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Editorial

We feel pleasure in presenting you this first issue for the current year which is coming out slightly late due to unavoidable circumstances but mainly due to change over of the editing staff.

We rest assure you that we will be punctual in our duties in future. We may repeat the same old "cry" that very few articles are sent for publication in time, hence we request once again to all the contributors of the articles that we shall be obliged if the same are sent duly typed and if manuscript copies are sent then it must be written legibly and neatly and on one side of the paper only.

Lastly we expect full co-operation of all the Readers/Writers and others alike and any suggestion to improve the standard will be highly appreciated.

—Editor

Changing Role of the C.R.P.

• V. G. Kanetkar, I. P.

I have just finished a revision of the C. R. P. F. Act and am now in the midst of a revision of the C. R. P. Rules. A point that particularly attracted my attention during this work was the changing role of the C. R. P. with the passage of time.

2. The Crown Representative's Police came into being in the British regime on the 27th July 1939 with the limited objective of rushing to the assistance of the Police forces in Princely States if and when they were hard pressed by dacoits or other criminal elements. The strength of this first C. R. P. Battalion was 1 Commandant, 7 Superior officers, 30 Subordinate Officers, 100 Head Constables and 870 Constables. It was thus only about 1/14th of the current strength but, as the record of detachment duties shows, this modest unit was able to cope efficiently with the assignments which were given to it from time to time. There is however no doubt that it could acquit itself so well only because the number of commitments was much smaller than it is now and the duration of each did not on the whole last very long.

3. That first Battalion was sent to the then princely States of Charkhari, Indore, Khairpur (Sind), Balasinor, Kishangarh and a number of other States. Barring Khairpur which was in the grip of the terrific Hur trouble along with a considerable part of Sind, the only duty of the C. R. P. detachments then was to deal with lawless elements like dacoits who were on the whole well armed and gave no end of trouble to local Police. It must be said to the credit of that small C. R. P. force that it never disappointed the Central Government and usually received acclaim from local authorities who were undoubtedly grateful to it for the assistance rendered.

4. After Independence, the Crown Representative's Police became the Central Reserve Police. The initials remained the same but the role started undergoing a gradual change. The strength too grew year by year because of the increase in the volume of detachment duties. Whereas there was only one Battalion in 1939, there are today 14 of them.

5. Soon after India became free, C. R. P. detachments were sent to various States. In Saurashtra, they had to help in taking over a few Princely States which were not inclined to join the Indian Union even though they were by any yardstick inseparable parts of the country. In Kutch and Rajasthan however the duty was the same as before, namely, curbing or bringing to heel lawless elements. The C. R. P. also took part in the operations in Hyderabad State conducted against violent Communists who had openly defied a legally constituted administration and sought to establish a rule of their own. In 1956 the C. R. P. had to rush to Chadbet on the Kutch border which was illegally occupied by Pakistan troops. The latter were expelled and even today a small force of the C. R. P. is guarding the spot along with a State Police Force.

6. Though dacoit operations had to be undertaken in areas like Vindhya and western border of Rajasthan, a change in the nature of duties of the C. R. P. had started taking place. Since 1954 C. R. P. units are being posted on various borders of the country where they are, along with other forces, guarding strategic and sensitive areas. Here the duties are essentially of a military or semi-military nature. There are no dacoits or murderers to be dealt with but a much more dangerous class of human beings, namely, enemy infiltrators, saboteurs, smugglers etc. These new duties require superior type of training and constant vigil not only for short periods of time but more or less as a permanent measure. The operations have to be conducted

not on plains where visibility and mobility are usually good but in cold or wet jungles or on icy slopes and that too in all types of weather. The dangers and risks involved in such movements are apparent and it is no wonder that the Force had to suffer casualties from time to time while discharging its duty. The incident at Hot Springs in Ladakh wherein 10 brave members of the Force were shot dead by the Chinese in 1959 is too well-known to need repetition. There were other occurrences elsewhere but all these casualties together highlight the discipline and loyalty with which men and officers have done their duty. Sometimes there is no relief for years but there are no complaints either of nostalgia or tiredness. The motto of the Force is "Service and Loyalty" and it has been followed both in spirit as well as letter.

7. In areas such as above, the C.R.P. has necessarily to work with or under other forces whose primary responsibility is to guard the borders of the country. This subordination, even if of a temporary nature, in which thousands of men and officers are involved, is bound to create occasionally piquant situations. Still it must be said to the credit of both the parties that such cases have been very few and that both sides have done and are doing their respective jobs with full cooperation and a sense of fellowship. There is no doubt however that such constant proximity with one side dominating the other in difficult areas must be putting a heavy strain on the patience and good humour of quite a number

of individuals. Good discipline on both sides nevertheless enables them to take occasional unpleasantness in their stride and they attach little importance to things outside the four corners of sacred duty.

8. In addition to tasks of the above nature, the C. R. P. is assisting certain local administrations in maintaining law and order in their respective areas. Normally this is not a duty which is very exacting but in one area in particular, hostile and well armed elements are giving them very little respite. This strain too is being borne bravely along with colleagues of other units.

9. It will be seen from the above that apart from occasional law and order duties such as suppression of local riots or meeting challenges of local criminal elements, the C. R. P. is now extensively deployed in important areas on the periphery of the country and doing duties which are of a different type requiring higher stamina, more specialised training, suitable equipment and so on.

10. This change is not incidentally peculiar to the C. R. P. alone. Civil Police in the various States too are facing new problems which their forbears never even dreamt of. The Indian Penal Code and the offences mentioned in it are now more than 100 years old. They of course claim the attention of the Civil Police every day but in addition various new types of offences have been confronting them since the last two decades or

so. Traffic in big cities has almost become a specialised science and the constable of about 30 years ago who controlled the movements of a few slow moving vehicles and a few pedestrians will find himself completely at sea if he is put on a traffic pedestal these days in cities like Bombay, Calcutta or Madras. Then there are new laws in connection with exchange regulations, forward market contracts, corruption, sales tax, hoarding and profiteering, etc., etc. and these have given rise to new offences which require, for their successful investigation, sound knowledge of the transactions involved. And this can not be acquired over night.

11. The society is itself becoming more and more complex and it is inevitable that it should throw up new problems, new crimes and new criminals. This is a consequence implicit in the transition of the society from simple life to complex life and the heavy burden of maintaining law and order and keeping criminals of all types under effective control will always lie on the shoulders of the Police. With the change that is occurring in life, a corresponding change must also occur in the Police forces whether they belong to the armed, or unarmed or reserve branch. Educationally they must be able to understand the significance of the changes, mentally they must think of new techniques to grapple with new problems and physically they must be armed with suitable equipment. And this entire repertoire must be always subject to a searching review to see if it is delivering the goods.

On Patrol

• **Shri M. E. Decunha**

We started after a hearty dinner at about 8.30 p.m. Roll call had been taken, and all equipment checked. We were about forty strong, and felt capable of dealing with any situation that may arise. The Company Commander was an old soldier with a good record of service. There were two young care-free Jemadars to whom every such jaunt was a picnic. Our task was to search two villages about twenty-three miles away for hostiles, and to destroy a hostile camp reported in this area. The area into which we were headed was known as strongly pro-hostile. Our guides were two hostiles captured in a previous raid. One of these was called Chai-relung, who was promptly named Charlie. He had been arrested a few days earlier. He was an ex-serviceman, who according to his story was kidnapped by the hostiles while he was on leave, and made to work for them as a courier. At the time of his arrest he was carrying a large quantity of documents which proved very helpful to us. He spoke a number of Naga dialects, and also very good Hindi. He agreed after some persuasion to be our guide and interpreter. He proved to be a cheerful

character who was not at all bothered by his custody.

The second hostile had been captured that very morning in a surprise dawn raid. We had lain in ambush since midnight on a hill-top overlooking the village we may call Daijrung. With the first light of dawn, leaving a small party in ambush, we approached the village by a side path. On seeing us, two men in olive green tried to slip away. They were chased, and one of them was caught while the other managed to escape. We interrogated the prisoner with the help of Charlie. His name it appeared was Chaipelung. So, naturally, he was christened Chaplin. Thus did we come in possession of our two mascots Charlie and Chaplin. Chaplin was persuaded by Charlie to desert the hostiles and transfer his loyalty to us. He agreed to guide us to the hostile camp which was our target on this patrol, in the hope of mitigating his anticipated punishment.

Marching in single file on a narrow mountain track 6000 feet up, on a dark night at the end of a freezing January is

not an enviable experience. The entire area is covered by dense jungle, and much of it is bamboo or cane. In many places the jungle covered the road, and negotiating these patches in the dark was quite impossible without a certain amount of noise. Every man was carrying a full pack, and 15 men in our party were acting as porters, carrying rations for five days for the entire party. The batteries of our Wireless Set were heavy and cumbersome, and required to be carefully carried. These were slung with web slings on stout poles, and carried litter-fashion by two men.

Our first objective was a village in the deep interior, 23 miles away which I will call Bulong. This village was known to be a rendezvous of hostiles, and the S.I.B.* had also reported a large hostile camp to the west of it. All previous raids on Bulong had failed because the approach of our patrols was always known to the hostiles, and they either hid in the jungles, or threw off their uniforms, and pretended to be innocent villagers. Delving into the cause of this, I discovered that all our patrols usually stopped at a village about 16 miles from our camp, to rest and have a meal. This village, which we may call Zeliang, is a fair sized village, while I will describe later in this article. Bulong is seven miles from Zeliang, with a very steep gorge intervening, through which flows a tributary of the river Barak. This gorge goes down a good 5000 feet from Zeliang, and then there is another 4000 feet climb to reach village Bulong. In actual distance, this represents about 4 miles down and then 3 miles up, but

it is a torturous back-breaking and strenuous march to those who are not native to these hills. It was, therefore, quite understandable that patrols which reached Zeliang after treading their precarious way across the 16 miles of vine-covered, boulder-strewn path, decided to rest at Zeliang during the day, before attempting to raid Bulong. Their presence in Zeliang was invariably flashed to Bulong by hostile sympathisers in Zeliang. A Naga runner could reach Bulong in two hours with a message. This then was the reason why raids on Bulong never succeeded. I therefore decided that our only hope of success was to make the entire march in one night, since it was not possible to bypass Zeliang, there being no other path. I explained this to my officers and men, and we decided that by making a forced march all night, we could do it.

We stopped to count noses and check equipment at village Daijrong, from where that same morning we had captured Chaplin. While going back along the column I found that we had a black Naga dog with us. He was a husky, good-looking brute, all black except for a white star on his chest. He had wandered into our camp a few weeks earlier, and had been adopted by the men. He was named Kalu, and insisted on going out on every patrol. Jemadar Sarin told me that a few days earlier a group of Nagas who had been hanging about outside our camp, had approached him with a petition. They wanted to buy Kalu, and said that as they were very poor people they could not pay more than Rs. 50/-. It appeared that there was going to be a celebration of some sort, and for the feast, they

* Subsidiary Intelligence Bureau.

wanted Kalu for the piece de resistance. They were very disappointed when their offer was refused, and could not understand how any sensible person would want a dog just to keep. Sarin told them that the C. O. was expected and they were keeping Kalu for the dinner they intended to give him. This they could well understand, for, was not this the best of all edible creatures? They went away, if not happy, at least satisfied. And so Kalu was still in our midst, and Sarin is going to get a bad entry in his character roll for failing to keep his promise.

It was nearly 10.30 p. m. when we left Daijrong. The column marched well and silently for about an hour. We were going along the side of a steep range of hills, with a broad shallow valley stretching away on our right. There was no moon, but the stars were vying with each other in all their scintillating splendour. The heavenly twins Castor and Pollux were winking merrily at each other, while the unfortunate Cassiopea sat serenely in her chair. The Great Ursus was not to be seen. Polaris beamed steadfastly down at us, while red-eyed Sirius seemed to dominate that vast concourse. The light they shed was more than sufficient to guide our steps, except when the heavy forest shut out their radiance, and we were forced to inch along, feeling our way over boulders and creepers and tendrils of bamboo and cane which beset the path. Since secrecy was of vital importance to our mission, I allowed no talking or coughing, and no flashlights. It was excellent training for all of us, even though the results were often unexpected, to say the least.

I was congratulating myself on the excellent behaviour and discipline of the men when there was a sudden crash somewhere in the rear of the column, and for a few minutes the air was blue with the most beautiful stream of profanity I had heard in a long while. The effect was intensified by the fact that the monologue was delivered in a soft, sibilant, sincere hiss which was distinctly audible on the clear air of the mountain night.

I halted the column and went back to investigate. I was forced to break my own rule, and use my flashlight. We were then traversing a wide cleft in the hillside, and were pretty well enclosed. It was therefore fairly safe to use a flashlight. The entire column had gone to earth, and were taking full advantage of the rest. I located the source of the trouble by the muffled sounds of hearty abuse which were still issuing from the vicinity. I found Jemadars Barthwal and Sarin, our own not-so-heavenly twins, with hands clasped over mouths and stomachs, helpless with laughter. Seeing me, they tried to control themselves, and straighten up. They could not trust themselves to speak, and pointed dumbly over the side of the path. Flashing my torch down, I found Constable Ram Bahadur, the official grumbler of the company, comfortably ensconced in a bed of bamboo and other vines, about 10 feet down. He stared up owlily at me, and kept up a constant stream of profanity and complaint, without pausing once for breath. He made no effort whatsoever to get back. He lay and lamented the day he joined the C. R. P.

It occurred to him that he had'nt even had leave this year, and it was high time his wife presented him with a son. If ever he got out of this and came back alive, he would demand leave, and go home, and make sure that his wife did not dodge out this time; that is, of course if these wretched bamboo spikes hadn't ruined him, which he strongly suspected they had. God preserve the company from a mad C. O., who hadn't the sense to stay comfortably in bed like all self-respecting C. OS.

I broke into his ruminations, rather rudely, I'm afraid, to enquire whether he had rested sufficiently and intended joining us again, or did he want me to fetch him? Hearing my voice he was galvanised into action, and actually scrambled up a few feet. He was brought up the rest of the way with the help of a few interlinked rifle slings, more angry than injured.

Sarin later described the fall to me. Apparently he was marching just behind Ram Bahadur, and heard him grumbling to himself about it being high time they had a rest. Ram Bahadur turned around to make some such request to Sarin, and missed a turn in the path.

"I saw him walk into space, Sir," said Sarin, "and then he was running very fast on air! I asked him where he was going, and he didn't even have the courtesy to reply. He disappeared with a crash. There was silence for a few seconds, and I was afraid he was injured. Then he began to swear, and I stopped worrying about him."

Thanks to Ram Bahadur, the patrol had a good 10 minutes rest. It was now nearly midnight, and we moved off again. About an hour later Sarin came up to me at the head of the column, to warn me about some large boulders which were in the path ahead. He had been here before, and knew from experience that the track here was rather dangerous. I thanked him, and sent him back to his platoon. His information proved correct, and a short distance ahead I could see very dimly, the shapes of very large boulders lying across the path. While navigating these, I was intrigued by a very bright phosphorescent glow along the right edge of the path, for a distance of a few yards. On closer examination I found that the rotten branches of some trees lying along side the path were giving off this bright glow. I was puzzled, and my Company Commander—Raj-Bahadur Singh suggested that perhaps this was the wood of some particular tree which contained phosphorus. I thought this extremely unlikely, and found the solution to the puzzle a few yards further down the path.

Right in the middle of the path and clearly visible 53 yards away, was a bright glow. I immediately alerted the column, suspecting this to be the remanent of a fire, possibly built by hostiles who were guarding the path, and had taken cover on hearing our approach. With a Machine Gunner covering us from the rear, Raj Bahadur Singh and I moved forward to investigate and found that the bright glow came from the crushed body of an earthworm, about 18 inches long and three quarters of an inch in diameter.

Some body had probably killed it earlier that evening, and a sticky substance had exuded from the body all around. It was this substance that gave out the very bright radiance. I had seen a similar phenomenon at sea, where certain crustaceans gave off a very bright phosphorescent light at night, and made of the sea a diamond-encrusted carpet of blue velvet.

We started the column on the march again, and a minute later heard another crash in the rear. This time, it was Jemadar Sarin, who had fallen on his face over the very boulders about which he had warned me! He suffered minor bruises, but his only concern was for his Transistor Radio which was fortunately not damaged in the fall. He was not amused when Ct. Ram Bahadur solicitously dusted him off and enquired after his health.

In the midst of this confusion there was a sudden crash in the heavy jungle to our right. I was gratified to see the entire column flash into "Stand to" within a few seconds. Jemadar Barthwal was at my side with a Bren Gun. The silence was pregnant with tension and the expectancy of sudden violence. After a full minute of waiting with bated breaths, we heard the sounds of furtive movements in the jungle about 20 yards away, as though someone was trying to sneak away.

Barthwal was literally vibrating with suppressed excitement. "Shall I fire a burst, Sir"? he asked, his finger itching on the trigger.

I stopped him with a gesture, and drawing my revolver, I stepped to the edge, and closing my eyes, I strained my ears. This is an old trick learned many years ago while hunting big game in the U. P. terai forests. If you concentrate all your attention only one of the senses, it serves you very much better. Since my eyes were of not much use in this pitch blackness, I relied on my ears to tell me what was happening in that ominous darkness. I heard the movement again, and identified it immediately. Many a night had I sat up over a tiger kill, and had heard the movements of various kinds of game in the silence of the forest night; the stealthy approach of jackals, easily frightened by every little sound or movement, either heard, seen or imagined; the blundering movements in short bursts, of pig; the mincing delicate movements of cheetal; the bolder step of the sambhar stag; and the careless crash of a blue bull. It was easy to close one's eyes, and identify by the sounds, the animals that were making them. This sound was of some heavy animal which was alert and cautious but not afraid. I flashed my torch in the direction of the last sound, and was greeted by a pair of large green eyes about a foot apart. Looking closer I could discern faintly the great shaggy head of a mithun, that big lumbering cross between a bison and a bull which constitutes the cattle wealth of the Nagas. I whistled up the column, and when I had given Barthwal a short lecture on the necessity of identifying your target before you start shooting, we set out again.

At about 2.30 p. m. we reached the

outskirts of village Zeliang. The column was halted again, and I took a reconnaissance party consisting of Jemadar Barthwal and four Constables to check the situation in the village. It was very necessary that our presence in this area should not be known. We were therefore particularly careful, as Naga villages usually have a large number of dogs which are reared, much as we rear goats and poultry, for the table.

Jemadar Barthwal had been to this village before, and knew of a Basha which was occasionally used as a School house and also as a Guest House for the visitors to this village. We located this Basha, which was outside the main village and fairly isolated. It was unoccupied, and I decided to leave our rations and wireless set here, and make this our Base Camp, to which we would return after raiding village Bulong. I therefore remained here with two Constables, and sent Jemadar Barthwal back with the other two Constables to fetch the rest of the column. I issued the necessary instructions, and the Wireless Set and the ration party were glad to learn that they would not be required to go any further. We had come 16 miles from our camp, and the men were getting tired. When the rations and Wireless equipment were properly stored, sentries deputed, and all the other necessary instructions given, I took a fighting patrol consisting of the Company Commander, the two Jemadars, and 25 Other Ranks, and skirting the main village we went down the path to village Bulong. Here, for the first and only time Chaplin tried to mislead us,

and take us along the wrong path. Fortunately, both my Jemadars had been here before, and knew the route. They stopped the column and put us on the correct path. I realised that Chaplin's quiet submission since the time of his arrest was deceptive and I would have to watch him closely. Both Charlie and Chaplin had been handcuffed, and chained to a hefty Constable each, and made no efforts whatsoever to be at all obstructive.

The next two hours were the longest, most painful, and strenuous, that I can remember. The 5000 feet descent to the bottom of the gorge was very steep. The path was very narrow, and in many places covered with loose shale, which gave way under our feet, and caused us to slide down as though we were on skis. I had just started this descent, when a loose boulder gave way under my foot, and I fell and strained my right knee rather badly. Thereafter, every step of that downward journey was pure torture. My walking stick, with its spiked ferrule was a great help. I found myself wishing that I had a crutch instead.

About half way to the bottom of the gorge, we came upon an open space, which had been closed, and paved with stones. A low stone parapet had been built all around, forming a sort of amphitheatre. This place was full of hundreds of orange peels. Chaplin suddenly volunteered the information that he had been with a party of about 30 hostiles in this place three days earlier, and it was they who had eaten those oranges. When pressed for further information, he kept

on saying that he knew nothing about their further movements as he had gone to his village the same day, and the rest of the party had probably proceeded north. I was rather sceptical about this and our further march from there onward was made with even greater caution. The Naga hostiles are expert in the art of ambush. They use different techniques for different terrain. In this area, the probability was that they would allow us to walk into a trap, and then use Machine Guns from a hillside across the narrow valley. If any attempt was made by us to counter-attack them by going down this valley, we would encounter a second party waiting at the bottom of the valley with Daus, to surprise us off balance, just before we reached the bottom. I explained this to the men. I placed one Machine Gunner at the head of the column, and one in the rear. I made the two Jemadars responsible for these. I stationed the Company Commander at the rear of the column, and I myself took the lead, just behind our two leading Scouts. As we moved off, I was very happy to see by the manner in which my boys carried out the instructions they had been given, that they were well trained and knew their job.

That trip down to the gorge, was a journey of tension, and severe pain to me. I dared not stop, as I knew that if I once stopped to rest, I would never be able to get up again. It took us more than two hours to get to the bottom of that gorge. Chaplin had told us that there was a very large hostiles' camp site in this area, and promised to guide us to it. This was good news, as the destruction of

this camp was one of our tasks. We had reached nearly to the bottom of the gorge, and Chaplin still kept saying the site of the camp was further ahead. I felt that he was misleading us again, and was in the mood to beat the truth out of him. My two Jemadars however had taken a fancy to him, and suggested that we see where he led us.

Dawn had started to break, long before we reached the bottom of the gorge. Sun rise in these beautiful hills has to be seen to be believed. First came the false dawn, the sudden brightening of the horizon, which gave way to an inkier darkness than before. Then gradually, and imperceptibly we could see the path ahead of us, and the surrounding area a little more clearly. The wind rushing up the valley was still very cold. I felt that something was missing, but could not put my finger on it. Many a time had I seen dawn break in the familiar forests of North U.P. These were exquisite experiences to be treasured in memory. Suddenly, I heard a wild cock crow, and knew immediately what it was that I had missed. There was no sound of birds welcoming the birth of another day. I had always associated the break of dawn with a delirious, happy chorus of many feathered throats. Here, but for that one muted cock-crow, there was utter silence, as though even the birds were afraid of making their presence known. It occurred to me that here indeed was a land, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.

The day came gliding gently and

silently into the valleys. The cold biting wind became a gentle refreshing zephyr, which, while still cold, was soothing.

The jungle now had become more dense, and the bamboo and the cane creepers more numerous and tenacious. In many places we were forced literally to crawl on hands and knees. At one spot there was a very deep but narrow gorge, about 12 feet wide, across which three bamboos, each about 2 inches in diameter, had been placed, as a bridge. This served the purpose of the Nagas perfectly well, but made us a little nervous, to say the least. I urged my two scouts across, and then crossed myself. I had gone just a short distance, when I discovered that the column had been left behind. I turned back, and found that my friend Constable Ram Bahadur had held up the entire column again while he straddled the middle of the bridge, and was lying forward on his face, clutching it with one arm, his rifle with the other. He was trying to work out some way of propelling himself in this position, across the bridge. In the course of his manoeuvres he had managed somehow to separate the bamboos, and wedge one of his legs through this gap, so that it dangled helplessly below him.

The rest of the column was sprawled along the hillside, laughing their sides out. Ram Bahadur was furious with all of them, and told them so in very choice language. When I asked him what he thought what he was doing, he told me that he had managed to come half way across the bridge alright, but just could not understand how to pull himself across

the remaining half. He clutched the bridge even more lovingly to his bosom as he spoke.

I suggested to Jemadar Barthwal that the judicious use of a bayonet from the rear might give Sri Ram Bahadur a few ideas. Barthwal immediately grabbed a rifle and fixed bayonet. This worked like magic. There was a wild rush and a scramble, and Constable Ram Bahadur landed at my feet. He was a sight to behold. He was covered with dust. There were scratches and bruises all over his face from his previous fall, and his pack and all his equipment was askew. I had difficulty in controlling my laughter, but, in the interest of discipline, I gave him a dressing down, which had the desired effect. He dusted himself off, corrected his uniform, checked and wiped his rifle, and gave me a very smart salute. The rest of the column then crossed without any difficulty and we were once more on our way.

When we were nearly at the bottom of the gorge, a faintly defined pathway crossed the main path on which we were travelling. The Chaplain stopped us here, and said that this path led to the hostile camp which he had spoken about. He said that the camp was "a little further." I had been hearing this for the past two hours, and did not believe him. However, the information was worth checking. My knee by this time was in a very bad state. I found that my Company Commander—Raj Bahadur Singh was also limping. He had twisted his ankle on a previous patrol, and this injury was troubling him again. I therefore sent two Sections

with Jemadars Barthwal and Sarin to locate this Camp. The entire party was by this time extremely tired, but they readily agreed to go and destroy this camp. I gave them 10 minutes' rest. Jemadars Sarin and Barthwal then went off, taking both Charlie and Chaplin with them. The rest of us took cover inside the jungle, and sprawled gratefully down to rest. I placed two sentries, with orders that they be relieved after every half hour. I had intended sitting up myself, but I no sooner lay down, then I was fast asleep. I suddenly woke up and looked at my watch, and found that it was almost 6.30 a. m. The sun was well up, and the column had not yet returned. I was wondering what had happened, but there was nothing to do but to wait for them. Before setting out I had filled a flask with hot coffee. I looked for this in my pack, and found that my orderly had put it with my second pack containing my sleeping bag etc., which had been left behind at Zeliang, and this pack contained only my cameras and a towel.

I was just telling my Company Commander—Raj Bahadur Singh how very welcome a hot cup of tea or coffee would be when he told me that it would be ready in a few minutes. I was surprised at this, because all our provisions had been left behind in village Zeliang. It transpired that Raj Bahadur Singh had very wisely kept some tea-leaves, sugar milk powder and a small kettle in his pack. Water was plentiful all around, in sweet bubbling mountain streams. It did not take long to collect some dry wood, build a fire, and boil up a kettle of tea. This put fresh life into us, and we

all felt rested and refreshed, when we heard the column returning.

The two Jemadars reported that they had found the hostile camp. The only approach to this camp was along that very faint track, which was merely a ledge along the hillside with the mountain going straight up on the left, and a very deep gorge on the right. Most of the way the ledge was overgrown with bamboos and cane, and the party had to crawl under these. About a mile and half from where we had stopped, they came unexpectedly upon a barricaded sentry post. On examining it further they found that this post had been built into the hillside with strong bamboo poles lying across a framework of heavy timber. There was sufficient sleeping accommodation for 15 men. It would be impossible for anyone to go beyond this sentry post unnoticed. The main camp was almost half a mile further on. There was a most ingenious device for giving the alarm to the main camp. This consisted of a series of very long lengths of cane joined together, with tin cans tied at intervals. One jerk on this "burglar alarm" and the entire valley was filled with the jangling rattle of the tin cans. Jemadar Barthwal reported that some of these lengths of cane were as much as 300 feet long. I was not surprised to hear this, as I have seen in villages, lengths of cane more than 150 feet long, being used as clothes lines. The cane in this area grows to prodigious lengths.

On reaching the main camp, they found an extremely well laid out camp, very strongly barricaded. Most of the

buildings were of bamboos as usual, but the foundations were of very heavy timber. There were separate quarters for Officers and for men. There were little sign-boards indicating the Men's Mess, Men's Barracks, Officers' Mess, and even a small board with a red cross on it which said "Nurses Quarters." The accommodation was for about 150 Officers and men. I had given orders that this camp, if found, was to be destroyed. It took our 20 men more than an hour to destroy that camp, even by setting fire to it. Chaplin told me that he was present in this camp when about 150 hostiles under Brigadier DAIGONG of the Naga Home Guard, had spent Christmas here. Chaplin said that they had disappeared shortly after New Year's day, and had broken up into smaller parties. Chaplin was the Sergeant Major of this Battalion, and gladly gave me full details of the entire set up of the so-called Naga Home Guards in this area. Not being an officer, he did not know the actual plans of Brig. DAIGONG, but was fairly certain that there were no hostiles in this area at present.

It was now too late to raid village Bulong. In this area, the only raid that succeeds is a very early raid before dawn. For such a raid, it is necessary for the raiding party to be in position by about 3 a. m. at the latest. A cordon has to be thrown around the village, and an ambush laid on the likely routes of retreat, and the main raiding party sent into the village with the first light of dawn. It was now nearly 9 a. m. and the sun was pleasantly warm. We could see village Bulong, placed like an eagle's

nest on the top of the ridge across the valley. The ridge itself, was a solid mass of rock, which went perpendicularly up into the sky. Barthwal told me that there was a narrow path which zig-zagged its way up this seemingly unscalable cliff. From the village, with a good pair of binoculars, it would be possible to scan the country all round, for a radius of about 10 miles. There were only two path-ways approaching this village, one from the North-East along which we were coming, and another from the South-West, which went down to the Barak river. The hostiles therefore only needed two sentries to watch these two paths. We were still three miles away from the village, but could be clearly seen if we ventured on a raid. I verified this by training my binoculars on the village. I was clearly able to discern the movements of the people in the village.

I therefore decided to change tactics, and raid the village at dusk, when everybody would be at the evening meal. I therefore gave orders to harbour in the jungle and rest. Arms were dumped, sentries placed, and within a few minutes everybody was fast asleep. Most of the men had brought some cooked provisions in their packs, and were therefore able to eat some food before going to sleep. My Officers and I deeply regretted leaving the ration party behind in village Zeliang. We drank more tea, and ate oranges, of which everybody had a plentiful supply. These had been purchased in camp at the rate of 150 for Re. 1/-.

At 3 p. m., the column was reformed

and we began to march on village Bulong. We could not use the open path until the sun set, and progress was therefore painfully slow. The rest had done my knee a lot of good, but it was still painful and was becoming stiff. The darkness falls swiftly in this area. There was a low bank of clouds in the sky and I got a magnificent coloured slide of the gorgeous sun-set. We reached the foot of the cliff in less than an hour. We waited here for dusk to fall. At 5.30 p. m. it was dark enough for us to move. The climb was steep and the going was hard, although there was no jungle here. It was just solid rock above and below.

The village is situated on the tips of a three-pronged hill, the centre prong rising higher than the two outer prongs. My party was too small for cordoning the village. We therefore decided, that the only way was to split into two parties, and enter the village from two sides, and work towards the centre. This we did, and were rather disappointed when we met in the middle of the village, and neither party reported having seen any hostile. We made a thorough search of every house in the village, and were informed that a party of 30 hostiles, presumably the same ones who had eaten the oranges in the amphitheatre on the way to Zeliang, visited this village for a short while three days previously, and had then left, going South. This more or less corroborated Chaplin's report. I regretted that we had not made this patrol three days earlier.

While I was talking to the Gaonbura,

with Charlie acting as interpreter, I noticed Sarin and Barthwal, a short distance away, in an extremely hilarious mood, laughing up roars about something, while the men around them also had big grins on their faces. I suspected these young rascals had been upto some mischief, and I thought I'd better investigate. I therefore called them and asked them what the joke was.

It appeared that when Barthwal raided the northern hill, a young boy of about 16 ran towards the forest. He was immediately intercepted. They asked him where he was going. He tried to explain, but no one could understand what he was trying to say. The boy was very scared, and since he could not explain, in sheer desperation he threw off his loin cloth, squatted right there, in the midst of his captors, and demonstrated his purpose! Such is the simplicity of these people, that he was the least embarrassed of the lot.

There was nothing to do now, but to make camp and spend the night in this village. We purchased a little rice and some chickens, and having fed went to sleep.

We awoke early the next morning. I was so stiff and sore, that I was more than half inclined to remain in that village for another day. I knew however, that the party I had left behind in village Zeliang would be worried about us, and the wireless Operator would probably flash frantic messages to the Detachment Headquarters. I therefore decided to march back to Zeliang immediately.

In village Bulong we saw a never to be forgotten sight. There were orange trees everywhere, and the small valley between two of the hill tops was literally carpeted with lovely, ripe oranges. They were in such profusion, that even the pigs that were wandering about would not eat them. The children used them as bombs to bombard each other with. It was here, that we purchased 500 oranges for Re. 1/-. This was the price demanded by the villagers. We therefore bought a plentiful supply and drank gallons of orange juice for the rest of that patrol.

Bulong was a notorious village, and I did not wish to respond to the friendly overtures of the headman. Some of our men bought chickens and eggs in this village. Here also I was given an object lesson in integrity.

I wanted to purchase some chickens, and one of the villagers offered me four. They were all he had. The price quoted was Rs. 2/- each. Nagas never bargain, as it is a part of their code that a man should only say what he actually means, neither more nor less. It so amazes them when some of our people, being used to our own market places, try to bargain with them. I therefore purchased these four chickens, and as I did not have any change with me I gave the man a ten-rupee note. He of course did not have any other chickens to give. He looked so worried about this problem, that I told him to forget it, and I would consider that I had bought the chickens at Rs. 2/8/- each. He did not say anything to this, and, presuming that he was satisfied, I turned away; and we left the village.

This however was not the end of the story.

The return journey to Zeliang was not half as bad as the out-ward journey had been. We made it in a little over four hours. I must confess that I was largely responsible for slowing down the speed of the column. My knee was making it almost impossible for me to keep up. Added to this, I also had two fair sized blisters on my right foot. I was glad however, that both these afflictions were on the same leg.

When we reached Zeliang, the headman was waiting to greet us, along with his Second-in-Command, who is known as the "Authority". An excellent lunch had been cooked by our Camp Cook and we were very grateful for the tea, and the food.

While we were at lunch, I noticed my Wireless Operator hanging anxiously around. As soon as I finished he handed me two messages that had come in that morning. One was an all well report from my Detachment Commander and the other was from my Baker Company Commander informing me that 300 heavily armed hostiles had been seen in village Mogong about 30 miles north of the Baker Company Post, and orders had been received from the Sector Commander that this party had to be sought out and "killed, captured, destroyed". There were only two platoons at the Baker Company Post, i. e. about 60 effective men. The Company Commander wanted to know what he should do. There was only one Wireless Set there. A post protection garrison was also necessary. I therefore

could spare at most 40 men, without a Wireless Set. It seemed rather a hopeless task to send 40 men against 300 heavily armed Nagas in the heart of hostile country, without even a Wireless Set. They would be out at least five days. If they got into difficulties it would not be possible to send them any help. If any were wounded in the fight, it would take three days to send a doctor out to them. There was only one helicopter in the Division, and it would be so difficult to obtain, that for all practical purposes I could just forget about it. It was one of the nastiest decisions I had ever been called upon to make. I knew I would be sending many of my boys to their deaths, because if a fight did take place in village Mogong, all the advantages would be on the side of the Nagas, numbers, arms and terrain. Our only advantage would be far superior training, and fighting experience. I wished I could lead that patrol myself, but they were more than 80 miles away.

The responsibilities of a Battalion Commander sat heavily upon me. There seemed to be two voices within me engaged in a heated debate. One said, "Well, what do you think we are here for! A soldier's job is to fight". "Yes", said the other, "but fighting is one thing, and throwing your boys away is another. They should at least have adequate equipment, and the possibility of reinforcement".

I do not know how long the argument raged within me. I had wandered away from the Camp. I found myself sitting on a promontory overlooking the lush

green valley, undulating into the purple distance. Wish I had Alladin's Lamp, and could whisk myself to the Baker Company Post!

Suddenly the whole vexatious problem seemed to clear itself. Why should I doubt the ability of my men? They were all trained, disciplined troops, who had had their share of fighting. The Baker Company Commander was a tough and seasoned Officer, who could be relied upon to lead them efficiently. The task had to be carried out. It could not be refused. They could take the post Wireless Set with them, as it would not be very necessary at the Post. Of course it was heavy and cumbersome, and not meant to be carted about all over these hills, but the alternative was unthinkable, and we just did not have any more Wireless Sets and there wasn't a hope in Hades of getting any in the foreseeable future. Who wrote that silly poem, "Their's not to reason why, their's but to do or die"? Sounds beastly smug. They do reason why. And I am supposed to supply the answer when there isn't any.

I went back to Camp and sent a signal to the Baker Company Commander "Take 40 men, five days' rations and your Post Wireless Set and carry out task. Lead patrol yourself and send regular sitreps."

"Don't worry, Sir," said my Company Commander seeing the anxiety in my face, "the Nagas will never engage in a straight fight with our boys even under these circumstances. The chances are that they will get news of the approach

of the patrol and disappear into the hills.

As it turned out eventually, that is exactly what happened, except that the Baker Company patrol did engage one party of hostiles under the self-styled Commandant Hosang, and in a brief encounter, killed two, and captured two wounded, with a quantity of documents and some arms.

I rolled into my sleeping bag, and did not regain consciousness until 5 p.m. when it was getting dark. I rolled out of bed, feeling absolutely fit. I had cleaned and washed out my blishers, and had applied a dressing. I had also applied some embrocation to my knee, and this too was very much better. I was able to walk with a very slight limp.

Barthwal told me that the local Christian Community on learning that I was a christian were coming to greet me with religious songs and music. I had heard so much about the wonderful singing of these people, that I was very keen to hear them. When it was dark, we saw a procession of lights coming down the hillside from the part of the village known as Christian Basti. It was an unforgettable sight. Our camp was on a small hill top, and the usual camp activities were going on. There were two large fires blazing. The camp cooks were busy at their tasks. The men who were off duty were sitting or lying in various places all over the camp. Peace and quiet had descended on the hills. The villagers had retired to their homes, and

their evening meals were under preparation. The breeze was beginning to freshen, and one by one the stars were making their appearance. Suddenly, from the hill above us, as though from heaven itself, came the soft distant strains of "Silent night; Holy night," that most beloved of Christmas Hymns, rendered in tones ineffably sweet. The Zeliang Baptist Choir was coming down the hill with lighted candles singing to God, with the voices of the angels themselves. It was a magic moment which brought home to me very forcefully, the omnipotence and omnipresence of our Creator. Here in the wild desolate hills of Nagaland, where danger lived with us as our shadow, where life itself had very little value, there was a band of boys and girls of teenage, singing with golden voices in praise of the birth of the Son of God.

When the party reached our camp we found that it consisted of about 30 boys and girls ranging from about 10 to 18 years of age. The Choir Master was a young man of about 20, who knew no music, but conducted that Choir as efficiently as any professional Choir Master in any of the great Christian cities of the world. Eight planks of wood were laid out in rows in front of me, and there the Choir squatted, the girls in front, and the boys at the back. It was perfectly arranged, with the Sopranos in the foreground, the Altos to the right; and in the rear, the tenors on the right, behind the altos, and baritones and basses on their left. There in the midst of this wilderness, I heard the

most glorious rendering of all the old familiar Christian Hymns, that I can remember in a long while. The language of course was the local Naga dialect-Rongmei, and in some cases Manipuri.

They were immensely pleased when I joined in with them, singing the English words. They considered that these Hymns were their own, and were amazed that an outsider should know them. I had tea made for the whole Choir, and we distributed cigarettes. Every man, woman and child in this area smokes from the age when it is possible for a child to hold a cigarette to its lips and inhale the smoke.

About 10 p.m., the party finally broke up, and with many "Thuankoths" on both sides, they went back to their homes. I went to bed with a glow in my heart, and before I went to sleep I could not help wondering how such people who were the very soul of goodness and decency, honesty and integrity, and who were so deeply religious, could produce a band of misguided hostiles who killed mercilessly and were fiendishly cunning in avoiding capture, and inflicting casualties on all those who opposed them, both Nagas and ourselves.

I was not quite satisfied that the party of 30 hostiles reported to have been in this area a few days earlier had left. I therefore sent two Sections out, under Jemadars Barthwal and Sarin early the next morning to search the surrounding jungle, right up to the neighbouring villages South and the East.

While our two sections were out, I made use of the morning, by making a tour of inspection of the village with the Headman, Charlie acting as my interpreter. The Headman explained that his village was not pro-hostile, but since they were not armed, and there were a large number of women and children in the village, they could not resist them.

"We want to live in peace," he said. "When the hostiles come, they have guns. They ask us about you, and we tell them whatever we know, they go away. When you come; you have guns, and you ask us about the hostiles. We tell you whatever we know, and you go away. To you, we are pro-hostile if we sell them rice, which they can take by force any way. To them, we are pro-Government because we sell you chickens, and arrange dances for you. If we want to live in peace, what should we do?"

I tried to explain him all that the Government was doing for the tribes, and how much more could be done if so much time, money and energy did not have to be consumed in curbing the activities of a few misguided Nagas. The old man agreed that it would be wonderful if there could be a road linking his village to one of the big market towns; electricity (which he had seen when he went to Delhi to dance in the Republic Day Parade, and meet Pandit Nehru) in his village; agriculture to produce sufficient food for all, and small mills to produce cheaply and in quantity their beautiful textiles.

"But", he added, with a mournful shake of his head, "until all this comes to pass, we must continue to treat both the hostiles and the Government forces as guests whenever they visit the village."

I realised that here was a very real problem which would have to be solved. I could not blame the old man for his attitude at all, because he was practicing in his village, what our country was practicing in the comity of nations—a policy of non-alignment, and friendship and hospitality to all.

I stepped out of the deep waters of politics, and asked him to show me round the village.

We entered the very first house we saw. This was a huge thatched hut, consisting in the main of one large room. In the very centre was a fireplace consisting of three stones placed upright and inclined towards each other, with a space in between for the fire, which was fed with bits of wood from all three sides. On the fire was a large pot, which I subsequently discovered contained a broth, consisting of rice mainly, a few vegetables, some edible roots and tubers, and anything else edible that was handy. This brew would often contain such delicacies as rats, snails, locusts, snakes, etc. On very special occasion a mithun was ceremonially slaughtered. This was usually accompanied with one mighty blow from the blunt end of an axe in the area where the skull joins the neck. I was assured that a second blow was very seldom required.

Above the fireplace was suspended from the roof, about four feet above the fire, a matted bamboo platform which was the pantry. All eating and cooking utensils, and all foodstuffs were stored here. From time to time, the lady of the house would pick a handful of something off this shelf, and throw it into the pot. They use no sugar, salt or spices, but relish them if they can get them.

The lady of the house, immediately on our entry placed little wooden seats for us around the fire. We sat down, and she quickly made tea. The tea was home-grown in the back yard, and the fresh leaves were boiled up in water. We drank it straight, without milk or sugar. It tasted something like barley water. There are no doors to these huts, as none is necessary. Stealing is practically unknown. Anyone can drop in at any time, help himself to any foodstuff, and even go to sleep, if he so wished.

I said "Thoanku the" to the lady in my best Rongmei, which obviously means "Thank you very much," and went to the next house. Here I saw, hanging from the ridge-pole outside the hut, the largest pair of buffalo horns I have ever seen in my life. I measured it. It was 11 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches from point to point. I tried to buy it, but the owner refused to sell, as it was a status symbol. There may possibly be some where in the world a longer pair of water buffalo horns, but I seriously doubt it.

It was now time for lunch. I therefore went back to our camp, and found that Barthwal and Sarin had

returned, but had nothing to report.

The headman of the village who was a very friendly old man, came to me after lunch, and said that he had organised a dance in the village for me in the afternoon. This also I was keen to see, and was glad of the opportunity. After lunch therefore, we repaired to the village square which was a high, level platform, about the size of a tennis court. Four chairs were laid out at one end of the square, for our use, and a long bench was placed in front of these chairs to serve as a table. At the side were six earthen pots with bamboo straws, filled to the brim with "MADHU" a home-brewed beer, made out of rice, from which the entire community refreshed themselves from time to time.

This village is divided into two parts—the old village on the crest of the hill where lived the Madhuwalas (so named by us as they made and consumed vast quantities of this liquor), and lower down and distinctly apart, the neat, clean, orderly Christian Basti. The difference between these two sections of the village is truly amazing. The Christians do not drink, or dance the old tribal dances, and are at all times fully clothed. It was quite common to find a family, in which the parents were madhuwalas, and some of the children Christians. There is complete religious freedom, and no resentment whatever is felt if any member of a family chooses to become a Christian. Of the 390 inhabitants of this village, 210 are Christians. The dance was organised by the Madhuwalas.

As I arrived at the square, I saw

the Madhu pots surrounded by men and children, each of whom was sucking vigorously through a straw. Some of the children appeared to be about a year old and were not quite able to walk. This was no handicap to their drinking. The village headman brought his son proudly to me, and laughingly explained that the boy was as drunk as a lord. The little fellow was stark naked, with a little pot belly, and little bleary eyes that peered drunkenly at me, while he swayed gently on his feet. He was two years old.

The headman stepped to the edge of the platform, and sent a few commands soaring across the valley to the whole village. The command was no sooner out of his mouth than boys and girls appeared in a stream from all the huts and converged on the platform. In a short while the entire village was collected there. Then the dancers arrived. There were six girls, who looked like children by their size, but a second glance at them made it very obvious that they were certainly not children. They were all unmarried, as married girls do not dance in public. They were tough looking, and healthy. The boys were dressed in a brief loin-cloth, feathered head dress, painted calves, and some of the older ones were wearing coloured sashes across their bodies from shoulder to hip. The men all carried spears. The girls were dressed in a black cloth wrapped round the upper half of their bodies, leaving the shoulders and arms bare. Around their hips they had wrapped beautifully woven multi-coloured cloth, which served as a skirt, but could on

occasion be used as shawl. The design of these was of the tribal "tartan." Each tribe has a very distinctive "tartan" of its own.

The men formed a semi-circle, and four of the girls entered that semi-circle. There were three large drums, and one small one. The drummers announced the beat and setup the chant. This was started by one man on a low note. It was taken up by the next man, one octave higher, and a third man joined in with an alto note. The three together sounded a perfect chord. The rest of the men then took up the chant and according to the range of each voice, joined one of the three original singers. The rhythm started slowly, with the men standing still and the four girls turned inwards and facing each other in a square. The first movement was of the hands alone, which they folded across their stomachs, and then flung wide in a glad gesture. Each of the movements was accompanied by a raising and lowering of the body at the heels in time to the drum beat. This tempo became faster and faster until suddenly the entire party broke into the steps of the main dance. The men formed a background chorus, doing a sort of one step to the brisk rhythm, while the girls carried out the more intricate measures of the dance. They were extremely graceful, and their rhythm was perfect. I watched this dance for a while and found the steps easy to pick up. I could not resist the temptation of joining them, which, to their amusement I did. Barthwal and Sarin shouting with glee, made a dive for my cameras, and took several pictures

of me in what they hoped would turn out to be undignified poses. Actually those coloured slides turned out rather well.

There were several dances, and at the end of each all the dancers, and everybody else who felt like it, refreshed themselves with Madhu. The headman insisted that I also should have a drink. I tried to explain to him that I did not drink. He could not understand this at all. It was almost as if I had said to him, "I do not eat." I was forced to take a sip of the mug of Madhu that he offered me. I sipped this decoction, and found it had a sour, tangy taste, which was not unpleasant. The headman was satisfied with my one sip, and since I had joined in their dancing and drinking, they decided to accept me into their brotherhood. I was then ceremonially robed in the shawl of their clan, and was declared to be henceforth a member of the clan of Rongmei Nagas. The headman made a long speech and the "Authority" made another speech. I replied, with Charlie acting as my interpreter. I was reminded of some of the formal functions that I had attended at Delhi when the Government of India was honouring some foreign diplomats. The proceedings were similar.

While the dancing was in progress, Charlie told me that I had a visitor from village Bulong. I looked around, and found my chicken-seller friend. He came up to me, and gave me a fine cock, enclosed in a little bamboo basket in

such a manner that its head stuck out from one end, and its tail from another, and the entire animal was trussed in the egg-shaped basket like a cocoon. I asked him why he had brought this chicken, and he seemed surprised at my question. He owed me a chicken, and therefore naturally he had to bring me one. It appeared, he had bought this fine cock from one of his neighbours for Rs. 2/8/-. He had walked all the way from Bulong to Zeliang and would walk back, and also suffered a loss of -/8/-, to bring me this cock'. I could not help thinking that this could not possibly have happened in my own part of the country, and was filled with shame at the thought. I offered him eight annas more which he had paid, but he refused to take this,

since he had agreed to sell the chicken to me at Rs. 2/- only. Here then was integrity in practice. There is much that we can learn from these simple people.

It was now time to go back, and at 4 p. m. we packed our camp, said our good-byes and left for our Post. We did the return journey in four hours. There was no particular need for silence on the return journey and therefore our progress was much faster, and less arduous. We reached our Post a little after 8 p. m., and I was pleasantly surprised to find that I was not particularly tired. I had a good hot bath, an excellent dinner, and went to bed. Something accomplished, something done, had earned a night's repose.

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The Cease Fire Line and the C. R. P.

By

Shri B. B. Mishra, I. P.,
Deputy Inspector General of Police,
C. R. P., Ajmer.

"The frontiers are the razor's edge on which hang suspended the modern issues of war or peace, of life and death to nations"

—CURZON.

The Cease Fire Line in Poonch District in Jammu & Kashmir State stretches over 25 miles in a mountainous terrain. It runs in an undulating course over the ranges of hills below the Pir Panjal and along deep-set river channels, threading its way in between them. Sometimes the heights reach the snowy altitudes of 6000 ft. and over, abruptly over-hanging thin perennial streams of blue cascading cold water, hundreds of feet below, with the usual under-growth and coniferous trees, retaining their precarious hold on the slopes. In between these ridges and alongside the rivulets, there are plots of arable lands, supporting small and sparsely populated hamlets, in the eternal

struggle of man versus nature. The inhabitants of these hamlets—mostly poor Muslim families—have ever since the Cease Fire day been left to themselves, as law and administrative contact fluctuated with the varying relations of the belligerent countries on either side of the border. Under these circumstances, some of these difficult mountainous strips about 500 yards on either side of the Cease Fire Line remained a NO-MAN'S LAND ever since 1948. Kote is one of such hamlets along with the Cease Fire Line in Mendhar—Rajouri Sub-Divisional Zone of Poonch District in Jammu & Kashmir. The Karachi Agreement on Cease Fire denies any Army Patrol access to the

Cease Fire Zone. Thus hamlets Kote, Jote and Kundi along the Indian side of the Cease Fire Line in Poonch Sector became troublespots, providing means of communications for the POK saboteurs to carry out anti-social activities in Poonch, Mendhar and Rajouri areas, and beyond that to the Valley.

2. In April 1961, it was suddenly decided by the Government that this area should be brought under the Civil administration and a Company of C. R. P. Platoon then located at Kathua, was selected by the Inspector General of Police, J&K to fulfil this task and establish out-post at Jote, Kote and Kundi. Those who have read the history of Kashmir Operations may recall here, how Poonch had remained beleaguered for over a year and how the relief detachments sent from Rajouri, had to by-pass Bhimbargali to reach Mendhar. The former had been built up to be a bastion and arsenal for the hostiles and the latter was the strong-hold, being within the accessible distance from Kotli, the HQR of the Pakistan Army there. The army detachments persued along the western spur, and captured Mendhar by surprise attack. The eastern detachment took the line of the Pir-Panjal, to approach Poonch from a different direction. It was therefore, the Central Reserve Police's task to back-tread the battle scarred area once again, from Mendhar base and put an effective barrier on the acknowledged route of the saboteurs and smugglers.

3. On 11-5-1961 a 'recee' party consisting of the Company Commander, one Jemadar and one Constable left for Mendhar. Accompanied by the Superin-

tendent of Police and the local village Head-man, the reconnaissance party ascended the hills to visit village Kote. There being no 'Jeep-track' the entire stretch of 5 miles had to be negotiated by foot upto the height of 6000 ft. (from 4500 ft.) and then an abrupt descent to 3000 ft. had to be done. Each step had to be taken in that area with caution for fear of being faced with hidden 'time-bombs' or 'Booby-Traps'. By 1600 hrs. when the 'party' was about to descend the hill-slopes towards Kote, it met with sudden hostile fire (shot guns) from a house in the area. With commendable caution the 'party' extricated itself from this hostile attack (21 rounds of shot gun), visited the site at Jote and made for Mendhar by 2200 hrs. Earlier in the same evening it had rained and the return journey in the unknown slippery-mountain slopes during the darkness of the night was a strenuous task. The following day, the 'party' visited Kundi en-route to Poonch. This appreciation disclosed preliminary solution of the following problems before the establishment of the said Police Posts:—

- a) Accommodation
- b) Strength
- c) Fire Potentiality (Power)
- d) Water and Ration.
- e) Medical support
- f) Establishment of Base HQRs Inter-Communication.
- g) Location of civil set-up for local liaison.

4. The entire month of May was utilised for solution of these problems and organisation and the Company was moved to Mendhar by the 25th May 1961. Meanwhile 'recee parties' of higher

formations from C.R.P. surveyed the area from a distance and were also greeted with shot-gun fire from Sher-Dil-Tekri. Their survey reports contributed to complete the preparations for the Company.

5. As a result of this survey and further discussions, it was decided that in view of the 'vulnerability' of Kote, the original one Platoon strength be increased to two, the establishment of Jote post to be deferred and One-Platoon post be established at Kundi. The United Nations Representative on either side (POK & India) are to be informed that Police posts were being established on the 12th of June 1961, and finally requested to be present at a nearby Picquet to watch the Police moving to Kote post.

6. Accordingly two Platoons of a Company with Platoon Commanders established their camps. The third Jemadar with his Platoon at Gunbir, was assigned the task to move to Kundi post. The Company Commander was required to be with the Platoons at Roti and the Subedar was required to be with the other Platoon.

7. The C.R.P. men have faced varieties of tasks that demanded the best of a well-trained unit. They were going to a gruelling test on the 12th June 1961. Nerving themselves to the task ahead, each one of the parties simultaneously drew his rifle, ammunition; water bottle; haversack; food; a pick-axe; a shovel, telephone cable, medicine chest and quietly stood at his place, awaiting the order to move.

Information collected from various sources went to show that the POK set up has had complete sway over that part of the Cease Fire Line and that the hostile elements would not allow an Indian police contingent to establish any post in that area. They were armed thoroughly and were prepared to defend Kote at the cost of their lives. Another drawback was that the entire population in the area being Muslims, all activities on the Indian-side of the Cease Fire Line was 'filtering' through to the hostile elements in no time. This warranted utmost secrecy of the 'movement' of the Police Force in the night of 11th/12th June. So, the route to be followed to Kote was not disclosed to any one, nor had the leader any chance or occasion to 'recon' the route before the actual operation. The "move" had to be effected and 'destination' reached before the day light so, that the surprise effect might be complete.

8. It was a dark night. There was a slight drizzle at 2300 hrs. and puffs of clouds were floating past each man as they wended their way in 'file' formation along the unknown hill paths, up and down the slope. Side by side telephone cables were being laid to maintain communication with the Rear-headquarters. The progress was naturally slow and it took as much as 4 long hours by the time the platoons reached the lowest point near nullah before moving upwards to Sher-Dil-Tekri. At this stage by an unfortunate accident, one person, who carried the 400 yards telephone cable drum, stumbled while negotiating a curve and unwittingly

sent the cable drum rolling down, breaking the stillness of the country side. May be, this was sufficient to arouse excitement, for the local dogs started to bark and suspicious silhouettes appeared in the opposite landscape. To make matters worse, the first stealing lights of dawn glistening on the snowy slopes from the rear, exposed the movements of our men and dispelled any further chance of surprise. Luckily however the men by then, had taken due cover in the bend of the nullah. Then the platoons moved by bounds using great caution to avoid detection, as much as possible. When the Force was about 500 yards from the target—it was broad day light. At this stage the Point platoon under a Jemadar had moved ahead and was awaiting orders either to press on or to give covering fire. While the other platoon started, it was greeted by the first round of hostile firing from the Tekri, located on a pimple at an altitude of 4700 ft., the Police party being at the nullah nearly 300 ft. down. Gradually the hostile firing increased in volume and intensity, pinning down the second platoon to the ground. In the absence of any open directive for counter-attack from the 'Operation Command', the Police Contingent did not open fire. Consequently the leader of the party established telephone communication by running back nearly 100 yards (to the point up to which tele cables were laid) with the O. P. Command, showing their exact location by firing a verrey Light. According to the prior agreement, the United Nations Representative was required

to see the Police movement from the nearby army picquet. But he had not reached there till 0730 hrs. Once he was there, the Police could open fire in selfdefence, so that they could escape violation of Cease Fire charge. Meanwhile the position of the advance Platoon got known to the hostiles and the spear-head could not move. Then the order of Operational Command to attack was received. The leader himself heralded the advance by providing covering fire from a slightly elevated position. As the intensity of firing increased, the hostile LMGs barked the familiar rat-a-tat from the forward slope of opposite hills, across the Cease Fire Line. Nevertheless the Point platoon held on to its position with unfailing determination and taking advantage of a lull, registered a quick advance under its own fire power. While the hostiles were trying to cope with this sudden on-rush, the second Platoon advanced to a vantage point further to the left and to the rear of the Point platoon and opened up covering fire, signalling the next advance. The taste of battle, the smell of gunpowder and the sound of "Tak-dhum" of whistling bullets, steeled the determination of the party, which kept on creeping but pressing the advance. Meanwhile a supporting platoon from the neighbouring picquet made appearance. Not to needlessly embarrass them as it were, the Point Platoon finally crossed the nullah and went up the slope of Sher-Dil-Tekri. By 0930 hrs. the object of establishing the Police Post was successfully achieved without a single casualty. The hostiles escaped

to the safety of houses across the Cease Fire, crossing a narrow channel of water.

9. Meanwhile the 3rd. Platoon with the other Jemadar and the Subedar had reached Kundi from Gunbir. There too they encountered hostile firing, silenced it and settled down, only to face greater hardships, as they had to live under canvas with little protection, by way of bunkers or fortifications.

10. During the 15th/16th June 1961 night, there was the first counter-attack on the Post at Kote when a three-pronged drive was launched with Grenades, Rifles and LMGs, as also shouting of over 100 men, blowing trumpets, bugles and sounding gongs. At the dead of night when everything around was still, sudden opening of fires of Grenades, Rifles and LMGs, together with the shouting of over hundred men was quite un-nerving. But the men withstood it well, restricting their counter-fire till the attackers came close and received the taste of our limited fire power to the maximum. Such attacks were repeated on 17th June 1961, 28th June, 1st July, 5th July, 19th July, 25th/26th July, 8th August, 13th August, 15th August & 27th August. Almost every day, irrespective of weather conditions, this harassing firing on Kote post went on. Sometimes counter-attacks by army Patrols to protect these Police Posts because inescapable and such attacks had a good morale-boosting effect.

11. None-the-less, the life in these Posts was trying, as the POK personnel, living opposite and in the houses on the flanks

and the rear were accessible to hostile elements, who would neglect no opportunity to fire at the new post, whenever there was any movement of men seen or even otherwise. To make their attacks effective and to make untenable the lives of defenders, Pakistan Police established its post opposite Kote and two other houses in either flank were selected for opening simultaneous fire from. The entire objective on the Pakistan side was to protest against the establishment of any new post or fortified positions which were not in existence at the time of the Karachi Agreement and to make its retention by Indian Police untenable. As each side accused the other of Ceasefire violation, U. N. O. Observers were located in neighbouring Army Posts on either side of the border. Pakistan played a deeper game before them by alleging that the fire on Kote Post was opened not from Pakistan border but from houses in the Indian side, such as "lone tree" Tekri house, Aziz's house and several others, over which they had no control. According to them, this was happening because the people did not want the administration by the Indian Police and hence were displaying their distaste in this fashion. The fire that was coming from across the Cease Fire Line was attributed to these sympathies according to the PAK Police, who never hesitated in their promises to the U. N. O. Observers, to stop these firings. In fact, at the initial stage when the U. N. O. Observer had gone to survey the area, in spite of the clear display of the "White ensign", he was fired upon and the firing was explained

away by attributing it to some residents of the "no man's land". By this jugglery not only the Pakistan forces kept a smoke-screen on their designs but by indirectly compelling the Police personnel this side of the border, to erect bunkers and fortify them by barbed wire etc., they could easily bamboozle the U.N.O. personnel to believe that Indian Forces had violated the Cease fire Agreement by erecting a fortified post. To this end Pakistan Radio always characterised the forces at Kote or Kundi as army troops in Khaki or in the name of C.R.P. That the firings were preplanned and based on information filtering down from the Muslim sympathisers to the hostiles was more than once established. Sometimes following an indication, all the lights would be put out from all the houses in Pakistan side and then would open a barrage of Rifle and LMG fire on the Kote post. Sometimes one or two shots will ring out as the signal for the commencement of a such a barrage. Days of important festivals, Hindu or Muslim, or national days like Independence Days, provided occasions for cracking of thousands of rounds of small arms and automatic fire in a relentless effort not to allow the defenders of the Post, any relaxation or respite. What with this and what with our replies, too boot, slowly the third parties came to lay the blame on the opening of Kote and Kundi, new posts, even though on one occasion, one of their guides, a havildar was picked out as a target from the opposite side of the border !

12. Whatever it may be, these posts were established primarily to establish

law and order in the area, which were decidedly in Indian side of the Cease Fire Line, through which not only smugglings of varieties of commodities were taking place but also the movements of saboteurs were going on with impunity. Although the C. R. P. Posts were established with difficulty and defended at great personal cost and sacrifice, the shortfall, nay the check-mating, of the above two kinds of nefarious activities, as proved by the records of three years would justify the decision of the mentors. Now as to the ceaseless exchange of firing that went on, time and space do not permit of writing in detail, as it became a day-to-day, rather every night affair, first of all. As direct attacks bore no fruit and the defenders took a heavy toll each time such an attempt was made, these died down though not without empty threats of installing Pakistan Flag on Pakistan Independence Day of 1961 or 1962. An occasional lull would follow the agreement of U. N. O. Command or Army Commands but again the daily firing would resume, on an endless protest of popular hatred for Indian control.

13. After the establishment of C. R. P. Posts, the men stationed there, were faced with a large number of practical difficulties. Both the posts were open from all sides and during the hours of darkness, the hostiles could come quite close to the Post and throw hand-grenades. The number of Bren Guns was very limited and a few more were required to meet the hostile fronts. It was also difficult to arrange for the supply of rations for these

picquets. Even the coolies trying to bring the ration were fired upon. The provision of fresh vegetables to the men was out of question. The hostile elements prevailed upon the inhabitants on the Indian side of the Cease Fire Line to stop providing milk to the men stationed there. All the difficulties were faced with stoic calmness by the C. R. P. men who kept on drinking 'black tea', but fired back with accuracy, till things became easier. Bye and bye, within a short time these difficulties were solved. Free supply of rations were arranged, extra arms were sent from other Battalions and extra supporting posts with night patrols guarding the rear of the O. P. were arranged. Working over-night, not only the rear route from the Tekri was made safer, even water was taken to the foot of the O. P. by excavating a channel. Bunkers came up where an open shed stood before and the place could soon boast of hidden fortifications of its own with barbed wire, sand-bags and earthen work. Lastly senior officers visited the O. P. and lived with the men for some-time each. Higher Civil and Military officers visited the locality to encourage the boys and did everything possible to ameliorate the living conditions and boost up the morale. The boys were relieved after two months each, one Company remaining within a short distance for rest and refresher and if need be, to rush as reinforcement, at a short notice. This led to the swelling up of the spirit of comradeship amongst the rank and file, now getting accustomed to fighting shoulder to shoulder, against odds and in an exposed position, at all hours

of day and night. To further improve matters, a new Battalion changed place with the old and its Companies took charge of these harrassed posts from December 1961.

14. Posts Kote and Kundi were manned by a different Battalion from the end of 1961 to March this year, with the same tenacity and vigour, so characteristic of the C. R. P. old and new Battalions alike. During this entire period, in the numerous counter-attacks and encounters, 6 of the C. R. P. men sustained injuries from rifle shots from POK side but thanks to the prompt evacuations made and medical attention given, all of them got cured in no time, and returned to their duty as cheerfully as before. Though reprisal is not the creed, in repelling the attacks or in neutralising the houses from which cross fires were a common experience, several such persons on the other side must have been injured or killed. As time moved on, not only the two posts were made more accessible and secure, some neighbouring posts were entrusted to the same or other Units of C. R. P. to be managed. In an attempt to nourish the roots of administration, the C. R. P. guaranteed security to the people from interference from the other side. The result was more patches of cultivation cropped up and more persons, who had evacuated the area came to settle down on their paternal fields and "acres bound". Those who were once acting as spies for the other side, not only remained to help and admire the "President's Peace", their

resorts to the local Police and Tehsildar became more numerous and frequent. A Village School and a small Hospital sprang up behind the saddle of the hill-slope, away from the din of daily firing. An irrigation tank and a 'pucca' road came to be constructed connecting this area to Gali, in an attempt to bring the much needed humanising influence of civilisation, on the rugged and savage nature of man. While sabotaging and smuggling through the gaps practically stopped, many persons came from the other side, in search of employment and to recount their tales of woe due to starvation—the quest of the healing touch. This had its concomittant effect on the spirit of vengeance that goaded the firing, by clipping its edge of violence and savagery.

15. As I have stated above, that the third party from U. N. O. had not taken kindly to the fortifications and bunkers erected for self-defence, reasons as it involved a technical violation of the Cease Fire Agreement. Following, the aggressive activities and encroachment by the opposite party elsewhere in the Cease Fire Line, when India lodged protests, the echoes of Keren and Ramgarh had its re-action on this issue too.

Politics, it is said, changes with kaleidoscopic rapidity. That at the border, it appears, changes more rapidly. Following this law of nature, one fine morning orders were received that Kote and Kundi posts established and maintained with such "blood, travail and sacrifice", should be evacuated by an appointed

date and time, and the fortifications etc. should be removed, with a view to leave the places virtually in the same state, as when they had been stormed into. Anticipating this, load-tables had been prepared in advance. Under the cover of darkness of two successive nights, the C. R. P. boys accomplished the evacuation and took new positions behind another dominating spur each, in their new task of carrying on the vigil of the Cease Fire Line, in full conformity with the Karachi Agreement. There we are now and on with its boys. The flower of "service" egged on the advance and the sense of "loyalty" should tune the reorganisation.

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"Towards Mt. Abu"

By :

Shri Yogendra Prasad Baxi,
Company Commander, VIII Bn.

I visited Mt. Abu not as a tourist but as a trainee in the Central Police Training College. I experienced not only the thrill and pinch of training there but also enjoyed the fun of Abu life and saw the lovely scenic beauty.

Mt. Abu is one of the prettiest Hill Stations in India. It is situated on an isolated plateau about 4500 ft. above sea level. The summit of the plateau opens into a charming Valley about 8 miles long and 3 miles wide. The climate is salubrious and delightfully cool. In good old days, it was a place for British Mem-Sahibs to go while the Sahibs cursed and sweated in the office on the plains with their eyes down on the files.

A place of pilgrimage for the Jains, Mt. Abu is famous for its five Dilwara temples, among the finest specimens of Jain carvings of Medieval India. These temples

are honeycombed with carvings, the finest, purest, whitest, one is likely to see any-where. In truth, nothing is run of the mill in the Dilwara Temples; everything there implies extremes and superlatives.

Ceilings, Walls, pillars—all are masterpieces of nearly maniacal dedication. Intricate tracery in white marble, tiny figures by the thousands peopling every possible dimension, perfect war elephants in full battle regalia, dancing girls of incredible beauty and grace, warriors of olden times with their weapons, and so minute is most of the stone lace work that generations of masons must have literally gone blind within the white perfection of their creation.

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Lovely Nakki Lake is another beauty spot in Mt. Abu. Quite a charming panorama unfolds itself picturesquely to

the eyes of the connoissent, who takes his stand on the shore of Nakki Lake. Boating in the Nakki—What an excellent experience it is ?

Sunset Point has its own charm and attraction. What is Sunset Point ? It is a place from where one can see the setting of the sun in crystal clear and natural form. Sun is clearly visible like a fire-ball in the sky with changing colours and dews every moment till it is slowly swallowed by the horizon. This natural process has a special attraction and every evening a colourful procession of Tourists (both male and female, young and old) from all over India walk the two-mile long road, which cuts across a jungle into the reddening sky, to see the setting sun. I am reminded, at this point, the following lines of a Poet :

“Now fades the glimmering landscape
on the sight, And all the air a solemn
stillness holds”.

Achalgarh is about five miles from Mt. Abu. After an exciting journey through dangerous cuts and turns with various green vegetation on the both sides of the road one gets at Achalgarh. From the car, one can easily see places of interest and beautiful scenery besides big and deep pits surrounded by huge and small rocks.

Besides being a historical place, Achalgarh is a place of pilgrimage for the Jains. There are several beautiful Jain temples on the top of the hill and also there is a fort. Once a place of Chivalry, bustle and activity, Achalgarh remains for

the most part deserted, dilapidated and desecrated.

Years may roll on but silent whisper of these remains shall continue to remind us of the glory of days gone by, when Achalgarh was considered a proud possession of chivalrous and warlike races humming with activity. The memory and the past glory of Achalgarh will, however, continue to inspire and impress the inquisitive enquirer at all times. One has aptly said :

“Time goes, you say ? Ah no—Alas,
Time Stays, *we go*”.

Even in October, while I was there, the whole city was crowded with tourists. It is because Mt. Abu ranks among the loveliest romantic spots of India on the Tourist Map. Though one begins to feel coolness of the climate as soon as he lands here, yet he very much likes to enjoy the fun of Abu. Moreover, if even culture and civilization, art and architecture, spiritual and worldly way of life have so happily blended together at one place, it is only at Mt. Abu. Abu continues to maintain its climatic attraction, religious reverence and above all sculptural eminence.

In fact, it is difficult to delineate in detail all what I saw at Abu but I have tried to describe here in short the tale of my travel towards Abu. And now let us conclude with the following promise :

“To-morrow to new woods and pastures
anew”.

Police Drivers and Driving

By :
M. S. Bawa, I. P. S.

(Continued from the last issue)

Training of Drivers.

Training of drivers is a subject in itself and unless it is treated as a full special subject, away from the places of distraction in the training, we can always be blamed for having not trained the drivers properly. It is a known fact that in Police, M.T. Cadres are very seldom taken seriously. I should be permitted to take liberty to write that these cadres are run more to cover the various use or misuse of the vehicles under the head "Training of the drivers." On such like fatigue duties, the actual trainees are not even entrusted with the vehicle as an instructor cannot take the risk of a loaded vehicle to be placed under the full control of a trainee.

The former Inspector General and member Police Commission, West Bengal, Shri H. H. Sircar IP., made the following observations in his report as Chairman of Committee on Traffic problem at the first Police Science Congress in 1960.

"The necessity of well controlled and efficient driving schools was also raised by several members in subse-

quent sessions. The committee was of the opinion that mushroom growth of driving training schools should be checked. They should be properly controlled by the Police under licenses to be granted only to such institutions which were adequately staffed with capable instructors and properly equipped with training vehicles and other instruments."

It will be of interest for reader to know that after a lot of consideration, the Inspector General of Police, Punjab, had to vest the training of the drivers at a central place away from the District Headquarters where firstly the facilities for training were not available and secondly the temptation for using them for fatigue and other questionable duties were more.

Necessary training facilities are not available everywhere. There can be occasion where there is hardly a place where an instructor can make the trainee drive through the thickly populated bazar at the peak hours. A course with certain fixed duration has to be finished in a particular period, and in that period of

the year, certain facilities may not be available to train the would-be drivers. Take for instance, an opportunity of driving through loose sand and marshy places may not be available at all places.

The various heads under which the training to a motor driver is to be imparted need not be elaborated here but they can be profitably mentioned under broad heads:—

- (1) Starting of vehicle.
- (2) Changing of the gear.
- (3) Over-taking.
- (4) Driving the vehicle backwards and whilst so doing to enter a limited opening either to right or to the left.
- (5) Turn about in a given time.
- (6) Turn about on a slope.
- (7) Garaging.
- (8) Halting and marching on steep gradients.
- (9) Halting in an emergency.
- (10) Night driving.
- (11) Driving in a thickly populated area by day/by night.
- (12) Cross country driving.
- (13) Hill Driving (if possible).
- (14) Driving in marshy area or in loose sand.
- (15) Giving by hand or by mechanical means signal at appropriate times to indicate his intended action in a clear and unmistakable manner.
- (16) Acting correctly and promptly on traffic signals given by Police or other road users.
- (17) Besides above Practical Training a driver must be given know-

how on non-technical subjects as—

- i) Fire Precaution.
- ii) Frost Precaution.
- iii) Accident procedure.
- iv) Do's & Dont's for driver.
- v) Highway Code.
- vi) Traffic offence under M. V. Act & Penal Code.

In the training of the drivers, besides theoretical and practical aspect of the training, the third aspect of informative side should not be overlooked. A driver must know the traffic rules as much as a traffic Constable knows. His training would be deemed to be ineffective if he cannot be trusted with the duties of a traffic Constable. Should a driver imagine what will be the condition of a traffic Constable if he does not know driving; or when a traffic Constable is not in a position to appreciate the difficulties of a man behind the wheel, then he would feel the necessity of proficiency in this respect.

In the Information Centre, the following things can be profitably displayed:—

1. Traffic Signs/markings (mandatory, cautionary and informatory) 9th Schedule of Indian Motor Vehicle Act.
2. Traffic Signals—XIth Schedule
3. Traffic information like—
 - i) Graph REACTION TIME at various speeds.
 - ii) Graphic account of judging speed from SKID mark.
4. There will not be a better place to exhibit some posters or photos making

emotional appeal to the would-be drivers, by alerting them well in advance to save a situation as can be seen on those posters. It is a matter of common observance that not a day passes without the appearance of the news item of some road accidents. The publication of such accidents has nearly reduced its value for the general reader but its proper collection and presentation in this room will make the drivers realise the horrors that are involved in the reckless use of the road. The real photographs taken at the site of the accident will be a sad and sombre reminder for one who is responsible for it and it would have a corrective effect on the other would-be drivers. Imagine the harrowing spectacle of the wailing mother beside a mass of flesh of the tender child who was seen off to the School with lot of hopes, only a few seconds back. Ponder for a while on the agonising plight of a widow and the suddenly orphaned children at the time of the tragic disappearance of the bread earner who has been pinioned to the ground on his way home. These photographs and posters have to be prominently displayed in this room with proper captions.

In America, an attempt was made in 1935 to make an emotional appeal to the road-users and it had a wonderful effect in reducing the accident for the coming 2 years. As the human memory is short and the appeal was not made again in a more convincing manner, the death rate in America have again reached the highest peak. On a single New Year day over 800 people died in road accidents, should we believe it?

For a Driving test it should be a different track where the driver had not driven previously. The test should not be held at one time but it should be properly staggered so that would-be driver is tested in varying conditions like driving—

- i) During day.
- ii) During early hours of the morning when one feels most sleepy.
- iii) At dusk time when the visibility is hampered;
- iv) Soon after the offices are closed for the day when there is heavy rush of cyclists leaving the office premises.

The absence of a regular test track has made the test most easy upto this day when a track is made at a central place, it should only be opened to the drivers during the test and not earlier so as to keep an element of surprise for drivers.

a) Special circumstances and conditions should be created to see the nervousness of a person in whom we are going to vest the control of a vehicle and probable danger to the life of many innocent persons. For instance the driver may be told of a situation having been forced upon and that he should rush with the vehicle to another place to bring something and when his attention is fixed to this end, a football may be rolled in front of the vehicle at a pre-determined place enroute to see how he reacts? Does he try to stop the vehicle? Is he cool and collected enough to appreciate the situation and act accord-

ingly or is he a flabbergasted person, at the sign of an untoward happening ?

b) An emergency may be created to see as to what a driver is likely to do. This emergency will not mean mechanical break-down of the vehicle and how the driver intends to take the vehicle back to the Lines.

c) A traffic Constable can be clearly explained to deliberately giving wrong signal when the driver to be tested is on the vehicle to see if he can keep the same smile on his face he gets irritated on such trifles.

Road safety is very much dependent upon the driving efficiency. This efficiency has two aspects—

- i) Efficiency in handling and manoeuvring the vehicle and
- ii) Efficiency in matter of coping with all situations that may arise on the road.

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology have laid down certain psychological tests which allow precise measurement of competence of a person as regards the following—

- (1) reaction time;
- (2) resistance to distraction;
- (3) vigilance;
- (4) Vision (visual acuity);
- (5) co-ordination of eye muscles (visual co-ordination)
- (6) judgment of spatial relationships;
- (7) judgment of relative size of near and distant objects;
- (8) judgment of speeds

These facilities are not available in India but we can definitely train our drivers and test them in these vital things which will make us sure as to whether we are going to entrust a vehicle to a deserving hand or not.

Again scientific analysis undertaken in various countries have shown that some people are more liable than others to be involved in accidents. We can call them as "accident-prone". If such people can be detected well in time, refusal to license them as driver will bring the road casualties to a considerable reduction.

Messrs E. Farmer and E. J. Chambers in their treatise "A Study of accident-proneness among Motor Drivers" have shown that it is possible to predict by means of tests as to which DRIVERS will subsequently sustain a greater number of accidents than their fellows exposed to equal risks. The available evidence with them showed that accident-proneness is measurable generally among motor drivers. It may be difficult to assess accident proneness at this stage in India but this is the time when the officers travelling in the Police vehicles should make it a duty to report confidentially about rash/negligent/dangerous driving which a particular driver is indulging in even if he has not met with an accident. Such confidential record will show, after some time, that a particular driver is not to be entrusted with the vehicle. It may be a beginning now but surely it will pay its dividends.

If he fails in such tests he has no right

to be passed or to be allowed to drive even if he is passed.

After a man has been declared successful by a thorough, practical and realistic test, he is an asset for the department and for the society. He should annually be tested in a similar, if not difficult conditions, to see that his grip over the vehicle and knowledge have not loosened. Such driver will become a source of encouragement and hope for the people who travel in his vehicle. To change him after every 3/4 years may be desirable only on extreme administrative compulsions but it should not be a thing of routine. Normally one becomes an efficient driver after going through the mill for 6-8 years and to change him for

whatever consideration, leaving aside ADMINISTRATIVE COMPULSION, will not only amount to wastage of all the labour and trouble undergone earlier but will completely make him out of practice if at all at a later stage his services are required as a driver. Unfortunately the practice rampant of changing the drivers after 3 years is both obsolete and unrealistic. To keep him as a driver at a time and as a Police man at other time will render him a jack of all trades and master of none. Drivers should not be made a rolling stock. What is better—to have a fully trained driver or a fully trained policeman or half-trained driver and half trained policeman ?

“Although the expenditure on defence is likely to be heavy we should not neglect or post-pone the projects and schemes in our Five Year Plan, since they are essential for building up our strength and thus enabling our people to lead lives of dignity and freedom.”

—Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

Message to the nation on the eve of the Republic Day, Jannary 25, 1963.

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Reflections on C. T. C.

By :

Shri P. V. Subbarao, Dy. S. P.

We were the third batch of directly recruited Company Commanders and were the first to start the training at Neemuch. Having undergone the major portion of the training in C. T. C. I consider myself in a better position to make frank appraisal of the training in CTC with particular reference to the training of Gazetted Officers.

Most of us were civilians in the true sense of the term and therefore did not relish the strict discipline sought to be imposed on us. The physical exertion and the heat of Neemuch summer did not make the things easier. The situation was not quite happy. The resignations of few colleagues, therefore, were not surprising. To our relief the atmosphere improved gradually and I am glad to say that I have only pleasant memories about C. T. C. Before going any further we will do well to remember that C. T. C. was not meant to train officers. Some of the deficiencies

were therefore, inherent. All the same it must be said to the credit of the staff of C. T. C. that they gave us useful training which made us suitable to the jobs both physically and mentally.

In our training the emphasis was on the physical side. All our 'Ustads' were absolutely good at their work and knew the subject they were teaching thoroughly. We had nothing but admiration for our Instructors who were quite sympathetic to our problems. Later, we came to know that the 'Ustads' derived no benefit or extra remuneration as Instructors. The position of the Instructors in C. T. C. is paradoxical in as much as they draw less remuneration than their 'comparatively less efficient' colleagues. This anomaly must be removed as soon as possible and incentive must be created to bring the Instructors voluntarily rather than by force. If the situation continues, as it is, discontentment might grow among the

'Ustads' which will be disastrous to the whole force.

Even the best of the Instructors can do nothing without proper and complete equipment. It is indeed a sorry state of affairs that the C. T. C. which's by far the more important of the Units of C. R. P. has to depend for its resources on Battalions. It will be interesting to know that we left the C. T. C. without firing a shot with the L. M. G.

In spite of all these handicaps our training progressed smoothly and we started liking the training. It made us tough (ofcourse, comparatively) physically and mentally. Principal and Assistant Principal were the only officers in C. T. C. and they had to cope with a heavy work. To supervise the training of hundreds of Recruits and Cadre Courses is no easy task. Few more officers are a necessity for C. T. C. Atleast one Gazetted Officer must be made in-charge of only Officers' training. This would give the trainees an opportunity to learn things first hand.

That is all for the handicaps. Now a few words about the good work they do in

C. T. C. I must frankly say that all the subjects were taught with thoroughness and discipline which is so vital to a force like C. R. P. enforced without remorse. Classes under the shade of trees reduced the monotony of the training and we have learnt to identify ourselves with nature. Most important from the view of practical training was our Camp. The Demonstrations organised by our 'Ustads' were extremely enjoyable and instructive. We cannot forget some of them all our lives. Such Demonstrations have a great value in avoiding minor faults which are more likely because of their lesser importance. But in the field these mistakes might be fatal. This fact is impressed indelibly on the minds of the trainees. No amount of praise is sufficient for the zeal of the staff of C. T. C.

Finally I must thank our Principal Lt. Col. Sanwal Singh on behalf of all of us. Though his occasional outbursts were very much feared, his fatherly care eclipsed them. Thanks are also due to our Instructors particularly Jemadar Brij Lal who took pains to teach us thoroughly all the subjects.

No question is ever settled until it is settled right.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

"Dream Land"

By :

S. P. KOHLI
HEAD CLERK VIII Bn.

•
*"Half the world does not know
how the other half lives."*

—SHAKESPEARE

•
*"There are only two families in the world
the Haves and the Have Nots—"*

—CERVANTES

•
A train of thoughts and fancies during small hours take the shape of a dream. The multifarious duties with which the Head Clerk of a Battalion in C. R. P. is face to face day in and day out hardly call for any comments-in-as much as that if he be termed in a small way a greasing factor in this machinery of democratic set up-it may not be taken as an exaggeration—but a fact. Allowing myself the discretion of going through a book at night before retiring to sleep after arduous duties of the day, as has been my wont, the above quoted lines of the Poets flashed across my mind and the resultant effect in a way formed subject matter "Dream land" reproduced below:—

"The thatched hut surrounded by filth filled pits and the natural ventilation caused due to dislocation of a wornout time-barred tiles, through which the poverty peeps with half-closed eyes, is the so-called abode of my Heroine. The walls littered with red-spots here and there depict the

picture of her hoary past and of her being in this blood-bath tank for centuries to come. The Samajic syringe has worked wonders by way of taking out the last drop of blood from her ill-clad, feeble, and shattered body.

2. Poverty stares at her, richness hates her, favourable circumstances play hide and seek with her and the misfortunes hug her like play-mates. What a wonderful creation of the Almighty God !

3. In this vast ocean of humanity, she is a walking corpse, an out-caste, an incurable disease, tied with the chains of so-called Samaj, deprived of the elementary amenities of life, devoid of charms, far from pleasure and away from so-called comforts. Laughing is out of tune with her. She is a fallen flower having been trampled under the irony heels of the Samaj. The frequent on-slaughts of poverty-the attacks of adversaries coupled with the idea of remote possibility of

good days—leave her in a lurch and predicament. What a lot !

4. She has a broken cup of patience, a bundle of worries, a truck-load of woes—Alas her lot ! Her husband with whom she has cast her lot is the recipient of buffets from the cruel world and he has come to stay as 'Mazdoor'.

5. Her worn-out "SARI" having big hole and few patches here and there give vent to her feelings and convey the message to the world of the appalling poverty which confronts the teeming millions of the labour world. Her "CHOLI" besmeared with dust give a covering to her chastity and modesty. Her faulty parting of hair and jungle flower tied up in a conspicuous place, give a vivid view of the disparities. Her sunken cheeks, pressed nose, small eyes with the outlets of tears are highlights of the world which has so far oppressed, depressed and suppressed her.

6. Her tiny tots wearing the garment of poverty, shattered in health, with innocent eyes and trust in God wander hither and thither in the vain hope to find a sympathiser in this world. A handful of pots ordinary type serve her and a picture of Rama the lord hung at the wall reminds her of the glorious past. In a Bazar when she sees big palatial buildings, ladies of all walks of life wearing varying saries, having dubbed their fates with costly powders and the available cosmetics and the air of superiority complex with which they walk and moreover the fashionable and beautiful cars at their disposal—her long sleeping rather buried ideas rear up their head and a storm begins to rage in her tiny heart.

She is bewildered, is in a deliemma and finally finds herself in a state of coma, when all the forces refuse to support her stand in this world. She finds herself in a rough sea—none to call—none to help in a miserable helplessness position and the mighty waves browbeat her. She feels as lonely as a park bench in a winter. She is aghast, awe and with wide open mouth stands as if the earth has swept off her feet. She shudders at the idea and in a hope to regain consciousness, she weeps and weeps till the last tear from her eyes departs and with its departure she falls on the ground and leaves the world for good—leaving a void in the minds of the people as to who was.....

When life is woe;
And hope is dumb;
The world says "GO"
The Grave says "COME"

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Early in the morning when struggling to get up the heaviness which weighed with me in view of the mischief played by my mind by means of a negative approach, I received a sudden jerk when I recalled to my mind the marvellous progress made by this country. With the passage of time the great strides made by the people of this country belied my dream inasmuch as that this is the only country in the world which under the democratic set up has to her credit as many achievements as any other country during such a short space of time.

"But I being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, for you tread on my dreams;"

W. B. YEATS.

"Systems and Habits of Nagaland People"

By :
Shri Dullah Singh, Dy. S. P.

The geographical, historical, political, administrative, religious and linguistic points have not been included in this article. It relates to only the systems and habits of Nagaland people.

2. Generally marriages take place at the age groups of 20-30 and 18-25 of boys and girls respectively. When a girl reaches the above-mentioned age group, she is allowed by her parents to mix-up socially with the unmarried young boys for the purpose of selecting the match. This system is prevalent among both the Christian and non-Christian Nagas. As soon as the son is married, he is separated forthwith from his parents and other family members. He is also inherited with the proportionate property. During the function of marriages, the whole Basti is invited by the parents of bridegroom/bride. Meat of Cows, mathons, buffaloes and pigs together with rice are the favourite items of meals served during the functions. Madhoo (a kind of local alcohol prepared from rice and powder of local seeds) is the top-most favourite drink of the Nagas which is taken in huge quantity by all

groups of age of male and female participating in the marriage ceremony. They all sit together and enjoy 'Madhoo' by pouring it in big pipes made of horns of buffaloes/cows and Bamboo. During the drink-men, boys, ladies and girls collectively participate in local songs with dance. Though the whole crowd become very hilarious by over-drink, even then there is no room for any mutual quarrel or fuss during the wedding ceremony.

3. When an unmarried girl or a married lady is announced of suspicious character, she (girl) is dispelled from her native village and the married lady is divorced by her husband straightaway and the latter is at liberty for second marriage. Such divorces take place very frequently and a man is married twice or thrice with other girls of his choice. There are rare chances of re-marriage for the divorced women. A widow can avail the opportunity for re-marriage but she will have to dissociate mercilessly from her previous children and the innocent youngsters are left without proper look-after.

4. The Nagas have peculiar type of decorations in their houses. Heads of cows, buffaloes and Mathons with original horns are hung in front of houses and in the Verandahs. When the pigs are slaughtered for eating purposes by individuals, they are got parched and hung inside the houses. Smoke remains automatically provided daily to the parched body from the cooking places which protects the meat from becoming rotten for moths together.
5. The Nagas are very fond of their local monuments and showy things. They spend huge amount of money for such pomp and show. A rich villager would give a very enjoyable feast to the whole village and in return of the same, he gets general appreciation from the villagers. When he feeds the whole Basti next time, he is allowed to fix a wooden arch on the top of his main gate. The arch is considered an indication of a famous man of the village. After the third feast to the villagers, he is provided with a big memorial stone at a selected place in the village. When a fourth feeding is offered to all the villagers, he gets second similar stone fixed by the villagers at a popular place. On the fifth feast by the same man, the villagers offer very big additional stones, one for the man and other for his wife. In addition to the above, if the above stated man feeds his whole Basti and neighbouring villagers, he is entitled to construct another wooden arch at the back side of his house.
6. The internal social habits of the Nagas are also praise-worthy. Young girls and boys, men and women always freely move about alone in Jungles and Kheties but rare cases of adultery and rape take place.
7. Valuable properties are left in houses and fields without any proper protection and watch but no cases of theft, burglary, robbery or dacoity are committed by the Nagas. Though no police stations or other administrative organisations are available in the farflung villages, even then no murder and other heinous offences are committed for individual gains or disputes.
8. If one man of the village is harassed or troubled, the whole village would be volunteer for his help irrespective of any mistake or fault of the individual.
9. When-ever the Nagas go to attend some functions or to carry-out some task, the men, ladies, girls and boys would march in a single file shouting some encouraging slogans indicating spirit of team-work. There is no purdah system at all among the women and men. When-ever they meet each other enroute there will be a smiling glance on each other with a few sweet words irrespective of the sex. The women and girls shake hands with the men/boys.
10. There is no question of caste and creed, rich and poor among the Naga people. Every body enjoys proper regard and respect at all occasions.
11. Once a matter or programme is agreed upon, it is carried out quite punctually and cheerfully without any further controversy or hesitation.

12. When a chief of the village or the GAON-BARA (Village Headman) imposes an order or gives some instructions for the villagers, it is never opposed but spontaneously and unanimously accepted. The people are of inflexible words and promises.

13. There are also certain typical habits among the Naga people. Except the well-educated persons, men/boys, women and girls pass the urine by standing which make their thighs, legs and clothes dirty but it is never realised by them due to general habit of the people.

14. The Naga men, women, boys and girls never take proper bath except the well-educated people. Normally, the Nagas wash their mouth only and some-

times rub a wet cloth on their body. The rural Nagas also hardly wash their private parts after going to latrine.

15. All Kheti work is mostly done by women/girls. The men would simply accompany the women to Kheties and sit there enjoying Madhoo and Khana. According to them, the women are meant for rendering all sort of services while the men are for fighting with the enemy. The women have to do all the work at houses as well as in the Kheties. Thus the women are kept very busy at all times and there is hardly any chance for domestic quarrels or hanky-panky things.

16. On the whole, the Nagas are honest and clear hearted people with no cunning or mean tendency excepting the hostility and political affairs existing in the area.

Those who do not value life certainly do not deserve it.

—Lord Averbury

Our Camp Training

By :

Shri R. Narayana, Dy. S. P.

It will not be an exaggeration if one says that the real training of C. R. P. is in the Camp. The Camp gives every trainee to put into practice all the theory that he has learnt in C. T. C. It is an opportunity for co-ordinating one's mind with what he learnt about weapons, field craft, Map Reading etc.

In the beginning, one feels that he is coming away from all civilization for 21 days and worries himself as to how to spend his time. But once the daily routine with all interesting demonstration starts one finds little time even for his food and never bothers about it.

The camp starts with pitching tents. The day in the camp begins with stand-to. It is nothing but practising the defence of a post and as to how everyone should act in times of danger. Then begins the day's programme.

No day passes without well rehearsed demonstration about certain tactical movement or military operation. One day we had demonstrations about patrol, sentry duty and selection of site for defensive post. In C.T.C. Jemadar Brij Lal

is the Organiser of all these demonstrations. His way of imparting training and his way of making people know all the Dos & Dents needs all appreciation. He takes part in almost all the demonstrations. In the demonstrations mentioned above Jamadar Brij Lal took the leading roles and through his action he brought before our eyes the duties of the Sentry, the patrol commander and the Commander in selecting defensive post. After seeing these demonstrations it will be very difficult for anyone to forget the details. It will be nothing less than if we say that those things are still fresh in our memory.

Another interesting demonstration is of attack. We were asked to lead a section and a certain task was given to us. As we were proceeding we heard all of a sudden a bullet shot. The scouts were looking all around to find out from where the shot came. Then one Instructor came out of a fox hole which was very near the section commander. We were told that in reality there will also be such snipers and everyone should be very vigilant while advancing. After this we

were asked to advance further towards our objective. As we were advancing we heard some shots. Then we made a tactical move towards the objective and changed the objective just when we were all jubilant for having done our task successfully. We heard Bren Shots from a scope very near to the objective. On hearing this we were perplexed and began to search the place where we changed. The men whom we changed at were not men at all. They were just slacks and shirts filled with hay. Here we were explained as to how the enemy will be tricky and how careful we should be. These demonstrations and tactical moves though tiring, were very interesting.

After all this we go for our food at about 1 p. m. At about 3 p. m. we used to be called once again for taking instructions regarding a night patrol. The warning order and verbal orders used to be given by Jem. Brij Lal in a splendid manner. His narrative and way of giving the orders regarding area patrol were impressive and we were really going on a tactical patrol.

In the nights we used to go for the night patrol accompanied by our instructors. Ambushes for these patrols were used to be planned previously and we

used to move with all caution. By the time we returned to our camp it used to be 10 O'clock or more than that.

Thus we had tight programme from morning till evening for 21 days. Finishing this essay on this day on which I am leaving for active duty I cannot but fully appreciate the training that I had at CTC.

Here it will be quite appropriate to mention that every day early in the morning when we woke-up we used to come under the supervision of our Principal whose presence used to give us all encouragement during these tough days.

For all the training we received we owe much to our Instructors who used to take maximum interest in training. Though they were financially at a disadvantage they used to never interfere this factor while imparting training. A force builds its name from its training. For this training C. T. C. is the corner stone and the Instructors are the wheels on which the entire force runs ultimately. It is necessary that these wheels should be well maintained and one way to do is to pay them more. This will be a good intensive to retain the Instructors in C. T. C. and to build-up a good training centre.

Sweat is death at duty's call.

—Anonymous

Discipline

By :

S. D. Sharma, L. D. C.-X Bn.

Everybody knows something about the word 'Discipline'. It is abstract in nature and found in Society. Man is a social animal. He cannot live without society as he cannot live without food and water. Child learns discipline from the first and oldest Institution of society known as family. As a child grows up in advance years he comes across through so many social institutions and in these Institutions he is taught sufficiently about discipline. Mother, the head of the child's first institution, teaches her child—how to eat—what to eat and what not to eat—when to sleep and when to rise and so on. The child digests innocently these manners by his mother with hundreds of kisses on his face in the form of fee. Alas ! this golden seat is now under the possession of dutiful Nurses who simply teach manners by way of their duty. They are paid for this purpose, as mother of the present time remains extremely busy in attending to parties and functions. Any-how, the child is sent to School where another aspects of discipline are taught-of how to behave with elders and youngers, punctuality of time and importance of discipline.

Discipline and administration are inter related with each other. Good administration depends on discipline. Without discipline the administration is like a king without crown. Ashoka was a good administrator. In his reign peace prevailed everywhere.

Opposite to that Gayasuddin Balban is also considered as one of the best administrators of slave dynasty. No one could dare to laugh or smile in his Court. The courtiers remained in standing position throughout the Court session. Even smoking was strictly prohibited. The public was afraid of him. Nobody could dare to violate his strict rules and regulations because of the fundamental fact, of heavy punishment imposed on those, who violated the code of rules. Here, a question creeps in as to why the reign of Ashoka is remembered and while the name of Gayasuddin Balban is scarcely celebrated in the Country, though both were good administrators and strict disciplinarian ? If we study minutely about them we see the former has maintained discipline on peaceful principles while the latter on strict rules and

regulations. The former has done good work in social, political and judicial fields in the interest of public. The latter emphasised more on self rather than public. Self-respect in discipline is the root cause of one's failure, it is said.

The world is ever changing. If we peep to our past we find, a lot of change has taken place due to our contact with the Western civilisation. Caste system has lost partially, if not altogether its vitality and its place has been taken by class system. Every body is going to be materialistic. People run after money. The guest (MEHMAN) who was respected more than a family member previously, is now considered as a source of extra-expenditure. The man is going to be lazy due to progress in scientific fields. Man is going to be slave of machines. History is the burning example of the genuine fact. The soldiers of Babar who invaded India in sixteenth Century were bare-footed. There were no sources for protecting their bodies. Only swords in their hands were a weapon and a protector. They fought continuously and vigorously with or without food and without sleep days after days and weeks after weeks. We also knew about the soldiers of the last king of this dynasty—Aurangzeb. The soldiers of Aurangzeb were full-fledged with Arms and Ammunition, reserve stock of ration. "Harams" (i. e. their families) used to go with them to remove tiredness. In spite of all these facilities they were defeated several times by the small forces of Shivaji. Though discipline was there yet the history does not show presence of the element of enthusiasm in the force of

Aurangzeb. This was the result of social change that made the brave soldiers as, luxurious type.

Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru has on many occasions appealed the people not to follow superstitions and has advised them to go along with time. The similar appeal apply to discipline also. We should make some changes in our discipline principles also, so that it could not be a subject of criticism.

Charity begins at home. C. R. P. is known as the most disciplined Force. It has been praised severally by our National Leaders. They are proud of it. The expansion of C.R.P. Force in a short period to a large extent reflects its importance. The meritorious services of the officers and the sacrifice of the Jawans are known to one and all. In another way the Jawans are proud of their officers while the officers of their men. It may here be mentioned or it may be appropriate if instead of indulging in self-fame we may try to see where we are lacking and then to make up the deficiency.

Co-operation is another important factor which is indirectly related with discipline. A machine consists of so many small parts fixed at their respective places. If any part of it looses its position or do not function properly, there will be a break-down in the machinery or there might be temporary paralysis. In other words non-co-operation of the smallest body helps in disorganisation of a big body. Deliberately or otherwise if someone is harmed on no fault, what impression will he take ?. It might be possible to think for him in another

direction. Our little unconsciousness have helped in changing one's mind. Whatever our morales be, they are a matter of fun to him. We generally consider that such cases are not more than one or two percent. But for a minute consider oneself involved in the orbit of one or two percent, it is cent percent for him. He will loose the ties of co-operation and friendship. We have disturbed his mental discipline, and when mental discipline is disturbed, disorganisation finds its way to function, may be slowly but gradually.

We daily read about corruption in news papers. It is a burning topic now-a-days. It is not a matter of one or two but it has become a general topic of the days. This is a blot on our national character and discipline. This is what we are seeing in a Nation's people under whose veins is running the pious blood of infallible 'ARYANS', the fragrance of whose morales attracted other nations also, and they subsequently followed the foot-prints. But after a rise there is fall. How much we have fallen we are seeing with our own eyes. This may be due to the fact that we may not be faithful to our duties. It may not be the case with one or two but with all. Every one is perhaps trying to

put responsibilities on other's shoulders by one way or the other. The feeling of co-operation is perhaps missing. Where there is no co-operation, indisciplined behaviour and disorganisation is bound to creep in.

Discipline is not something which is only related to parade, barracks or office. It is a state of mind which helps the individual to do his duty as he knows it should be done whether he is being watched or not.

If therefore discipline is adhered to and if it is taken as a part of life, the life could be turned easier and comfortable. If not, the worst results are bound to be obstacles in the life, making it more and more miserable not only for self but the dependents too.

Some one has said,"

एकता की रट लगाना—मुँह से यूँ बेकार है ।
सीखिए मिल बैठना—गर जिन्दगी दरकार है ॥
वक्त नाजुक इस्तहाने—सब्र व इस्तकलाल है ।
जागो भाइयों अब तो जागो—सारा जहाँ बेदार* है ॥

*जागा हुआ ।

Life demands discipline at every turn.

—Cyril Modak

The New Quarter Master

By :
R. Santhanam, Coy Comdr., VBn.

The very thought of going to my Battalion at Bharatpur at the end of my training at the C. T. C., Neemuch filled me with immense pleasure. This, however, proved shortlived on the very day I reached Bharatpur. The place was a far cry from the beautiful Neemuch. The so-called Bharatpur City which, incidentally, is the District Headquarters was the least impressive. The situation of my Battalion at a far off place altogether away from all civilisation greatly unnerved me though I was prepared for any contingency.

The first shock I had, immediately after landing at Bharatpur, was the rather unpleasant news (since denied and belied) of my having been appointed as the Quarter Master of the Battalion. Enough I had read and heard about the diversified functions of a Quarter Master and I used to wonder how so many duties of a varied nature enumerated in more than four pages of the C. R. P. Manual could be performed by a single individual. I

have myself seen a few Quarter Masters at work, nervous and perspiring with all their gigantic and innumerable ledgers and registers and heaps of papers. I used to be terrified at their sight. The state of my mind could, therefore, very well be imagined when I was told that I was to function as a Quarter Master. I was simply stunned and dumbfounded. I, however, recovered from the shock subsequently when I was informed by my Commandant that I was shortly being sent to detachment as a Company Commander. He added that, in fact, there was a proposal for my posting as a Quarter Master which, fortunately for me and for the well-being of the Battalion, was not accepted by the higher authorities. I thanked my stars and heaved a sigh of relief.

As ill luck would have it, I could not, however escape being a Quarter Master. Soon I was asked to discharge the functions of a Quarter Master till the return of the Quarter Master of the Battalion

who was away on detachment tour. Undaunted at the materialisation, though temporary, of my apprehensions, I set out to do my job. Being altogether raw and new and having to face a number of difficulties, I could not rise to the occasion and catch up with the work. These difficulties, I however, soon found out, stemmed mainly from the lack of a thorough knowledge of the C. R. P. Manual. I, therefore, began to carefully go through and digest the relevant portions of the Manual dealing with the Quarter

Master and his branch and picked up the work gradually. I am still in this process.

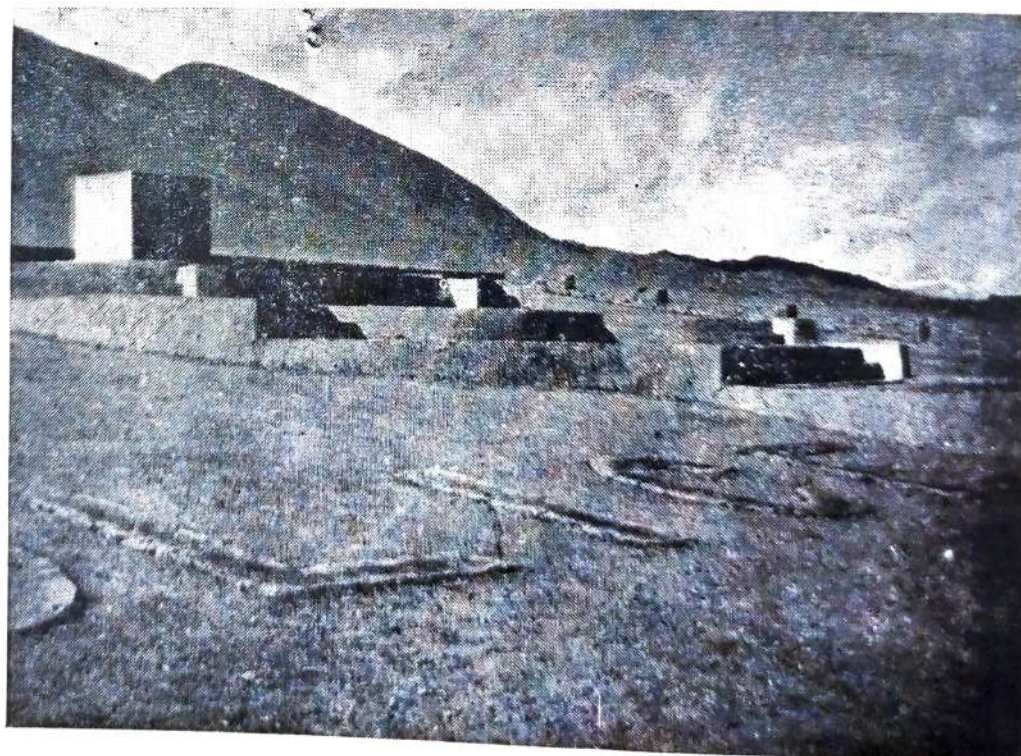
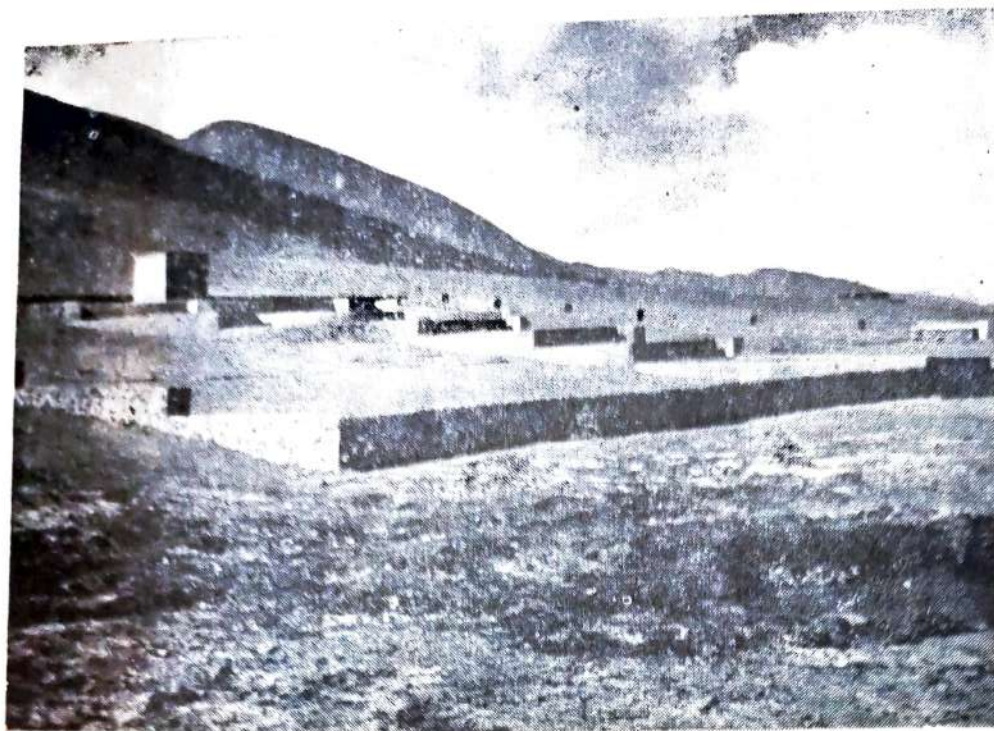
The surroundings, too, were entirely new to me. Having enjoyed all the living comforts at the wonderful Neemuch, I could not at all initially reconcile myself to living in what were probably used as stables in ancient days by the Maharajas. It took sometime to adjust myself to the ill-ventilated and poorly lighted quarters though I myself was the Master of the Quarters.

As no true work since the world began
was ever wasted so no true life since the world
began has ever failed.

—Emerson



*Shri N. M. Joshipura, B.A., B.Sc. Office
Superintendent, Ajmer Retired at the
age of 60 years from 1st November, 1963.*



*Two views of the Martyrs Memorial at Hotspring (Ladakh)
to commemorate the memory of 10 C. R. P. gallant soldiers
who sacrificed their lives in an encounter with Chinese on
21st October, 1959.*

संदेश पत्र

श्री सुरेश शर्मा 'अकेला'

मेरे मित्र,

प्यार, साहस और ढाढ़स भरा पत्र मिला, लेकिन मैं तो इस परिस्थिति में हूँ नहीं कि तुम्हें इस संकट में कुछ प्यार भरे शब्द लिख सकूँ।

हम हिमालय की बर्फीली चट्टानों पर खड़े हैं अड़ग। हमारे चारों तरफ बर्फ की ठंडक है, बर्फीली हवायें और बारूद की महक है, खुशबू है।

अहा.....क्या मस्ती है बारूद की इन खुशबुओं में, कितना नशा है, कितनी मादकता है। गोलियों की गर्मी हाथों की नसों में प्रवाहित होकर सारे बदन को तपा रही है, तभी तो हम हिम की ठंडक में हैं—अड़े हैं।

हाथों में बन्दूक है—भरी हुई और मन में उमंग है भरा, अटूट विश्वास भी है कि हम विजयी होंगे। हमारे सीनों में फौलादी ताकत है। हाथों में वज्र की दृढ़ता है। पावों में तूफान सी गति।

हम प्रहरी हैं—अपने प्यारे देश के, अपने गुरुजनों और बच्चों के, अपनी माताओं और बहनों के, अपनी बागों और बहारों के। हम इनकी रक्षा करेंगे, लुटेरों को मार भगायेंगे—दूर बहुत दूर।

बहुत दूरी से मंदिरों के स्वर्ण कलश झिल-मिलाते हुए हमें यही आशीस दे रहे हैं कि आगे बढ़ते जाओ, बढ़ते ही जाओ विजयी होंगे।

किन्तु बन्धु ! क्या कभी किसी ने सोचा

भी है कि हम भी मनुष्य हैं, हमें प्रेरणा चाहिये, प्यार चाहिये, भोजन और वस्त्र चाहिये और सबसे आवश्यक वस्तु हमें बन्दूक चाहिये ? हमें खूब सी बन्दूकें, खूब सारा बारूद भेजो ताकि हम अपने अन्दर और गर्मी, और ज्वाला भरकर आगे बढ़ सकें। इसीलिए खालो कसम कि हम जब तक शत्रुओं को नहीं खदेड़ देते तब तक आराम से नहीं रहेंगे। उतार दो इन आभूषणों को और सबकी बन्दूकें खरीदो, बारूद खरीदो, और हम लोगों को भेजो।

हमारे पीछे जो बहार खिली है, जिनमें ढेर सारे फूल खिले हैं, पेड़ों में रंग-बिरंगे, रस-युक्त फल लगे हैं, जिन पर रंग-बिरंगी चिड़ियों के घोंसले हैं और हर घोंसले में चह-चहाते, फुदकते बच्चे हैं, उनकी खुशियां बनी रहे, उनकी हंसी बिखरती रहे। उन बहारों के बीच जो हमारे-तुम्हारे घर हैं, उन घरों में जो अबोध शिशु पालने में सोये हैं, उनकी मधुर नींद को ये चीनी लूटेरे डाकू लूट न सकें। हमारे घरों में जो चूल्हे जल रहे हैं, उन पर चढ़ी कड़ाही में जो दूध उबल रहा है और नर्म रोंयेदार जो बिल्ली बैठी अधर खुली आखों से उसे देख रही है और वहीं पीछे पोढ़े पर जो बधू बैठी है गुमसुम सी-नैनों में स्वप्न संजोये, उसका स्वप्न टूटने न पाये। इसीलिये तो हम प्रहरी बने हैं।

मेरे भईया,

हमारे हाथ खाली होने पर खेतों में लह-

राती गेहूँ की बालियों को ये डाकू रोंद डालेंगे ।
बागों में चहकती चिड़ियों को भूनकर खा
जायेंगे । हमारे कोमल-कोमल बच्चों को
संगीनों की नोंक पर उछाल-उछाल कर ये
दानव अट्टहास करेंगे । हमारी माताओं, बहनों
की असमत भी नहीं बचने पायेगी । हमारे
तीर्थ अपवित्र हो जायेंगे । हमारे मन्दिर भ्रष्ट

हो जायेंगे । हमारी बची हुई श्रेष्ठ संस्कृति भी
नष्ट हो जायेगी । ऐसा कभी न होने पाये इस-
लिए जितनी जल्दी हो सके हमें बन्दूकें भेजो,
टैंक और गनं भेजो । हम खड़े उनकी बाट जोह
रहे हैं ।

जयहिन्द !

—तुम्हारा ही एक प्रहरी

गीत—

काँटों में फूल खिलाता चल

[जिन्दल]

कदम - कदम तू बढ़ाता चल मंजिल तू पास बुलाता चल ।
गम के अंधियारे में घर - घर सुख का दीप जलाता चल ॥
जब तक कण - कण में तेरे गाँधी की वाणी बोल रही ।
द्वेष, युद्ध का विष पीकर जो प्रेम सुधा रस घोल रही ॥
तब तक तू शिव, महाकाल; निर्भय वरदान लुटाता चल ।
गम के अंधियारे में घर - घर सुख का दीप जलाता चल ॥
मन्दिर, मस्जिद एक तेरे हैं, गुरुद्वारे सब गिरजाघर ।
कोई गैर न कोई दुश्मन, सब समान इस धरती पर ॥
सभी पुजारी मानवता के गीत शान्ति का गाता चल ।
गम के अंधियारे में घर - घर सुख का दीप जलाता चल ॥
फिर भी सावधान रह कोई बस्ती न तेरी उजाड़े ।
आजादी के पन्नों को कोई दुष्ट न आकर फाड़े ॥
यही देश का वैभव—तू काँटों में फूल खिलाता चल ।
गम के अंधियारे में घर - घर सुख का दीप जलाता चल ॥

शपथ ग्रहण समारोह-१३वीं बटालियन, सी. आर. पी. अजमेर (राज०)

दिनांक १७ दिसम्बर, १९६३ मंगलवार को १३वीं बटालियन सेन्ट्रल रिजर्व पुलिस, अजमेर के सिपाहियों का प्रशिक्षण समाप्त होने पर शपथ ग्रहण समारोह का आयोजन किया गया था। इस शुभ अवसर पर श्री वी० जी० कनेटकर, आई० पी०, इन्सपेक्टर जनरल ऑफ पुलिस, सेन्ट्रल रिजर्व पुलिस, नई दिल्ली मुख्य अतिथि के रूप में यहाँ पधारे थे। उस दिन प्रातः करीब सवा आठ बजे से ही कार्यक्रम शुरू हो गया था। पहिले सिपाहियों ने परेड की फिर प्लाटून-वाईज शपथ ग्रहण की व अंत में सिपाहियों ने मुख्य अतिथि को सलामी दी। इस शुभ अवसर पर मुख्य अतिथि श्री वी० जी० कनेटकर साहिब ने निम्नलिखित वक्तव्य दिया :—

“१३वीं बटालियन के जवानों, मुझे बड़ी खुशी हुई कि आज के अटैशटेसन परेड पर मुझे हाजिर रहने का मौका मिला। आज की परेड का मतलब क्या होता है यह तो आप सब जानते हैं। आज तक आप रिक्र्यूट थे और आज से कान्सटेबल बन गये। ट्रेनिंग आपकी लगभग खत्म हुई है अब आप एडवांस ट्रेनिंग करेंगे और इसके बाद ड्यूटी के लिये जायेंगे। ड्यूटी किधर मिलेगी यह तो आज नहीं कहा जा सकता लेकिन ड्यूटी ऐसी जगह पर मिलेगी जहाँ पूरा खतरा होगा, तकलीफ होगी, मुसीबत होगी।

हमारी १४ बटालियनें हैं और अब तक १२ बटालियनें बाहर ड्यूटी कर रही हैं, खतरे का काम कर रही हैं। पिछले दो तीन महिनो में मैं वहीं सब जगह पर होकर आया हूँ और वहाँ जवानों और ऑफिसरों का काम, कैसे वो करते हैं, क्या करते हैं, सब देखकर आया हूँ और यह सब देखकर मुझे बहुत खुशी हुई और सी० आर० पी० के जवानों, ऑफिसरों को कितनी भी तकलीफ हो, खतरा हो, कठिनाई हो लेकिन वे बिल्कुल ख्याल नहीं करते और जो भी काम उनको दिया जाता है वह ईमानदारी से और वफादारी से करते हैं। आज तक सी० आर० पी० के इतिहास में ३०-३५ ऑफिसर व जवान मारे गये दुश्मनों के हाथों से। इतना होते हुए भी ऑफिसर्स व जवान बिना डर के और उत्साह से काम करते हैं और यह सब देखकर मुझे बहुत खुशी हुई। मुझे उम्मीद भी यही है कि आपकी भी जब बारी आयेगी, आपको जब बाहर जाना पड़ेगा चाहे किधर भी हो पूर्व हो, पश्चिम हो या उत्तर हो आप भी इतने उत्साह व वफादारी से वहाँ जाकर काम करेंगे और आज तक जितना अच्छा काम सी० आर० पी० बटालियनों ने किया है उतना ही अच्छा काम आप करेंगे। आज की परेड में जो धर्मगुरु तशरीफ लाये और शपथ ग्रहण करने के

कामों में मदद की इसलिये मैं उनको धन्यवाद देता हूँ। आपकी परेड बड़ी शानदार रही जिसका अन्दाजा परेड देखने वाले परेड देख कर लगा सकते हैं।

आपकी ट्रेनिंग मैं एक महीने पहिले ही दांता केम्प में जाकर देख चुका हूँ उससे भी बड़ी

खुशी हुई कि ट्रेनिंग अच्छी हुई और यह सब डी० आई० जी०, कमान्डेन्ट, असिस्टेन्ट कमान्डेन्ट, इन्सट्रक्टरस के कारण ही हुई। इसलिये मैं आप सबको मुबारकवाद देता हूँ। जयहिन्द।”

“मत होने दो ढीला बन्धन”

(श्री एस० एन० सरोज)

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लिखती हूँ अन्तर्मन का तर्जन ।

मत होने दो ढीला बन्धन ॥

मैं तुम्हारे शौर्य का अनुमान बांधे चल रही हूँ ।

क्षीण अन्तरदीप मेरा उसको जलाये चल रही हूँ ॥

मत ख्याल तुम मेरा करो मैं तो तुम्हारे पास हूँ ।

कर्त्तव्यच्युत होओ तो समझो मैं एक टूटी आस हूँ ॥

होगा अशान्त दिल का क्रन्दन ।

मत होने दो ढीला बन्धन ॥

बंध कर मेरी प्रेम ग्रन्थि में साहस को मत खो देना ।

साहस का गर दीप बुझे तो साहस से ही जो देना ॥

विजय श्री का बिरवा लगा कर सौरव अपना बतलाना ।

मां भारती का कष्ट हर के सच्चे सपूत तुम कहलाना ॥

चाहे सहने हों अविरल क्रन्दन ।

मत होने दो ढीला बन्धन ॥

•

लेख—

हमें बढ़ते रहना है

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राष्ट्रीय संकट—

जैसा हम सब जानते हैं कि चीनी आक्रमण ने हमारे देश में एक संकट की स्थिति उत्पन्न कर दी थी। उसका कुप्रभाव आज भी हमारे जन जीवन पर उसी प्रकार व्याप्त है। उसका यह पैशाचिक कृत्य राष्ट्र के लिये एक चुनौती रूप में उपस्थित हुआ जिसका डट कर सामना करने के लिये देश में सर्वत्र क्रान्ति की एक लहर दौड़ गई। सबने अपने राजनैतिक सामाजिक व दल-जाति के भेद भाव भुलाकर, एक मत हो पूरी शक्ति के साथ राष्ट्र विरोधी तत्त्वों को उखाड़ फेंकने के लिये कमर कस ली। इतिहास का एक नया अध्याय शुरू हुआ। राष्ट्र नायक नेहरू ने घोषणा की कि युद्ध ही यदि शान्ति के लिये एकमात्र विकल्प है तो हम इसका डट कर सामना करेंगे और अपने आत्मबल व एकता के बल पर विश्व को सभ्यता की एक नई ज्योति दे सकेंगे।

हमने देखा कि अकेला चीन तो क्या पड़ोसी पाकिस्तान तक भी उसका हिमायती बन गया और दोनों ने मिलकर खूब जहर उगला, देश में अशान्ति उत्पन्न करने की हर हीन प्रवृत्ति को काम में लिया गया किन्तु हम अपने आदर्श का पूरा पूरा ख्याल रखते हुए तनिक भी विचलित न हुए जिसका परिणाम

आज हमारे सामने है। हम एक हैं, संगठित हैं, पहिले से अधिक शक्तिशाली हैं। हमारा यह दृढ़ विश्वास है कि आने वाले हर संकट का हम दृढ़ता से मुकाबला करने में कभी पीछे न रहेंगे—

सी० आर० पी० का विकास—

हमारे आदरणीय प्रधान श्री वी० जी० कनेटकर ने सी० आर० पी० की कमान सम्भालते हुए दि० ३ सितम्बर १९६३ के अपने एक संदेश में फोर्स को अपनी परम्परा-नुसार अधिक कुशल, अनुशासनबद्ध व प्रशिक्षण की दिशा में पूर्ण होने की इच्छा व्यक्त की। वर्तमान में देश की संक्रमण अवस्था का साहस से सामना करने के लिये फोर्स का निरन्तर विकास हमारी सेवा भावना व राष्ट्रहित में सर्वस्व अर्पण करने के महान आदर्श का द्योतक है।

कर्त्तव्य की ओर—

सी० आर० पी० के लिये यह गौरव की बात है कि जम्मू-कश्मीर में भारत तिब्बतीय सीमा फोर्स के अन्तर्गत लेह में, आसाम, नेफा में, भुज-बम्बई व सुदूर नागालैंड में फोर्स के जवान राष्ट्र की सुरक्षा एवं आन्तरिक शान्ति बनाये रखने में जी-जान से जुटे हुए हैं। १९६३

में सभी बटालियनों का यथा स्थिति अपने अपने कार्य का सुन्दर परिचय देते हुए फोर्स की कीर्ति बढ़ाने में योगदान सराहनीय रहा। देश के महान कार्य में इस वर्ष और गति से आगे बढ़ेंगे, इसमें कोई सन्देह नहीं। गत वर्ष का संक्षिप्त लेखा-जोखा इस प्रकार है :

सी० आर० पी० की प्रथम बटालियन ने आसाम व नेफा क्षेत्रों में शान्ति व्यवस्था को बनाये रखने में पूर्ण धैर्य और साहस का परिचय दिया। फोर्स की द्वितीय बटालियन का कार्य ट्राम्बे व भुज के अतिरिक्त मुख्यतः नागालैंड में काफी महत्त्वपूर्ण रहा। ट्राम्बे में जहाँ शराब के अड्डों का पता लगाकर अपराधियों की धर पकड़ की वहाँ भुज में भी कोई सैकड़ों पाकिस्तानी उच्चकों को मवेशियों के साथ हिरासत में लिया। नागालैंड में कई समाज द्रोही तत्वों को उखाड़ फेंकने व शस्त्रादि बरामद करने तथा उपद्रवकारियों की धर पकड़ने के फल-स्वरूप काफी ख्याति मिली व सी० आर० पी० के जवानों व अधिकारियों को ऐसे उत्तम कार्य हेतु नागालैंड शासन द्वारा पुरस्कृत भी किया गया।

तृतीय व चतुर्थ बटालियनों ने भी अपने अपने कार्य क्षेत्रों में पूर्ण मुस्तैदी से अवैध व्यापार की रोक थाम कर लोगों के जान-माल की रक्षा की। यदा-कदा आगजनी आदि की संकटमय स्थिति में भी जन सेवा के महत्व को भली प्रकार समझते हुए जनता का पूर्ण विश्वास प्राप्त किया।

पाँचवीं बटालियन ने जहाँ नागालैंड में कार्य करते हुए समाज विरोधियों को हिरासत में लेकर उनसे शस्त्र, नकद धन व महत्व के कागजात प्राप्त किये वहाँ छठी बटालियन ने जम्मू कश्मीर राज्यों में कई स्थानों पर आग बुझाकर जन सम्पत्ति की रक्षा की। कई पाकिस्तानियों को भारतीय क्षेत्र में अवैध प्रवेश करने व तस्कर व्यापार करने पर कार्यवाही की जिससे कि राज्य की अर्थ व्यवस्था काफी सीमा तक सुधरी रही।

सातवीं आठवीं बटालियनें भी नागालैंड क्षेत्र में विद्रोही तत्वों को समूल नष्ट करने में प्रयत्नशील रहीं। पचासों बन्दी बने व उनसे कई हथियार गोली-बारूद व आपत्तिजनक कागजात बरामद किये। कफ़रू तक की स्थिति में पूरी सतर्कता से काम कर फोर्स ने अपनी योग्यता में कोई कमी न आने दी। इसी प्रकार दसवीं बटालियन ने भी जम्मू काश्मीर में जो कार्य किया वह भुलाया नहीं जा सकता। इलाके के कुख्यात डाकू की धरपकड़ व पाकिस्तानियों के अवैध प्रवेश की रोकथाम में फोर्स की सेवा अमूल्य है।

सी० आर० पी० की इस समय चौदह बटालियनें पूर्ण रूप से प्रशिक्षित होकर राष्ट्र कार्य में जुंभी हुई हैं। समय और देश की माँग के अनुसार यह फोर्स अपनी सेवा और देश भक्ति की महान् परम्परा को भविष्य में अधिक उज्ज्वल रख सकेगी इसमें कोई सन्देह नहीं।

सावधान हो कदम बढ़ाना

[परम पूज्य स्वामी श्री सत्यमित्रानन्द गिरीजी महाराज]

सावधान हो कदम बढ़ाना, ओ मदान्ध रे चीन ।
चालीस कोटि सुतों के रहते भूमि न सकता छीन ॥

यह भारत है धर्म - प्राण अति नीति - न्याय से युक्त ।
इसीलिए चुपचाप अरे ओ बगाबाज अभियुक्त ॥
पर सहिष्णुता की सीमा अब हिलने वाली है ।
करनी की भरनी भी तुमको मिलने वाली है ॥

अभी पाथं गाण्डीव उठेगा, गदा लिए फिर भीम ।
खुला तीसरा शम्भु - नयन, तो फिर परिणाम असीम ॥
पांचजन्य यदि बजा, तुम्हारी होगी ठण्डी बीन ।
सावधान हो कदम बढ़ाना ओ मदान्ध रे चीन ॥

एक इंच भी भूमि देश की यदि तुमने फिर काटी ।
एक नहीं, दो नहीं, सैकड़ों होंगी हल्दी - घाटी ॥
जो भारत का मुकुट उसी पर ड़ाका तुमने डाला ।
तुम्हें ज्ञात क्या प्रखर प्रतापी उस प्रताप का भाला ॥

काली का खप्पर खाली है, मानों प्यासा है ।
चीनी मिश्रित रक्त - पान की अब अभिलाषा है ॥
तुम जितने छोटे हो, उतने ही मति हीन ।
सावधान हो कदम बढ़ाना, ओ मदान्ध रे चीन ॥

माना साठ कोटि संख्या है लेकिन बौने हो ।
भारतीय सिंहों के सम्मुख तुम मृगछोने हो ॥
तुमने भारत का अतीत कब पढ़ा सहित विश्वास ।
कब की ही आँखें खुल जाती, खिच जाती निःश्वास ॥

इतना विस्तृत देश तुम्हारा फिर भी तृष्णा प्यास ।
हिन्दुस्तान अगर चाहे तो करवे सत्यानाश ॥
भारतीय वामन के हित तो पृथ्वी है डग तीन ।
सावधान हो कदम बढ़ाना ओ मदान्ध रे चीन ।

(स्वामीजी की पुस्तक "अर्चना" से उद्धृत — सम्पादक)

•स्केच—

दो आँसू

—श्री एच० एस० चट्टा

जिनमें आवाद थी दुनिया-ए-मोहब्बत उसकी
हाँय वे अशक वे ! आँखों से जुदा हो बंटे !!

•

प्रियतम परदेश गये हुए थे और वह यहाँ अकेली थी, बिल्कुल अकेली, पहिले तो मन बहुत घबराया, गम के काले काले बादलों ने चारों तरफ से घेरा उसको लेकिन धीरे धीरे उसने इस जिन्दगी को अपना लिया—तन्हाई की जिन्दगी को ! फिर भी उनकी याद तड़पा ही देती थी और वह व्याकुल हो जाती। कल भी ऐसा ही हुआ, हृदय में कुछ चुभने सा लगा, मन घबड़ाने लगा और सर चकरा गया, आँखों के आगे अँधेरा छा गया; पाँव लड़खड़ाये भी लेकिन वह जैसे तैसे सम्भल कर बैठ गई। दिल को थाम लिया जो जोर-जोर से धड़क रहा था।

धड़कते हुए दिल ने कहानी शुरू की—कुछ मीठी-मीठी सी, जानी पहिचानी सी और वह सुन रही थी—बे सबी से, इस चाह से कि वह कहानी लम्बी होती जाये, चलती चली जाये, खत्म ही न हो। उसकी आँखें फैली कि

उनमें उनकी तस्वीर उतर आई—बहुत ही स्पष्ट, सुन्दर, प्यारी तस्वीर ! इतने में नीर बढ़ गये, तस्वीर धुँधलाने लगी और वह विचारों के सागर में इतनी डूब गई कि उसको अपनी कोई सुधि नहीं।

नीर बह गये। उसको एक स्वप्न सा दिखाई देने लगा जिसमें बंसी की मधुर आवाज फूट पड़ती है, अपने प्रियतम से मिलने की प्यास बढ़ने लगती है, उनकी सूरत देखने को आँखें मचल उठती हैं। पर हाँ...! स्वप्न टूट गया। प्रियतम न मिले और वे आँसू, गरम गरम आँसू, मोटे मोटे आँसू, दुःख से तपे—दो आँसू उसके कपोलों पर बह गये, तभी मन में एक पश्चाताप हुआ उसके...! वे आँसू उसने क्यों गिरा दिये जो उनकी अमानत रूप में थे, जो पवित्र थे, स्वर्ण से अनमोल थे। उसने मर्यादा तोड़ दी, इसीलिये प्रियतम नहीं आये, उसको न दिख पाये, उससे रूठ गये, उसने तब रोना बन्द कर

दिया, मन में प्रियतम की याद संजोली और मिलन की प्रतीक्षा में बैठ गई—इसी विश्वास के साथ कि वह अब आँसू न गिरायेगी, प्रियतम को नाराज न होने देगी और उनको जरूर जरूर अपने पास बुलाकर रहेगी।

और वे आये—बड़ी मुद्दत के बाद ! उसके सामने खड़े रहे—खड़े रहे कितनी ही देर, वे उसको देख रहे थे और उसकी आँखें उनके चरणों में गड़ी थी। और गड़ी रहीं—कितनी ही देर ! कुछ होश नहीं था—उसको जब प्रियतम ने कहा—‘बहुत नाराज हो ? और तब वह अनायास कह बैठी—अपराधिनी हूँ प्रियतम !! सुखद मिलन के बाद जाने की भी घड़ी आई। कुछ वश न रहा। उन्होंने केवल इतना ही कहा—‘क्षमा करना’ और जाने लगे। वह अवाक् थी, चुप थी; कुछ न बोल सकी और फिर नीर-भर आये। उसने पाँव पकड़ लिये उनके कि दरिया

का बन्ध टूट गया। वह बेकाबू हो बिलख पड़ी। ‘धीरज रखो’—उन्होंने हँसे हुए गले से कहा और उनको ढाढ़स दे वे चल दिये।

ये ही वे शब्द थे जो वे हर बार इसी तरह कहते हुए चले जाते और वह अपराधिन सी अकेली रह जाती। इस बार फिर वह अकेली रह गई। फिर उनके आने की बाट देखने लगी। फिर मिलने को आतुर हो उठी। आँसू वह गये पर मन को शांति न मिली। उसके पास सिवाय उन दो आँसुओं के और था ही क्या और वे प्रेम के मोती, सच्चे मोती, अनमोल मोती—यदि लाख चाहकर भी ढुलक जायें तो वह क्या करे ? इन्हें दुःख के पश्चाताप के आँसू न कहें तो क्या कहें ?? इन आँसुओं को ही अपनी प्रीत न समझे तो प्रीत की उसके पास और वस्तु भी क्या है..... ???

गीत—

ऐसा जीवन मीत चाहिये

[बाबूलाल शर्मा]

पत्थर में जो प्राण फूँक दे मुझको ऐसा गीत चाहिये ।
 ‘दो दीपक हों किन्तु ज्योति एक’ ऐसा जीवन मीत चाहिये ।
 जो पाषाण दुर्ग बनकर सम्मान की रक्षा करता है ।
 संघर्षों में गीत — कदम से कदम मिलाकर चलता है ।
 पत्थर गाये गीत — हृदय में बस मानव से प्रीत चाहिये ।
 ‘दो दीपक हों किन्तु ज्योति एक’ ऐसा जीवन मीत चाहिये ।
 अखण्ड लौ एक देश भक्ति की नहीं कभी बुझने पायेगी ।
 स्वाभिमान की जीवन बाती स्वतन्त्र जलती जायेगी ।
 इबास - इबास में त्याग, शान्ति हो ऐसा जीवन दीप चाहिये ।
 ‘दो दीपक हों किन्तु ज्योति एक’ ऐसा जीवन मीत चाहिये ।

गीत

तुम भूला गीत न दुहराओ
 जो बरस गये बादल सुख के, फिर से न घटा वह उमड़ाओ
 यौवन वसन्त की वह बेला
 बाहों में जिसकी मैं खेला
 अंगार भर गई जीवन में
 स्वप्नों का बिखर गया मेला
 है सूनी डगर, मैं एकाकी, अब पास न मेरे तुम आओ
 तुम भूला गीत न दुहराओ
 विश्वास प्रीत जब पा न सकी
 अश्रु की नयन से न धारा रुकी
 छाया अन्धेरा पल भर में
 उजड़ी बगिया मेरे उर की
 वह मधुर मिलन जो खार हुआ, यों भूल न तुम फिर मुस्काओ
 तुम भूला गीत न दुहराओ

श्री "श्याम"

गज़ल

लिया तो क्या लिया जोकर कोई हमदम न मिल पाया
 दर्द, आँसू में बेगाना हमेशा अपना दिल पाया
 न काँटे राह में होते
 न मंजिल पर कोई तूफ़ान
 मगर देखा सितम एक—
 प्यार का गुलशन न खिल पाया
 लिया तो क्या लिया जोकर कोई हमदम न मिल पाया
 दर्द, आँसू में बेगाना हमेशा अपना दिल पाया
 बहारें छिन गई मुझसे
 न धड़कन में कहीं धुन है
 परेशां जिन्दगी ऐसी न—
 कोई साथ चल पाया
 लिया तो क्या लिया जोकर कोई हमदम न मिल पाया
 दर्द, आँसू में बेगाना हमेशा अपना दिल पाया

“मियांजी ससुराल गये”

[श्रीमती प्रेमलता सरोज]

(१)

मियां जी ससुराल गये थे। खाने में जरा देरी थी और उनको भूख कड़ाके की लग रही थी। शर्म के कारण खाना मांग भी नहीं सकते थे। एकाएक उनकी नजर सामने पड़े हुए अण्डे पर गई, उन्होंने भट से अण्डा उठाया और मुँह में दबा लिया। उनके ससुर साहब मिलने के लिए आये। बात का सिलसिला शुरू किया लेकिन मियांजी कैसे बोलते। आखिर किसी भी बात का जवाब न पाकर ससुर साहब ने पूछा, “आपके गलाफ में गांठ हो गई क्या?” मियांजी ने जवाब में सिर हिलाकर हां भरी। अब क्या था—ससुर साहब तो वहीं उनके पास बैठे रहे तथा अपने लड़के को डाक्टर के पास भेजा। डाक्टर आया और चीरा लगा दिया। मियां जी दर्द के मारे बेचैन थे लेकिन बिचारे क्या करते। चीरा लगने से पीप निकली। सब देखकर घबरा गये और बोले कितनी बड़ी गांठ थी। यह किसको पता था कि उनके मुँह में अण्डा था वह फूट गया है।

(२)

डाक्टर के कहने के अनुसार मियांजी को

सिर्फ दूध ही दिया गया, वे बगैर खाने के ही सोने को मजबूर किए गये। उनको नींद नहीं आ रही थी, पेट में तो चूहे सत्याग्रह कर रहे थे। उनका ध्यान ऊपर की लटान पर गया जहां कि एक टिन रखा हुआ था। स्थान ऊँचा था, आसानी से टिन तक पहुँच भी न सकते थे। उनको एक तरकीब सूझी। भट से कमरा बन्द किया और दो स्टूलें, एक के ऊपर एक रख दी। उनके ऊपर उस टिन को उतारने के मनसूबे से चढ़े। टिन तक उनका हाथ गया ही था कि फिसल कर नीचे गिर गये और हाथ के भटके से टिन भी साथ ही आ गया। स्टूलों पर चढ़ते समय उनको ख्याल न रहा कि पांव में लकड़ी की खड़ाऊ पहने हुए हैं। उनको काफी चोट आई तथा चीख एवं टिन के गिरने की आवाज सुनकर घर वाले सब दौड़े आये। वे लोग बाहर से दरवाजा खोलने के लिए आवाज दे रहे थे। मियांजी ने सोचा थोड़ा बहुत तो खा लूँ। भट से टिन का ढक्कन खोला, उसमें रखे हुए गोंजियों में से एक उठाया और मुँह में डाल लिया। कुछ तो दर्द पहिले ही था और मुँह में भी सत्याग्रह चालू हो गया, उस गोंजिए में

छोटी छोटी चींटियां भरी हुई थीं। दरवाजा खोला लेकिन शर्म के मारे गर्दन नीची थी। जैसे जैसे लोग वहां से हटे और मियांजी ने भी विश्राम करने की सोची। नींद तो कहां से आती, यूँ ही लेटे रहे सबेरा हो गया।

(३)

उनको आये एक दिन निकल गया था लेकिन किसी की नजर मियांजी की अंगूठी पर नहीं गई जो कि उन्होंने हाल ही में ससुराल आने के लिए बनवाई थी। उनको इस बात का बड़ा दुःख हुआ। आखिर इसकी भी तरकीब उन्होंने निकाल ली। थोड़ी दूर जाकर उन्होंने एक घास की बड़ी ढेरी में आग लगा दी। अपने ससुर साहब के मकान पर आकर पांच-सात आदमियों से आग लगने की सूचना दी। लोग पूछने लगे—आग किधर लगी है। मियांजी ने झट अपनी अंगुली उठाई, जिसमें कि

अंगूठी थी, और इशारा कर दिया। पूछने वाले लोगों ने फौरन पूछ लिया कि आपकी अंगूठी तो बहुत अच्छी है। मियांजी ने कहा—अगर आप लोग पहले ही मेरी अंगूठी को देख लेते और तारीफ कर देते तो मैं आग क्यों कर लगाता। अंगूठी की तारीफ की खुशी में उन्हें ख्याल नहीं रहा कि मैं क्या बोल रहा हूँ। अब क्या था बात चारों तरफ फैल गई कि आग लगाने वाला पकड़ा गया। गांव वाले इकट्ठे होकर आये और लगे मियांजी को धुनकने। आखिर पिटते-पिटते हाल बेहाल हो गये। काफी परेशानी हो गई थी इसलिए चुपचाप बगैर कुछ खाए ही अपने घर लौट आये, ससुराल वालों को खबर भी नहीं दी।

मियांजी बेचारे गये तो थे बीबी को लाने लेकिन जो कुछ उनको ससुराल से मिला वह तो सबको मालूम हो ही गया।

गीत

[श्री कुशलचन्द्र]

एक तराना मर मिट जाना देश पर जान लुटाना है ।
तोप, धमाके अंगारे हों, कदम बढ़ाते जाना है ।
जब तक तन में श्वास है जीवित,
स्वाभिमान की आस है जीवित
मरने का विश्वास है जीवित
तब तक धरती की रिपु के शोणित से प्यास बुझाना है ।
तोप धमाके अंगारे हों, कदम बढ़ाते जाना है ।
जो सुख शान्ति में आग लगाये
आततायी बन सम्मुख आये
जाल दुष्टता का जो बिछाये
उसके लिये काल हैं हम यह—जोश हृदय में लाना है ।
तोप, धमाके अंगारे हों, कदम बढ़ाते जाना है ।

“कैसे हों भवसागर पार”—प्रभु प्रीति

[श्री एस० एन० सरोज]

शिवरात्रि के पावन एवं पुनीत पर्व पर ब्रह्मज्ञ संतों के श्रीमुख से आध्यात्मिक चर्चा श्रवण करने का सौभाग्य प्राप्त हुआ था, उसीका अंशः सार मेरी मति अनुसार सभी पाठकों के समक्ष रखने का प्रयत्न कर रहा हूँ।

हिन्दू शास्त्रों की मान्यता के अनुसार सारे जीव अनादि काल से अनेकों बार चौरासी लाख योनियों में भटकते आ रहे हैं, उनमें से कुछ जीव पुण्य के प्रताप से आज मानव शरीर को प्राप्त हुए हैं। इनमें से कितने ही जीव इंद्रासन पर बैठकर आये होंगे, कितने ही जीवों ने देवता बनकर श्रेष्ठ स्वर्गीय सुखों को भोगा होगा, कितने ही जीव चक्रवर्ती राजा बन चुके होंगे, कितने ही बड़े अधिकारी, बड़े व्यापारी, बड़े-बड़े विधान-शास्त्री आदि हो चुके होंगे। कितने ही पशु का जन्म ले चुके होंगे, कितने ही पक्षी के रूप में यहां अवतरित हुए होंगे। कहने का तात्पर्य यह है कि ब्रह्मा से लेकर चींटी तक का जन्म धारण कर चुके होंगे।

मानव जन्म सबसे श्रेष्ठ माना गया है, कारण स्पष्ट है कि मानव में भले-बुरे, हित-अहित आदि के निर्णय करने की क्षमता है, लेकिन ऐसी क्षमता को धारणा करते हुए भी

हम अंधकार के गर्त में पड़े हुए हैं। हममें वो सब सामर्थ्य है जिसके द्वारा हम अपने आपको पहचानते हुए परम पद की प्राप्ति कर सकते हैं लेकिन हमारी उस सामर्थ्य के ऊपर आसक्ति, द्वेष, काम, क्रोध, लोभ, मद, मोह, विषमता, भोग परायणता एवं अशांति आदि दुर्गुणों, दुर्भावों और दुर्विचारों का पर्दा पड़ा हुआ है। साधारण से दृष्टान्त के द्वारा ऊपरलिखित बात स्पष्ट हो जाती है। एक शीशा है, उस शीशे में सामर्थ्य है कि उसके पास जाकर उसमें देखने से हमें अपने ऊपरी प्रतिबिम्ब का भान हो जाता है लेकिन अगर उस शीशे के ऊपर धूल जम जाय व चिकनाई लग जाय तो हम अपना प्रतिबिम्ब नहीं देख सकेंगे। अपनी आत्मा उसी शीशे के समदृश है। हर आत्मा वैसी ही है जैसी होनी चाहिए फिर भी आज विभिन्नता पाई जाती है। जैसे प्रतिबिम्बावलोकन में सहायक शीशा हरेक के पास होता है किन्तु किसी के पास साफ होता है और किसी के पास धूल धूसरित उसी प्रकार से आत्मा है। कहने का सारांश यही है कि किसी की आत्मा सांसारिक प्रपंचों से परे होती है तो किसी की उन प्रपंचों में लिप्त। उन सांसारिक प्रपंचों तथा दुर्गुणों में

लिप्त होने के कारण ही हम अपने आपको अपना वास्तविक स्वरूप पहचानने में असमर्थ पाते हैं। जिस तरह से शीशे की ऊपरी गंदगी को मिटाने से वह फिर हमारा प्रतिबिम्ब बता देता है उसी प्रकार से अगर हमारे अन्दर की तमाम आसक्ति, छल, दंभ, मद, मोह, ईर्ष्या, द्वेष आदि रूपी गंदगी हटा दें तो हम अपने वास्तविक स्वरूप को पहचानने में समर्थ हो सकते हैं। सवाल पैदा होता है कि इस गंदगी को किस तरह हटाया जाय ? इसका यही उत्तर है कि उसके लिए साधन किया जाय। साधन मात्र का सार क्या है ? सब साधन का सार है—

“साधन सिद्धि राम पग नेह”

अर्थात् परमात्मा के चरणारविन्द में नेह अनुराग, प्रेम। भगवान के चरणों में परा-अनुरक्ति, अलौकिक प्रेम होने से ही साधन की सिद्धि हो सकती है। भगवान के चरणों में बिना प्रेम पैदा किए साधन असाध्य प्रतीत होता है। जैसे भगवान का स्वरूप अलौकिक है वैसे ही उनके प्रति मानव मात्र का प्रेम भी अलौकिक होना चाहिए। बिना प्रीति के प्रियतम (परमात्मा) का साक्षात्कार नहीं हो सकता है। साधन की प्रथम सीढ़ी यही है। जिस प्रकार से प्रथम सीढ़ी पर चढ़े बिना छत पर नहीं चढ़ सकते उसी प्रकार साधन की प्रथम सीढ़ी “अनुराग, प्रेम, स्नेह” पर पहुँचे बिना उस पर ब्रह्म परमात्मा का साक्षात्कार नहीं हो सकता। जब तक सच्चा और वास्तविक प्रेम नहीं होगा तब तक साधन में आगे नहीं बढ़ सकते। इसे दूसरे स्थान पर दूसरी रीति से कहा जाता है—

“राम नाम को अंक है सब साधन है सून”

इसका भाव यह है कि रामनाम अर्थात्

ईश्वर से किसी भी रूप में भाव और प्रेम अपने-अपने इष्ट में प्रेम या अनुराग अंक है। अंक नौ होते हैं जो एक से नौ तक क्रमशः प्रसिद्ध हैं। यदि एक के आगे शून्य रखें तो उसकी कीमत दस गुनी हो जाती है। यदि शून्य अकेला हो और एक न हो तो उस शून्य का मतलब शून्य ही रहता है। सारांश यह है कि अगर ईश्वर में अनुराग नहीं है, उसके प्रति प्रेम नहीं है तो फिर हमारे सब अन्य साधन शून्य के समान हैं और अगर ईश्वर में अनुराग है तो और दूसरे साधन फलीभूत हो सकते हैं। अगर ईश्वर के प्रति अनुराग नहीं है तो अन्य आगे के साधनों का प्रभाव बहुत ही अल्प याने नहीं के बराबर होता है। साधन के प्रति प्रेम न हो, साधन यदि भाव से न किया गया हो तो वह साधन सफल नहीं होता है। साधन में प्रेम, भाव या अनुराग तभी होता है जब साध्य के प्रति प्रेम हो। साध्य अर्थात् ईश्वर के प्रति प्रेम न हो तो उसकी प्राप्ति के साधन में प्रीति कैसे हो सकती है। जो परमात्मा से प्रेम करता है, परमात्मा उससे प्रेम करता है।

संगीत सम्राट तानसेन बादशाह की सभा में गा रहे थे। श्रोतागण मुग्ध थे। ज्यों ज्यों उसकी अंगुलियां तानपुरे के तारों पर पड़ रही थी, हरेक के शरीर के तार झंझवात कर रहे थे। बादशाह बड़ा खुश हुआ और पूछा—तानसेन, क्या तुमसे भी अच्छा कोई गा सकता है ? आज हम तुम्हारे गाने से बहुत खुश हैं। तानसेन ने कहा—बादशाह मैं मेरे गुरुजी के तो नाखूनों की भी बराबरी नहीं कर सकता हूँ। उनके संगीत के सामने मेरा संगीत कुछ नहीं है। कैसी अच्छी भावना थी उस तानसेन की। बादशाह ने कहा—तुम्हारे गुरुजी का गाना हम

सुनना चाहते हैं—क्या वे यहां हमारी सभा में गा सकते हैं ? वे यहाँ नहीं आयेंगे—तानसेन का उत्तर था—हां, अगर आप मेरे साथ चलें तो उनका संगीत सुन सकते हैं। बादशाह भेष बदल कर तानसेन के साथ चल दिया। गन्तव्य स्थान पर पहुँचते ही तानसेन ने बादशाह को पेड़ के पास छुप जाने को कहा तथा स्वयं गुरुजी के पास गया तथा चरण स्पर्श किया। कुशलता पूछने के बाद गुरुजी ने आने का कारण पूछा। तानसेन बोला—श्रद्धेय, आपने जो राग मुझे बताया उसे मैं भूल गया हूँ—कृपा करके मुझे दुबारा बताइए। उन्होंने कहा, अच्छा तुम शुरू करो, जहाँ गलती होगी मैं समझा दूंगा। तानसेन ने जान बूझ कर गलत प्रारम्भ किया। गुरुजी ने तानपुरा अपने हाथ में लिया और कहा अब ध्यान से सुनो। जब वो गाने लगने लगे तानसेन मानों स्वर्ग सा लगने लगा। हर कण-कण में जैसे चैतन्यता आ गई थी। परमात्मा से बड़ी दुःख भरी आवाज में याचना की गई थी। गायन समाप्त होने पर तानसेन ने कण्ठ के लिए क्षमा मांगी और तत्पश्चात् चरण-स्पर्श करके वहाँ से प्रस्थान किया। आगे आकर पेड़ के पास देखा तो बादशाह मूर्छावस्था में पड़ा हुआ था। नदी का पवित्र जल लाकर तानसेन ने बादशाह के मुँह पर छिड़का तथा मूर्छावस्था टूटने पर बादशाह से पूछा—सुना आपने मेरे श्रद्धेय गुरुजी का संगीत। बादशाह ने कहा तानसेन तुम भी संगीत सम्राट हो, तुम ऐसा क्यों नहीं गा सकते ? तानसेन की आँखों में आंसू छलक आये, बोला—मैं बादशाह को खुश करने के लिए गाता हूँ किन्तु वे बादशाहों के भी बादशाह(परमात्मा)को खुश करने के लिए गाते हैं।

इस दृष्टान्त से यही सार निकलता है कि

परमात्मा के प्रेमी की हमेशा जीत होती है तथा सांसारिक सुख व एश्वर्य से लिप्त मानव को उस परमात्मा में प्रीति रखने वाले के सामने हार माननी पड़ती है। ऐसे कई दृष्टान्त मिलते हैं कि सिर्फ आंतरिक व वास्तविक प्रेम से ही परमात्मा बशीभूत हो जाते हैं एवं अपने भक्त का उद्धार कर इस जन्म-मरण के बंधन से छुटकारा दे देते हैं। मार्ग की प्रशस्तता में अड़-चन डालने वाले—सांसारिक लोलुपता, मोह, निरर्थ की आशावादिता आदि कई अवगुण हैं, इनका परित्याग करना तथा अपने जीवन में त्याग, अहिंसा, प्रेम, करुणा, पर दुःख कायरता, विनय, नम्रता, सहिष्णुता, सेवा, संयम, साधुता, समता एवं शान्ति आदि सुन्दर विचारों का आविर्भाव हो तभी हम अपने गन्तव्य पर पहुँच सकते हैं। यह संसार एक अथाह समुद्र के समान है और मानव-जीवन एक नौका तथा स्वयं मानव केवट के समान। जिस तरह से समुद्र में नाव चले और उसमें पानी भर जाय तथा केवट उस पानी को बाहर न निकाले तो नौका का पानी में डूब जाना अवश्यम्भावी है, उसी प्रकार से अगर इस संसार रूपी सागर में जीवन रूपी नैया चले एवं उसमें अवगुणों रूपी पानी भर जाय और मानव रूपी केवट उसे बाहर न निकाले तो परिणाम यही होगा कि जीवन का पतन हो जायेगा। इस भव सागर में उसी तरह रहना चाहिए जिस तरह से नाव समुद्र की सतह पर रहती है। संसार में रहना चाहिए उसी नाव की तरह किन्तु सांसारिक प्रपंचों में लिप्त नहीं होना चाहिए। हर स्थिति में सन्तुष्ट रहना ही श्रेयस्कर है। यही है भव सागर से पार होने की संतवाणी। प्रभु प्रीति अगर अन्तर्मन में जागृत हो तथा बाद में साधन किए जायें तो सफलता सुनिश्चित है।

“चीनियों की चीनी बनायेंगे, चीनी से कंट्रोल हटायेंगे”

[श्री धर्मवीरसिंह “वीर”]

चीनी और चीनियों ने, दोनों ने बहुत तंग किया ।
 इधर ब्लंक हुआ चीनी पर, उधर चीनियों ने जंग किया ॥
 दोनों पर काबू पाने के लिए सरकार ने नया ढंग किया ।
 चीनियों की चीनी बनाने के लिए, विदेशों को अपने संग लिया ॥
 हम विदेशों को चीनी पहुंचायेंगे, लड़ाई के अजार मंगायेंगे ।
 चीनियों की चीनी बनायेंगे, चीनी से कंट्रोल हटायेंगे ॥

चीनी की बढ़ गई बोली है, चीनियों की कीमत गोली है ।
 दुगुने भाव चीनी आधी तोली है, खेती गोलियों की वीरों ने होली है ॥
 चीनी में मिट्टी घोली है, दोस्त ने दुश्मनी मोल ले ली है ।
 चीनी ब्लंक खोरों की टोली है, चीनियों ने मचाई राम रोली है ॥
 हम चीनी नहीं लायेंगे, दुश्मन पर गोलियां बरसायेंगे ।
 चीनियों की चीनी बनायेंगे, चीनी से कंट्रोल हटायेंगे ॥

हम गुड़ की चाय बनायेंगे, बोर्डर के आगे जायेंगे ।
 चीनी का मोल घटायेंगे चीनियों को जकड़ कर लायेंगे ॥
 ब्लंक खोरों को कंद करायेंगे, चीनियों का निशां मिटायेंगे ।
 चीनी, चीनी फिर घबरायेंगे, जब हम हाथ दिखायेंगे ॥
 चीनी में चीनी मिलायेंगे, दोनों को साथ मिलाकर खायेंगे ।
 चीनियों की चीनी बनायेंगे, चीनी से कंट्रोल हटायेंगे ॥

चीनी और चीनियों, न करो नुकता चीनी ।
 अकल की दवा करो, अब छोड़ो बात कमीनी ॥
 तुम्हारी बेवकूफी पर दुनियां है तमाशबीनी ।
 अमरीका, रूस, इटली, तुमने किसी से अकल न लीनी ॥
 “वीर” चीन को भारत बनायेंगे, वहां खूब गन्ना उपजायेंगे ।
 चीनियों की चीनी बनायेंगे, चीनी से कंट्रोल हटायेंगे ॥

पुलिस खेलकूद—

१३वीं अ० मा० पुलिस खेलकूद प्रतियोगिता

सेन्ट्रल रिजर्व पुलिस ने दूसरा स्थान प्राप्त किया

(श्री गुरुबचनसिंह सर्वश्रेष्ठ खिलाड़ी (एथलीट) रहे)

इस वर्ष १३वीं अखिल भारतीय पुलिस खेलकूद प्रतियोगिता राजस्थान के सुन्दर रमणीय एवं अत्यन्त आकर्षक नगर जयपुर में दिनांक ३१ जनवरी १९६४ से दि० ७ फरवरी १९६४ तक आयोजित हुई जिसमें देश के विभिन्न राज्यों की लगभग १४ पुलिस टीमों ने भाग लिया। इस प्रतियोगिता का राजस्थान के मुख्य मंत्री श्री मोहनलाल सुखाड़िया ने उद्घाटन किया तथा उन्हीं के कर कमलों द्वारा कार्यक्रम सम्पन्न होने पर विजेताओं को पुरस्कृत किया गया।

१९६२ की पुलिस खेल विजेता टीम पंजाब पुलिस ने इस बार भी प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त कर चैम्पियनशिप जीती। १९६२ में सी.आर.पी टीम का चतुर्थ स्थान था किन्तु हर्ष है कि इस बार अटूट श्रम और विश्वास के बूते पर इसने अपना दूसरा स्थान बनाया। इस प्रकार की आशातोत सफलता हमारे लिये हर्ष का विषय है—तृतीय स्थान मद्रास टीम ने प्राप्त किया।

खेलकूद की व्यक्तिगत श्रेष्ठता के आधार पर यकार्ता में चतुर्थ एशियाई खेलकूद प्रतियोगिता में डिक्थलन प्रतियोगिता का स्वर्ण पदक प्राप्त करने वाले सी. आर. पी. के श्री गुरुबचनसिंह सर्वश्रेष्ठ खिलाड़ी (एथलीट) घोषित हुए। १९६२ में भी तीसरी बार यह

गौरव आपने ही प्राप्त किया था और इस चौथी बार भी आप सफल होकर “गृहमंत्री स्वर्ण पदक” के अधिकारी हुए। उन्हें बधाई है।

इस वर्ष जो प्रतियोगितायें हुई, उनमें फुटबॉल में आंध्र प्रदेश पुलिस टीम ने विजय श्री प्राप्त की जबकि हॉकी, वॉलीबॉल व जिमनास्टिक प्रतिस्पर्धा में जीत का सेहरा पंजाब पुलिस को बंधा। कुश्ती में सामूहिक श्रेष्ठता के आधार पर अखाड़ा सी. आर. पी. टीम का रहा।

सी. आर. पी. के खिलाड़ियों ने विभिन्न खेलकूदों में भाग लेकर जो स्थान बनाये उनका संक्षिप्त विवेचन निम्न प्रकार है:—

४०० मीटर की बाधा दौड़ में हमारे ही अर्जुन पुरस्कार विजेता श्री गुरुबचनसिंह प्रथम रहे। आपने यह दौड़ ५४.५ सैकण्ड में पूर्ण की। डिक्थलन में हमारे दूसरे खिलाड़ी श्री सूचासिंह प्रथम आये। आपने ४३.७७ अंक प्राप्त किये। ११० मीटर की बाधा दौड़ को श्री गुरुबचनसिंह ने १४.६ सैकण्ड में तय कर प्रथम स्थान बनाया। ऊँची कूद में भी आप ही १.९४ मीटर कूद कर प्रथम रहे, जब कि ऊँची कूद का १.८५ मीटर पर तीसरा स्थान शेरसिंह (सी.आर.पी.) को मिला। ८०० मीटर की दौड़ में हमारे श्री

जीवनसिंह तृतीय रहे जबकि इस दौड़ को १ मिनट व ५६.५ सैकिण्ड में पूरी करने पर राजस्थान के श्री हजारीराम प्रथम रहे।

लम्बी कूद में श्री गुरबचनसिंह ने अपने १९६२ के रिकार्ड ७'१० मीटर को तोड़ते हुए इस बार ७'११ मीटर का नया रिकार्ड बनाया।

इस बार की प्रतियोगिता में हालांकि समयाभाव व दौड़ पथ की कुछ खामियाँ किसी हद तक निश्चय ही बाधक नहीं फिर भी हमें विश्वास है कि खिलाड़ीगण अपने अधिक परिश्रम व लगन से भविष्य में अधिक कुशलता का परिचय देंगे।

रु बा इ याँ

[श्री 'दमन']

तुम्हीं को देखकर लगता है देख ली दुनियाँ
दो घड़ी मिलके तुम से समझली मैंने दुनियाँ
दूसरी बात नहीं जिन्दगी में सिवाय इसके—
तुम्हीं हो दिल, दिमाग, हो तुम्हीं मेरी दुनियाँ।

वक्त के साथ आरजू आती है, जाती है
आँख भी मिलाती है तो कभी बदल जाती है
दिल, वफा; अशक इशारों में बहकती धड़कन
कभी प्यार लाती है, कभी छीन ले जाती है।

कोई जवानी में न जिक्र मोहब्बत का करदे
दिल की धड़कन में कोई याद न तूफ़ाँ भरदे
मुँह को काबू में किये चुप हूँ मगर डरता हूँ
ये बहकती, ढूँढती नजरें न कयामत कर दें।

उनके आने से करार तो आया
कुछ हँसी, खुशी का खुमार तो आया
दिल की तसल्ली को यही काफी है
उनकी नज़र में कुछ नज़र तो आया।

मिला, न मिला साथ बात दो दिन की
जवानी में मुलाकात दो दिन की
नाज़, नखरों का इश्क कायल नहीं
ये हुस्न की है बरात दो दिन की।

तेरी मुस्कान अगर गम पे मेरे छा न सके
मेरी आहों को मौजे - इश्क में बहा न सके
कहूँ कैसे यकीन जिन्दगी आसानी होगी
चाहकर मौत भी जब पास मेरे आ न सके।

आरजू

[श्री सुरेश शर्मा "अकेला"]

जल जाए आरजू तेरी

मुझको जलाने वाले ।

नींद न आये तुझको

मेरी खराब करने वाले ॥

मिट जाए सभी आरजू

टूट जायें सभी सपने ।

न पा सको ऐसा कोई,

कह सको जिन्हें अपने ॥

उजड़े दुनियां तेरी,

आँहें भी न तू भर सके ।

ऐसे विराने में भी

न तुझको मौत आ सके ॥

हजार की हो उम्र तेरी

और भी तड़फने के लिए ।

मांगे जहर तो वो भी न

मिल सके मरने के लिए ॥

चुटकुले

एक गाँव में विश्राम करते हुए बादशाह जहाँगीर ने एक देहाती से अण्डे लाने को कहा । देहाती दो अण्डे ले आया जिनकी कीमत उसने बीस रुपये के दर से रु० ४०) चालीस वसूल की । ऐसे बड़े हुए भाव को सुनकर बादशाह ने आश्चर्य से पूछा—“क्या यहाँ अण्डे कम मिलते हैं ?”

देहाती—“जी नहीं हुजूर ! बल्कि हमें बादशाह कम मिलते हैं ।”

ग्रामवाला—“बढ़िया ‘लंगड़े’ ग्राम ले लो ।”

बाबूजी—“क्या सचमुच ग्राम लंगड़े हैं !”

ग्रामवाला—“अगर ग्राम लंगड़े न होते तो इन्हें उठाये क्यों फिरता !!”

अध्यापक—“भारत में कौन कौन से मत प्रचलित हैं ?”

विद्यार्थी—“जी, बौद्ध मत; जैन मत और.... और.... !”

अध्यापक—(गुस्सा होकर)—“बंको मत !”

विद्यार्थी—“जी हाँ, और—बंको मत !”

न्यायाधीश—“तुमने जौहरी की दुकान से हीरे का यह हार क्यों चुराया ?”

अपराधी—“क्या करता हुजूर ! उस हार के साथ नत्थी किये गये पुर्जे पर लिखा था—‘यह स्वर्ण अवसर हाथ से न जाने दीजिये’ और मैं अपने आपको तब अवसर का लाभ उठाने से न रोक सका हुजूर !!”

साधना करण



सम्भवतः आज भारत ही एक ऐसा देश है जो चीन के प्रसार तथा आक्रमण का सामना कर सकता है। यदि भारत असफल रहा तो चीन की आक्रमण नीति को नियंत्रित करने वाला कोई नहीं रह जायेगा। इसलिये भारत का मजबूत बनना सिर्फ इसके निजी हित के लिये ही नहीं बल्कि शांति के लिए भी आवश्यक है।

—श्री छागला

भारत किसी भी देश के विरुद्ध शक्ति प्रयोग कदापि नहीं करेगा। परन्तु यदि कोई बाहरी शक्ति भारत की भूमि पर बलान् कब्जा करने को उठती है तो हम अपने भू-भाग की अखण्डता बनाये रखने के लिये उसका पूरी शक्ति के साथ सामना करना अपना कर्तव्य समझेंगे।

—श्री मेनन

जब हमने सेना रखी है तो इसका अर्थ यह है कि हम अन्तर्राष्ट्रीय क्षेत्र में सैनिक शक्ति बनाए रखने की आवश्यकता मानते हैं। यदि वह शुभ दिन आया कि जब सारे संसार में से सेनाओं का बहिष्कार हो जाएगा तो हम उसका अभिनन्दन करेंगे पर जब तक वह दिन उदय नहीं होता तब तक हमको भारत की सीमाओं की रक्षा करनी है। यही हमारा धर्म है।

—आचार्य रघुवीर

विस्तारवादी चीन ने आज हमारे आत्म विश्वास और देश भक्ति को चुनौती दी है। जिस तरह हमने अंग्रेजों की चुनौती को स्वीकार कर राष्ट्रात्मा में चैतन्य जागृत किया, उसी हमारे पुराने चैतन्य को पुनः विद्यमान कर हमें देश की अखण्डता और सम्मान की रक्षा के लिये तैयार रहना है।

—आचार्य कृपलानी

कष्ट कहने के लिए नहीं, सहने के लिए होते हैं।

—डा० राजेन्द्र प्रसाद