

7. NETAJI IN DAIREN

(i)

At the end of 1964, I met Colonel Yeh again at Taipei airport when he had just landed from a routine reconnaissance flight over the Pescador islands. During our several meetings, we had become so friendly that he was now prepared to share with me the intelligence reports of his country about the Netaji affairs.

He greeted me with a smile repeating Netaji's battle-cry—"Delhi Chalo".

Finding him in a good mood, I also replied in Netaji's words—"There are many roads leading to Delhi. Pablie Dairen Chalo."

Actually, for the moment, Dairen fascinated me more than Delhi.

(ii)

"So, Colonel: You think that Netaji's plane did not crash here, and he actually flew to Dairen?"

"What do you mean by—I think? I saw Netaji taking off for Dairen at 14.30 Hrs. on 18th August 1945, and I reported this fact to my Government at Chungking."

I remained skeptic, and expressed my doubts—"What was your duty those days at this airport?"

"I had got myself employed as an ordinary boy at the Japanese military airport canteen here. I used to serve tea, breakfast or some light lunch to the officers or dignitaries passing through this place."

"How did you know that he was Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose?"

"I used to shadow him at Calcutta when he was your Congress President."

"What interest you had?"

"Nothing personal. I served our Chungking Government."

"Please tell me some more details of the occasion you saw Netaji taking off for Dairen."

"Believe me, I know more about the Japanese manoeuvres of that day than even the Japanese intelligence posted here."

"How could it be?"

"You see, on that 18th August a Japanese team of highest officers had flown to Okinawa American command flying white surrender flags. As in other theatres of war, all Japanese commanders here did not agree to surrender. So, a Japanese prince was to come here and proceed to other theatres of war carrying orders from the Emperor himself to various army commanders to surrender. In his honour a special tent had been pitched here and our canteen was given provisions to prepare a dinner course of 30 varieties. I had the duty to attend to the guests at the tent itself. Therefore, when Netaji Bose turned up here with General Shidei, I was the boy to serve them tea. I was supposed to be totally ignorant of the English language, so the Japanese talked their plan with Netaji quite openly. They did not take any notice of my all along presence inside the tent."

"What were the plans they discussed with Netaji?"

"Netaji had enquired about the exact situation prevailing at the Dairen airport that day. While briefing him on the subject, the Japanese intelligence officer informed him that the Russians feared an American landing there, and therefore, the Red air-force was getting in extensive operation to occupy Dairen. On this Netaji had commented—"In that case we must start right now."

"Was there any hitch in their start?"

"The Jap intelligence officer was asking them to postpone the flight till next morning."

"Why?"

"He calculated that the flying time from Taipei to Dairen was about six hours with that converted bomber in which Netaji travelled. So, it would get past eight in the evening when they would reach their destination. At that time whether the night landing facilities at Dairen airport would be available to them was problematic in face of the Russian airforce attacks there. Hearing all these objections, Netaji got impatient, and came out in a commanding tone—"We must start for Dairen right now,"

"What was just like Netaji."

"He walked briskly and General Shidei joined his steps with him. Reaching the plane, Netaji commanded the pilot—"Dairen Chalo."

"A determined order."

"Of course. They took off. It was exactly 14.30 Hrs. when the plane got airborne."

"They say, then that plane crashed about 100 metres beyond the concrete runway?"

"This cock and bull story was tutored to Netaji's Indian aid who reached Taipei when Netaji's plane had already vanished in the northern horizon."

"Were you present when the Jap officer tutored the crash story to Netaji's aid?"

"Certainly. It was in the same tent where I served them tea and the rest of the sumptuous princely dinner. They talked freely in English, since they thought I could not follow it. But why? Even after that day the Jap intelligence officer and that Netaji's aid turned out at our canteen for a number of times during the next ten days or so, and every time the talk turned out to some fabrication of an air-crash."

"Since you have given me such exact details, I must believe what you say to be the real truth."

At my request, Yeh promised to bring one of his counterparts serving as Chungking agent during the war at Dairen. We agreed to meet at the Grand Hotel on the Yuanshan hills from where one could have the finest view of the Taipei airport.

(iii)

Yeh introduced his Dairen friend to me as Mr. Ting. We occupied a small corner room of the hotel all for ourselves. Mr. Ting ordered a double whisky for himself, and talked a while about the Peking and Shanghai dishes. According to him, Taipei was in miniature what was once the most beautiful in the Chinese way of life before the Chicoms most brutally destroyed it. And suddenly our conversation switched over to the magic word—Bose.

Before setting down in Taipei as a businessman, Mr. Ting had been a glamorous intelligence-man in the Nationalist Chinese Government until it had to vacate the whole of the Chinese Mainland. He explained—"An intelligence-man must be a jack of all possible trades. Once upon a time, I was a shoemaker in Calcutta's Bow Bazar. When you have lived in Calcutta before the second world war and had political inclinations, could you have missed Subhas Chandra Bose's dazzling leadership in India's fight for freedom? No. So, I became one of his most sincere admirers. Just before the outbreak of the war, I smuggled myself into Dairen, to spread my intelligence net inside the Japanese military complex in Manchuria. I opened a beauty salon there and also became the chief barber for highly placed Japanese officers. It is in this capacity that you may say, I had to work as a triple agent, due to the peculiar position of Dairen."

"How a triple agent?"

"Naturally, I was in Nationalist intelligence service."

But the Japanese as well as the Russians too trusted me for some special type of information. In any case, I have been scrupulously honest throughout to my own Government. The enemies of my country were never able to deceive or to buy me up. The Chicoms least of all. I hated them and still hate them as the greatest pest of China in all the ages. Devil take them."

He swore in Russian. When I complimented him for that, he swithed over to fluent Russian, the accent being of that a man hailing from Siberia. Taking a big gulp, he said—"So, naturally, when Subhas Babu landed at Dairen, I was the first to come in closer contact with him. I met him in the billet-villa of the Japanese dignitaries in transit. It was a Sunday morning. Being an orthodox Catholic, I was on my way to the church, when a staff car of the Japanese Chief of Staff picked me up. They told me I had to come with my barber kit on a special mission."

"Your profession came very handy."

"And whom do I meet in that villa? Shri Subhas Chandra Bose in the full uniform of Netaji. Innumerable times I had seen his photos in Japanese newspapers in that uniform, so, I had no difficulty in recognising him. The interval of meeting him personally for me was not very long—about six years. During this period, of course, no hair had grown on his bald forehead. Only the hair on the back of his head had greyed. As a professional barber, I could see, he needed a haircut very badly to bring back the natural freshness of the cheerful outlook in his personality."

"You are a good psychologist."

"I reported to him—'Your Excellency!' Then immediately corrected myself in Bengali—"Netaji: Asun: Chul Kamie di."

"He must have heard his mother-tongue after a long time."

"It was so. He smiled typical of him, when he met some old acquaintance—'Tumi Bangla Kothae Sikhle?' (where did you pick up Bengali). I replied—'Kalkatae'. This credential was enough to gain his confidence. I was preparing to cover him with an overall, when he asked me in Bengali to switch on the radio."

Ting repeated—"We had an American voice—The Japs in China are surrendering by thousands. Russians have captured four Japanese Generals. ...Netaji enquired—"Is Shidei amongst them?"...I could not reply, Netaji himself murmured in Bengali—"Fall of Dairen is not far off."

Some visitors to the hotel opened the room we were occupying. A hotel-boy too announced—"Time for dinner, Gentlemen ;"

8. A 1949 PHOTOGRAPH OF NETAJI

(i)

Not caring much for the dinner, I moved with Ting and Yeh into the glass verandah of the Taipei Grand Hotel. From there in one view we had the Yuanshan-hill lights, the dazzling airport and car headlights on the main thoroughfare of the city.

A Jet-liner flickered red, yellow and green lights hovering towards the north. Had my wishes possessed wings, I would have the very moment flown to Dairen in search of Netaji.

Ordering another double drink for himself, Ting was still in his reminiscent talkative mood. Just to provoke him to come out with more details, I said—"All you say about Netaji sounds phantastic. Have you any concrete evidence to prove your statement?"

"You want evidence?" He said looking straight at me—"I have one here. Perhaps it will satisfy you."

He took out his big port-money-bag from his coat pocket fingered through the contents confidently, took out a photograph, and placing it before me asked—"Now, Dr. Sinha: Do you know this man? Study it minutely."

At the first sight I recognised, it was Subhas Babu. No doubt, it was he. The highly intelligent, friendly determined expression and at the same time most careless breaking out smile, askance—"So, that is that: What of that?" It was a 'Sanyasi' in the dress of a Confucius scholar. The inimitable forehead and the typical Subhasian penetrating eyes made it patent that it was he and no one else.

But it was not as his own countrymen had seen him. Neither was it like the European dressed in Berlin, nor the war days uniformed in the Far-East. It was in an overall peculiar to the Chinese Confuciusian sect coming from

Manchuria. In the background was the panorama of a port locality, which Ting said was the harbour of Dairen. Netaji was in an unusually thoughtful mood. The picture must have been taken with a tele-lense at a moment when Netaji was not conscious that he was being photographed.

"When was it taken?" I asked.

"In summer 1949."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. That was the year we were leaving Mainland. Until that time I was in occasional touch with Dairen through our agents. And one of those trusted ones sent me this photo of Netaji when he had fallen already in Russian custody for some months."

"When did you see Netaji last yourself?"

"Christmas 1948. That is the time I was able to escape from Dairen somehow. For three years I lived in the same city as Netaji, and did my best to keep him not only alive but out of the Russian secret police."

"How could you manage it?"

"I will have to begin my story from Tuesday, August 22, 1945. That is a black letter day in Sino-Russian affairs."

"Why black letter day?"

"That is the day when the Russian troops entered Dairen. They brutally slaughtered not the Japanese who fought against them, but the innocent Chinese their own allies. The Russians publicly molested our women, looted our possessions and plundered all the factories and machineries our city had. This Russian barbarism towards the Chinese civil population made Netaji change his mind. First he was thinking of voluntarily contacting Marshal Vassilevski, the Supreme Russian commander in Manchuria. His idea was to establish his bonafides as fighter for India's freedom, and later on to secure Russian assistance for his sole objective—the independence of India. Without any thought of personal safety, Netaji's concern throughout

had been the continuance of his struggle and the war for his country's freedom. But the Russian cruelty towards innocent human life made him change his plans. A few feelers I tried with the Russians did not take us anywhere. The Russian secret police chief was all in all, and he in no case would have been able to explain his Moscow superiors that so famous a 'war-criminal' had been living so long undetected in the city the Russians ruled. Even before informing Moscow, he would have got Netaji shot. I was sure about it, so, I arranged that Netaji should hide himself until something was done for him from outside."

"What is meant by outside?"

"Well, until Netaji's own country took up the matter on the highest diplomatic level."

"But India did not know that Netaji was alive in Dairen?"

"I did my best to communicate this message to them."

"How?"

"I myself took the risk of approaching your Embassy at Nanking, and told them to do something about Netaji."

"What was their reply?"

"They had turned friendly to the Chinese Communists, believed them alone, to the extent that they took me to be an agent-provocateur in the pay of the Americans."

"To which particular person in our Nanking Embassy did you give the message about Netaji?"

"After a dozen reduffs and insults, I had succeeded in securing an interview with your military attache. He was the highest officer of your Embassy, I was able to contact."

"Do you remember the name of that military attache by any chance?"

"One Brigadier Thakkar he was. Later on, I heard the rumour in Nanking diplomatic circles that Brigadier Thakkar was severely reprimanded for talking to me."

"The Brigadier was not in fault."

"Delhi too charged him of talking to American agent-provocateurs. For this mistake, I am told, the Brigadier was demoted, humiliated and punished in many other ways"

"Very sad."

"After your country established diplomatic relations with Chicom in Peking, there remained no hope of Netaji's case being taken up by Delhi."

"How can you conclude that?"

"I was an employee of the Nationalist Chinese Government and the sole source of information about Netaji. Anything connected with us is taboo for Delhi due to the extraordinary hold and influence of Chicom on Delhi. I will not be surprised, if it comes out someday that, the Chicom influence has expedited the decision of India Government to declare Netaji dead so quickly and foolhardily."

"We are drifting far away from Netaji in person. Can you tell me some more details about his Dairen life?"

"I shall tell you after we finish our dinner."

(ii)

"Can you give me that Dairen photo of Netaji?" I asked Mr. Ting innocently.

"Quite out of question. My successor in Dairen who sent me this photo has been murdered by Chicom agents, who knows that the Russians would not wipe out quite a number of families friendly and sympathetic to Netaji, in case the photo falls in Moscow's hands."

"Then why did you show it to me?"

"Otherwise you would have refused to believe that Netaji landed in Dairen instead of crashing at Taipei, as the India Government would like the people to believe."

"This is something quite sensational for us in India"

"Not only for you in India: It is quite a bombshell in Asia-Russian politics."

"We have drifted again far away from Netaji personally. What happened to him after the Russians entered Dairen?"

"Russian record in cruelty to the peaceful Chinese civil population compared to Chenghezkhan's beastialities. So, the best thing for Netaji was to lie low until the hellish waves of Russian victory celebrations passed over. I requested, and Netaji agreed to change his military dress into a Confusiusian scholar's overall. His similarity of face with us came very handy. I took him to the private temple of a trader friend who looked after him very well, indeed. As his original home we said, he came from Yuennan on Burma borders and his name was Tao-Lin. Since I had some blank nationalist Chinese passports with me for emergency uses, I issued one with Netaji's photo in the name of Tao-Lin born in Yuen on 23rd October 1892.

"This way Netaji became a Chinese national?"

"Under Chinese protection, I would say. Within a few days, on August 26th, 1945 our Government signed a treaty with Russia regarding Dairen. This treaty declared Dairen of free port, but the harbourmaster there was to be a Russian. He controled all the exits from Dairen. Russia got the lease for half of the port, and in case of war, Dairen was to come under the military control of Port Arthur. The Naval-base was to be used jointly by China and Russia. After the signing of this treaty, we expected some milder treatment from the Russians. But in any case, Dairen remained a Russian Prison-camp. To get out of the city or to contact the outside world became very very hard. Netaji waited invain for outside help."

"This must have been a great dsappointment to Netaji."

"Surely, it was. He suffered, and could not get out of it. Then, the Russians began checking all the Chinese nationals and their passports. In this job they were guided by their Chicom allies. Somehow, so long as I stayed in Dairen, Netaji had not to worry for his safety. But the

matters became different when I succeeded in escaping from there as a sailor on a fishing boat. For Netaji too I had tried this method of escape, but failed. You need quite a lot of deceit tactics and real wit peculiar to Chinese."

"I understand."

"Then came the great Mainland catastrophe in autumn 1949. Our Government had to leave the Mainland and get established on this Formosa island. In the process of shifting much of our secret files fell in Chicom hands."

"A terrible blow to all nationalst Chinese throughout the world."

"Netaji also became a victim to this blow."

"What happened to him?"

"When the Chicom secret police turned into the Deiren reports to Nanking, they located my activities, and also that concerning Netaji. They alerted the Russians about Netaji's presence in Dairen. Quite soon, Netaji fell in Russian hands."

"What has happened to him since then?"

"It has been most difficult for me to keep track of Dairen from here in Taipei. But I shall give you some clues, which you should follow, and I do hope, it will help you in your further investigations."

"NETAJI IN RUSSIAN HANDS—"This fact affected my further course of action vitally.

(iii)

Returning to my hotel, I found a bill, which exceeded the small royalty I had secured from my foreign publishers for my expenses in Formosa. In desperation, I cashed my unused flight ticket to Tokyo, to pay off my hotel bills.

Then I reported at the airport to catch the first available plane to Hong Kong—homewards.

9. NETAJI'S TESTAMENT ?

(i)

Today it is 26th January 1965. This is the fifteenth anniversary of our Indian Republic day. Three days ago we have celebrated the 68th birth day of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose.

Waking up, I glanced at a three word Russian text : "VOSPOMNICHE MOI JAIHIND" (Remember my Jai Hind).

It was given to me by army officer on his return from Chicom (Chinese communist) captivity in Tibet. I wondered whether it was a testament by one of our countrymen in Russian captivity.

(ii)

Several years ago, I had a serious disagreement with our then Prime Minister—Jawaharlal Nehru. He did not trust the blue-prints of the Chicom threat to India's life and liberty, I had come across in Russia and placed before him.

Since I felt strongly on this national issue, and actually indulged in a one man crusade to warn and prepare our countrymen to defeat the Chicom menace, I had to quit my membership of the Indian Parliament.

Two years ago, I was put in prison for fighting an all out war against the Chicom forces. Chicom agents who had infiltrated deep into Indian intelligence and were frustrated by my action on the lifeline of Indian defences, were instrumental in getting me thrown into a death-cell. Only when Jawaharlalji intervened on my behalf, I was released.

Let out of the death-cell in the dark night of 31st January 1963, I had felt downhearted as never before. My fight to save the Himalayas and my own birth place on the Ganga from falling into Chicom hands, seemed lost.

Besides, during those six weeks of the dungeon torture, they had bruised my very joy of life.

That night I covered myself with a jail blanket full of holes, and trudged through the Hazaribagh jungles. Ranchi town where they had arrested me from my small home lied 68 miles away. Late at night, somehow, I managed to reach the road to Ranchi.

After a while, when I stopped a passing vehicle of an army officer, he gave me a lift. Throwing a coat over my shoulders and guiding my arms into them, he asked—"Hungry ? Here we have some sandwiches. Help yourself. Other matters can be settled later on. It's cold outside, and I am told, a man-eater is also round the corner, though I'm sure even this animal can not be worse than the Chicom brutes."

At the next petrol-pump, he stopped for a refill, and we got ourselves introduced. He was Captain R..., returning to his unit at Ranchi from Chicom captivity in Tibet. Through my book on the Chinese aggression I was known to him. Searching his inside pockets, he took out a crumpled sheet, spread it carefully, and asked—"Can you translate this piece in Russian for me ?"

This was the three word testament. I enquired—"How did you get it ?"

"Under the most unusual circumstances. A Sino-Russian adviser to Chicom forces in Tibet one day passed it on to me secretly."

"A Sino-Russian ?"

"Yes. I mean by it someone of Russo-Chinese mixed blood. He came from Dairen, which is marked on maps as Sino-Soviet territory. Ivan Ling was his name. He said—"an Indian who had lived under the nationalist Chinese protection in Dairen after the Japanese surrender, was handed over to the Russians when Chicom came to power in Peking."

"What did the Russians do with him?"

"He was taken for interrogation by KGB (Russian secret police) where Ivan had worked as a prison-warder. Somehow, Ivan became friendly to that Indian who was desperately, but so far unsuccessfully, trying to come in touch with his own x country. When Ivan told him that his duties were transferred to Chicom in Tibet, the Indian requested him to carry his three word message, in the hope that someday it might reach his homeland."

"Whose message could it be?"

The Captain did not reply.

The same 'testament' has become a constant source of inspiration to me. Eversince I have tried to locate the author of that testament from Finland to Formosa with all the sincerity and resources at my command.

(iii)

This year, on 26th January 1965, the local Ranchi army unit had organised a parade at the foot of the Tagore hill. Captain R... who was now retired from the service, came from the distinguished enclosure to greet me—"Congratulations for following up Netaji's flight to Formosa. I read it in newspapers on Netaji's birthday."

"But I am still far from locating the author of the testament you gave me."

"Let us go to a quiet place to compare our notes."

We climbed together to the shrine at the top of the Tagore-Hill.

Gazing into the rising sun over a distant hill-top, R... remained silent. Then he rose, and rolled down a loose stone. I enquired—"Is it an offering to the Sun-God?"

"No." Looking towards the mental asylum in the distance, he said—"I've gone crazy."

"A shell-shock?"

"No. Through this symbolic act I cast away the weight from my conscience."

"What is oppressing you?"

"It's difficult to explain. There is no end to our misfortunes."

"Once we have defeated Chicom everything will go on well." I tried to console him.

"You had translated that testament for me. In my saddest moments I imagine the life of our that countryman captive in Dairen. His suffering must be a thousand fold more than ours. What right we have to feel sorry for our here at home?"

(iv)

We remained silent while an aeroplane passed overhead. Captain R... was still agitated. Taking out a copy of the official Netaji Inquiry Committee Report he said with indignation—"I've carefully compared your accounts about Netaji with this smoke-screen of fraud, confusion and contradictions. This report shows with clarity how our political leadership, having committed a fateful blunder in declaring Netaji dead due to their political jealousy and wishful thinking, has attempted to cover up his further existence. In this process they have degraded and sunk the very conception of impartial inquiry into fraud and forgery."

Reminding me of Emile Zola, Captain R... made several specific accusations in relation to the Netaji affairs, the last being—"I accuse the Netaji Inquiry Committee of having violated all human considerations in deliberately declaring a lie that Netaji was dead, when all objective investigations point out the truth that Netaji became a Russian captive at Dairen. The evidence in this connection I have brought back my own Chicom captivity in Tibet, is designed to hasten the explosion of truth and justice about Netaji. Let

them court-marshal me. It will come out that not I but the very best traditions of Indian fighting forces of which Netaji has become a symbol, has been branded before the world as dead and gone. This is perhaps the most notorious miscarriage of justice in our national affairs since we have become free."

"someday the truth about Netaji is bound to explode."

"By itself in usual course it will not. Some heroes and patriots, the true followers of Netaji will have to risk everything to fight for the restoration of Netaji's right place in our national records, to absolve the very conscience of India."

We descended from the hill-top. Half way was a solitary house built under the shade of a big tree. About fifty years ago, Jyotirindranath Tagore, the elder brother of Rabindranath had built it. Captain R. . reminded me—"Do you know ! Gurudev had once hailed Subhas as the one who would reawaken India."

10. WRONG TO NETAJI MUST BE RECTIFIED

The Formosa documents and other materials concernig Netaji I came across are substantially supported by the accounts of our officers who have come back from Chicom captivity in Tibet. Numerous Europeans returning home from their Siberian captivity since 1945, have also brought back some very important details. In comparison to such evidence, the Netaji Inquiry Committee Reports of the government of India at the very first glance fades into insignificance, irrelevant and misleading wastepaper dirt. If ever put in court the Shah Nawaz farce, would inevitably blow up in his face. It is rather surprising that no attempts have been made so far to actually blow it off. The reason to stop it has been Jawaharlal's personality so long as he lived, and after his death his personality-cult built up by his followers. But for this factor, the truth about Netaji should have come out in the full light of day long ago.

The obvious and most reasonable venue for starting an inquiry about Netaji is Taipei on Formosa island, where one has even today eye witnesses who have seen Subhas Babu after the faked air-disaster in 1945. The Chinese republic of Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-shek took over the possession of Formosa after the Japanese surrender in 1945, and it was that government which ruled the Chinese Mainland untill the autumn of 1949. Therefore, one cannot think of any Inquiry about Netaji without taking into consideration the records of the Formosa government.

If Jawaharlal Nehru had cared to take any personal interest in favovr of Netaji's case, it would have been the easiest thing to find out the truth about him. From Jawaharlal's book—"A bunch of old letters", we find, he was in closest touch with Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-shek

long before the Congress government came in power under his leadership. Jawaharlal was one of the first person to congratulate the Generalissimo upon the surrender of Japan. The Generalissimo immediately telegraphed his gratitude through his office of the Commissioner of the Republic of China in New-Delhi. This telegram is dated August 22, 1945. News of Netaji's death reached the outside world on August 21st when the facts of the faked accident were broadcast from Delhi. Jawaharlal's exchange of telegrams with China was about the same time as the death story was flashed in India. If Jawaharlal wanted there was nothing to stop him from making a personal request to the Generalissimo to verify the authenticity of Netaji's death, which anyway, was not belied by many in India. Far from taking trouble to get it verified, Jawaharlal ever since became the most outstanding personality in India who himself believed the death story and tried to convince others about it. In this respect he went so far that while replying to innocent queries in parliament, he could never hide that he was 'allergic' to the name of Subhas Bose. This deep rooted allergy in him has also been imbibed by his close associates even this day, making it difficult if not impossible to bring out the real truth about Netaji.

Going through the last available correspondence between Jawaharlal and Subhas, we do find some tinge of Jawaharlal's allergy towards Subhas. In his letter dated March 28, 1939, Subhas bitterly complain to Jawahar "It never struck you that you want us to forget persons, only when certain persons are concerned. When it is a case of Subhas Bose...you run down personalities and lionise principles etc."

Subhas Babu's words have come out prophetic. When Jawaharlal was hard pressed by public opinion to inquire into the death story of Subhas Bose, Jawaharlal's lofty foreign affairs principles made it a taboo. In his turn Subhas was

quite clear on this point, and he wrote to Jawahar—"Foreign policy is a realistic affair to be determined largely from the point of view of a nation's self-interest...what is your foreign policy, pray? Frothy sentiments and pious platitudes do not make foreign policy."

When Jawaharlal became India's Prime cum foreign minister, it was precisely his peculiar foreign policy which has condemned Subhas Babu's brilliant contributions to the cause of the country into oblivion. Subhas had written to Jawahar—"It is no use condemning countries like Germany and Italy on the one hand and on the other, giving a certificate of good conduct to British and French imperialism." While in power, Jawaharlal throughout condemned countries like Germany and America and gave a certificate of good conduct to Russian and Chinese imperialism of the postwar period. His treatment to Formosa Government was always contemptuous. As a contrast no other Prime Minister in the wide world ever praised Chicom so highly as did Jawaharlal Nehru.

Subhas Babu became the first victim of Jawaharlal's China policy, and as time passed, this turned out a serious threat to India's territorial integrity and to the life and liberty of it's very people.

(ii)

Just after he had established his Government, Mao-Tse-tung went to Stalin for finalising an expansionist joint attack in the general direction of the Indian Ocean. A treaty of alliance was signed directed against India, Japan and America. Besides this, an interim arrangement was made by which Russia continued to enjoy for a time it's control of Dairen, where Netaji had taken shelter with the connivance of the Chinese nationalist Government. About this time the nationalist secret files too fell in Chicom hands, and they came to know about Netaji's presence in Dairen. At once Chicom betrayed the secret to the Russians. For both Russia

and Chicom Netaji was an enemy, because he had joined hands with Hitler and Japan to achieve India's independence. But they dared not harm his person, for the simple reason that it suited them better to keep him as a pawn to put pressure on India for concessions of vital military gains to them.

The Formosa accounts leave no doubt that Jawaharlal must have come to know about Netaji's refuge in Dairen through his Nanking Military attache—Brigadier Thakkar. But he did not care to believe it, not to speak of intervening and getting Netaji repatriated. He rather indulged in his 'frothy sentiments and pious platitudes' with Chicom. Added to it were his contempt for Formosa and allergy towards Subhas, both very cleverly inspired and fomented by Russo-chicom intelligence interests.

For not taking up Netaji's case, and taking it as Americo-Formosan 'provocative' move as advised by Chicom agents in Delhi, Jawaharlal found it expedient as a pretence to adamantly persist in taking it granted that Netaji was dead. Accordingly, the Delhi External Affairs and intelligence department's files had to be rearranged to declare the Netaji affair a closed chapter. The so called Leftist associates of Jawaharlal serving the government or in public life put a final to bury Netaji's record altogether.

Here, we are again reminded of Subhas's letter to Jawahar—"Of course, if I am such a villain it is not your right but also your duty to expose me before the public. But perhaps it will strike you that the devil...must have some saving grace. He must have rendered some service to the cause of the country...in spite of tremendous odds."

These words of Netaji will remain a constant urge and inspiration to Indian people to demand from those in power to re-inquire Netaji affairs.

After all, it would not have cost anything to the country or to Jawaharlal to inquire from Moscow regarding Netaji's

refuge in Dairen. Living with a forged passport does not denationalise Netaji as an Indian.

In India, not many people know the heaviest odds and the hard lot a banished person has to face. There are rare individuals in our country, of which I am one, who have experienced those horrible nightmares. It is ignorance on this account which prompts our friends well placed in their armchairs to ask naively—"If Netaji was alive in Dairen why did not come back to India? After all Russians are our best friends."

The only reasonable reply to this question is—"History and experience has shown that only for those rare individuals it has been possible to come out the most horrid Russian dungeons, whose homeland people had remembered and fought for them. India has not fought for Netaji not even enquired about him so far."

In such cases, it is worthwhile to observe how other countries have handled problems where their own nationals were affected. For our country we have Netaji's and very few other cases. The Germans had about a million such cases. The German public opinion has succeeded in deputing their Chancellor Adenauer to Stalin for getting German nationals in Russian captivity repatriated. As a result, not one or two, but several hundred thousand Germans have returned home from Russian captivity. The number of those who were declared dead and even then returning home also runs in hundred thousands. Had the German people not pressed for it, not many Germans would have returned from Russian captivity. The sweet will of the Russians or the captive's own ingenuity have not succeeded yet in returning home of a captive.

For us, a demand to enquire from the Russians about our Netaji, is not of an academic interest, why our Prime Minister should not be deputed like Adenauer? This is the

time to follow Netaji's correct direction—"Foreign affairs is a realistic affair to be determined largely from the point of view of a nation's self-interest."

Chances are, where Jawaharlal's foreign policy has failed, Netaji's may bring out good results.

II. THE BETRAYAL TO NETAJI.

(i)

A number of friends ask—"Even if we take it for granted that Netaji did not in plane-crash and lived in Dairen, what is the use of your reviving Netaji affairs if he is not returning to US in any case?"

Such questions arise due to our slave mentality, a heritage of British domination and a most selfish out-look of life. No living creature is more to be pitied than the man who thinks that his personal interests alone constitute the centre of the cosmos.

Concerning Netaji, such questions amount to an expression of betrayal to him.

One of my lawyer friends, a distinguished member of the Parliament, whom I asked to raise Netaji's question from the floor of the House, and to demand that Mr. Shastri should make enquiries about him during his coming visit to Russia, was taken aback by my extraordinary request. He retorted—"Since Subhas Babu did not turn up amongst US for so many years, in the eyes of law he must be considered definitely dead, and thus, the Netaji affair can not be reopened."

Yes, that inevitable US, the outburst of selfish ego, which does not allow my lawyer friend to rise above the legal technicalities even in the interest of such a humanitarian task as paying our debt to Netaji, for all he did to achieve our independence we are enjoying today, a good deal thanks to his great achievements. Since the Netaji affair is not a paying proposition personally to him, the humane cause of a national hero whom fate drove into Russian captivity, must be allowed to be neglected, according to his own conception of the selfish law of life. People

in our country do not realise, how hard it is to communicate with the outside world, once misfortune has thrust one into the firm grips of the Russian KGB (secret police).

As the things stand today, not to enquire about Netaji's fate in Russia will be a blunder of national magnitude with far reaching consequences. Posterity will never forgive us for such a criminal negligence in the affairs of a national hero of the highest order.

(ii)

So far as the present government and our leadership are concerned, their betrayal to Netaji affairs are quite patent so far. Only the otherday, on March 10, there was quite a furoe in our Parliament over Netaji's proposed statue. The government of India had decided to set up a committee to finalise schemes for installing statues of Mahatma Gandhi and Subhas Chandra Bose in Delhi. But in the written reply to a question concerning this matter, the Minister incharge named only Gandhiji and deliberately omitted Netaji.

Such deliberate omissions of Netaji's name by our leaders even today has some deep rooted background. Inevitably we are reminded of Gandhi-Subhas controversy at Tripuri Congress at the eve of the outbreak of the second world war. Those days the basic difference between the two leaders was that Gandhiji was in favour of peaceful negotiations with the British, whereas Subhas was for giving an ultimatum and kicking out the foreign rulers by force. No doubt, Swaraj was the ultimate goal of both. In course of historic developments Subhas had to leave the country and other leaders assumed power of independent India.

Now, we find it strange that those in power still think in terms of 1939. All we can say in defence of Subhas is that he should be judged by his transparent sincerity and

complete dedication to the cause of Swaraj in which he stands second to none, when the question of an all out sacrifice is taken into consideration. In such a case, the lame legal excuses of betraying him or deceitful selfish pretensions of diplomatic protocols for stopping investigations about him, are shameful, to put it most mildly.

At Tripuri Congress there were some leaders who stooped so low as to accuse Subhas that his illness was faked. If not for anything else but to alone this injustice, our leaders today should take Netaji's affairs seriously and utilise the present Sino-Russian conflict for our benefit during the forthcoming visit of our Prime Minister to Russia. If this is not done, one should not hypocritically talk of erecting Netaji's statues in Delhi. It is no use making a show, if we do not mean business.

Nothing had hurt Subhas more in his controversy with Gandhiji than the accusation of faked illness and the Pant resolution. This was an 'aspersions' resolution, and as Govind Ballabh Pant was moving it, Sri Suresh Mazumdar of our Ananda Bazar Partika had approached Jawaharlal to stop this mean attack on Subhas. Jawaharlal did not oblige him.

Now, it is for Jawaharlal's followers to bury their past vindictiveness towards Subhas and do their best to rectify all wrong done to him.

In this respect the first thing, the Indian Government can least do is to take back their propagated lie that Netaji lost his life at the Taipei air disaster.

There is sufficient evidence to prove that Netaji continued his flight to Dairen. Since ever since Dairen is Russianised, it is the Russians who are to be approached to clear up the so called mystery about Netaji. Any Government inaction in this respect will go in history as its vindictiveness towards Subhas, and those in power will be rightly accused of betraying Netaji in their selfish interests.

(iii)

what we know as the 'Tripuri mentality' is shamelessly degrading. So long as those in power at Delhi do not shake that mean mentality off, hardly anything can be done to rectify the wrongs done to Netaji, the very best fighting symbol in flesh and blood of purest type of ideal nationalism.

Going a little deeper in this respect, we find that the Tripuri mentality had been all along supported and fanned by the then British rulers in India. At Tripuri they had only maligned Subhas Babu, but the British had taken the hint, that they could do anything to liquidate Subhas even personally, the popular Indian leaders will not raise their voice against it.

This is precisely what has happened in the case of Netaji and his followers at the end of the second world war. According to British Intelligence reports, at the end of 1944, Netaji had instructed his deputy in Europe—Nambiar to enquire if the Russians would accept Indian political refugees. Consequently, in February and March 1945, Indians of the Free India Centre in Europe thought of surrendering to the Russians, and their staff dispersed a week before the Americans reached Helmstadt on April 12th. About this time, Netaji sent his last message to Nambiar at Bad Gastein in Austria instructing that if the Indian Legion could not be sent into battle, let it be moved to a region where the *Russians and not the British* would find it. Consequently, some Indians doubtlessly fell into Russian hands. The British intelligence was able to trace their names.

Here a significant question arises, what did the British do regarding those Indians who had fallen into Russian hands? The British ruled India for two years even after the end of the second world war. So far as the records are available, they never cared to inquire about the Indian

nationals from the Russians who were still allies of the Anglo-American group.

Then the records of those Indians which were maintained in the Indian Military Mission of Berlin were handed over to India's representatives after the transfer of power in New Delhi. The Indian officials of the Berlin Mission, in their turn too, never did anything to secure the repatriation of their nationals from Russia. On this subject the British intelligence records, even so late as the end of the fifties say—"Some Indians are doubtless still behind the Iron Curtain, alive or dead."

Why this criminal neglect by independent India in the case of the very Indians whose record of patriotic sacrifices has been most outstanding in current Indian history? Is it not simply because those Indians were violently anti-British?

Following the records of Netaji and his followers after the end of the war, we find, India Government have treated them only with contempt and criminal neglect for their only fault of fighting an all out war against the British. This is the shocking expression of the Tripuri mentality in concrete action, which is reflected in the basic foreign policy of the Government of India even today.

(iv)

What the British rulers, and their successors our Congress leaders in power have not been able to forget about Netaji is his clear cut fundamental principle of foreign policy—Britain's enemy is India's friend. In his Bangkok speech of May 21st, 1945, he had declared—"The time is not far off when our enemies will realise that though they have succeeded in overthrowing Germany they have indirectly helped to bring into the arena of European politics another power—Soviet Russia—that may prove to be a greater menace to British and American Imperialism than Germany was."

Netaji realised the basic enmity of Russia towards the west and saw her influence rising in Eastern Asia. These considerations led him to propose in June 1945, that he would set up a 'safe deposit' government at Dairen in Manchuria. The British could never forget Netaji's such avowed anti-British plans mortally deadly to their continuation of keeping India enslaved. Guided by these considerations, it was expected that the British would in no case make any inquiries from the Russians about his 'safe deposit in Dairen. Utmost they could do was to wish him to get liquidated physically by the Russians.

But what was quite natural foreign policy for the British regarding Netaji should not have been necessarily exactly the same for the Congress leaders in power at New Delhi to follow. Even if they have followed it so far, there is no reason, why it should be allowed to continue any further. The Government of free India should follow present international development with the closest interest, and endeavour to take the fullest advantage of them to stop any further betrayals in Netaji affairs.

21. SUBHAS—THE DELIVERER.

(i)

The British rage on Netaji is quite understandable. His leadership of the Indian National Army had been the greatest military blow to the British subjugation of India. Since the battle of Plassy, the British had ruled India by getting Indian sepoyes trample down the very aspirations of freedom of their own Indian people. The battle of Imphal under the Supreme command of Netaji made it clear that no longer the Indian Army was the safest weapon in British hands to keep India enslaved. This single fact has proved to be the greatest factor in bringing an end to the British rule in India. And thus, Subhas chandra Bose will live in Indian History as the 'Deliverer of the Indian people.'

(ii)

On October 21st. 1943, Netaji, while proclaiming the provisional government of Azad Hind in an atmosphere charged with historic events, took the oath.

'In the name of God, I take this sacred oath that to liberate India and the thirty-eight crores of my countrymen, I, Subhas Chandra Bose, will continue the sacred war of freedom till the last breath of my life.

I shall remain always a servant of India, and to look after the welfare of thirty-eight crore of Indian brothers and sisters shall be for me my highest duty.

EVEN AFTER WINNING FREEDOM, I WILL ALWAYS BE PREPARED TO SHED EVEN THE LAST DROP OF MY BLOOD FOR THE PRESERVATION OF INDIA'S FREEDOM."

Thousands of Indian military and civil personnel followed Netaji and took a similar pledge.

"I....., a member of the Azad Hind Sangh, do hereby solemnly promise in the name of God and take this holy oath that I will be absolutely loyal and faithful to the Provisional Government of Azad Hind, and shall always be prepared for any sacrifice for the cause of the freedom of our motherland, under the leadership of Subhas Chandra Bose."

Members of the Azad Hind Fauj were honest patriots and revolutionaries fighting for the freedom of our Motherland. They, no doubt, fought bravely and stubbornly against the British.

But such noblest aspirations and sacrifice were interpreted by the British rulers of India as "mutiny, desertion and waging war against the King." According to them, Netaji and his I. N. A. could have been tried by court-marshal for mutiny and desertion according to British military laws forced on India enslaved since Plassey. They justified this punishment for their objective was to use Indian sepoys further to keep India enslaved indefinitely.

In his statement on treatment of I. N. A. prisoners, datelined Bangkok, 30th May, 1945, Netaji has said—"Information that has reached us from reliable sources in Burma go to show that vindictive and brutal treatment is being meted out to officers and men of the I. N. A. who have been captured by the Anglo-Americans in Burma.....It may be that the British authorities think that we are not in a position to retaliate, and that they can, therefore, do what they like with our officers and men... But before we are forced to think of retaliatory measures, there is one remedy open to us... If our countrymen at home take up the matter and carry on a raging and tearing campaign inside India, I am absolutely sure that the British authorities will be brought to their senses... Consequently, I appeal to my countrymen at home take up the causes of their own prisoners of war, who fought for India's liberation and who

are now receiving brutal and vindictive treatment at the hands of the British. I appeal to them also to compel the British authorities to divulge correct information about the fate of these prisoners of war, so that the world may judge how far the British themselves observe the rules and canons of international warfare, to which they pay so much lip-homage."

Naturally, the Indian people heard the voice of their Subhas. In a wave of nationalist upheaval the I. N. A. were rightly acclaimed heroes who fought for the freedom of India. Thus the I. N. A. trials became a symbol of our national pride, and the lives of our patriotic soldiers were saved.

But the Indian public at this stage, and even to this day does not know that Netaji and quite a number of his followers had fallen into Russian hands. British intelligence reports concerning those cases never came in full light, and the Indian public has not been told the truth about those heroes so far. Of course, in British records the true accounts of those great Indians were tarnished, and their history falsified. The personality of Netaji was deliberately maligned. Scandalous books like "Subhas Chandra Bose—The Springing Tiger" by a British Intelligence Officer—Huge Toye, were brought out also by Indian publishers just to paint Netaji's and his I. N. A.'s characters repellant and horrid. Through such manoeuvrings the British have tried to brand as "Thug" the very hero who successfully campaigned against their imperial might and delivered his people from the British enslavement.

The real saga of Netaji's historic deeds and his Russian Odyssey is still to be told to the Indian public. That is precisely what is the greatest assignment to the students of current Indian history to day. Gurudev Rabindranath had once hailed Subhas as the long-sought Deliverer of Bengal. But the great poet too had under-estimated him. In actual

fact, Subhas deserves his places not only in the history of India, but of the whole of Asia as its true Deliverer from the brutal British Imperialistic yoke.

(iii)

Jawaharlal Nehru too, before he became our Prime Minister, had realised the true historic role of the I. N. A. In his foreword to the published proceedings of the I. N. A. court Marshal, he had characterised the Red Fort trials as "a trial of strength between the will of the Indian people and the will of those who hold power in India." Another leader B. B. Desai had said—"The honour and the law of the I. N. A. are on trial before this court and the right to wage war with immunity on the part of a subject race for their liberation."

But after a short time only there was a definite change in the standpoint of the Indian leaders. It is reported that when Nehru visited Singapore in March 1946, he was given an unofficial military reception by thousands of local civilian ex I. N. A. personnel, who had put on their old uniforms and lined the streets down which Nehru was to drive with Lord Mountbatten. Nehru was not much impressed, and he suddenly rebuked a uniformed group which cheered him out side his hotel.

This change in Nehru's attitude must have been due to British influence. British officers had tried to impress upon him their imperialistic conclusion that the rule of I. N. A. had destroyed the 'discipline' of the Indian Army. British rulers of India had announced that the rank and file of the I. N. A. had yielded to pressure and were misguided as to join forces raised by the 'enemy'. Indeed, this was not true. I. N. A's Supreme Commander was Netaji who was not the enemy but represented the very Indian people, in any case. He himself had said—"Allied troops who fell into our hands

voluntarily came and joined the I. N. A. to fight for the freedom of their Motherland."

(iv)

After coming in power, Jawaharlal's officers and advisers were the British or exclusively those Indians who had served the British. Due to their instigation, it became hard for Jawaharlal to follow his first favourable policy to I. N. A. As time passed, he drifted more and more towards the British stand which was anti-I. N. A. By the time Indian Missions were started in Europe his foreign policy took such a turn that the files of Indian Military Mission in Berlin regarding Indian nationals who had fallen in Russian hands, got shelved, and no one cared to inquire whether they were alive or dead. The same position continues to this day.

Such a treatment from the hands of their own Motherland, Netaji or his associate I. N. A. captives in Russian hands certainly do not deserve.

Latest reports from Moscow indicate that the Soviet leaders are very eager to come in their closer contact with India in order to strengthen their hold in Asiatic politics. In February this year, the Russian Premier Mr. Kossygin tried to normalise his relations with Chicom, but failed. Since then the Soviet Russian influence on Asia compared to Chicom has considerably diminished. This fact forced Moscow to invite the Indian Prime Minister for a state visit to Russia from May 12th. to 19th.

The visit of our Prime Minister to Russia caused a good deal of resentment to Peking. Chicom has accused Moscow since Khrushchev's regime of carrying out anti-Peking politics through their supply of modern planes and weapons to India, which were sure to be used against Chicom of the Himalayan front.

Such an accusation by Chicom has forced Moscow to

extend her support to Delhi more intensively and forcefully. As a symbol of this new factor in Russo-Indian friendship, the Vice-President of the "Soviet-Indo friendship Association"—Mr. Amirov reached Delhi most demonstratively declaring the further strengthening of Indo-Soviet friendship.

This present political atmosphere is an ideal opportunity for us to raise the question and enquire about the Indian nationals including Netaji who fell into Russian hands at the end of the last great war.

In any case, such an inquiry will have to be made under the background of the full knowledge of the peculiar Anglo-Soviet military and political apparatus in action during and since the end of the war. A mere diplomatic query is not enough to take us very far in achieving our objective.

In view of the present bitter Sino-Russian open politics it is just possible that the Russians will come out with the real truth about Netaji's sojourn in Dairen and his delivery to the Russian secret police by the Chinese communists. of course, such an inquiry is not only possible but advisable in the interests of our own northern defences.

So far we know for certain as a result of my own Formosa investigations that Netaji fell into Russian hands at Dairen in autumn 1949. As so often happened those days with our staunchest anti-British fighters, original British intelligence records must have been allowed to vanish deliberately. Even in New Delhi intelligence records they are mostly forgotten as a nameless number on a dust-covered file, which later was mislaid or sold out to the innumerable.

However, there is some pointer to those records about Netaji in Formosa, because the Nationalist Chinese and the British intelligence operated jointly against the Japanese

those years. And, there are definite indications that the brilliant record of our national hero who smashed his Mother-land's two century old chains of slavery and became the true deliverer of his people, will dazzlingly outshine in all his brilliance on the political of the current history of our time.