

NETAJI MYSTERY

This book by Dr. Satyanarayan Sinha was originally published in Hindusthan Standard, which was serialised. There was quite an excitement all over India as also in the House of Parliament. People have demanded that a new enquiry committee is set up to enquire about Netaji.

The writer has travelled to Formosa and Russia himself to collect various facts, and to talk to many eye-witnesses.

It has been circulated that on August 18, 1945, in Taipei, Formosa, Netaji lost his life. It has no relations to facts.

On that day there was no aircraft involved in an accident in Taipei. There was one accident there,

10 months earlier: on 23rd October, 1944. The photographs of the airerash which took place 10 months earlier

were supplied to Habibur Rahman by Japanese intelligence. ✓

There was a plot to kill Netaji, but Netaji changed his schedule at the last minute, and therefore the plot was foiled.

There is a reliable proof that Netaji was alive a few years back in Dairen, Manchuria. There are proofs that Netaji

was imprisoned by the Russian army.

Is he still imprisoned? There should be fresh investigations to bring out the whereabouts of Netaji. He should again come, our great leader, to guide us.

Netaji Mystery

Dr. Satyanarayan

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Dr. Satyanarayan Singha



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PREFACE

"RANCHI JAN. 22—Dr. Satyanarain Sinha, former Member of Parliament, declared at an informal Press conference here that no air disaster at Taipei on Formosa Island had actually taken place on August 18, 1945, (two days after the Japanese surrender), in which Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose was supposed to have lost his life.

The photos supplied by the Japanese Intelligence to Col. Habibur Rahman and included in the Netaji Inquiry Committee report as factual evidence of the air disaster were in reality those of the disaster which took place at the very spot on October 23, 1944.

Dr. Sinha said that the Formosa Government had in their possession documentary evidence of the 1944 crash. He claimed that he had photographic evidence to give lie to Netaji's air crash death story. According to Dr. Sinha's evidence, the conspiracy to kill Netaji in 1944 was foiled owing to a change in his schedule.

He sought to prove with evidence that Netaji took off for Dairen accompanied by the Japanese General, Senal, on August 18, 1945. What had happened to Netaji after he had reached Dairen (which is in Soviet Russia) was for the Government of India to investigate.

Dr. Sinha had recently been to Far East and Formosa particularly to explore the death story of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose."

The above newspaper report gives the background to the so-called air disaster in which Netaji Bose was supposed to have been involved, in a nutshell. But as is only natural newspaper report of this size can not describe all the details of the entire investigation.

We hope, the readers will find the book stimulating and thought provoking.

Publisher

1. NETAJI'S FLIGHT TO FORMOSA

On August 18, 1945, Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose's plane is supposed to have crashed on this Formosa island at the very spot I am standing today-November 18, 1964.

On August 24, 1945, all Indian newspapers had flashed a Japanese news agency report that Netaji died in a Japanese hospital due to injuries from an air crash which took place at Taipei airfield of Formosa on August 18, 1945. This report got corroborated by the British Indian Government of the time.

After independence too the same Japanese version was given out by the Congress Government in Delhi as convincing evidence of Netaji's death. Pressed by public opinion for ascertaining the reliability of the report. Prime Minister Nehru sent teams for enquiries to Japan. The site of the crash at Taipei was not investigated.

The adamant attitude of the Indian Government in Netaji's case has intrigued not only those emotionally interested in Netaji's fate, but also those who have reasons to believe that in this particular case, Government versions have been influenced by some other factors than the dictates of fact finding realities. In this case, the Government records need definitely to be set right. This is sure to serve our national cause.

(ii)

It looks strange to me that none of our countrymen before me had tried to trace out here at Taipei the original records of that mysterious disaster.

Just the same, that unsolved riddle concerning Netaji remains an important lever in the history of the battles

for India's independence, an inspiration to face the mortal Chinese menace at present, and in building up the future of our country.

On the historic disappearance of Subhas from India, Ananda Bazar Patrika and Hindustan Standard had created world-wide sensation by being the only papers to announce the news. Again, when Reuter announced the death of Subhas in 1943, the same papers refused to write an obituary. Very soon, the death news proved to be incorrect.

The same way, investigations in Formosa itself put the Japanese news agency report of 1945 incorrect similar to that by Reuter of 1942.

Once more, with enough justification, we refuse to write an obituary.

(iii)

Before me, I have the 3675 feet high Yuangshan range. The Keelung river takes numerous sharp bends at the foothills. Formosa's capital Taipei's military-Civilian airfield stretches to quite a distance along the southern bank of the stream.

Over the Keelung bridge a chain of aeroplanes hover low for landings or high above after take-offs. The approach to aerodrome is technically as easy and smooth as it could be for those considered safest in the world,

There are no reports of any other airmishap at Taipei, except that one on October 23, 1944, in which Subhas Babu definitely did not perish. According to Formosa reports, there was no aircrash on 18th August, 1945.

(iv)

For me it is a chance-luck that has landed me at this Formosa island. My foreign publishers had sent me an

airticket for the Tokyo Olympics, which reached me in Calcutta after a month the games were over.

However, I have availed myself of the opportunity to get acquainted with some of the regions of the far East we know so little about.

Of course, there cannot be a greater happiness than plunging all out in to the unknown.

(v)

At Hong Kong I had an option to fly directly to Tokyo or via Formosa. A friendly C. A. T. airline man lured me to a Formosa-bound Mandarin-jet and got set for my following the trails of Netaji.

When we took off that afternoon from Hong Kong at 15.20 hours local time, we were aboard a convair 880 M, jetliner. I had not flown in such type of aeroplane before. Finding me inquisitive to know the flying characteristics of the machine, the pilot invited me to the cockpit.

we had a magnificent panorama of the dazzling islands getting gradually covered in layers of haze and cloud.

There in an opening of the white blanket, an island of the pescador group peeped through, which reminded me of the shells exchanged between the red and the Nationalist Chinese forces.

From somewhere in the depths of my memory, it cropped up—"There is no such bomb which could kill me".

I recollected those were the words of Subhas Babu, as we call Netaji affectionately. His images imprinted from the pre-war personal contacts accompanied me, until the pilot pointed out—"We are making a landing approach to the Taipei airfield."

In a flash I got it—it was just here that Netaji's plane is supposed to have crashed.

(vi)

The off-duty friendly pilot took me to the Grand Hotel, from where I had the best view of the approach to the airfield. Leaving me there, he asked, whether I knew anybody in Taipei. I told him about one General Pao I had known in Berlin during my diplomatic days.

"He is here, now working in our Foreign Office" The information-desk clerk said "I shall ring him up. You can talk to him."

I had not to wait long until the general himself turned up. During our talks in Berlin, we had often discussed Netaji's mystery. Reviving the talks of those days, I asked "Could there be any eye-witnesses of that plane disaster?"

"We shall find it out for you".

"The causes of the crash must have been investigated?"

"Yes. The Japanese are supposed to have done that."

"Did they leave any reports of their findings?"

"That too we will have to look into, since you are so eager to know the truth, we shall put a team of our experts to locate the necessary details. We have thousands of tons of Japanese papers safely deposited in a far-away cave. I have an access to them. But it may take some time to find out the files we need."

"I would like to take your findings home."

"You are most welcome. We shall do our best to help you in your assignment."

(vii)

General Pao introduced me to the social, political and military leaders of his land, including the president Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. An informal meeting with him

opened all the gates of the Japanese secrets preserved on the island, including their intelligence reports. I could observe, study, examine and take photographs of whatever, I thought, could have been of any value to my work.

Very soon the Taipei version of Netaji's story startled me with acts of far reaching re-velations, I had ever imagined to find out here.

2. NO PLANE CRASH ON REPORTED DATE

The friendly Formosa Government found out some exceptionally experienced old 'India hands' and detailed them to render in help in my enquiries. Particularly two of them Mr. Chuang and Mr. Tao, occupying very high position in the foreign office and the cultural organisation respectively, became my closest associates in the task.

Mr. Chuang is generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's man of confidence and was posted as a special representative of the Chinese Government at New Delhi during the second world war. Chuang lived in Jhind house in New Delhi and had occasions to come in personal contact with the Indian political leadership of the time. But his main job was to maintain contact and work as a liaison between the Chinese and the British intelligence Departments, both civil and military.

He drove me to Taipei's Grand Hotel, took me to the tennis court, located in its compound, and explained—"This is the location of the only air crash that has taken place in the history of Taipei."

"When was it?" "On October, 1944, at 14.00 hours Tokyo time."

"Did the Japanese news agency reports not put it as on August, 18, 1945?"

"It is not correct. There has not been any crash at Taipei besides the one I am telling you about"

"How are you so sure?"

"At that time I was posted at New Delhi. The Japanese sources themselves had given out that one of their planes which had last taken off from Canton had crashed herewith the Indian leader Subhas Bose on board, carrying a very heavy load of gold and jewellery with him."

"Are you sure, it was on October 25, 1944, and not on August 18, 1945?"

"Hundred percent. I have checked it repeatedly with the most reliable source."

"What is that?"

"During the war we worked with the British and operated in collaboration against the Japanese. Whatever job was to be done in the Japanese-held Chinese areas was done through us. To achieve good results in such a task we had got some of our reliable men infiltrated into the Japanese apparatus one of our such men worked for the Japanese intelligence, and it was he who had helped them in the inquiries of the Taipei crash. He is now here still working for us. I have talked to him about all the details before bringing you here at the site of the crash. He is sure, no other crash besides the one he conveyed to us in New Delhi in October 1944, has ever taken place here. He himself has all along been in Taipei during the Japanese occupation and after we took over from them."

* * *

"What are the exact details of the crash you know about?"

"At that time they said that it was very stupid of Subhas Bose to have carried so much gold and jewellery with. That wealth had attracted the attention of a notorious Japanese gang operating on this island. Somehow the gang had secured the information about the arrival of the plane and made previous signalling arrangement with the crew immediately before landing."

"You mean to say, there was a criminal conspiracy to rob Subhas Babu's treasures?"

"Certainly there was a conspiracy. Here at this very spot stood newly-built Japanese temple. On October 25, 1944, there was going to be a grand celebration at the temple to inaugurate it. But two days before that, the plane in

an effort to alert the conspirators of the arrival of gold, flew over the temple, and in that process rubbed against the temple top. Immediately the plane caught fire, and it crashed in flames. The whole temple was burnt down. There were no survivors."

"Is this the report you got at New Delhi?"

"Yes. All these details I got at New Delhi, and checked them with the British Intelligence there."

"But I do not remember any such details published in our news-papers."

"The censor might have waited for a suitable time to release to the public that news which could change the whole course of the Far Eastern war in their favour."

"This is quite an amazing story. The crash incident which actually took place in October, 1944, and in which Subhas Babu was in reality not involved got flashed out at the very end of the war to convey to the Indian public that it was really the end of their best fighter for freedom they ever had."

Chuang took me to the dining room of the Grand Hotel and continued "There is definitely something in British intelligence reports concerning Subhas Babu which they do not want to make public even today. To cover that secrecy they circulated through the Japanese news agency the report of crash that took place ten months ago, deliberately to confuse Indian public mind about the fate of their great leader."

"Your report of the actual crash would help us to uncover that concealed British intelligence secret."

"It is possible, I give you the authority to quote my name in this connection. Since you are so insistent on knowing the truth, our Government had decided to publish

the details we have here relating to that crash as early as we can."

* * *

Looking for a kerchief in my coat pocket I dug out a crumpled newspaper cutting I had put in half read during my Calcutta-Bangkok leg of the fight.

It was a letter from one Mr. Hayashida, a Japanese National, to several editors of Indian newspapers, dated October 28, 1944.

Hayashida had reiterated the details of the crash and death of Netaji in 1945.

I passed on the cutting to my Formosa investigator Mr. Tao, who commented—"It is very significant that the Japanese are again reverting to their original news agency statement. Once the real truth about 1944 Taipei crash is known, it will become a direct challenge to British and Indian Intelligence besides the Japanese. They will find it very hard to keep in the dark their dirty tricks relating to Subhas Bose during the war."

"We know nothing in India about those tricks."

"May be, it is due to the fact that India and Formosa have no contact either on governmental or on individual level."

"Did India ever had queries from you about that crash?"

"No, you are the only one from your country so far who have approached us regarding the fate of Subhas Bose. If you will continue to follow the trails of Bose, you are sure to come across many of those dirty tricks played against him here in the Far East."

His comments threw a new light on most of the literatures on Netaji I had come across many reports which claimed to be authentic, because they relied on intelligence

records, looked as if they had nothing to do with the real character, life and role of Netaji.

Under the shadow of the Yuanshan ranges at the very site of the said plane crash, I began to see the truth about Netaji in a new light.

3. TAIPEI AIRFIELD PERSONNEL INTERVIEWED

While Formosa friends looked for the hidden secret into the piled 'mountain' of the so far unsorted papers of the former Japanese Government, I went for various explorations in my own way.

Looking from my tenth floor window of the President Hotel, the largest in Taipei, I watched minutely the movement of aeroplanes. For the plane was it normally necessary to go nearer or to fly over that part of Yuanshan where the plane crash had taken place. The reason given for the 1944 crash was that the pilot intended to alert the Sino-Japanese gang of conspirators, and in that process struck the top of the newly built Japanese temple.

About the 1945 crash, I re-collected the reasons as published in Indian newspapers were rather of a novel nature. It was said that some bird 'might have' collided with the propeller after its take-off, and that the plane crashed from a height of 300 feet on a hill. It caught fire. Seven of the occupants escaped, but Netaji had injuries in his head, due to which he expired after six hours.

I went to Sung Shan airport, one and a quarter miles from Taipei to check up the details. The aerodrome officer told me that the present international airport was only a military airfield in 1945. It had at that time a runway of 5,000 feet and the take-off and landing was from nine degrees. This detail was enough to conclude that the alleged plane in no case could have crashed in the same direction with the background of the hill from where it had taken off. The hills ahead are several miles away. No plane flies backwards.

None of the present airport personnel knew of any crash.

at Taipei. But the aerodrome officer told me, I could go to the Lungshan shrine and meet there some old airport hands, now leading a retired life.

The Lungshan shrine is situated in Taipei itself. With gilded idols and carved stone pillars, this 230 year old Buddha temple has ornate architecture. An old man prostrated himself before the image of the much worshipped Goddess of Mercy, Kuan-in, as the Chinese call her.

When he was about to leave, I asked him whether he was an old employee of the Taipei airport.

"Yes. I worked for the Japanese throughout the war as one of their airport fire brigade personnel."

"Do you remember any airplane crash during the period of your service?" "Yes there was one in October, 1944. But that was brought down by some Japanese conspirators to plunder the gold cargo the plane carried. We had a very hard time. The newly built Japanese temple on that Yuanshan hill was completely burnt down. Hundreds of people were employed to clear the debris and pick out the gold for the Japanese. You will find many eye witnesses of that crash still living in different parts of our island. Here in Taipei itself, you may come across a few dozens, if you persist in your search."

"Was there any other accident in August, 1945?"

"Never heard of any accident in 1945. If there was one, I could have known about it, because, we from the fire brigade are the people who rush to the site of the accident first."

Besides the image of Kuanin in the temple also housed the Goddess of sea-Matsu. Another devotee was saying his prayers before that deity. My fire brigade friend introduced him to me—"Here is my friend, Yu. He was a refuelling hand at the airport during the war. Perhaps he can help you more."

Yu too did not remember of any crash besides the one in 1944. Anyway, he asked me—"From where that 1945 plane is supposed to have started?"

"They say, it started on 18th August from Saigon."

"And When did it crash at Taipei?"

"They say, on the same day at 1400 hours, Tokyo time."

"It is doubtful that the transport planes of those days could have made Saigon-Taipei in one hop, and reached their destination so quickly."

"How did they come normally to Taipei from that direction?"

"Mostly they refuelled at Canton."

"They do not say about any landings between Saigon and Taipei?"

"This must be a very strange case, but what is your real purpose in investigating about that particular plane?"

"Our great leader Bose is reported to have been killed in that Taipei crash."

"So far as I can remember, your Bose, was killed in 1944 October crash."

"How do you know?"

"The Japanese who plundered his gold openly talked about his death."

We all three stood before the Budha, and prayed.

Both my temple friends were very happy to hear that in reality Netaji was not killed in that 1944 crash. I told them that we have in India a number of his photographs, letters and live broadcast tape records as a convincing evidence that he was alive, hale and hearty until the last days of the Far Eastern war—August, 1945.

As arranged preciously, Mr. Tao too turned up at the temple to meet me. He had some important news for me. "I have gone through the papers of our wartime New Delhi diplomatic and military missions. It is beyond doubt that

the British Intelligence was all out for the life of Subhas Bose. Accordingly, they had financed and set a band of conspirators ready here at Taipei, through our agencies to bring down the plane in which Mr. Bose Was to travel to Tokyo. Some changes in Mr. Bose's Programme altered his schedule. But the plane loaded with the cargo of some of the South-East Asian gold, plundered by Japanese forces, was on its way to Tokyo, when it was brought down here at Taipei. Our agents took it for granted that Bose was on that plane, and so, according to our records, he was declared dead in the crash of 23rd October, 1944."

"For New Delhi this must have been a great frustration."

"It was, Bose was their greatest enemy. The British Intelligence remained on his tracks until the last days of the war."

"It is quite natural. But our job is to find out what happened to him after he left Saigon by plane on 18th, August, 1945."

"In any case, this much is certain that on that day there was no plane-crash here, and so the question of Mr. Bose dying here does not arise. Good luck had spared him from that 1944 crash. But the British Intelligence have given it out as a pretence for his reported end in August, 1945".

"Why was such a pretence necessary?"

"To hide their crimes."

"We must get in to the details of those crimes."

"Once we publish our papers concerning Bose, there will be a great turmoil also in New Delhi. But let come what may, we must get in to the truth of the man who in actual deed has defeated death."

4. NETAJI'S CONCEPT OF WAR

In our time, no Indian has lived so dangerously defying death as Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. During the last years of their rule in India, the British rulers had nearly succeeded in suffocating the very Indian soul by depriving it of breathing the air of freedom. The Indian National spirit struggled hard for its survival.

Subhas stood up against the British imperialist might at its peak hour and inflicted a mortal blow on the giant. The giant collapsed, consoling itself that Subhas too was dead.

The death of the British Raj in India is a clear as daylight. But there is no evidence of Netaji's death, not to speak of his spirit which has become immortal.

As soon as the first rays of the sun struck the peak of Yuanshan, I soared above it in a C-47 to find out the actual circumstances under which the last battles were fought between the imperialist force and Subhas.

Colonel Yeh was our pilot. He asked me to take the co-pilot's seat. Setting our course in the direction of the Kinmen islands, we began to chat.

"When did you first come to this island, colonel?" I asked.

"With the first group of aviators to take over the air-field from the Japanese."

"Was this island in a chaotic state then?"

"Not particularly. Before taking up this job, I was a military attache in New Delhi. There you had much more trouble, while the British were leaving India then we had here when the Japanese left this island."

"Then you are in a privileged position to know more

certain vital military aspects of Asiatic upheavals than we do."

"My impression in New Delhi was that you Indians do not attach any importance to military aspect of a country's life. Your leadership went to the extent of condemning any touch of armed fight even in so vital a matter as making your country free from the yoke of the British rule."

"It was so."

"I remember, the only man who raised his voice for taking up arms to drive out the British from India was your leader, Subhas Chandra Bose. And for that, how did he suffer?"

"Do you know any of the details of his work in this respect?"

"Of course, I know. I had to report about it to our Chung-king Government at the time. Since Britain was fighting Japan, we had co-ordinated military movements and plans for victory with them. Subhas Bose was the greatest obstacle in our way. We measured his strength equal to ten or fifteen of our divisions. He was our enemy, but personally I did admire him as the most outstanding South East Asian Military leader."

"What did impress you most?"

"His great contribution to the concept of war."

"What is it precisely?"

"Clausewitz treatise on war began with establishing once and for all the 'concept of absolute war,' as understood in strict military sense Subhas Bose became the exponent of a 'Just national war with no surrender'. His concept is of a final national victory—does not matter how hard and how long. This is the type of war we are fighting even now to liberate our mainland where the Communist bandits are murdering our compatriots relentlessly."

"What is significantly characteristic in Bose's type of war?"

"It is the concept of a final national victory. For the sake of the final national victory the whole nation must get mobilised, as well as Political stratagems and diplomatic actions, all must have one purpose only, to achieve final victory. In such a war, the whole South-East Asia was but an individual transaction with no significance except for the sake of the final settlement—free national governments in India, China, Japan and all other countries of the world."

"Very good,"

"No surrender and no defeat. This is what brought a clash between Bose and the Japanese military leaders of the South-East Asia during the last part of the war. Bose was not for surrender, and as far as we know, he did not surrender."

"What happened to him ultimately?"

"For that you will have to unearth the intelligence documents of the British, the Japanese and the National Chinese. We are helping you in this matter. May be we shall come to some definite conclusion, once our Government publishes the documents in their possession as they have promised you."

* * *

The Kinmen island and the silhouette of the Chinese mainland came in view. The colonel pointing them out smiled—"It is there that Subhas Bose's concept of war is being put into action."

"How?"

"As I told you, we cannot, and have not surrendered to the savage Chicun (Chinese Communist) forces. About the amazing power of survival of the people of this island you know nothing in India. Here our total population is only 12 million. Chicun which is bent upon destroying us

as their main target boasts of having misled a force of 700 million people of the mainland. We twelve against seven hundred have not only succeeded in keeping our existence but are even now the deadliest threat to Chicum."

"You are brave people."

"You were defeated by Chicum in one battle in the Himalayas in autumn 1962, and have not taken any counter offensive yet to regain your lost territories. Though our island has insignificant area and population compared to your vast country, we are prepared to switch on to counter offensive at any suitable moment. This is amazing, you have forgotten Subhas Bose, and here we are displaying his concept of fight in concrete action."

After our landing on Kinmen Island, the trails of Netaji lured me to an amazing pattern of the spearhead of the historical forces destined to kill the Chinese Communist-imperialists now dangerously menacing Netaji's very homeland.

In front of our present struggle against the Communist invasion, we have to exert our efforts to bring to light Netaji's spirit of fight and great courage. Then only there will be no doubt, no grief and fear. Only by that spirit we shall defer death, as Netaji himself has done, win resounding victory, and save our country.

5. THE TRUTH ABOUT NETAJI'S AIR-CRASH

(i)

My investigations about Netaji on the Formosa islands prolonged indefinitely. Gradually, I was able to trace his onward action from the afternoon of August 18th 1945, the alleged hour of the so called plane-crash at Taipei.

Quite soon I had convincing evidence of the fact that the death story of Netaji was put forward by the Japanese intelligence to cover Netaji's real traces. This was one of the most successful diversionary manoeuvre carried out by the Japanese during the last war.

There seems nothing unusual in the Japanese action which actually wished well to Netaji so far it saved him from the hot pursuit of the Anglo-American intelligence hounds after his blood. The Japanese intelligence in this respect went even to the extent of providing deceptive photographs to cover the truth. They briefed colonel Habib-ur-Ruhman about a plane-crash story which had actually taken place on October 23, 1944, and tutored him to tell his British intelligence interrogators that the accident happened on 18.8.1945. The colonel reported the Japanese story again before the Netaji Inquiry committee (NIC) of 1956, giving out the hill-top crash site photos of 1944, supplied to him by the Japanese intelligence as the only factual evidence of Netaji's death.

Eversince, the Indian Public has been deliberately misled in respect of the Netaji's affairs.

(ii)

What is even today most surprising is the adamant and fanatic belief of the Delhi Government in the faked Netaji's death story. Such an extraordinary official attitude towards

✓ Netaji has forced the objective observers to come to the conclusion that it is politically advantageous to the Government in office to falsely declare and make others believe, whether true or not, that Netaji is dead.

Netaji had been the only national leader who owed his strength to standing for stark nationalism in contrast to the Gandhian hatred for military means to gain independence. Subhas had been to the Victoria Memorial at Calcutta, and seen it entranced there that only 900 British soldiers under Robert Clive had defeated 72,000 strong Indian forces in the battle of Plassy. This defeat had broken the backbone of Indian national manhood to the extent that no Indian before Subhas could come out to build up Indian fighting Divisions to drive out the British from India.

Such a restoration of the national self-respect necessary for gaining Independence and the survival as a free country, made Subhas an unchallenged national hero. He had fought Gandhi in 1939 for the control of Congress, and had been outwitted and humiliated to the extent that he had to leave the country to fight for the cause most dear to him and to prove his faith in Indian fighting spirit to achieve independence. His bravery and military leadership in fighting the British forces under the most desperate circumstances has contributed in action the most brilliant chapter in India's military history so far. The battle of Plassy has been avenged by the Indian armed forces under the military leadership of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose.

Of such a tremendous magnitude has been the historic role of Netaji that if he returned to India at the end of the war, he would have been the most dangerous enemy to Gandhism and the Nehru-Shahi.

These considerations were uppermost in the minds of the Indian policy-makers who had taken over power from the British. Realising this truth in a flattering manner, the official verdict in the case of Netaji went all out to declare him

dead, even at the cost of twisting the historical and factual evidence in favour of his existence after the so called air-disaster at Taipei.

Naturally, the Indian public has strongly desired that all the facts about Netaji should be enquired, and made known to public. It was due to such countrywide agitation that the Government of India's hands were forced to appoint a Netaji Inquiry committee in April 1956. But the practically one man Shah Nawaz show did not do any justice to the seriousness of the Inquiry it did deserved. Perhaps it was also not convenient to the Government to make an objective inquiry.

On page 3 of the NICR we read—"The members of the committee were anxious to visit Formosa which was the actual scene of occurrence of the plane crash, Netaji's death, and his cremation. There were difficulties in doing so as there were no diplomatic relations between the Government of India and the authorities in Formosa. A reference was made to the Government of India, who informed the committee that they did not consider a visit to Formosa feasible. So the attempt had to be given up."

What an Inquiry is imaginable which is not done at the actual scene of occurrence? The Nationalist Government of China at Formosa is a leading member of the United Nations, and if approached by India, could have never turned down any request for facilities to make inquiries which are concerned only with the noble humane aspects.

India has no diplomatic relations with the Soviet zone East Germany. But when myself was accredited with diplomatic rank to the Indian Military Mission, Berlin, I have visited East Berlin and East Germany a number of times with other members of our Mission there, to carry out the instructions of our External Affairs Ministry. If the Communist East Germany could be visited without any

diplomatic relations with that country, why not the Nationalist Republic of China on the Formosa Islands?

Again an objective observer is forced to conclude that the Government of India and its political leadership are not interested in facing the truth that Netaji had nothing to do with the Taipei plane disaster. All India Government inquiries were made in Japan just to stupidly put a seal to the Japanese intelligence reports of a deliberate diversionary manoeuvring character.

(iii)

In the NICR we find three photos of the alleged air-crash at Taipei as the only factual proof of the disaster. Even a cursory scrutiny of the photos gives out the truth. The NICR findings are—"The most credible version is...the plane crashed about 100 metres beyond the concrete runway." But the photos show the crash-site on hill-top, which actually lies not less than a mile and a half from the concrete runway. Colonel Habib-ur-Rahman too has said that the crash took place one or two miles outside the aerodrome. He is right. Actually a plane-crash had taken place on a hill-top on October 23, 1944, one or two miles outside the aerodrome. And he was briefed by the Japanese intelligence about this crash which he had not lived through.

When investigating at Taipei, I myself took a few dozen photos both of the hill-top and the runway from different angles. The hill-top crash-site of 1944 comes out the same as of the NICR photo of the runway crash supposed to have happened on 18. 8. 1945. The contour and the silhouette of the Yuanshan hills in the background are remarkably similar in NICR and my photos. If nothing else, these photos speak the truth that there is no truth in Taipei disaster of 18. 8. 1945, and so it is not true that Netaji lost his life there.

The Government of India and their intelligence renounced

for their cleverness, are definitely afraid of the real truth about Netaji coming out, and for this reason did not allow even their own trusted NIC members to visit Formosa. The barrier of diplomatic relations is only a pretence to keep Netaji and his brilliant historic role covered in darkness.

The truth is, as I have myself found out as a result of my investigations on the Formosa island itself, that **NETAJI TOOK OFF FOR DAIREN AT 14.30 HOURS ON 18th AUGUST 1945. AND HE REACHED HIS DESTINATION SAFELY THE SAME EVENING.**

6. "DAIREN CHALO"

(i)

Even after the Japanese surrender on 15.8.1945, Netaji did not surrender. He said—"Japan's surrender was not India's surrender." Further, he declared that his battle was for the independence of India, and whatever happened to his allies Germans or Japanese, his war would continue till the liberation of India was achieved.

In face of his military calculations getting upset, Netaji got determined not to fall into the hands of the Anglo-Americans, and to continue his war from "some Russian territory."

Going through the military situation of the day, the only place Netaji could go beyond the approach of Anglo-American forces turned out to be Dairen in southern Manchuria.

(ii)

It is on record that on 15th August 1945, Netaji signed an order of the day, which contained—"...Do not be depressed at our temporary failure. Be of good cheer and keep up your spirits. Above all, never for a moment falter in your faith in India's destiny. There is no force on earth that can keep India enslaved. India shall be free and before long. Jai Hind.

Subhas Chandra Bose."

Then he asked one of his Japanese aids—"How far have the Russians got? How soon would they be in Dairen?"

According to General Isoda, the head of the Japanese Liason Mission (Hikari Kikan) through whom Netaji's all correspondence with Japan passed, Netaji had asked the

Japanese Government to put him in direct touch with the Russians. But now it was too late. Russia had already declared war on Japan on August 9, 1945. Since then matters moved very fast in all theatres of war throughout the Far-East.

For Netaji, it was something like getting out of a burning house on shore with the only escape window towards a stormy sea. Dairen looked to him as the only floating plank on which he could set out for his supreme "adventure into the unknown."

Before plunging into the most roaring theatre of war, now getting centred around Dairen, Netaji took stock of the military situation in Manchuria. The Russian radio had reported on August 11 that the Red army had switched on to an all out offensive to occupy Manchuria under the overall command of Marshal A. M. Vasilevski. The Marshal had set his goal to capture Port Arthur and Dairen to take revenge on the Japanese, who had snatched those ports from the Russians forty years ago. Russia was now determined to avenge her defeat with great pomp.

For the Russian occupation of Dairen Stalin had already made international manoeuvres. In the secret Yalta agreement of February 11, 1945 a clause was included according to which Dairen was to be internationalised. But Stalin had pressed for and had got that clause qualified—"but the Soviet interests will be preeminent". Thus, on diplomatic chessboard Russia had been able to recover the preveleged position in Manchuria, specially Dairen, which she had enjoyed Russo-Japanese war of 1905. On this point the Russians had also secretly negotiated with Japan, and by July 1945, Japan had agreed to the annexation of Dairen by Russia.

Netaji knew about this Dairen deal in all it's details. In his mind there was no doubt that the Russians were sure to occupy Dairen before the war in Far-Eastern

theatres came to an end. Precisely for this reason Dairen was uppermost in his mind. Whenever he talked of continuing his war from some Russian territory, actually what he meant by it was Dairen. Besides, Dairen was the nearest "Russian territory" on way to Tokyo which he could reach in one hop after refuelling at Taipei.

At a time when Netaji was chalking out his flight plans to Dairen, the Americans dropped the atomic bomb on August 6th at Hiroshima and on August 9th at Nagasaki. These bombs broke the backbone of the Japanese fighting spirit against the Anglo-Americans. Japanese surrender became a matter of days if not of hours. Such an opportunity to snatch away Manchuria from the Japanese, the Russians could not let pass for any reason whatsoever. They immediately, on 8th August itself declared war on Japan, and began to overrun the territories promised to them.

At this stage something happened in the affairs of the Far-Eastern war which was quite unexpected. The Japanese resistance towards the Anglo-Americans stopped but it got stiffened against the Russians. This was alarming to Netaji's plans and he had to take immediate steps for his survival under the sun.

On August 24th, President Truman declared that Japan surrendered and the war had ended. But on August 15th, the Russians announced that the Japanese had not surrendered to them in Manchuria. Next day a new cabinet was formed in Japan, which was in favour of continuing the war against the Russians. On August 16th, Marshal Vasilevski reported fierce fighting against the Japanese, and gave an ultimatum to Tokyo that the Japs must surrender by August 20th.

These details from the fighting fronts enabled Netaji to decide the course of action he had to take. In the afternoon of the 17th August he found himself at Saigon airport

to take a plane for Dairen. The plane provided to him had among the Japanese passengers, a distinguished military officer, Lt. Gen. Shidei, lately Chief of the General Staff of the Burma army, who was proceeding to Dairen as Chief of Staff of the Kwantung army. This General Shidei was an expert on Russian affairs in the Japanese army, and was a key man for negotiations with Russia. Netaji would not have wished a better companion for his trip to Dairen.

The plane itself which Netaji accompanied by General Shidei took was a twin-engined heavy bomber of 97-2 (Sally) type. Before it took off from Saigon airfield at 17.30 Hrs. a number of Netaji's photographs were taken officially. One of them is when he was standing at the door of the plane just before the propellers moved in the light of the setting sun still too bright to dazzle his eyes. Perhaps this is the last photo of Netaji so far available. In the air-carash photo of Taipei, Netaji's traces are nowhere to be found. The disintegrated parts of the plane, when properly examined, make it doubtful, whether it was a twin-engined or at all a 97-2 Sally bomber.

While still air-borne over Indo-China, Netaji and General Shidei decided to lighten the bomber, to enable it to take extra petrol for longer hops than the normal ones it was designed for. Consequently, the plane landed at Tourane, and all other passengers and load were deplaned. This was the last time, Netaji's aid Habib-ur-Rehman too saw his chief. He along with other Japanese passengers and the load were to follow in another plane.

Next morning, it was Saturday, 18th August 1945. A fateful day. The Japanese radio-operator of Netaji's plane woke him up reporting that a Japanese plane seeking peace was to land at the American occupied Okinawa with a white flag indicating surrender.

So, a hasty early start at 5.00 Hours was made by Netaji and General Shidei as the only passengers on the converted Sally bomber. The plane was lighter, the weather perfect, and the engine and the radio instruments worked smoothly. Under these normal conditions, the plane already by noon covered half the distance to Dairen, landing at Taipei for refuelling.

While the plane refuelled, Netaji asked General Shidei to ascertain from the local base intelligence, how far the Russians had got into Manchuria and how long Dairen was supposed to hold on. Shortly they were informed that though Port Arthur was about to fall, Dairen was very well protected, and that base was to be defended by the Japanese to the last gun and the last man.

Now, it became all the more necessary for General Shidei to reach Dairen as quickly as possible to take over command of the Japanese forces as their Chief of Staff. To Netaji nothing could have suited better. Having light lunch, both of them instructed the military intelligence to innovate some diversionary story to cover their flight to Dairen. This was necessary in view of the fact that the Japanese surrender negotiating team had left Tokyo, and was on its way to Mac Arthur's Headquarters at Manila. Netaji expected that the Anglo-American planes may land any moment at Taipei to capture him. Situation being so desperate, Netaji had to take measures to mislead also Tokyo about his real future moves. He was not sure whether his departure from Saigon was not already known to Anglo-American intelligence, in view of the fact that the alien and insurgent apparatus had got overnight exceedingly active there.

One of my Taipei contacts who had served the Chinese intelligence in early forties in India, and later on was posted at Taipei as an agent-provocateur during the last

days of the war, vividly described Netaji's departure from Taipei in the afternoon of 18th August. Netaji still in his I. N. A's Supreme Commanders uniform walked briskly with General Shidei to the converted bomber. The Chief-pilot looked out from the cockpit, and greeted him.

Netaji nodded, and commanded—"Dairen Chalo."