THEY CALLED ME AN 'IMPECCABLE IMPERIALIST'

'A picture of an Impeccable Imperialist,' was the headline of an interview with Lionel Jardine in the 'Post-Courier', the national newspaper of Papua New Guinea. Mr Jardine, who was visiting the country shortly before self-government in December 1971, was interviewed on his 33 years as part of the Indian Civil Service.

They called me an 'Impeccable Imperialist'

LIONEL JARDINE

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To my wife, Marjorie,
who was part of the whole story —
and still is

Contents

Foreword

APART from their personal qualities, Lionel Jardine and his wife Marjorie are valuable links with the era in which their country Great Britain ruled large tracts of this earth. In that era it fell to Mr Jardine to administer different and sizable parts of what are now India and Pakistan.

His charge was to govern on behalf of the Raj, but by and large he made his own decisions; it was neither customary nor practicable in those days for officials on the spot to obtain instructions from distant headquarters.

Being some decades younger than him, I have no firsthand knowledge of Mr Jardine's style of governance. But from some of his surviving Indian contemporaries I have learned that he was just, incapable of being tempted by money and something of a pathbreaker when it came to interracial relations—relations, that is, between the rulers and the ruled.

Justice and integrity were not rare in the agents of the British Raj. An Indian who figures prominently in the story of our freedom movement, Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, or Rajaji, as so many knew him, wrote the following in 1921 in a diary

which he maintained in Vellore prison. (He was confined in it for an action connected with the freedom movement.):

> "We all ought to know that Swaraj (freedom) will not at once . . . be better government or greater happiness for the people. Corruption, injustice, and the power and tyranny of wealth and inefficiency of administration will make a hell of life . . . Men will look regretfully back to the old regime of comparative justice and efficient, peaceful, more or less honest administration. The only thing gained will be that as a race we will be saved from dishonour and subordination."

The indigenous administrators of a free India of the future, Rajaji himself included, did not quite merit this condemnation by foresight, but I quote the passage for the acknowledgement it contains of the impartiality and honesty of the likes of Lionel Jardine. I should perhaps mention in this context that the Raj, too, was capable of noting the calibre of many who fought it.

The gallantry, on both sides, of the struggle of India versus the Raj will, I believe, outlast its pain and bitterness. Nor was the relationship exclusively one of struggle. Deep personal bonds were created—as this short recollection will show.

Lionel Jardine (let me now refer to some of the other gifts he possesses) can be disarmingly frank about himself. There is courage in his honesty and truth in his friendships.

At some point in his Indian tenure on behalf of the Raj he and his wife Marjorie made profound

personal decisions that have helped them to enrich their relationships and indeed the lives of their friends. His story, as reproduced in this book, will add to the work of their lives.

Rajmohan Gandhi,
Chief Editor of "Himmat Weekly",
and author of
"Warrior from the South",
Bombay, 1979.

Preface

IN MY EIGHTY-THIRD YEAR I have written what follows at the instance of an Indian editor of a Bombay paper who knows my story, which is about a British administrator in the pre-independent India between 1920 and 1947.

I had been writing my memoirs for the benefit of my grandchildren and not finding it satisfactory. The canvas was too large for me. Then one day the editor said present-day administrators in India and elsewhere could benefit from my experience. He suggested that instead I should simply put down on paper an account of the miracles God has done through an ordinary member of the Indian Civil Service and his wife who decided to place their lives under God's direction.

It was this decision which led me to national figures like Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Nimbkar the Communist leader, and Mr J. R. D. Tata, the kind of people not likely to come the way of a British administrator.

My grandchildren and their generation are likely to have even greater problems to face than we had. Our story, I hope, will give them some guidelines to follow.

Lionel Jardine,
London, 1978.

CHAPTER 1

The Beginning

"WHY DON'T YOU go back to India and live differently?"

In 1934 I was confronted with this challenge by an American, Dr Frank Buchman, who was the initiator of Moral Re-Armament. I was in Britain on leave at the time, and not particularly looking forward to my return to India. Perhaps if I had known what the consequences would be I would have hesitated even more. Fortunately for me I was in such a state of unhappiness and frustration that I accepted the challenge.

I had grown up with an Indian background to my life. My maternal great-grandfather landed in Calcutta in 1806 as an officer in the Honourable East India Company's service. Twenty years later he died in Calcutta, leaving a wife and eight children, all born in India. My father and his three brothers all served in India, two in the Civil Service and two as lawyers. Two of them died in India in their early thirties. My father retired from the Indian Civil Service in 1897 and was knighted. He was elected to Parliament in 1906. He was sometimes called the member for India. He was one of

two or three members of the I.C.S. to welcome publicly the members of the first Indian National Congress* in Bombay in 1885.

I spent one year at Oxford after leaving school in 1913. It was understood that I was planning to enter the I.C.S., but the Great War of 1914 altered everything. On August 4th, the day Britain declared war on Germany, my Territorial Army regiment was mobilized. I was nineteen and a second lieutenant. I never returned to Oxford.

It so happened my regiment spent some months in India before proceeding in 1915 on active service in Mesopotamia; so I saw something of the country and made friends in the United Provinces (now Uttar Pradesh). Furthermore, on active service my regiment formed part of an Indian division and was based on India for pay, reinforcements, supplies and such things. I passed an examination in Hindustani. In 1916 I was wounded and was sent to a hospital in Bombay.

I served in the army in Mesopotamia till the Armistice in 1918, when I accepted an offer of employment in the Civil Administration which the British had to create, as by that time they had become responsible for the administration of the whole area east of the Euphrates between Basra

* The Indian National Congress was founded by a distinguished I.C.S. Scotsman, called Allan Octavian Hume who had strong views in favour of an early attainment of self-government by India. Of India in 1887 he wrote, "Toil, toil, toil; hunger, hunger, hunger; sickness, suffering, sorrow; these, alas, are the key-notes of their short and sad existence".

and Mosul. In this period I met many officers on loan from the civil and military services of India. I read in the Indian newspapers accounts of events at Jallianwallah Bagh and other places as they occurred.

When in 1921 it became certain that British rule in Mesopotamia was to cease, I decided to return to England. I was now 26 and eager to be married. I became engaged to a lady of similar background to myself. Her grandfather had been a full general in the Army in India.

After an examination I was accepted for appointment to the I.C.S. and also selected for the Sudan Political Service. Also I was offered a well-paid post in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. I knew that the prospect of British rule in India lasting out my working life was remote. And now I would have to think of a wife as well as myself. But I knew my father who had died in 1919 wanted one of his sons to follow him into the I.C.S. and I was the only one qualified and available. I had a feeling that as a family we owed much to India and I believed I had somthing to give. I finally decided in favour of the I.C.S.

Towards the end of 1921 I set forth by sea for the United Provinces (U.P.) to which I was posted, with a considerable sense of responsibility. My ship berthed at Bombay just as that city was recovering from the riots which had accompanied the arrival of the Prince of Wales and in which 58 people had been killed.

I found the U.P. in the grip of the civil disobedience campaign. When I reported to my superior

officer, the Deputy Commissioner of Lucknow, he said, "What are you doing here? We are all packing up to go home." In fact in his case this was true, but it was a rather chilling welcome.

I was invited by a young civilian and his wife to live with them. He had entered the Service in 1914 and had become eligible for a proportionate pension. He had a wife and two children. We had many discussions about the prospects for the British in India and whether British rule would last out our time. I began to wonder whether I had made a wrong decision. Even the Governor, Sir William Morris, in confidence, advised me to leave. My host decided to go. He subsequently became headmaster of a well-known school in England and finally Dean of Exeter Cathedral. But we decided to stay. My wife and I never regretted it.

The policy of Congress was to make the task of administration as difficult as possible. This was the atmosphere in which I passed the next two years in Lucknow. There were civil disobedience demonstrations when thousands of youths courted arrest and also violent riots between Hindus and Muslims with many deaths. There were two tremendous floods causing thousands of people and cattle to be homeless and near starvation. On the top of all this the visit of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII. It was a difficult post-war period of political change, violence, and the creation of new precedents. I was impressed by the restraint and good nature in this situation of most of the officers of the I.C.S.

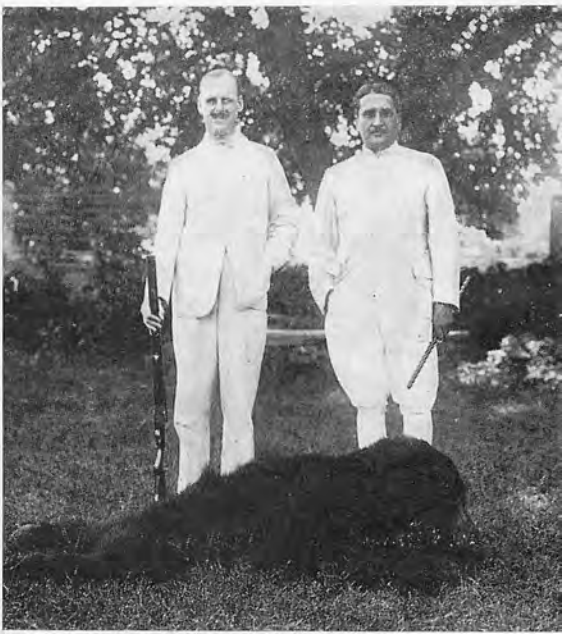
I did not behave well. Years later Dr Sampuranand, Chief Minister of the U.P., gave me the

opportunity to tell the Lucknow Legislative Assembly how it hurt my pride to have to go and pay my respects to Indian Ministers — posts created to deal with certain subjects transferred to the Indian legislature. Being told that I would merely put myself in the wrong if I did not pay an official call, I took the shabby course of ascertaining when the Minister would not be in his office and choosing that time to call. The Legislative Assembly received my apology in a generous spirit and the press gave it maximum publicity.

In 1924, when I had been three years in the U.P., I received an offer from the Viceroy of an appointment to the Foreign and Political Department of the Government of India. The main task of this department was to handle all dealing with the princely states, the Maharajas and Nawabs, which occupied one third of the territory of undivided India. The department had various commitments also in the Persian Gulf, Afghanistan and Iran. It was responsible too for the Administration, under the direct control of the Viceroy, of the North West Frontier Province (N.W.F.P.) and Baluchistan.

One of my cousins was Resident in the great Mahratta State of Gwalior where I had visited him several times. I had expected to follow him and my father in employment of this kind, but the offer I received and accepted was the post of city Magistrate of Peshawar, the capital of the N.W.F.P.

In Landi Kotal, Khyber 1929, LWJ as Political Agent



His Highness of Panna, author and bear, Bundelkhand 1934

Lt. Lionel W. Jardine
The Queens Royal Regiment
Lucknow 1974

Author and wife,
Bundelkhand 1935

CHAPTER 2

North-West Frontier Province

PESHAWAR WAS and still is the capital of the North West Frontier Province, formed from part of the Punjab by Lord Curzon in 1901, in order to bring the Afghan border directly under the Government of India. From the start its romantic history — John Nicholson, Herbert Edwardess, Afghan Wars — its rough and free people, its hills, passes and rivers, captivated my wife and me. For my wife it was the scene of many exploits of her grandfather, General Sir Alexander Taylor, by whom, at the age of 24, the 278 miles of the Grand Trunk Road from Lahore to Peshawar was surveyed and made. For the rest of our service, in spite of the beauty of Kashmir and the charm of the jungles of Bundelkhand, we were never truly happy till we had crossed the Indus again.

The population of the administered area of the Frontier Province at that time was said to be two and a half million, of whom 92 per cent were Muslims. The rest were mainly Hindu professional men, shop-keepers, and money lenders. The tribal territory was estimated to have a population slightly larger, nearly all Muslim Pathans, armed and inde-

pendent.

The Frontier was never uneventful. On our arrival people were still talking of the murder of a Mrs Ellis, wife of a military officer, by tribesmen from across the administrative border, and the abduction of her daughter. In the same year two majors of the Seaforth Highlanders were assassinated by Shinwari tribesmen at the top of the Khyber Pass.

Murders, largely occasioned by the Pathan code of bloodfeuds, were commonplace. So were raids by trans-border Pathans into British territory. From these the main sufferers were Hindus, though a British officer might wake one morning to find that all his household goods — including the sheets and blankets in which he was sleeping — had been removed, despite the fact that cantonments in which the British lived, were surrounded by wire.

My wife and I enjoyed living in the heart of a large military formation which guarded the Afghan frontier with Russia at its back. We lived and worked alongside men like Auchinleck, Alexander and Slim, who later were to gain great renown. We enjoyed the sporting events and social entertainments which the military provided so well.

But the real attraction of the Frontier was the character of the Pathans and their individuality. Each man was a person, whose rights and dignity had to be considered separately although at his back was a powerful tribal organisation.

Most people seem to be unaware that British officials were very accessible. Once a petitioner came through the verandah into our bedroom where we were in bed. I remember one other occasion when a Powindah

tribesman from the Kabul area dropped into my house. He was the leader of a caravan of camels on his way back home to Afghanistan, as the snows had melted and he could graze his camels again. It was a question of an exit-permit for his firearms which had been deposited in my charge. Behind him stood his wife, her face half hidden by a veil. Suddenly she said, in an accent I took to be Cockney, "Don't you listen to him, Sir, he's just an old silly". She told me she had met her husband in Australia where he was trading camels. I asked her whether she was well treated and happy. She said, "Thank you, Sir, I had a little trouble at the start, but now I am the boss." She was born in Australia in Perth.

In 1929 I was temporarily in charge of the Khyber Agency, the land of the Afridis and Shinwaris. This was the year when a revolution took place in Afghanistan, and King Ammanullah was assassinated. The Residency of the British representative in Kabul was set on fire and burnt.

It turned out that I was the main and possibly only contact for a week or two between Afghanistan and India. I obtained my information from the Agency irregular police who were all the time in touch with the tribesmen.

Years later, in England, I met an Air Marshall Atcherley who, on hearing my name, thanked me for saving his life. He had been the pilot of a plane seeking to keep contact with the British in Kabul, and he had had a forced landing on the desolate mountains between Kabul and Peshawar. News of his plight reached me through my local informants and I was able to extricate him.

CHAPTER 3

Frontier Gandhi

IN 1924 when we first arrived in the Frontier Province, politically things seemed quiet, as compared with Lucknow where politics were an important element in the lives of all administrators. I was aware of the existence of Dr Khan Sahib who was a considerable land owner in the Peshawar district and practised as a doctor in Nowshera, 24 miles east of Peshawar. He had qualified as a doctor in England and served in the Indian Army in the first World War. He had two children by a Scottish wife. I knew him as a valuable member of society. By the time I was given charge of the Peshawar district he had become Chief Minister of the Province and I was serving under him. I remember his telling me that once as Deputy Commissioner I had asked him to come and see me. Presuming he was to be arrested he had packed a bag and brought it with him. I also remember that he challenged me on the question of serving alcoholic drinks to my friends in my home. It was with great regret that after partition I learnt of his assassination. He was an outstanding man and a great loss to his country.

Dr Khan Sahib had a younger brother, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, who had not been to Europe but had received his education in Peshawar. His thinking was closer to that of the ordinary village Pathan. He was a natural leader with a passion for independence. To this end he used his considerable ability as an orator in the Pushtu tongue in support of Mr Gandhi's Swaraj campaign. He was prepared to make any sacrifice and I presume he carried his older brother with him.

In February 1930 Gandhiji began his Civil Disobedience campaign against the Salt Tax. As he started his famous march to the sea, India and the world bubbled with excitement and curiosity. Gandhi's arrest on the orders of the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, was the signal for widespread trouble. On the Frontier, especially in the Peshawar district, Abdul Ghaffar's followers began to perform military drill in the village, wearing red shirts and carrying weapons of various kinds. There followed a sudden and widespread flouting of authority and in April 1930, in spite of the use of troops, control of Peshawar City was completely lost for some time.

It took weeks and the use of two divisions of the army to restore normal conditions. I chiefly remember one night when inside the city some Indian troops, not without some justification, had refused to obey orders. In my home, less than a mile from the city I had my wife, two small children and an English nurse. That night as we lay down on our beds to the sound of bullets hitting trees in our garden our minds raced back to events in Meerut and Lucknow and elsewhere in the United Provinces

in 1857, the year of the Indian Mutiny. I put a revolver, a shot gun and torch beside my bed and went to sleep. I hardly expected to survive the night.

By this time I was in charge of the Chief Commissioner's Secretariat, which included public relations and liason with the military, so I had a good view of what was taking place day by day throughout the Province.

At that time most people supposed that Abdul Ghaffar's agitation was a part of the general campaign for "Swaraj" throughout India. It was widely believed that he was receiving money from Jawaharlal Nehru's funds. In 1930 John Gunther, author of "Inside Asia", happened to come to Peshawar to see things for himself and I had a conversation with him. The idea of a separate Pakistan was not yet taken seriously in Delhi, at any rate by the British. John Gunther asked me whether he was right in believing that the Frontier Province was solidly behind Nehru. I told him that I was sure that if at any time a conflict arose between Nehru and the interests of the Indian Muslims, the Frontier would back Islam. Gunther said I was the first person to express that opinion to him. Later he sent me a Christmas card in recognition of my help and that has caused me to remember our conversation. No doubt it suited Nehru to be able to tell the world that a predominantly Muslim province was supporting his programme of a secular state in an undivided India.

From 1937 till 1946 Dr Khan Sahib was the leading political figure of the province. The Muslims then had to choose between Abdul Ghaffar and the

Indian National Congress, and Mohamed Ali Jinnah and his demand for Partition and the creation of a separate Muslim nation. Without hesitation they chose the latter. Khan fell from office and later to the sorrow of the whole province, was assassinated. Since then Abdul Ghaffar has become a voice crying in the wilderness, demanding a self-governing Pathan state within Pakistan.

Because of his fight for Indian independence and his opposition to Jinnah and the movement for Pakistan, Abdul Ghaffar had become a popular figure throughout the whole of India. He was known as Badshah Khan (Badshah meaning "King"), or as the Frontier Gandhi, and crowds came to greet him wherever he went.

Recently, in 1970, my wife and I paid a visit to Peshawar and there I met Abdul Ghaffar's son, Wali Khan, who had inherited his father's role. When I asked him what his programme was, he said, "The same as my father's." This answer caused me to start wondering why through all the years I had known so little of Abdul Ghaffar and the longings of his heart.

The thought came to me that I should try to meet him and after all these years, tell him that I wished I had made friends with him in 1930. My chance came when Mr N G. Goray, who later became High Commissioner in London and was at that time Mayor of Pune, very kindly showed my wife and myself round the city. I told him I wanted to meet Abdul Ghaffar who was then in Pune. I asked Mr Goray whether he could arrange a meeting. The place chosen for us to meet was the former

Government House of British days, where I had last been as the guest of Lord Clydesmuir, Governor of Bombay. A large crowd had assembled to greet Badshah Khan. He came out to receive me. I felt it was a reunion of the old India and the new. I told him I had come to India as part of a campaign to change human nature, including my own. He expressed pleasure at this and after a while he led me by the hand through a large crowd and we parted in the darkness. He is still alive, but we have not met again. But we who had been enemies had become friends.

CHAPTER 4

Kashmir

THE OVER-WORK and anxieties of events in 1930 finally were too much for me. I suffered from insomnia and found I could not face another summer in the plains. When the post of assistant to the British Resident in Kashmir became vacant, I asked to be appointed there. In the good climate of Srinagar, the capital of Jammu and Kashmir State, I expected to recover my health and serenity.

Kashmir was beautiful beyond belief. The climate was perfect and we had a lovely house with a garden full of flowers, asparagus and strawberries, which were so magnificent that my mother, visiting us, said they would ruin any satisfaction she might have from her garden in Sussex. But I found it frustrating that as a member of the British Resident's staff, I was prohibited from taking any interest in the State's administration. I remember the Resident's amazement when I said I supposed I could inspect a police station if I liked.

So perhaps he was happy to see me go off to Ladakh for a few weeks as British Trade Commissioner. This post was created to ensure that from time to time the road to Chinese Turkistan was kept in some

sort of shape. In 1931 there was no motor road from Srinagar to Leh. We walked or rode over the Zogi La. To call it a "road" was an euphemism. For the most part it was a track running along the edge of a precipice with a drop of a thousand feet down to frozen lakes. The surface of the track was composed almost entirely of the skulls and bones of dead mules. It crossed two passes of about 18,000 feet. Any spot flat enough to pitch a tent was sure to have bodies of dead travellers slightly buried in it. The ground was frozen and too hard to dig deep.

My horse ceased to function at 13,000 feet and was sent home. At about 15,000 they offered me a yak. They assured me that yaks had survived on these mountains for generations, but on the verge of the precipice I felt more confidence in my own legs.

I had visited Leh, the capital, inhabited by polyandrist Tibetans and paid official calls on the Abbots of several Buddhist Monasteries, where I was entertained with traditional "devil" dances, when I was ordered to return immediately to Srinagar where serious Hindu-Muslim disturbances had broken out.

In Jammu and Kashmir, as elsewhere in India, trouble between the Hindus and Muslims was spreading. And here there was a special problem — the Maharaja and his nobles were Hindus but the majority of his subjects were Muslims in a proportion of nearly four to one. So the Maharaja was becoming anxious about the future.

The trouble started in the Mirpur and Kotli areas of the State adjoining the Punjab. The Hindus

had been driven into the Rawalpindi and Jhelum districts of the British administered Punjab, their homes and business books and their temples destroyed.

The Maharaja asked for the loan of my services for a year to deal with this. I accepted the offer partly because I found my work in the Residency rather dull after the Frontier and partly because it meant more pay and no income tax.

His Highness Hari Singh, the Maharaja, had the handicap of too much money and too much power. He was surrounded by sycophants. As a young man he had had unfortunate experiences in Europe at the hands of crooks and swindlers. He had been made to look ridiculous in a case in the Paris Courts. On matters where personal interests were not concerned, he was shrewd and wise. He was afraid of his Muslim subjects. He went nowhere where a car could not go, so he rarely left the two main roads of the State.

It dawned on me after a while that I had been asked for by the Maharaja because it was assumed that a "Frontier officer" would stand no nonsense from rebels.

The Kashmir Durbar had issued an order forbidding the gathering together of more than ten people. One day I received information that several thousand Muslims, all armed and dressed in red shirts, had collected and were to be addressed by mullahs. Usually I had a cavalry escort but that day I was without one. As the matter was urgent I went off alone to see what was happening. I found a large colourful gathering and strode unarmed into

the centre. I told them they were breaking the law, and that if they did not disperse, I would be compelled to use force. They agreed to disperse and I left the scene. I heard afterwards that in official circles I was adversely criticised for failing to use force. Looking back I feel grateful to a retired I.C.S. man in Kensington, who just before I joined the service, said to me. "Remember if you have to fire on a mob, however much you may not be to blame, you have failed."

It took the best part of a year to restore confidence among the Hindus, who had fled from the State, that the government could and would protect their lives and property. I saw their homes and temples rebuilt. My happiest recollection of this period of my life is of long rides I took in the company of Officers of the Kashmir army, particularly with Cavalry Colonel Balde Singh Pathania, a Dogra, and the long discussions we had, from which I learnt so much about the Hindu point of view on many subjects. We are both alive as I write and keep in touch by correspondence.

I managed to get some of the Muslim grievances righted, particularly the promotion of some Muslim officers to higher posts in the police. But when I left there was a reversion to the old order. All this had its bearing on the Maharaja's decision at the time of partition to opt for India rather than Pakistan. This has bedevilled relations between the two nations ever since.

Towards the end of my year I had a bitter exchange of words with an Indian colleague at a cabinet meeting. I felt I was totally in the right but

knew that I had deeply hurt his feelings.

I had completed my task successfully, but I had become aware for the first time that human wisdom is not enough. I felt frustrated and angry. It was some consolation to receive an address from a Muslim organisation in England which spoke of "the justice, fairness, and impartiality" with which I had administered the disturbed areas, and the tact with which I had "handled and controlled the refugees".

CHAPTER 5

Frustration

IN 1932 the wife of my brother Kenneth, who was teaching history in Allahabad University, died in Srinagar. In his overwhelming sorrow I found that I had nothing to offer him except companionship.

As a child I had gone to Church with my mother and at school at Charterhouse we had a service once every day and twice on Sundays. On Sundays too we studied the Gospels in classical Greek. So I grew up with a pretty good knowledge of the Christian story and of the Bible. But somehow the spirit of the thing seemed to have passed me by. My parents both maintained high standards of conduct and were full of kindness and care for their children, but neither of them ever reached a decision about the Divinity of Jesus. They passed on to their six sons high ethical standards for which we were truly grateful.

But it did not satisfy a longing I had for some greater purpose in life which made me impatient with everything and everybody around me, however beautiful the Kashmir scenery. My wife was conscious of the bitterness in me which caused me to dislike adding to our family as I saw a second war

looming up.

One day before going off on a tour of the disturbed area I looked in on the British Chief of Police. On his desk there lay a copy of the New Testament with coloured pictures and the traditional words of Jesus in red — intended for children, I suppose. The Chief of Police said he didn't know where it had come from and that I could have it if I liked. So I put it in my pocket.

In camp in the evenings there was not much to do. I had a few books with me and the newspaper came irregularly. One evening I picked up the New Testament and began reading it by my oil lamp. I became absorbed in it and in my mind a thought formed, "Either Jesus is what He claims to be or He is an imposter." And then quickly, "Certainly He is not an imposter." More slowly the question formed in my mind, "So what are you going to do?"

The period of my loan to Kashmir State expired early in 1933 and I returned to England on leave. The question came with me. I tried to find an answer in conversations with clergy and in books both for and against the idea of God, but only became more frustrated and miserable. Everyone around me suffered, especially my wife whom I loved.

I was due back in India early in 1934. Secretly I was in despair at the thought. There was nothing that I wanted to do in India. I would have liked to have retired from the I.C.S. but I took no steps to find other employment. I had a wife and children to support.

Unknown to me my brother Kenneth, now

ordained, had come under the influence of Dr Buchman and the Oxford Group (the forerunner of Moral Re-Armament). At his instance an Oxford graduate called on my wife and myself. We were staying at the time in my mother's home in Palace Gate in London. When we learned that he had given up a salaried post and was living on what he called "faith and prayer", we felt inclined to listen to what he had to say.

I told him of my frustration and unsuccessful search for something that would make sense of life. He said he was sure that God wanted to be in my life and that I must in some way be keeping Him out. When I said I was not aware of any barrier, he suggested I should ask God to tell me if there was anything. Then we were silent and suddenly I had the thought — something I had not regarded as a sin, a bad habit of long-standing since my teens. I was astonished.

I knew God had spoken to me and twenty-four hours later I asked Him to tell me what I had to do to remove the barrier between us. The answer was, "Tell your wife what you have told me."

This was an idea totally unexpected and unwelcome to me. But that night I obeyed God and told her. For months I had been sleeping badly. From the moment I put my head on my pillow, all my fears for the future and continuing life in India, would rise up in me. But that night I slept soundly and, as I sat up in my bed next morning, I felt air-borne. I thought, "Is it possible that I am re-born?" My whole attitude to life and people was different and has continued so.

It proved to be the start of a new partnership between my wife and myself which has stood the test of time and many adventures for thirty-three years. It may sound strange, but my wife tells me that she was first convinced of the change in me when I stopped propping up the newspaper between her and me at the breakfast table.

Before these happenings I had arranged an interview with an official in the India Office in London with the object of getting an extension of my leave. I had already had a year. It seemed to me that I might benefit by accompanying Dr Buchman on a visit to Canada. But my real object, I believe, was simply to postpone my return to India. While I was in the India Office, my wife received a telephone call from Dr Buchman in Paris. He said he had been thinking about me and thought it would be right for me to return to India when my leave ended, and "live differently". That he should find time to think about me and telephone from Paris impressed me. It was not clear to me what "living differently" meant. But I decided to accept his advice.

Six weeks later I left for India, leaving my wife in England to put our daughters to school. Before doing so I wrote a letter of apology to my Indian colleague in Kashmir for the way I had treated him. He was a retired I.C.S. man and a lot older than me. At the time of writing I still thought that he was 90% to blame. That may explain why I did not get much response from him. When he died six months later I was glad I had written. And it was a "break through" as you will hear later.

I felt rather lonely as I set off. My new friends told me I would have to build my own team. This seemed rather a dubious prospect and my morale was low. But it was on the gangway as I boarded the ship, that I made a remark which proved to be the start of a new life for an English major in the Indian Army. Recently I had given up smoking, mainly as part of a decision to cut out self indulgence and tighten up discipline in my life. I had not thought it important. I was astonished when the major told me that the great problem in his life was his inability to stop the habit of chain-smoking which had developed from his fear of death in the trenches in France in World War I. Ten years later, on promotion to colonel, he wrote from Baghdad and told me our meeting had been the turning point in his life.

CHAPTER 6

Back to India

MY RELIABLE Punjabi servant heard I was posted to Nowgong, which was said to be in Bihar or Assam. He did not think this could be right, so with great initiative he went to the Foreign Office in Delhi and ascertained there was another Nowgong in Bundelkhand (Madhya Pradesh) to which I was posted as Political Agent. So I arrived in Nowgong with Dr Buchman's words ringing in my ears, to find that Nowgong was a very small place, only reached by car from a far away railway station across two rivers by ferry and with only a dozen British — all military, employed in a training school and all off on vacation in a week or so. What was the point of my trying to live differently?

I was very downcast, so I looked around for help and found it in the person of an American missionary lady, old enough to be my mother, who proved to be a tower of strength. A Canadian orphan boy whom she had adopted grew up in time to be killed in World War I. He would have been just my age. As a young woman on a brief visit to India she had been caught up in an institution for the descendents of men executed when steps were taken

to suppress "Thugee" (a sect who practised murder and robbery). She had remained there ever since, as a kind of grandmother.

As far as I was aware, there was no one in India who had come across the Oxford Group, so I asked Dr Stanley Jones, the wellknown American missionary and author, a friend of my brother Kenneth, if I might join him in his Ashram near Naini Tal during the hot summer months for a week or two. This was a great experience for me and gave me a valuable chance of meeting Indians of many kinds, including a "sadhu" on intimate terms, as well as making the ideas of the Oxford Group known to missionaries from many parts of India.

It was Dr Stanley Jones who encouraged me to visit Lt Col George Channer, commanding the 3rd Gurkhas, and his wife at Almora. My visit must have surprised them. Mrs Channer was a religious woman and must, I think, have embarrassed her husband sometimes in the presence of his officers and their wives. They gave me a warm welcome and a polite hearing. We did not know that we would meet again in Peshawar, I as Revenue Commissioner, and Col Channer as Brigadier commanding the Peshawar Brigade.

My wife joined me in the cold weather, when the military had returned and there was life in Nowgong again. We entertained and got to know everyone. Then we realised that the Princes of the small states that made up Bundelkhand never met each other in a social way and so were not friends; so we decided to institute a "Nowgong Week" in

the hopes that this would start new co-operation among them. The main surprise for them was that we chartered an aeroplane to give them a bird's eye view of their states. Many of the wives had never been in an aeroplane and were enthusiastic. To establish confidence, the missionary lady was the first to go up.

We learnt a great deal about "Indian" India. I had to administer two States, Chattarpur and Nagod, where the rulers were minors. I had to learn about horoscopes in which hitherto I had not believed. The Raja of Nagod had two sisters. One day he asked me to find a husband for the younger sister — a matter of a dowry. I enquired why the younger sister was to be married first. He said the elder sister's horoscope said she would die at the age of eighteen and so the money would be thrown away. I was doubtful, but the other rulers whom I consulted supported Nagod and told me many stories of the uncanny accuracy of horoscopes. Shortly afterwards the elder sister died.

A problem in Chattarpur was that I had to consult the young ruler's mother about the business of the State. As she was not allowed to be seen by me at our interviews, a large sheet was hung between us. Though the lady knew a good deal of English, the procedure was that I, sitting in full dress uniform, spoke to the Minister, he nipped round to the other side of the sheet and spoke to the Maharani in Hindi, and then he nipped back to my side and conveyed her reply in English. All the time, of course, we could hear each other speaking through the sheet, but this was the etiquette.

One result of independence for India has been the abolition of the princely states. So it is perhaps worthwhile to mention the duties of a Political Agent. He was the British observer in a State or group of States. In the large states such as Baroda, area 4,400 square miles, he was known as the Resident. He had no power to interfere in the affairs of the State, but could offer advice. He was there as an observer and reporter. In the event of such things as the death or lunacy of the ruler, or extreme misconduct he might have to take charge.

The small princely states in the Bundelkhand Agency varied in area from one of over 2,000 square miles, to the smallest of only 15 square miles. Most of them had come under British control around 1817 when Mahratta rule collapsed. At that time a British officer was employed to make lists of the villages claimed by different Rajas. He seems to have been under the impression that all the villages owned by any particular Raja were contiguous; in fact in some cases they were several miles apart. This produced a patchwork effect. In the course of a twenty mile journey from the nearest railway station to Nowgong, one would pass through portions of five different states as well as districts of the United Provinces. The effect of this on the maintenance of law and order and agricultural and other progress was deplorable. But out of respect for the sanctity of our treaties with rulers, nothing was done till at independence the States were swept away in one stroke of the pen.

Our stay in Nowgong was short, but it gave us time to try to develop our new way of living and

this stood us in good stead when our next posting was back to Peshawar amongst our old friends, British and Indian.

CHAPTER 7

Return to Peshawar

I RETURNED TO PESHAWAR as Deputy Commissioner, in charge of the Peshawar District, which at that time included Mardan sub-division. The Assistant Commissioner, Mardan, at that time was Iskander Mirza who subsequently became Governor General of Pakistan.

The Deputy Commissioner's post was what I had been trained for and had hoped to get. I had been Assistant Commissioner of Nowshera and of Mardan. Auchinleck, later Field Marshall, commanded the Peshawar Brigade, and Alexander, who later commanded our forces in North Africa, had the Nowshera Brigade. As Deputy Commissioner I was also responsible for the Mohman tribal area where there had just been a state of war.

We were both delighted to be back among our many friends, Indian and British, but it was to prove to be a testing and truly miraculous time for us.

I was surprised to find how quickly the public, both Indian and British, spotted a change in me since they had last seen me. The young wife of one of my assistants told me that someone had told

her that I was terribly conceited and a difficult man to serve under. That was not how she found me. Later it was summed up by a former Chief Minister: "Mr Jardine has brought religion from the mosques and temples into our homes and offices."

The public probably became aware of some changes in me when on two occasions I sent letters of apology to members of the Bar who had been victims of my sarcastic tongue. It happened one morning that I woke up in the early hours and felt that God was telling me that He had disapproved of observations I had made in Court, where a magistrate is pretty well the monarch of all he surveys. I wrote a letter of apology at once and sent it off as soon as it was light. The curious thing was that I never heard again of either of these letters and nobody took advantage of them. But I fancy the "bar-room" and the "bazaar" knew all about them.

I found my former clerk-of-court, who was with me when I was City Magistrate, had been promoted like myself over the years and was with me again. I told him of my new standard of absolute honesty. His spontaneous reaction was to tell me how consistently in our younger days he had taken bribes from litigants. He had done this so as to get his only son through his B.A. exams. No sooner had the boy succeeded in this and got married than he died. My clerk believed this to be his punishment and declared to me with tears that he would never take a bribe again.

My servants noticed the change in me at once. I apologised to my cook for the rough and insensitive

way I had spoken to him when he came to me for money for his "bazaar" bills. I asked my butler whether he had noticed that I had stopped smoking. He said he knew at once when he opened my mosquito-net in the morning. In the past, he told me, it had been filled with smoke expelled from my lungs during the night.

I used to dread the mornings when I was known to be open to the public, mainly people with petitions. It seemed to me that the motive of most of them was either to get something they were not entitled to or to stop someone else getting his rights. By lunch time I was exhausted and out of temper. But now I began to feel and take a real interest in each person and his problems. People saw that I really cared. Sometimes I spent the whole morning on the affairs of one person trying to give more than just superficial answers to his problem.

In the past the people I had to send away for lack of time were very disgruntled, but now I found they took it in good part. My decisions were cheerfully accepted because it was believed that I sought the guidance of God.

Before long my new way of doing things was severely tested with plenty of publicity.

In the heart of Peshawar, a predominantly Muslim city, there was a temple of which two different sects claimed the control and particularly the right to collect offerings. Instead of taking the dispute to the civil courts for settlement which was the proper though expensive course, the leaders of the two sides decided to fight it out. One sect picketed the temple and even dug a trench round it. The

Governor asked me what I proposed to do. We both knew that at any moment something might happen to stir the resentment of the Muslims and cause serious disorders. We both remembered how suddenly the riots had started in 1930 and the disastrous consequences.

Of course I had given much thought to the matter and had asked God for guidance. I knew the Deputy Commissioner would be expected to take strong action and make arrests. I knew I should be criticised if I did not do this and that if things went wrong I should be held responsible and probably replaced. However, my only thought was to do nothing for the time being — and my wife agreed. The Governor said he did not agree with me, but that it was my responsibility and he would back me. This was, I now see, a brave thing for him to have done though at the time it was cold comfort.

There followed two or three weeks of inactivity and great strain. Every day I asked God to tell me what I should do. I never went near the temple. I waited, and the British community disapproved. I had to trust God. It could not have been comfortable for the Governor either.

Then the phone rang; it was the leader of the temple blockade. He complained that my lack of action had spoilt their plans. They had expected arrests and had replacements in readiness at Rawalpindi, two hundred miles away, plus a brass band. Now they asked me to get them out of an embarrassing situation. I was indignant. However, they said they had lost face and would be replaced by leaders far more difficult for me to deal with. I saw their

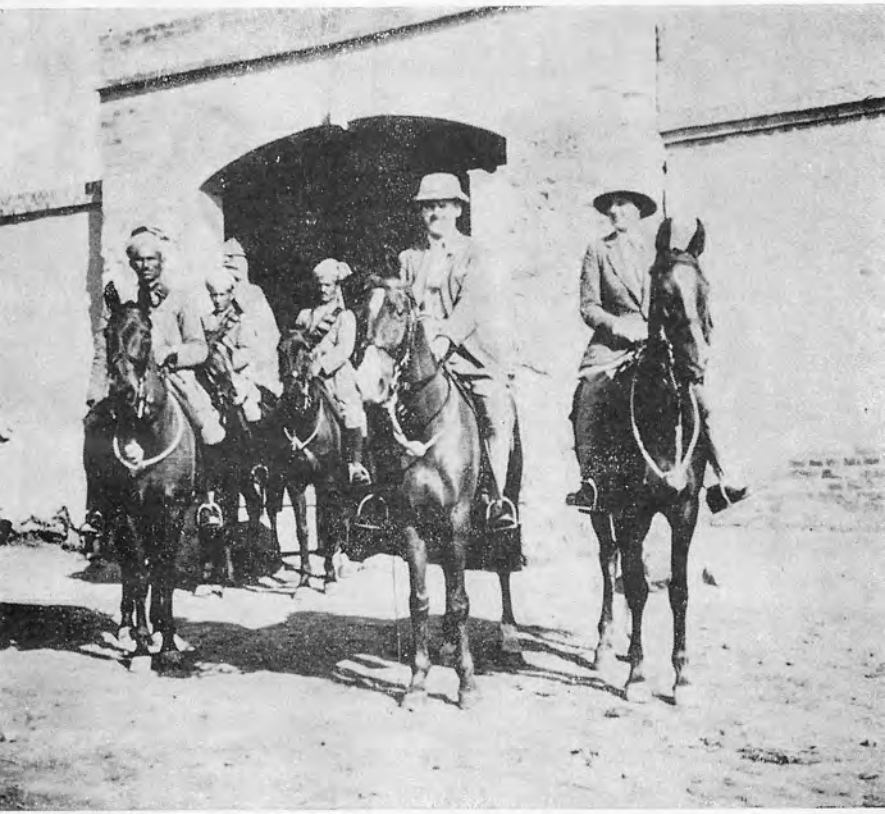
point. Both sides agreed to go to the civil court and meanwhile appointed an ex-police sergeant to collect the temple offerings. The crisis was over. My faith was justified.

CHAPTER 8

Political Change

BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT of India Act 1935 was brought into operation, we had taken our orders from a British superior with whom we had most things — ideas, traditions, aspirations — in common. Suddenly we found ourselves directly subordinate to politicians who made no secret of their desire to get rid of us from their country. My first clash was with Qazi Ataullah, a Congress politician, hitherto of no special importance, who had spent a period in jail in 1931.

Qazi Ataullah was now the Minister responsible for Local Self-Government and I, as Deputy Commissioner, was Chairman of the Peshawar Municipal Committee. Some members of the Committee made a complaint against me to the Minister, who without referring the matter to me for comments, assumed that I was in the wrong, and asked me for an explanation in what I thought was an offensive manner. I went to bed boiling with indignation. Next morning I awoke still very angry, but by now I had formed the habit of asking God to help me in private and official matters. I began to write, "You say it's protecting the prestige of the British



Author and wife on tour with police escort, as Deputy Commissioner, Peshawar District, North-West Frontier Province 1937

(Left to right) K. A. Gai, Parsee merchant; Dr C. C. Ghosh MLA; LWJ; Sir Qazi Mir Ahmed, Judicial Commissioner, NWFP; Peshawar 1939

Friends in Peshawar, 1939, including: (Back row right) Charanjit Lal, Advocate; (Centre row left) Rev K. Jardine CMS, (centre) Sir Qazi Mir Ahmed, (right) Major General George Channer; (Front row centre) Dr. C. C. Ghosh MLA

and the I.C.S. that you are concerned about, but you hate the Minister and having to accept his criticism, don't you?" After a while I said, "Help me to understand what a very difficult position he must be finding himself plunged into — between his political supporters and me without any previous experience of public office. Help me to care for him."

I took the file and wrote a conciliatory reply to the Minister. I dare say service discipline would have caused me to do much the same, but some permanent change had broken through in me. I had faced myself honestly.

A few months later the Governor offered me promotion to the post of Chief Executive to the same Minister. Neither of us had meanwhile mentioned the matter of the Municipal Committee. I said I would gladly accept the offer if the Minister welcomed me. The Governor informed me that I was welcome. Qazi Ataullah and I became good friends and enjoyed each other's company. We worked happily together for four or five years. Naturally we did not always agree and sometimes were angry. He saw things from a political and I from an administrative angle, but we respected each other's sincerity and care for the Frontier Province. I learned much from him. I was sad when I heard he had been arrested after partition and had died in jail.

By 1938 a growing team of people began to meet regularly, usually in our garden. Besides ourselves there were Brigadier Channer and his wife with several army officers and one or two private soldiers.

There was a Hindu barrister and two Members of the Legislative Assembly, as well as the Muslim Deputy Speaker and a Muslim High Court Judge. Also a Parsee merchant, an Indian Christian headmaster and a Methodist Minister from Wales.

As we shared our problems and found answers to them, there began a vast expansion of our knowledge of each other and of the world around us. The basis of our association was willingness to listen to the inner voice — God, Allah, the Divine Spirit.

At the time I did not realise that we were discovering a novel way of dealing with some of the big moral problems of the Peshawar District. It was a violent area, with 307 murders committed in 1928 amongst a population of one million.

A large proportion of the murders in Peshawar stemmed from the blood feuds caused mainly by disputes over land, water and women, which were traditional. I think it would be fair to say that the British did not think it was possible to stop blood-feuds, and even had a certain admiration for this tradition and the kind of people who maintained it.

One day we decided it was time to let people know more about what the Oxford Group was and what we were trying to do. In the ballroom of an hotel we held a meeting primarily intended for British officers of the military and civil service, and their wives. Many more than I expected were present and gave us an attentive hearing. Three people, I remember, stayed behind to hear more. One of them was Sir Qazi Mir Ahmed, the Judge. He had always been a good Muslim. "For I was religious by nature," he said, "and the four absolute standards and the

guidance of God attracted me."

The Qazi and I became great friends. Most days after work was over he dropped in at my house or Brigadier Channer's for a chat. One day I asked him if he hated anyone. "Of course I do," the High Court Judge said. "I am a Pathan and a Pathan must have enemies. It is his hobby to hit his enemy and receive hits. In fact it is his chief recreation." We sat quietly in the dusk of the evening. Then he started writing down the names of his chief enemies. He promised to tackle each one and try to make peace. Twenty minutes after he had left me, the phone rang. It was Qazi Mir Ahmed to say that when he got home the first man on his list was sitting on his verandah. They had not visited each other for ten years or more. He told me how grateful he was to Frank Buchman for showing him the way to peace. "Now I have no feeling of bitterness towards anyone," he said.

We had adventures with the British too. For instance a couple who were at the heart of the social life of the place and gave the impression of much happiness. One day the husband came to see me. He told me that his wife was going to have a child by another man whom he named. He had filed a divorce petition, but would like to know what I thought about it. Rather clumsily I said that as he had sufficient evidence to support his petition, and as he was not a serious Christian, I supposed he might go ahead. He was so angry at my saying that he was not a serious Christian that he decided to withdraw the petition. Some time later he came to see me again in great anger. He

said his wife was taking advantage of his indecision and he would not stand it. He accused me of getting him into this situation and insisted that I tell him what to do next. I suggested we should be quiet for a little and see if God had anything to say to us. After a while he rose and left my room saying, "I know what I have to do." I did not see him again for some time and when I did, he had a son strikingly like himself. I asked him what had happened in the time of quiet. He told me that God had said to him that he must withdraw his divorce proceedings and accept and love the baby.

CHAPTER 9

Revolutionary Change

WHEN IN 1938 the talk throughout Europe was of physical rearmament, Dr Buchman began to emphasize the urgent need for moral and spiritual rearmament (MRA): He said, "The world is at the crossroads. The choice is guidance or guns. We must listen to guidance or we shall listen to guns."

At Christmastime an Englishman in the tea business in Calcutta came to spend the holiday with us. On arrival he asked us whether we knew a Dr Chandra Ghosh who lived in the city. I replied that I knew of him because he was a member of the Legislative Assembly and represented one of the Peshawar constituencies, but that I only knew him by sight as he refused to meet British officials or enter their homes. My friend said some relations of Dr Ghosh in Bengal had asked him to deliver letters and presents to him and his family.

Dr Chandra Ghosh, a Bengali doctor of medicine, was the leader in the Frontier Province of the breakaway wing of Congress known as the "Forward Block". He believed in winning independence by violent means. He had been arrested and detained by the authorities more than once and was proud

of it Natutrally he was greatly surprised that an Englishman should take the trouble to visit him in his home in the city especially at Christmastime when the British were enjoying parties and festivities. My friend mentioned a recent change in his attitude to Indians through his contact with MRA as the cause of his unusual behaviour. When Dr Ghosh wondered why he had never heard of this "fine movement", my friend said he was astonished to hear this, as his host was one of the leaders of MRA in India.

Our visitor reported all this to us, so we were not totally unprepared, though our servants were amazed, when Dr Ghosh arrived one afternoon at our home, dressed wholly in hand-woven cloth and with a Congress flag on the radiator of his tiny "Baby" Austin car.

He opened the conversation by saying that he was surprised that a British officer should claim to be living by standards of love and unselfishness, when just such a British officer and his colleagues were instigating Muslim tribesmen to murder and rob his Hindu co-religionists. This sudden and direct attack took me aback and I felt my temper rising. But I remembered Dr Buchman once warning me, "You may win the argument, but you lose the man." So I controlled my temper and confined myself to saying I could understand there must be lots of things about the British that were likely to offend Indians. I invited him to come again when I had more leisure and have a talk. Rather to my surprise he accepted my invitation.

Thereafter he began to visit our home and some-

times read to my wife a speech he intended to make in the Assembly. His speeches in the past had been definitely divisive. He wanted my wife to help him to introduce a more positive note. He began to trust us and other British people he met with us. One day I asked him whether he still believed we instigated the tribesmen to kill Hindus. "Of course I don't," he said. "But my friends still do."

He began to attend our meetings. He told my wife that he had never elsewhere seen the kind of caring for people he had found in our team, and he was trying to discover its origin.

One day he told me that he had been in the habit of occasionally issuing false medical certificates. He said defensively that it brought him good fees to pay for his children's education and sometimes he could not afford to offend an influential patient by refusal. But after some discussion and reflection, he said he knew it was wrong and harmful to his country for which he cared greatly; that he would never do it again and that he would inform his professional colleagues of this decision.

Soon after a Pathan came to his dispensary for some medicine. Dr Ghosh dispensed it and gave the patient a receipt. The patient asked the doctor to enter double the amount on the receipt. He said his employer and he wanted to make something for himself. Dr Ghosh said he was living now on a basis of absolute honesty and so could not oblige. The man returned the medicine and said he would find another doctor more co-operative. But after a while he returned; he explained that as he walked away the thought came to him, "I am ill. An honest

doctor will give good medicine." So he came back.

Naturally it affected his family life. I remember his telling me that his wife was rather parsimonious. She too was determined to find the money to put her children through university. Ghosh was more open-handed. One day in the "bazaar" with two of his sons, he made a purchase. When he got home his wife asked him how much he had paid. In front of the boys he named a smaller sum than the truth. He saw the look in his sons' eyes and was ashamed. He decided in future to be absolutely honest with his wife and children as well as in his political and professional life.

Then he wrote to the Governor and told him that he had ceased to be leader of the "Forward Block" as he found it incompatible with the standard of absolute love which he had adopted.

These changes in Dr Ghosh over a period of a few months cut at the root of another kind of widespread problem for which the British administration had no answer. They were so important as to call for confirmation. So I quote in full a letter he wrote not long before he died.

> "About six years ago I happened to be present in an MRA public meeting at Peshawar, in which I had splendid opportunity to hear the stories of life-changing of several men in different walks of life. These impressed me much and still more when I came in personal touch with Mr Lionel Jardine, the then Revenue Commissioner of Peshawar, whose change of heart was perceptibly noticeable, as from being an absolute autocrat to

an actual servant of the people. I was never friendly to the Britishers and our political views were as poles asunder but I was rather very glad to note that we had been accommodating with each other in all our activities and pursuits of life.

"Lt General George Channer, while Brigadier of Peshawar brigade, became very intimate with me developing into a real spiritual brotherhood; nor can I forget to mention the instance of Rev John Burden, who used to visit my home every Wednesday for sharing. With these facts, mentioned above, I have begun to realise now that the theory of Rudyard Kipling the 'East and West shall never meet' can be negatived if we try to live on the four main principles of MRA.

"I am persuaded to believe now that my election as Vice-President, by a majority of votes, of the All-India Medical Association is not because of my academic qualifications, but because of my honest attempt at living a practical life of spiritual mobilization, as indicated by our group.

"I must admit that the quality of life as a medical practitioner has somewhat improved under God's guidance. Time there was when I did issue a bogus medical certificate on a tempting fee, which thank God is now a thing of the past. Besides I have cultivated more friendly and sympathetic attitude towards my fellow medical brothers, instead of professional jealousy. My relations towards my patients has become more humane. Lastly I have got used to more current books and literature in order to keep myself up-

to-date with modern sciences.

"Now let me understand that the experience which it describes is not something poetic, fanciful, or imaginary, but literal and real and true and trust-worthy as it is possible for any experience to be.

"Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At morning's calm and holy hour
As if its inmost depth discerned
The presence of a loftier Power?
Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades
While ancient rivers murmured by
A voice from forth the eternal shades
That spake a present Deity?
It was the voice of God, that spake
In silence to the silent heart;
And bade each holier thought awake
And every dream of earth depart.
Voice of our God, Oh, yet be near
In low, sweet accents whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease."

CHAPTER 10

The Peace Brigade

EARLY IN 1939 there were signs of Hindu-Muslim trouble in the Dera Ismail Khan district, 200 miles south of Peshawar and close to the Waziristan tribal area. This caused much alarm and some of our team decided to take initiative. They produced a document, which is given in full below, called "A Message from the Peace Brigade". Four of the signatories were members of the provincial Legislative Assembly, one of them being the Deputy Speaker, and another a future Chief Minister. One was a prominent member of the Peshawar bar, another was a headmaster of a high school in Peshawar. Two were Hindus, two were Muslims, one a Parsee and one a Christian. All were Indians; it was a spontaneous production. Here is the message which the signatories or some of them took to the leaders of the two communities in Dera Ismail Khan.

A Message from the Peace Brigade

28th February 1939

We know you are not happy. You are disturbed,

worried and afraid of what may happen. You have tried all the usual means for curing your troubles. Police protection, enquiries, convictions and what not. But the disease it still there.

The Peace Brigade offers a remedy.

The Peace Brigade consists of Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians, Officials and non-officials.

People from every religion and from every class of society are joining it.

What is the Peace Brigade?

You do not have to pay to become a member. You do not have to sign a document. You do not have to take any vow binding you to any particular body of men. There is no secrecy.

How do you join the Peace Brigade?

You have to act according to four great Principles:-

1. Absolute HONESTY
2. Absolute PURITY
3. Absolute UNSELFISHNESS
4. Absolute LOVE

You have to ask God for His guidance in everything you do. You may have to go to your enemy and tell him honestly, "I feel I am in the wrong". You may have to tell your own brother that he has not acted fairly to a stranger. You will have to let any burning feeling of resentment go. You may have to change your attitude completely to a number of men. You will have to make sacrifices to build up the good will and bring about the happiness of your

neighbour. Let God make you a changed man. Then you are a member of the Peace Brigade.

The disease which is troubling the country is hatred, greed, fear, dishonesty and selfishness, in every community. Meetings and speeches, processions and elections, can't cure this disease. The cure must begin in one man and one woman. It CAN begin in you. It can spread to others — and others. New men can make a new world. The man whose life is guided by God brings contentment into his own life, into his home, into his country, into the world.

How happy the land where all are members of the Peace Brigade!

Nawabzada Allah Nawaz, M.L.A.
(Deputy Speaker)
Charanjit Lal (Advocate)
Dr C. C. Ghosh, M.L.A.
K. A. Gai
Mohammed Aurangzeb Khan, M.L.A.
Nobo Sircar, M.A. (Headmaster)

Nawabzada Allah Nawaz, one of the signatories, was Deputy Speaker of the Provincial Assembly. He was an ambitious politican. One day he came to see me in my office. He was very worried. He said one of his most influential constituents had asked him to recommend his son for a government post. Allah Nawaz knew the young man was not suitable for the post and said he could not honestly recommend him. The father went away resentful and threatening.

Allah Nawaz complained that if he continued to be absolutely honest, he would certainly lose his next election. Later in the day he came to see me again, all smiles. "Would you believe it?" he said. "I met the young man's father just now, walking on the Mall. He crossed the road, shook me by the hand and said, 'Of course you were right'."

CHAPTER 11

Confrontation with Gandhiji

IN JUNE OF 1939 Mahatma Gandhi passed through the Frontier Province. Some of my Hindu friends invited me to call on him and took me to a "pre-fab" hut where he was lodging in Abbottabad in the Hazara district. It is probable that he had heard about the change in the thinking and living of Dr Chandra Ghosh with whom he was acquainted.

I do not recall that I was eager to meet Gandhiji, who was not being helpful to the government and was not popular with the British. I expect I was curious to meet the great man whose actions had had a considerable effect on my life for the previous twenty years.

I was received by his confidential secretary and close friend, Mahadev Desai, who took me into the hut where Gandhi was sitting on the floor. There was a chair for me. The only decoration I can recall was a watch hanging from a nail on the wall. I had no idea what course the conversation was likely to take and I suppose I was nervous in the presence of such an eminent and unusual man. When I accepted the invitation I ought to have expected the unexpected. I think I did not take it seriously

enough. It did not occur to me that a man like Gandhi could have the instant kind of experience that Dr Ghosh had had. I was drawn into an argument. Often since that day I have pondered over it and only lately seen that I missed an opportunity of great importance.

I was immediately attracted to the personality of Mahadev. He remained outside the hut, but he must have listened to our conversation, as he drafted the report of it which was published in Gandhiji's paper, "Harijan", in August 1939. I have relied largely on this report for my account though I recall that I was not given an opportunity to check it before publication.

I must have opened the conversation by telling Gandhiji how Dr Buchman had encouraged me to return to India at a time when I wanted to resign. "Go back and live differently", he said. "Differently from the way you have been living and differently from the way the British live in India generally." I told him how radically this decision had changed my attitude towards the people of India and their attitude towards me.

Mahadev Desai says that I was "refreshingly frank" and made concessions that did credit to me: that I described the object of MRA as the eradication of fear by bringing people under the guidance of God and of improving oneself rather than expecting others to improve. Gandhiji said all believers in truth and non-violence would subscribe to these principles, and that it was part of his teaching that no one was competent to offer satyagraha unless he had a living faith in God. He added

that he had formerly not had the courage to say this bluntly to his co-workers. He knew it was a difficult thing to get a response to this, but he had put it forward as he knew it. When I asked him whether it was only recently that he had insisted on this condition, he said that was a fact but that he had decided he must make it an indispensable condition for his chosen circle.

My comment was that this admission was a tremendous encouragement to me. I said his difficulty with his people drew us together in a common humanity and kinship created by the common problem we had with our people. I remember he used the word "people" — "your people and my people".

I have read somewhere that in 1940 Nehru told Gandhi that if one of his tests for those taking part in the coming civil disobedience was a belief in God, then he would not sign the pledge. When Gandhi said, "I have difficulty with my people", was he thinking of Nehru in particular?

Gandhi started to tell me that I would find that I was deceiving myself. "I wish I had your enthusiasm", he said. "What I say is not to discourage you, but to warn you. You British are trained to be aloof and that is how you will stay." He said he had tried to listen to the "inner voice" for many years but the reality eluded him. He spoke of the patience needed and the "slow plodding job".

I was somewhat taken aback by his attitude. I said the people of the Frontier Province, especially those who had brought me to call on him, thought I had changed. He said, "Well, you will find that

I am right — by and by." Before I left him Gandhiji said, "Anyway, I have expressed my difficulty."

I left Gandhi's presence somewhat shaken. Could he be right? Was I deceiving myself? It took me some time to regain my composure but God seemed to be assuring me that I was on the right track.

As might be expected, much could be learnt from Gandhi's thoughts. He understood the problem we were discussing far better than I did though he may not have been totally correct in his conclusions, as doubtless he would not have claimed. Nor was I totally incorrect. I believe it is worthwhile examining our conversation rather more deeply.

I went to see Gandhiji quite informally. Officially I would not have visited him without getting the Governor's permission. But I see now that my Indian friends were probably thinking of me in my official capacity as the Commissioner. Furthermore, I was thinking of MRA very much in personal terms, while Gandhi looked at it from a national angle. I suppose he thought of officers of the Indian Civil Service not as individuals, but as representatives of an alien government. Mahadev describes me as a "civilian" by which I presume he meant a member of the I.C.S. So from the start Gandhi and I were at cross-purposes. His argument as I understood it was that if I decided to live under God's guidance, I would have to meet everyone on a new basis, as brother to brother. He and I would have to live on that basis with each other and I would have to adopt that basis with all Indians and he with all Englishmen. But no alien government could afford

to allow its officials to live like that with the people they governed — especially when the British were only a handful. But that, he said, was what MRA must stand for. Otherwise it would be just the same as many similar movements.

It is a pity that I treated Gandhiji as a public figure rather than a person. It was a nationalist leader talking to an alien official, not "person to person". The warmth of love was lacking. Perhaps neither of us were ready for the encounter. But the story ends on a more positive note.

Mahadev's comment on our conversation was, "It is a pity you have met Gandhiji on one of his contrary days." He also said that Gandhiji ought to meet more of "your people". This came about later when an Englishman who had worked closely with Dr Buchman, visited Gandhiji's English friend, C. F. Andrews, in hospital in Calcutta. At his bedside he met Mahadev Desai who invited him to stay with Gandhi at his home at Sewagram where they had long conversations.

One day Gandhi said to my friend, "You remember those stories you were telling me last time about the Revenue Commissioner and the Frontier Province? Well, I had the Chief Minister, Dr Khan Sahib, investigate them and they are all true." He went on to say that this was the most important thing happening today. "Politics," he said, "has become like a great game of chess. We know the value of the pieces and we know the possible moves and we play chess against each other. But if men's motives and values can be changed, like those of the Revenue Commissioner,

then the whole board is upset. We can begin again and anything can happen.

"Go tell the Viceroy from me," he went on, "that if we have this spirit, remembering all his difficulties, we will find agreement."

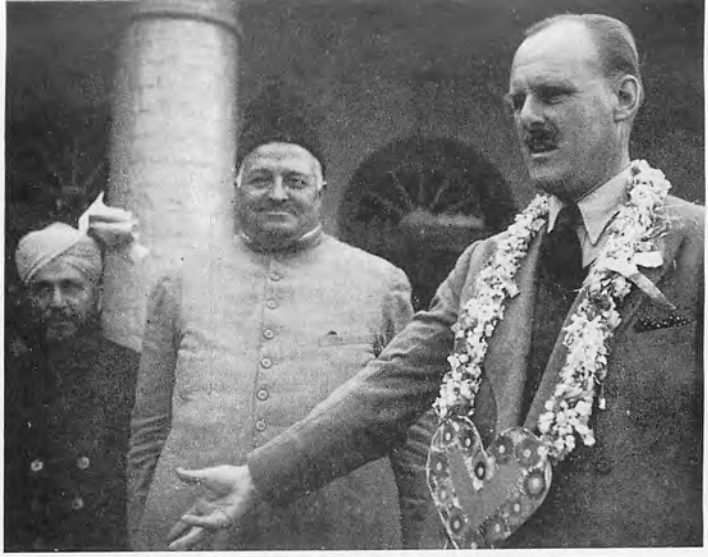
Gandhi passed on to Kashmir and I never saw him again. Over ten years later we had the good fortune to be hosts to his grandson, Rajmohan Gandhi, son of Devadas Gandhi of the "Hindustan Times", at Dr Buchman's house in London. Dr Buchman had invited him to stay there while he was studing journalism in Britain with "Scotsman". Since then Rajmohan has become Chief Editor of the Bombay weekly "Himmat". He has been largely responsible for the creation of the MRA centre at Panchgani near Pune.

Twenty years after my meeting with Gandhi, a friend and I had a three hour "working" lunch alone with Pandit Nehru and his daughter Indira. As far as I know she was not then concerned with politics. She was a charming and efficient hostess. We had called on Nehru in connection with the affairs of a young Naga, who wanted an exit-permit in order to attend an MRA training centre in Europe. Officialdom viewed Nagas at that time with suspicion and did not want our friend to be loose in Europe. Our only hope seemed to be get an order from the Prime Minister himself — which we did.

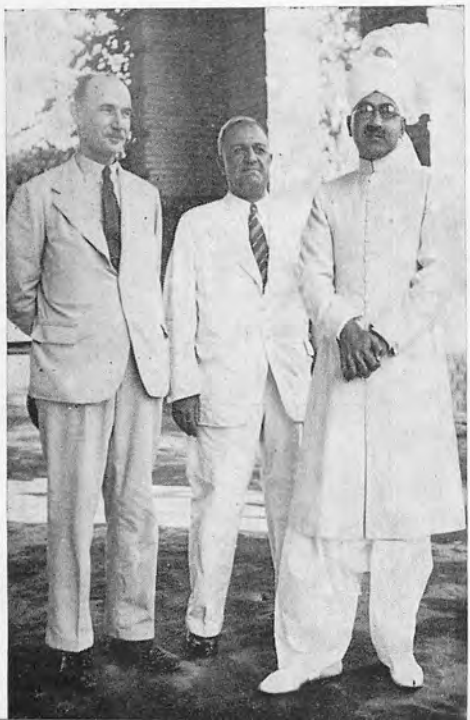
But it was Indira Gandhi who opened up a discussion on MRA, which continued for perhaps two hours. I do not remember thinking that Nehru was an agnostic. I do recall him saying that India's

immediate need was food, shelter and clothing. Had MRA a blueprint for that? My colleague and I said we thought that these three things, however necessary, would not suffice unless someone could offer India a uniting idea, large enough to satisfy the longings of ordinary people for greatness.

The same evening I met Indira Gandhi at a reception and took the opportunity to thank her for opening up the subject of MRA. To my surprise she told me that her tutor at Oxford, a white African lady, I believe, had talked about little else.



At farewell party, 1943,
LWJ and Aurangzeb Khan, Prime Minister NWFP



(Left to right) Walter Biscoe, Sir Qazi Mir Ahmed and Sir Sikunder Hayat Khan, Chief Minister of Punjab, Lahore 1940

As Resident for Baroda and Gujarat States, LWJ and wife with H. H. The Nawab of Cambay and children, 1943

CHAPTER 12

War

A FEW DAYS BEFORE war broke out in 1939 I was under canvas in a beautiful camping site on the shore of the great lake at Srinagar, where an MRA conference was in progress. The expansion of our work since my return to India in 1934 was indicated by the number and variety of the people attending. In addition to many from various parts of India as far afield as Madras and Calcutta, there was a contingent from Burma including the husband of a princess from the Shan States, the chaplain of the Bishop of Rangoon and his bride, the lieutenant colonel brother of the Bishop of Rangoon who was subsequently killed in the Burma campaign, and a lady diplomat from the USA who later rose to high rank. I remember that high officials of Kashmir State attended our meetings and bought much of our literature.

The imminent fear of war hung over us, especially for the wife of a Jewish lawyer living in Germany. I do not remember how she happened to be at the conference. She had a son in England and another, I think, in Germany or Austria. When would she next be able to make contact with all

her family? She was not a Christian, but one night in camp she had a vision of Jesus who told her to have no fear. Soon after the end of the war I met her united again with her husband at Caux in Switzerland. I was back in the Frontier Province when a few days after the ending of the conference, war was declared.

I do not remember that the prospect of living through a second war particularly worried me. One of my brothers went to France as Military Secretary to the Commander in Chief, Lord Gort. He had a terrible time when the decision came to evacuate the British troops. It was his duty to visit the senior generals and tell them to leave everything and make for the coast. They did not receive their orders at all happily. Another brother obtained a commission at the age of forty and ended up a prisoner of war with the Japanese in Burma for three and a half years. He had started the practice of listening to God just before the war began, and this stood him in good stead when he found himself in solitary confinement in a cell marked "leper" in Rangoon jail. He survived these experiences and finally died in the USA at an MRA conference centre.

My wife had gone home in 1938 to join our daughters for their summer holidays. Our son was born at Christmastime in 1939.

Early one morning in the following spring the British in India were horrified to hear the unexpected news of the collapse of France. My mind was filled with visions of the invasion of Britain and the plight of my defenceless wife, daughters and baby son. I drove out of the town where I was staying and spent

the day in the country. By the time I returned home I had found freedom from fear and an assurance that God loved my family even more than I did and I could only commit them to His care and trust Him. Thereafter I felt no fear and later my wife joined me and we celebrated my son's first birthday in Peshawar.

The war of course had made a great difference to our lives. To my normal duties were added those of one of five export trade controllers of India and also of Food Controller of the Frontier Province. Most things were soon in short supply and much corruption ensued. One of my close British friends in MRA, Mr W. T. Biscoe, was a senior official of the North Western Railway and became controller of rolling stock, which was in great demand. Through an official newsletter he let the railway employees under him know of his acceptance of the standard of absolute honesty. Through this he came in contact with a European employed in a goods yard. This man told him of the pressure that was put on all of them in the yard to accept bribes. In fact the practice was so organised that they pooled their bribes and shared the proceeds at the end of each month. His share was rather more than his pay. When he told his wife of his decision to refuse to accept bribes, she was horrified. She saw how he could be boycotted in the yard, and how it would affect their family budget. They had two boys in a boarding school in the hills and the fees were considerable. She wept. However, he was able to stick to his decision and gain his wife's approval

After a year's experience he found that he had ended up his financial year slightly better off than

before. He thought the reason must be that the bribe money had gone on non-essentials — easy come, easy go.

The General Manager of the railway had not at first been at all in favour of Walter Biscoe's unorthodox ideas. Particularly he did not like a senior official admitting his failures to his subordinates. But he changed his mind when he saw how Biscoe handled a strike by these methods and the concrete results he got. He put him in charge of all the rolling stock of the railway with his office in a separate building and the right to pick his own staff. This was the time when there was a famine in Bengal as well as a war and all available wagons were needed to get foodgrains to the starving people.

Biscoe asked his staff to accept the principle of absolute honesty in all their dealings with the public. The results were spectacular and Biscoe was decorated for his work. It is on record too that some of the wives of his staff told Mrs Biscoe that his ideas were spreading over into their private lives. Husbands had suddenly become considerate and started to take their share of responsibility in the home.

I was responsible for leasing some coal mines in the Province and had occasion to visit one of them in the company of a wealthy Hindu lessee, Ishar Das Kapoor. He called himself a "puritan man" and expressed his disappointment with his sons who were frittering away the money he had earned by hard work. One was a playboy and the other a Communist. I knew he had a narrow-gauge railway from the mine and had to have rolling stock regularly to meet his coal arriving at the broad-gauge,

so I asked him whether he ever bribed railway officials. He answered, "That I do". He argued passionately that his whole business would be ruined if he couldn't get his wagons at the right time. I told him the story of the goods yard man. A month later he wrote and told me he had cut down his presents to Rs. 1,000 a month. Later he stopped it altogether.

Some months later he paid me a visit at a hill station where I was spending part of the summer months. He told me his health was beginning to worry him. By this time he had begun to place his business and his money under God's direction. Obviously I could not offer him advice about his health, so I suggested that we ask God for direction. In a little while he asked whether the thought, "eat less", could be the guidance of God. He told me he ate two hundred oranges a week in addition to solids. I said, "eat less" might be guidance. A month or two later he wrote to tell me that he had had an operation and the surgeon had told him that if he had not cut down his food in time, it would have been impossible to perform the operation.

Later when partition took place he was compelled to leave all his property behind in Pakistan. Many of his relatives and servants were killed in an attack by Muslims on a refugee train passing through the Punjab. He arrived at Delhi to find the Hindus there carrying on business as usual. He was so filled with self-pity, jealousy, and bitterness that he felt he must die. Then he remembered the time he and I had listened to God together. He prayed for help and his misery melted away.

An I.C.S. man, Sir Penderel Moon,* has told how after partition he met Ishar Das in Simla. He had known him for many years and was aware that he had extensive mining interests in Pakistan. He asked him how he felt about leaving them behind. "I've left them all to God," said Ishar Das. "So then you're quite unaffected by all these events?" said Sir Penderel. "Well," he replied, "I cannot claim to be quite unaffected, but thanks to Moral Re-Armament I'm fifty to sixty per cent unaffected."

I met him later in Calcutta where he had only got some small Public Works contracts, but no longer bribed anyone. He told me he and his sons and his wife had been drawn together by their sufferings and helped by the moral decisions he had made.

* p. 118 "Divide and Quit" by Penderel Moon. Chatto & Windus 1962.

CHAPTER 13

Baroda

IN 1943 I was offered the post of Resident for Baroda and the Gujarat States. My headquarters were in Baroda City, two hundred miles from Bombay, the capital of one of the great Mahratta princes, His Highness the Gaekwar. I had family connections with Baroda, a first cousin of mine had been Resident there and long ago my father had been secretary of a State Trial when the then Gaekwar was accused of attempting to poison the then Resident.

The Chief Minister of the State was a distinguished retired official from the Madras Presidency, Sir V. T. Krishnamachari, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., who later became one of the chief authors of the Indian Constitution.

Sir V. T. was expected to call on the Resident every Tuesday morning and keep him informed of happenings in the State. On one of his early visits he was good enough to describe for me an experience of his on joining the Madras Service in 1903. He was handed a list of several British officials on whom he was to pay a call. When he presented himself at the office of the first on the list, that gentleman

observed that he failed to understand why the Government in their wisdom chose to send him an Indian, when at Oxford and Cambridge Universities there were plenty of young Englishmen only too willing to come and serve in India. He developed this idea for some time and concluded by saying, "Of course, Mr Krishnamachari, my observations are not intended to have any personal relevance to your particular case. In fact, I can safely say that you are very welcome."

Sir V. T. had been one of the top students of Madras University which was renowned for the brilliance of its scholars. He had been selected for the Madras Service from four hundred candidates. He deeply resented the reception he had got. Hence forward, he told me, his motivation was a burning desire to prove that he was as good as or better than any British product of Oxford or Cambridge. He concluded by saying, "Of course, now that I have risen to a senior position and received two knighthoods at the hands of His Majesty the King, I no longer harbour any resentment." I pondered this for a little and then asked him if he was sure that he retained no resentment. After a long pause, he said, "Perhaps I do still sometimes feel some." I said if this was so, it would constitute a serious barrier between us. Would it help matters if I expressed regret for the insensitivity and arrogance of us British including myself? He thanked me.

Soon afterwards His Highness was to give a garden party in honour of the delegates to a conference of the All Indian Agricultural Association which was being held in Baroda. On the day of the

party my British Secretary told me he had just heard that the Gaekwar was not going to be present. He said this was typical of the kind of disrespect shown to the Residency and that Sir V. T. had deliberately concealed the news from us. "Obviously", he said, "the Resident and his staff won't attend." I was quite new to Baroda and this was the first post of Resident I had occupied. I was at a loss and told my Secretary I would have to think it over. One of the delegates, an Indian familiar with MRA, was staying with us. He, my wife and I sat down together to ask for guidance. We agreed that it would be a great discourtesy to the distinguished chairman and delegates if both His Highness and the Resident failed to appear at the party. I decided to attend with my staff.

From the point of view of the prestige of the Resident, it was a great success. In the absence of His Highness, the Resident accompanied by the charming young son and heir of the Gaekwar was the central figure of the entertainment. The guests enjoyed the occasion and the reputation of Baroda State for hospitality was maintained and confidence was established between Sir V.T. and myself. This may seem a big fuss about a small matter of a garden party, but my Secretary rightly understood that in Princely States questions of prestige had real importance.

After independence, in 1950, Dr Buchman asked me and one other to return to India to prepare the way for a visit he proposed to make with a large party from Europe and the USA. My companion and I were invited by Sir V.T. in Bombay to meet

the members of the National Planning Commission of which he was a member. I remember Lady Krishnamachari gave us some delicious coffee of which Madras ladies are rightly proud. All the members of the Commission were present to hear us talk of the progress of MRA in the world. When we had finished our talk, they insisted on our continuing.

Finally, and to anticipate events somewhat, when Dr Buchman arrived at refugee-crowded Delhi in 1952 with a party of 200 largely Europeans, it was Sir V.T. who found him a Maharaja's palace to use as his headquarters during his stay, and in it he entertained Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister.

The Resident for Baroda was also responsible for the Gujarat States. The heir to one of these was a student at Baroda University. One day he came and told me of the disagreement he was having with his rather old-fashioned father. The son wished to go into business in Bombay when he had gained his degree — perhaps into a British firm. His father wished him to return to the State and learn from him how to run it. The son said there was not enough scope in the little State for two of them. And he wished to marry a girl who had a western education and modern ideas. The father had found an orthodox Hindu girl of good family and some wealth, but unable to speak English or adopt Western ways.

The young man asked my advice and help with his father. I asked him to tell me how he decided what was right and what was wrong. He said he worshipped the family goddess. This gave me an

opportunity to tell him of my own spiritual experiences.

I did not see him again for some months. During this time he had several discussions with a British Colonel, spending his leave from the war in Burma, in our home. Before the war he had been Dr Buchman's physician. To my great surprise the young man told me that he had decided to go home and work with his father for a year. Later he agreed to accept the bride his father and mother had chosen for him. At the end of the year his father abdicated in favour of his heir. He said he had been testing his son's character and ability. The marriage turned out happily.

The temperature of Baroda was very high in the summer. I remember one day it rose to 118°F and in the evening one of His Highness's best race horses died of heat in his stable. Because of the heat, the Resident was allowed the privilege of taking what was called "a recess" in a cooler climate. Consequently we accepted an invitation from Sir Maharaj Singh and his Rani to spend my recess in their home in Simla, the place where the Viceroy spent the summer months. Sir Maharaj was member of a princely family. His branch of the family had lost their right to the succession to the title and property, because their ancestor had become a Christian. Sir Maharaj had entered the civil service and had been selected to fill the important and difficult post of the first representative of India in South Africa.

Whilst we were their guests, his sister Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, who was a close friend of Gandhiji,

Author with his wife, daughter and son,
England 1948

With present-day Indian leaders:
Sri Sanjiva Reddy, President of India from 1977;
Dr. Pratap Chundra Chunder, Minister of Education;
Sri Rajmohan Gandhi and LWJ, London 1970

was under house-arrest in a bungalow not half a mile from where we were staying. Our son, four years old, called her the "prison lady".

Sir Maharaj was a quiet man. He had represented Oxford at boxing, and later after independence, he was Governor of Bombay. He sometimes entertained his guests at Government House with a personal ventriloquial performance. His wife was an outspoken lady with a strong will, but with a warm heart. At the time her loyalties must have been strained. One day at lunch she referred to Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, as "that great oaf", which I found rather hard to accept. He was in fact an unusually tall man and large in proportion. We kept off politics, but my wife had many long talks on spiritual and other matters. They got to know each other pretty well.

One morning my wife found Lady Maharaj, wearing a beautiful silk sari and jewels, sitting in her polished rickshaw, with six uniformed servants to pull it, off to pay a farewell call on Lady Linlithgow, whose husband's term of office was coming to a close. She was looking very regal and very formidable, so my wife asked her what she was going to say to Lady Linlithgow. She replied, "I'm going to give her a piece of mind." My wife courageously suggested to her that it would be a pity to part from Lady Linlithgow with such a divisive thought in her mind. Would it not be more constructive for future relations between India and Britain if she went in a more heart-warming state of mind? Lady Maharaj thought for a moment and then said, "You are right." She sent for a gardener

and told him to cut flowers and make them into a bouquet, and with this in her hand, she set off.

On her return she was smiling. She said she had had the best interview ever with Lady Linlithgow. She found her very nice. She was grateful to have gone in a giving and appreciative spirit.

CHAPTER 14

On Leave

WHEN IT BECAME apparent that the war was coming to an end, the Government of India decided to send on leave some British officials who had not seen their native land for five years or more. My wife and I accepted the offer.

Passages to England were hard to come by and I spent some weeks in Bombay awaiting my turn. The Postmaster General of Bombay Presidency, Krishna Prasada, was an I.C.S. friend of mine — a Brahmin from the U.P. and former Wimbledon tennis finalist. He told me he was having a lot of trouble with the postmen and sorters in Bombay, who were complaining that their wages were inadequate to meet the war-time cost of living. The Bombay government, he said, were very worried lest the strike of postmen might spread to railway and dock employees, and cause a great deal of trouble to the special war-time responsibilities of Bombay Port. He did not know what to do.

Some of my friends advised me not to get involved, but it seemed to me that I should. Krishna Prasada had met Dr Buchman. He had also known me before I changed, and had noticed a great difference;

so he permitted me and a companion to attend a meeting between himself and the postmen's representatives in his office near the Victoria Railway Terminus.

The representatives were two tough lawyers with left wing views, apparently out to make trouble. One was Mr Dalvi, a barrister and leading trade union organiser. The atmosphere was tense and unfriendly, but when Mr Dalvi heard my name, he enquired whether I was related to M. R. Jardine, a former Advocate General of Bombay and incidentally the father of D. R. Jardine, the England Cricket Captain. When I said he was my uncle's son Mr Dalvi suddenly smiled and said he had received much kindness from him in his early days. The tension eased.

We offered a suggestion that the proceedings should be run on the basis of "Not who's right, but what's right", and "People before things". The P.M.G. did not look very pleased at this proposal, but the men's representatives welcomed it wholeheartedly.

I remember one point raised was what holidays postmen had. No one present knew, but a junior official was sent for and said they were supposed to get every third Sunday off, but often did not. Another complaint was that in big offices and residential blocks of buildings, postmen who had to carry heavy bags, were not allowed to use the lifts or leave their letters on the ground floor. We learned that the only people strong enough to carry the bags were the fishermen of the Bombay coast.

I began to feel that I was in the right place.

though it was certainly not my business and I was already on leave. But I felt I was usefully employed as a kind of unofficial chairman. It occurred to me that my father had been Chief Secretary and Acting Chief Justice of Bombay and that I could be said to be pursuing my "khandani pesha" or family occupation.

A few days later the P.M.G. met some two thousand of the postmen and sorters. He told them that he realised that he had not made himself sufficiently acquainted with their conditions of service and especially the effect of the war on their living standards. He said he was sorry and would make immediate recommendations to the Government of India which would put things right. The strike was off.

But this was by no means the end of his troubles. Two days later when all seemed to be well, a telegram came from Delhi. The Government of India had received his report and decided to postpone passing orders on it until they had received recommendations from a Commission appointed to consider the whole question of the pay of postal employees. They announced that they had selected one Ragunath Nimbkar to be Chairman of the Committee and that he would be arriving in Bombay immediately.

Nimbkar was one of the pioneers of Communism in India. He met it in prison in 1922, the year of his first conviction for subversive conduct. He came into prominence in 1933 when he was one of those convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the famous "Meerut Conspiracy" case, when an attempt

was made to assassinate a British official. But when it became the policy of the Indian Government to maintain friendly relations with our allies, the Russians, Nimbkar and other Communists were released from jail. In 1943 he was appointed Labour Welfare Officer. This then was the man chosen to enquire "inter alia" into the P.M.G's handling of the postal strike.

Krishna Prasada decided to receive him with respect and make friends with him if possible. He invited me to meet him at tea in the Taj Mahal Hotel and introduced me as a member of the I.C.S. He was not pleased to meet me. However, there was no rupture. It so happened that Krishna Prasada had just moved into a new home and was giving a house-warming party to some of his friends to celebrate the occasion. Amongst them was Sir Francis Low, Editor of "The Times of India", one of the Governor's aides, an English clergyman and his wife, and myself. Rather to my surprise Nimbkar accepted the invitation. One or two of us spoke of our changed relations with the public as well as with our wives and families, resulting from our association with MRA. At the end of the party, to our astonishment, Nimbkar said, "I cannot leave this house without saying that what I have heard in the last two hours will cause me to re-think through opinions I have held all my life."

This is not the place to go into all the consequences of this change in him; it had far-reaching effects on management and labour relations throughout India, especially in the important textile industry. It also brought harmony into relations

between Nimbkar and his wife who had suffered from separations caused by politics and imprisonments. He and I became real friends, and I learned a lot from him.

Nimbkar died in 1948, but before his death, with the approval of Mahatma Gandhi, he attended an MRA conference at Caux, Switzerland. This was the turning point in his life. Peter Howard* who met him there, reported him as saying that in the past he had hated all except the workers of the world — particularly British imperialists. But at Caux he met British people who admitted their mistakes. "I want to shake hands", he said, "and say that when India and England work together, it will be a great force for remaking the world."

At the International Labour Organisation (ILO) in Geneva in 1947 I met the Indian delegation including Mr Jagjivan Ram, Mr Gulzari Lal Nanda — who both became eminent Indian politicians — and Mr Naval Tata, a director of Tata Industries. They accepted an invitation to spend a weekend at Caux. When I asked Mr Nanda why busy men like them had so readily accepted this invitation, he replied that Nimbkar had told them that whatever other invitations they might receive, Caux was a "must".

The fine buildings of the ILO look over the lake, towards the glorious snow-covered peak of Mont Blanc. The road to Caux used to run along the border of the lake through small towns and little ports with attractive buildings going back two or three centuries. After the important city of Lausanne come the vineyards on the hillside running down

to the lake edge. At the hotel town of Montreux the road to Caux turns to the left and the climb begins to Mountain House where the conference was held, overlooking the lake and wide distant views of the perennial snows of the Dents de Midi and the valley of the Rhone.

The journey from Geneva to Caux took about two hours in a car. I remember two remarks made by my guests. Gulzari Lal Nanda looked at the perfection surrounding us and said, "How can we ever attain anything like this in India?" His friend, Khandubhai Desai, President of the Indian National Trades Union Congress, said, "I can't understand why I have been persuaded to visit Caux a second time; you have nothing to give us that Gandhiji has not already given." Two days later he said, "I wish to modify what I said to you. Here you have discipline and organisation. There are no rules, notices or lists of names, but everything runs smoothly. We need to learn the secret."

* "The World Rebuilt" by Peter Howard Blandford Press 1951.

CHAPTER 15

Recycling

I WAS 52 when in 1947 India became independent. In the same year I attained my pension and became free to do what I wished.

When I asked Lord Wavell for permission to retire, he asked me what I would do if he let me go. Perhaps he thought I had a well-paid job awaiting me. I told him Dr Buchman had invited me to join him as soon as possible. No doubt the Viceroy knew this meant no salary. I am grateful that I left India before partition and the unexpected bloodshed which accompanied it.

Dr Buchman had spent the war years in the USA, his native land. By 1949 he was at Caux, supervising the transformation of Mountain House, formerly a luxury hotel and then a hostel for refugees, into a conference centre which began to be called the "headquarters of the hope of the world", as Germans and French, trade unionists and national leaders like Dr Konrad Adenauer, West German Chancellor, and Dr Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Minister and some-time Prime Minister, met there and began to make friends.

There I joined him and a few of his associates.

Dr Buchman had a powerful personality and a tremendous commitment to remaking the world. I saw at once that I had a great deal to learn and unlearn if I was to live alongside him. So began a new chapter in my life which has lasted for twenty years or more. I am still learning. The more I learn the more I see the need to "live differently" as Dr Buchman told me in 1934.

A former colleague of mine in India, who on retirement became a sheep farmer, came to the conclusion that the I.C.S. was no preparation for any other occupation. Perhaps it was because we had too much power and too little need to build a teamwork.

CHAPTER 16

The Best is Ahead

DR BUCHMAN'S plan was to change people of all kinds of backgrounds, and occupations, and races and religions — that is to say, bring them under the direction of God — and then weld them into a trained, equipped and footloose team.

People are afraid that God's direction will conflict with their plans for their lives. A successful civil servant, an old friend of my family, sincerely warned me against the path I was proposing to take. He said it would prove disastrous to my career. He was thinking in terms of security, promotion and honours. I am grateful that I did not listen to him. Forty-four years later, as we reach our fifty-sixth wedding anniversary, we can say we lost nothing. We found the key to perfect freedom and the answer to all problems personal, family, or national.

Now I look forward to the time which soon must arrive, when statesmen and ordinary people will face the stark fact that the past century has demonsrated beyond doubt that human wisdom is not enough; that men and nations must seek and accept God's guidance if they wish to avoid the

tyranny of the right or the left.

At the start of my story I mentioned that my friend, the Indian editor, thought that many administrators today could learn from my experiences. Gandhiji, viewing the problem in terms of a British official serving in a "colonial" situation, thought the difficulties were insurmountable. But after some consideration he realized the possibilities and said, "This is the greatest thing happening today." What if he had succeeded in applying these principles to independent India where there was no problem of foreign rule? What could have been the effect on India's problems of absolute standards of honesty and unselfishness? As Gandhiji said, "We can begin again and anything can happen."

My case is that one ordinary administrator placing his life under God's direction brought an answer to the kind of problems which officially the British government had never tackled — I mean such things as standards of conduct for professional men, racial disharmony, blood feuds and corruption of railway staff. Unwittingly I tackled such things and answers emerged. All I, and my friends, did was to face what was wrong in ourselves. Others, for instance Dr Ghosh, saw we were different and sought the reason. Such miracles as happened in Peshawar can happen anywhere when any administrator, or for that matter, anyone, decides to be different. Remember I was the man who had no answer for his brother in 1932.

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