" growled the convict, disgustedly. "He's all right in his place—but they haven't dug it yet!"

Another breezy ruffian was submitted to a long homily from the judge. He grew tired of the sermon and interrupted with: "Draw it mild, old cock! If it wasn't for the likes of us the likes of you would be out of a job!"

POLICE WORK AS A CAREER.

BY SRI K. P. S. PANIKER, RETIRED INSPECTOR OF POLICE.

The civil administration of a State cannot be carried on without an adequate police force. Police work is therefore an important and essential factor in all civic life, and one can make it quite interesting too.

Under an alien regime, however, when conflicts arise between the government and the people, the policeman will often find it difficult to harmonize his sense of duty with his conscience, and the police force becomes the butt of attack whenever anything untoward happens. It is no wonder therefore that respectable and educated young men avoided the service which was risky and unpopular under the old government. There was a time when the policeman was regarded as a bully and a terror. But after the introduction of certain reforms four decades ago, it became possible for young men of status and education to enter the service, but still they could not feel that they were the people's police. Now that we have got our freedom, it should be possible for patriotic young men to welcome police work gladly and to raise the standard of utility and efficiency of the force.

A policeman has the advantage of doing social service that any good citizen can do, and he is paid for doing it. He need not be, and perhaps should not be, a genius or a very intelligent person, but must have character, common sense and plenty of good humour. He must cultivate strict discipline, and should know how to enforce lawful obligations and to obey lawful orders. He must also be observant and vigilant and resourceful, and should remember that he is a man of action, not of words.

It is primarily the function of the police to safeguard society by (1) maintaining law and order, and (2) preventing and detecting crimes and offences against the existing law. The State affords all facilities to enable all ranks of police officers to discharge these

duties efficiently and promptly. Every police officer can lawfully prevent or take action against any public nuisance, disperse any turbulent or unlawful assembly, interpose for preventing commission of a cognizable offence, and arrest any person designing to commit such an offence. He has power to arrest any person concerned in any cognizable offence or against whom there is reasonable suspicion of his being so concerned. Sub Inspectors are also empowered to arrest vagabonds and suspicious characters and certain habitual offenders in their station-limits. A Sub Inspector or investigating police officer can in the course of his investigation enter any place and make a search for persons or things necessary for its purposes. Persons resisting or obstructing police officers in their discharge of the above duties, as well as persons who intentionally omit to give information or aid to the police in certain matters are liable to punishment. The powers entrusted to the police have thus given them a prestige in the public eye which on no account should be lowered by an abuse of them either through conceit or by indiscretion.

The maintenance of law and order is not an easy thing, and sometimes it is attended with much risk. Mob psychology is difficult to understand, and may suddenly and without sufficient cause burst into violence. Much forethought, understanding and patience on the part of the police officer who has to deal with the situation will however avoid ill consequences and ugly developments. A hasty decision or a foolish act will only endanger the peace all the more. Very often the attitude of an angry or hostile mob will be unreasonable, but that should never be an excuse for the police officer (or for a Magistrate) to be equally adamant, since his object is to secure peace when it is likely to be endangered by disorderly or undisciplined people.

During the days of the cold war between British Imperialism and Indian Nationalism, orders under section 144 of the Criminal

Procedure Code prohibiting public meetings, processions and various other venues of political activity had to be issued by Magistrates under administrative pressure, and on disobedience of such orders which invariably followed, the police had to resort to lathi charges, forcible dispersals, arrests and prosecutions in a very large number of cases. That was really a sad state of affairs, but let us hope that such situations will not arise in the new republican government that we have at last established. Police officers of the old order have to forget the past and to adjust themselves to the changed order of things. Under a people's government the police have at least hereafter to pay attention to their behaviour and manners, and for their own sake they will have to care for public opinion without deviating from the path of integrity and impartiality in the proper discharge of their duties.

The fact that the recent general elections went off peacefully and without trouble throughout the country is ample proof that the police in India are able to keep order among political parties who contest for power, and that they could do it most impartially. The only threat to law and order in the future may come in the shape of strikes which appear to be favoured not only by unions of labourers, factory and mill workers and employees of various departments (public and private) but also by students. It would be well if police officers maintain a private and informal watch over the activities of leaders of such unions and assess their potential capacity to foment trouble. The menace from Communist violence is sporadic and may disappear when prices fall and prosperity prevails.

Prohibition has to some extent reformed poor people and prevented offences against person, but experience has shown that it is difficult to enforce total prohibition, and it would be worth while to substitute a sort of control by licensing limited liquor to former addicts and those who are in real need of it.

Let us now turn to the other and more interesting branch of police work, namely control of crime. This is a twofold task of preventing and detecting crimes. As far as possible, preventive action must be adopted, for prevention is always better than cure. But crimes will be committed in any society, and unless the offenders are found out and punished, there will be no justice or immunity from crime.

Offences can broadly be divided into two types (1) casual and (2) habitual. Offences affecting the human body, such as murder, culpable homicide, causing hurt, kidnapping and abduction, rape etc., are generally the outcome of quick passions, strained feelings or unhappy circumstances. They are but stray incidents in life, and cannot be foreseen and prevented. On the other hand, offences against property, such as theft, extortion, robbery, dacoity, receiving of stolen property, cheating etc., and offences like counterfeiting coins and currency notes may in most cases be of the habitual type and can be successfully prevented.

To ensure real prevention it is important that the police officer should know the actual and potential bad characters who reside within the limits of his jurisdiction and persons who visit them. If, and when, they are active, security proceedings (under Chapter VIII of the Criminal Procedure Code) should be taken against them. On the other hand if they wish to reform themselves, the police officer should equally help them to earn honest livelihoods, for poverty is the root cause of offences against property. It is well worth remembering that open surveillance by the police and misplaced suspicion by the people based only on one's antecedents are great handicaps to an ex-convict who wants to turn over a new leaf. Youthful offenders should be got confined only in reformatories. Discharged prisoners must be treated with

sympathy, and delinquency must be regarded as a disease of the mind. There is no surer or better method of preventing crime than by trying to reclaim known and potential offenders. There can be no harm if better and more humane treatment is given to criminals and offenders than what they get now.

Investigation is the most interesting part of police work. We all like to read detective stories. Should we not all the more like to do detective work? To achieve success in investigation, a police officer must have an intimate knowledge of human nature and human psychology. In fact experience in this line will give him these useful attributes. The object of investigation is to unravel the mystery of a past occurrence or to find out the truth of a matter from a medley of facts and circumstances. The police officer should therefore be a minute observer of men and things, and nothing should escape his attention, though he should guard against being prejudiced by plausible theories. No heed should be paid to rumours and gossips and information coming from anonymous sources, for they will only deflect the right course of investigation and result in waste of precious time and energy. It is possible that much irrelevant matter, such as scandals, family secrets, intrigues and other disgraceful episodes will come out during an investigation, and the police officer must coolly and unemotionally check them and discard them if they have no sort of bearing on the occurrence in question. Persons who are naturally endowed with a flair for detection can achieve better results than others, but anyone with faith, patience and freedom from prejudice can also succeed in this line. To gain information, the investigating police officer should move freely among the villagers at the time of his inspection of the scene of offence and even allow free prattle, as sometimes valuable clues will be got that way, but he should not discuss theories or disclose details of investigation to laymen. Though it will be useful to enlist co-operation of the

people, too much reliance on it may sometimes be dangerous, as persons with other motives and mischief-mongers are likely to mislead him.

Irrespective of the ultimate result, an honest and painstaking investigation will not fail to give its own rewards to the police as well as to the society. There are no hard and fast rules regulating an investigation, and each case will depend upon the particular circumstances and the modus operandi of the criminal.

Alongside of the reforms introduced in the police service, the criminal world has also undergone a progressive change. Instead of the rough and clumsy criminal of the olden days who always left a trace behind, the police have now to deal with intelligent and intrepid experts in crime who commit daring holdups in Banks in daylight and on highways at night. After the Second World War a large number of men who were released from the Army have become unemployed, and some of them, having no mind to return to the unenterprising life of the village and unable to get jobs in towns and cities have taken to a career of crime. Young men from seemingly genteel classes who have no faith in, or respect for, proprietary rights have also adopted this modern form of crime. This state of things calls for more vigilance and acumen and promptness on the part of the police. Educated and enterprising young men will therefore have ample scope for the display of their ability and advancement, if they choose police work as their career.

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IT WAS NOT SAID BY A POLICEMAN.

A Missouri man used to spin a tale about his invention of marvellous scarecrow. It was made of tin, and not only waved its arms at intervals but emitted a loud yell every few minutes.

"Did it scare the crows?" I asked.

"I should say it did," he said. "Why, that contraption skeered them crows so bad some of 'em fetched back corn they had stole from me two years before!"

PISTOLS FOR TWO (Short Story).

BY SRI D. MANUEL REDDY, SUB-INSPECTOR, DISTRICT SPECIAL
BRANCH, VIZIANAGARAM.

With lights extinguished and engine barely ticking over, the long, low-built sports-car crept up the gravelled drive in the moon light and halted in a patch of deep shadow. A tall, slender young man emerged and, reaching the porch of the house, glanced swiftly about him, then stabbed the bellpush with a nervous finger.

The orderly opened the door. Before the visitor could speak—“Lieutenant Saheb?” he murmured deferentially after a smart salute. “You are expected. Come this way, sir. In the study room - - ”

It was daring and rather foolish of Susheela, thought young Kumar, as he stepped across the threshold; a rash act, to invite him to her home in her husband’s absence; his pulses throbbed and his eyes gleamed, for it could mean only one thing — she had decided to go away with him. His leave expires in two days only and she knew it.

The library door clicked shut. Kumar’s glance quested about the room, with its rows of books, its dainty furniture and shaded lights.

“Susheela? Where are you?” he whispered.

The edge of a woman’s silk sari, carelessly thrown over the arm of a chair that stood with its back to the door, caught his roving eye and he started forward eagerly.

“Darling! - ”

Voice low and vibrant with passion, he bent over the chair—then recoiled as though stung! His face went as white as a sheet, his jaw dropped, his lips quivered foolishly, ludicrously, as a powerful athletic figure of a man heaved himself erect.

“Major Rustom! I -” stuttered Lieutenant Kumar.

“Yes! It’s the old Major and not his young wife!” snapped the other grimly. “I misjudged you, Kumar. I trusted you. And I find that you are one of the foulest things on earth—a graceless libertine who browses in forbidden pastures. You dirty swine! Perhaps, you wonder what I am doing here tonight having announced my decision to go on camp”. He jerked a hand from a pocket, and thrust a piece of blotting paper under the other’s nose - “that’s why. I found it in my wife’s writing desk. It happened to be lying within view of a mirror and it was easy to read the reverse of the writing. A note to you, Kumar, from Susheela. It says - ‘I do not know what to think - yet. Be patient with me. To leave my husband for you would be such a big step that I must have more time to think it over.’ You got that note. Then you received another, asking you to come here. I wrote that note forging Susheela’s handwriting.”

Kumar’s lips moved but no sounds came. He could not meet the blazing anger in the other’s eyes. Then as Major Rustom made no move to attack him, Kumar’s confidence returned.

Defiantly - “Well, what of it? Your wife seems to prefer me to you or she would never entertain my suggestion - - ”

Restraining his rage with an effort, Rustom waited, until a metallic sound emanated from the direction of the door-way. The noise was unmistakable. It was the sound of the door being locked up outside with these two men inside.

Kumar whirled round, ran to the door and tugged at it. The door would not open. “Who - what - why is this door fastened?” he demanded querulously.

The Major walked round the table and pulled open a drawer producing a small wooden box. “The door was locked by my orderly. He has been very faithful to me in the last war. He is

used to blood-shed --- ” and with a mirthless smile, he laid the box on the table, opened it and took out two pistols.

Kumar passed a shaking hand across his lips. All his brag-godocio was gone. “Bloodshed! - - ” he stammered. “No! No! You can’t do that! That’s murder. They will hang you for this!-” He darted forward, then stopped dead as the two pistols rose in the Major’s hands.

“Murder” gasped the Lieutenant hoarsely.

The Major shook his head. “No, not murder. Because we are both going to write nice little suicide notes, exonerating the other from blame, and - - ” slipping one pistol into his pocket, he brought forth a folded piece of paper and tossed it across to the terrified man - “Here is mine. You’ll find paper pen on the bureau over there. Copy it out and sign the copy with your own name.”

The younger man backed away. “No! No! You can’t do this to me! - - ”

“Can’t I?” the Major’s voice crackled with the ruthless quality of a lightning flash. “Get busy!” His finger tensed menacingly round the trigger.

Whimpering, the other complied. When it was done, Rustom gestured to him to hold up the sheet of writing and scanned it through. “Lay them both on the table,” he commanded. The wretched Kumar obeyed.

“Stand there where I can see you,” said the Major sinking back into a chair, the two pistols still levelled at Kumar.

The ticking of a clock was the only sound in the room. Kumar begged for his life. “I was a fool. Every body makes a mistake at some time or other. I was crazy - infatuated; you understand. You can’t blame me for that. It’s only human. I swear to you that your wife and I never - I mean - I have only talked to her in private about half a dozen times. That’s all.”

The Major said nothing. Lowering one pistol, he tapped slowly three times on the table.

The young Lieutenant sweated with fear. He pleaded abjectly for mercy. Thirty minutes by the clock, Rustom held him there, and whenever Kumar grew restless the pistol tapped the table-top three times.

At last — —

All his excuses exhausted, Kumar eyed him fearfully, like a dumb, trapped animal.

“You’re going to have an even break,” Rustom informed him. “To-night only one of us leaves this room alive. It’s a duel, Kumar — pistols for two. I’m going to place these two weapons on the table. We will each back away three paces. At the count of three — action! The survivor will burn his own suicide note and leave the other one by the body. That door will be opened by the orderly in just four minutes’ time.”

He gestured with the pistols. “Back off three paces!”

Kumar shuffled away, watching him as though hypnotised. His eyes never leaving the other’s face, the Major laid down the pistols and himself stepped back the requisite distance.

“One! —” he counted.

Sweat poured down Kumar’s face.

“Two! —”

Kumar’s eyes bulged hideously.

“Three! Go for your pistol!”

The Major made a lightning leap for the table and snatched up a pistol; before he could take aim and fire, the younger man crashed to the floor.

The door opened and the orderly peered into the room. “Is he dead, sir?”

"Fainted," said the Major. Master and man knelt to the task of reviving Kumar; when he regained consciousness, they hauled him to his feet and propelled him, white-faced and shaking, to his car.

"Now, get out!" growled the Major, ferociously. "If I see you again, I'll kill you!"

When the tail-lights of the car dwindled and died in the gloom - -

"We'll never be troubled with him again," said the Major to his orderly. "I guessed he would not have the nerve to go through with a duel. Perhaps, it's as well. *It might have been awkward if he had found that the pistols were not loaded!*"

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CRIMINAL HUMOUR—GENTLEMAN'S GUINEA

Another rogue with a perverted sense of humour was Elby, a pickpocket. He once laid a bet with a gentleman that he would relieve him of a guinea even when he was on his guard. The guinea was marked and the gentleman put it into his mouth for safety.

Elby followed him to the market-place, where he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, spilling a number of coins. Passers-by helped him pick up the money; and the artful rogue said: "I've got it all now except a marked guinea which, by the look of him, I think that man has in his mouth."

The mob beat the unfortunate gentleman, made him disgorge his guinea and so lose his bet!

A fruitful source of humour is found in prison inscriptions.

One convict wrote:

Good-bye, Lucy, dear,
I'm parted from you for seven long year. *Alf Jones.*

To which another added:

If Lucy dear is like most gals
She'll give few signs or moans,
But soon will find among your pals. *Another Alfred Jones.*

TIME AND OPPORTUNITY.

(from an investigator's standpoint)

BY TIRUKKURALMANI S. TIRUNAVUKKARASU, CHIDAMBARAM.

The value of time and opportunity can never be underestimated, in the investigation of cases, in as much as its importance is patent, in almost all its aspects in the different walks of life.

' *A stitch in time saves nine* ' is the favourite old saying that deserves to be observed ordinarily, in the various items of a business, in the natural course of human conduct. A timely clue or tip worked upon intelligently, will at times lead to marvellous results, in the detection of not only the case on hand, but will also unearth notorious gang organizations responsible for a series of similar crimes, reported as well as unreported. Intelligence is indeed a main factor in the investigation of cases, but much more important than that is the spirit of service that is absolutely necessary to complete the investigation in time, working whole-heartedly on the principle that all work is worship. Slight lethargy may eventually lead to short-cut methods, in tending to a tendency to adopt an unwholesome policy of so-called justification that the ends achieved will justify the means adopted. It is there a policeman who is always obliged to work in the midst of criminals has to show that he is above them in his regard for truth and uprightness, in not easily succumbing to make an enticing connecting link which will cut at times, a very awkward predicament, on a shrewd cross-examination, even by an old and hardened criminal, if not by an intelligent lawyer, appearing on his behalf.

A criminal generally works in his own interests and the main motive on his part is his own gain that passes on incidentally also to the receivers. But a cop's interest must differ from it, crucially, on the point that his aim is chiefly to maintain his integrity and prestige foremost, besides looking to the detection

of the cases on hand and setting up an example of regard for truth to the people with whom he is to move about, in the course of his investigation. It is a matter of congratulation for a policeman to feel that his work is one of the most sacrificing in the world, considering its keen regard for others and the steps taken towards redressing their difficulties, under the obligations imposed, in the name of duty and discipline.

Another important feature which an investigator must always bear in mind is that his work is more often judged, more by what he reports about rather than what he does. His prompt and timely reports have to be precise and concise, so as to be easily understood by the officers placed over him, as to facilitate the issue of useful directions and advices in the course of the investigation.

The proverbs of the kind '*Let sleeping dogs lie as they are,*' and '*Every dog will have its own day*' are more suited respectively to the temperament of non-intervention and taking things as they are. Such an attitude cannot afford to be highly commended upon, except in very peculiar contingencies and circumstances with a view to avoid over-zealousness and undue interest, at times risking into and courting troubles. Yet, there are some important factors worthy of being treated on the principles involved in the maxims as '*Let us wait and see*' and '*Slow and steady wins the race.*' This latest course is very useful in its application in the sustained investigation of cases wherein the investigators have not to be easily satisfied with the recoveries of only one or two items of properties in big cases of heavy booty, but may try their best and push on their work to the very end of recovering most of the properties, if not all of them lost in the case.

The filing of charge sheets is only a certain stage in the disposal of cases and unless the court work concerned is attended to promptly then and there, there is every likelihood of cases falling

into heavy pendency in courts, thus increasing the arrears at the end of the year that may lead to a lot of complaints against the Police, from the courts concerned.

The methods referred to in Sec. 130 of the Motor Vehicles Act, suggesting the speedy and summary disposal of motor cases, are rarely followed by the courts and it is for the Police officers, in their own interests, to point out to the Courts the advantages that may be accrued by adopting them feasibly and conveniently.

Similarly, in referred cases also, a prudent police officer is expected to be reminding the court for slip proceedings passing orders on the final reports submitted by them.

Hereunder are a few adoptable axioms relating to time and opportunity. They deserve to be thought over and acted upon, in the current course of a policeman's duty and business.

Age is opportunity no less

Than youth itself, though in another dress.

Longfellow.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest
not what a day may bring forth.

Time *conquers* all, and we must Time obey.

Pope.

Defer no time, *delays* have dangerous ends.

Shakespeare.

Time is *eternity* begun.

J. Montgomery.

First come, *first* served.

H. Brinklow.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all *good*.

Shakespeare.

Time hath a taming *hand* !

J. H. Newman.

A moment's *insight* is sometimes worth a
life's experience.

O. W. Holmes.

Present *joys* are more to flesh and blood
Than a dull prospect of distant good.

Dryden.

It is time to fear when tyrants seem to *kiss*.

Shakespeare.

Dost thou love *life*? Then do not squander
time; for that is the stuff *life* is made of.

B. Franklin.

(Remember that) Time is *money*.

B. Franklin.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can
do today.

Lord Chesterfield.

What is *opportunity* to the man who can't
use it? An unfecundated egg, which
the waves of time wash away into
nonentity.

George Eliot.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

C. Dickens.

Long *quaffing* maketh a short life.

Lyly.

To business that we love, we *rise* betime,
And go to it with delight.

Shakespeare.

To everything there is a *season*, and a time
to every purpose under the heaven.

Ecclesiastes.

Time tries the *truth* in everything.

Tusser.

Make *use* of time, let not advantage slip.

Shakespeare.

(I am) as *vigilant* as a cat to steal cream.

Shakespeare.

Time *wasted* is existence ; used is life.

Young.

Years steal-

Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb.

Byron.

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CRIMINAL HUMOUR—IRISHMAN'S EVIDENCE

Sometimes the humour is of the unconscious variety, such as that of the Irishman who was assaulted in a gang fight one dark night. He said that when he received the blow on the head he saw stars. Lots of them. And went on solemnly to assure the court that he had identified his assailant by the light of those same stars!

On occasion, the humour has taken a very grim turn, as in a lesser-known exploit of Dick Turpin. When the famous highwayman came upon the landlady of an inn on the Dover Road, he roasted her on her own spit till she confessed where her valuables were hidden!

Incidentally, there is some doubt as to whether Turpin actually made the famous ride to York. This is attributed to Swift Neck Nick, another gentleman of the High Toby, who robbed a man at Gadshill early one morning. He was recognized and, racing to Gravesend, took the ferry and rode north for his life.

He arrived in York late the same afternoon and, having changed his clothing, sought out the Lord Mayor, the Chief Magistrate of York, and had a long and friendly chat with him. When he was eventually charged with the robbery he called the Lord Mayor as witness the jury held it to be impossible that he could have been in Gadshill and York on the same day, and he was discharged.

On his way back to York the Lord Mayor was stopped by a masked highwayman who, with the greatest courtesy, relieved him of his spare cash. It was Swift Neck Nick again!

BILLY.

BY "EX-SAP."

Our Billy died last evening in his sleep and left the house in gloom. He did not die young nor by some unknown affliction which we could not divine but by sheer old age. His last hours were peaceful and as the sun sank behind the coffee hills, his proud and independant soul left the scarred body which had been in so many battles.

I was living with my aunt when Billy came to us. He was a month old and was being hawked by a man near Russel's market while I was sitting in the car with my aunt. A few pleadings and appropriate tears made my aunty buy the pup for a few pieces of silver and present it to me, much to the annoyance of my uncle who grumbled that the car would be dirtied.

He was however mistaken in that. Billy was a gentleman with clean habits and when later removed from the car he walked sedately behind some bushes to answer the urgent calls of nature. Never had he in his full career given us, his owners, any cause to be ashamed of him in this respect. In his youth, as a full blooded pointer he was always clean--wiped his head and paws on our visitors' clean trousers before he came to his masters. Left over meals he scorned but pinched our third neighbours' chickens. He was a stickler for propriety.

On the day I took Billy back home to the coffee estate, I planted an orange tree and named it Billy II. Billy always had a special liking for this tree and would be found resting in its shade. Woe unto any other dog that mistook Billy II for a lamp post! Sparks would fly and blood flow. While he refused oranges from other trees, he was partial to the fruits of Billy II. This morning we buried Billy under the blossoms of his beloved Billy II where he had dreamt so many pleasant dreams lying in the warm sun. The estate workers say, that the orange tree will

never yield because of the dog buried by its roots. I am sure the reason will be that Billy II too, is heart-broken.

Billy was a gentleman as typified by the Victorian age. He should have been born then when men were of dignified mien and took scant notice of their womenfolk. He believed that ladies should keep their places within the home and not go gadding about the streets a potential menace to male blood pressure. Though he fathered all the pups in the plantation one never saw Billy take an active interest in the ladies. He was cold and aloof, complete master of his emotions. The only time he did lose his head was in wooing his first love. She was a coquette and a spaniel. Her looks were well taken care of and her silky body was the envy of every eligible female in the estate. Billy fell for her badly and our backyard was the scene of many a dog fight, Billy emerging victor licking his wounds.

Then the glorious day arrived as Billy whined and whined round the kennel, the cares and responsibilities of parenthood creeping on his poor head. It was a bewildered Billy who gazed on the six pups that the spaniel had brought out for his inspection. Ladies could be so unpredictable !

His interest however lasted for a month, and the pups having taken up that enjoyable game of biting his tail during his noon nap, Billy washed his hands completely off them. He disowned them and refused to be seen in their company. He was disillusioned about pups in general. Whenever one toddled up to him to play hide and seek, he got up with an offended air. Where another elder might have given the youngster a nip to remember him by, Billy stalked off, every line of his body showing disapproval. He would creep under his favourite sofa and sleep. His outlook towards his family was completely Victorian ! A good hunter and good gun dog but no family man!

Now Billy is gone. My brothers and sisters will miss him. No dog could have been more considerate to children than Billy. He allowed them to sit on his back ; he held his nuzzle wide open while they thrust their hands into his mouth ; he even allowed the younger ones to pull him by his tail — and if they like he would walk backwards lest they toppled!

He grew old and his limbs became loose. He could not walk fast and he suffered a little from the gout. His bright eyes lost their powers and he would continually hump into chairs and table legs. Or he lay under the shade of Billy II dreaming of the wild boars and sheep he had fought, of fishes he had retrieved from the lake after being shot. Sometimes he chuckled in his sleep, no doubt thinking of the times I had shot at the fish but Billy would not plunge in — he knew the shot had gone wide ! But inspite of all that, he was our Gentleman Billy, sedate and dignified as ever.

He died last evening with his head on an old pair of my Uncle's shoes. What thoughts of love and regret he must have had as he laid his tired head on those shoes. How he must have loved my Uncle to have died thus, offering his dumb humble self to the mercy of man. We shed a few tears over his body. And Uncle now keeps those shoes in a cupboard where nothing will defile the last resting place of our Billy — good Old Billy.

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IT WAS NOT SAID BY A POLICEMAN.

A man in the Big Red Apple belt in Arkansas told of a great crop he had once produced. "Them apples growed so big," he said, "that it only took four of 'em to make a dozen." But a friend of mine reports that he stopped at a "Cider for Sale" sign in a part of the Ozark country where the apples are *really* big. The cider-mill man said, "Sold all my cider last week, but I reckon I can oblige you. How much do you want?" My friend asked for 50 gallons. "Young feller," the man replied, "I'll be danged if I'm goin' to ruin a whole apple just to make you 50 gallons of cider!"

LETTER TO EDITOR.

From,

R. CHELLAM PILLAI,
Retired Sub-Inspector of Police,
216 East Marrat Street,
Madurai.

To,

THE PRINCIPAL,
Police Training College,
Vellore.

Sir,

I note the following attributes for your kind notice and publication in the Police Journal, if acceptable.

Sub-Inspector.

- S — Strong minded with a stubborn will to discharge your duty
- U — Unearth all hidden stores of crimes.
- B — Bearing in mind that you have to detect and prevent crimes
- I — Investigate intelligently into the cases of
- N — Notorious criminals
- S — Suspects
- P — Proclaimed offenders and
- E — Evil doers.
- C — Concentrate your mind on the maintenance of law and order.
- T — Turning not an inch away from the path of justice
- O — Obeying the orders of the omnipotent being arising from the depth of your conscience
- R — Reprimand all delinquents within your territorial jurisdiction.