



**LITTLE HINDUS AND MOSLEMS** in an open-air class in Lahore: "There are no religious difficulties which cannot be by-passed or absorbed . . ."

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of the Indian Cricket XI now in England, learned his cricket on our lovely ground.

So why not try to form a first-hand impression of an Indian Public School by coming with me on a brief imaginary visit to Lahore? It will be pretty warm, but we can watch the boys at work in one of the most modern buildings east (or even west) of Suez, in which it is still possible to wrestle with mathematics or geography, even when the thermometer is sizzling in a temperature of 115 degrees or so. You have had quite enough of me already, so I will leave you in the hands of one of my senior prefects, who has just passed his Higher Certificate, and is hoping to take a course of chemical engineering in the United States. If you are particularly interested in history, or science, or art, he will take you into the laboratory, or into the rooms specially set aside for these subjects; he will probably tell you, with pride, that when the college admitted a good many English boys, during the war, it was some long time before an English boy was top of his class, even in his own language.

If you give them half a chance the boys will certainly want to question you about your own country, and particularly about your universities; and they will want to tell you all about India, and their own ambitions. This young fellow, who must be a Sikh (because his beard is just beginning to appear) is going to be an engineer, but at 14 he is already a most promising athlete, and he is equally at home with a hockey stick and a *sitar*, which is one of India's rather complicated musical instruments. Next door to him is a boy who hopes to become an artist, and is studying industrial design, although he is just as much of an artist with his leg-breaks on the cricket field, and is quite a considerable scholar of Urdu and Persian. Here is another, whose great ambition is to become an enlightened landlord, introducing all the lessons of scientific agriculture to his father's estate; and you will probably find him amusing himself in his spare time in the biology lab., with a friend who will one day become ruling prince of an important State, and who knows that he is faced with one of the toughest jobs that a man can inherit.

I must warn you that you will probably be bombarded with invitations (for Indian boys are not at all shy) either for a game of hockey or tennis, or for

a swim, and you will certainly be asked not to miss the next meeting of the college parliament, when the government will have to answer some pretty tricky questions. I expect you would like to find out what a good Indian curry really tastes like, by joining the boys at lunch or dinner. Yes, they all mess together—Hindus, Muslims, and Sikhs.

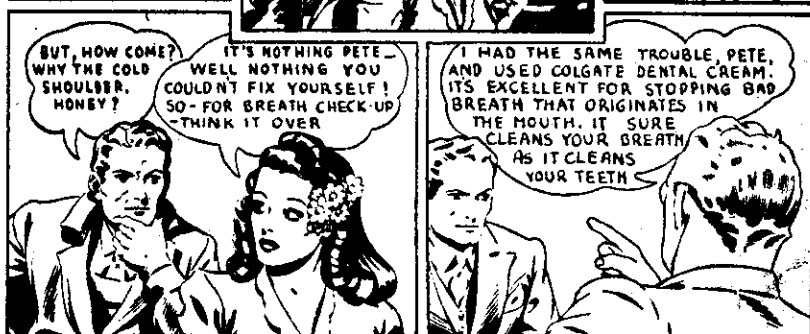
### Potential Leaders

Let me prop open the door of memory, and introduce to you one or two of those who come most readily to mind. I shall not tell you their names, for the long Indian names would only confuse the picture, but I think immediately of a tall thin Squadron Leader in the Royal Indian Air Force, tragically killed at the beginning of last year, on the eve of leading his squadron into action against the Japs in Burma. A Sikh—and like so many Sikhs, a magnificent athlete—he richly demonstrated, in his short but brilliant career, many of the lessons of leadership and responsibility and service, which he had learned at school, where he and I had become such close friends that his death was a very great shock to me.

Or I think of an even younger boy, who came to us as a failure and a disappointment and left us a few years later, burning with a determination to be of service to his country. He is now Assistant-Editor of one of India's leading newspapers; and if I were asked to select, from my 20 years' experience, the Indian boy in whose career I have the greatest confidence, it would be his name which would come to my lips, for I know that he is of the salt of the earth, and that he is destined to serve his country as she deserves.

### "A Human Problem"

These are only just a few of my many memories of the Indian boy. But in what was, perhaps, your first visit to Lahore, I hope that I may have helped you to remember that, when you read or hear of Indian political changes, and party squabbles, ultimately it is a human, and not a constitutional, problem. And if I have managed to focus your thoughts, then you will agree with me that India's future will depend, not only, or even mainly, upon the success with which a new constitution can be designed—although that is tremendously important—but upon the boys and girls who are now at school and college, for it is upon their shoulders that will ultimately fall the responsibility of which we ourselves are now so anxious to be relieved.



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