

be in the neighborhood of \$126 million—three times what it was in 1951—with further increases promised annually for the next four years. The country's total budget normally is around \$60 million.

Seventy per cent of the income from oil is being set aside for development and education. In the past, "development" has too often meant the improvement of the biggest private estates in the interests of their owners, with higher rents for the peasants who work them. If the new development projects that are envisaged are to bring social as well as technical improvement, it will be essential to reverse the present trend whereby already powerful landowners are permitted to annex state lands and influential sheiks to secure registration of tribal land in their

own names as the price of their political loyalty.

The Dilemma's Horns

The problem for the western powers is to persuade Nuri Pasha and his friends to concede reforms before it is too late—to ensure that the full benefit of Iraq's oil income seeps down to the wretches at the base of the social pyramid. But even if Nuri were sold on the idea, he would have little hope of convincing the landowners and sheiks, on whose good will his political position depends. If he insisted, they would withdraw their support, and one of the few Asian statesmen genuinely friendly toward the West would fall. He would, similarly, be overwhelmed if the western powers, standing on their principles, were to insist on

democratic elections. Although Britain, in particular, has every right to be grateful to Nuri for his past services, can the West justify its crusade for freedom in the eyes of Asia's decisive millions while purchasing stability and friendship at the price of acquiescence in corrupt and often oppressive misgovernment?

IF WE put our diplomatic and propagandist weight on the side of democracy and reform, we run the short-term risk of being without influential friends in Iraq until the new elements that are thrown up learn to trust us. If we decide to help the present régime hang on for as long as possible and turn a blind eye to its imperfections, we face the long-term risk that the crash, when it comes, will be all the more violent.

The Sudan Faces Independence

ODEN and OLIVIA MEEKER

HERE in Khartoum, the Middle East seems much closer than the heart of Africa. The town's name means "elephant's trunk," and there are camels and minarets, feluccas with lateen rigs in the Nile, and sandstorms called haboobs. The great lion-colored desert stretches away toward Cairo in the north.

It is hot and dry here. Water is commonly served in glasses that hold slightly more than a pint; people talk about the ninety-seven-degree winter temperature as crisp, and are rather proud of the fact that one of the world's highest temperatures was recorded at Wadi Halfa in the northern Sudan in April, 1903.

The Sudan is a big country, a million square miles; its eight million people include everything from Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzies, the first tribesmen to break the British regu-

lars' defensive square, some of the most primitive people in tropical Africa, to urbane Arab merchants. Slowly the country has been preparing for self-government, to be followed by independence. Now its British tutors say it is ready.

THE WORD "Sudan" means "the Land of the Slaves," and it was the south, the original Sudan, which was the goal of Egyptian slave raiders as early as 2800 B.C. and which is still looked down on as backward and no-account by the relatively advanced Islamic North. The million or so Dinkas and the scattering of other tribes throughout the south are fisherfolk along the rivers, and raise beautiful lyre-horned cattle. They are mainly Negroid (though with the centuries of slave trading there has been a good deal of mixing, north and south), worship the



tribal gods for the most part (though Christianity has made some headway among the Dinkas), and are related to peoples across the frontiers in Ethiopia, Uganda, the Belgian Congo, and French Equatorial Africa.

They are no match for the city slickers of the north, who traditionally have exploited the backward south, and it is one of Britain's main responsibilities in preparing the country for self-government and then independence to see that there are sufficient safeguards for the southerners so that they won't be at the mercy of the north.

Cotton and Gumdrops

A little foreign capital is now being invested in the Sudan, but most

projects are initiated by the government, the only body rich enough to undertake the necessary long-term developments. Big irrigation and settlement schemes, like that in the Gezira triangle's twelve thousand square miles, are paying off in food, cotton, and government income. Profits from the Gezira now account for more than half of all public revenues.

Nearly everything is neatly planned and officially controlled, rather as in the Panama Canal, except that the Sudan can and does support itself. There hasn't been a deficit since 1912. Secondary education and health services are at public expense. (In the latter, the Sudan anticipated Britain.) Crop experiments or large-scale operations such as mechanical plowing in the Gezira are charged to the community rather than to individuals.

The Sudan is still a poor country, but thanks to the Gezira and to the promise of other agricultural projects, it will be a viable state—unlike most of the rest of the forty-odd political units in Africa, which have been called “lands of the future” for the last hundred years and still are. There are deposits of iron and other minerals in the Sudan, and a bit of industry around Khartoum, but as far as anybody can see into the future, the wealth of the country will be agricultural. Next to cotton, the most important crop is

gum arabic, used in such things as gumdrops and on the backs of postage stamps. The Sudan furnishes about seven-eighths of the world's supply and in return reaps about \$8.5 million annually. As a lightly populated country capable of great crop expansion, the Sudan will undoubtedly turn more and more to producing foodstuffs for export: The cattle industry is growing, and a meat-canning factory is now going up south of Khartoum.

Rivers and Swamps

The Sudan is one vast plain, broken only by a few mountains in the extreme south and east, and by the great southern swampland called the Sudd, abode of papyrus and hippopotami, where the White Nile trickles in on one side and seeps out the other. The river loses about half its water this way, and a canal to by-pass the Sudd and save a great part of this water for Egypt and the Sudan is part of the Sudanese hydrological master plan for the next twenty to twenty-five years. The millions of acres of Sudd swampland, if drained, could be one vast rice bowl.

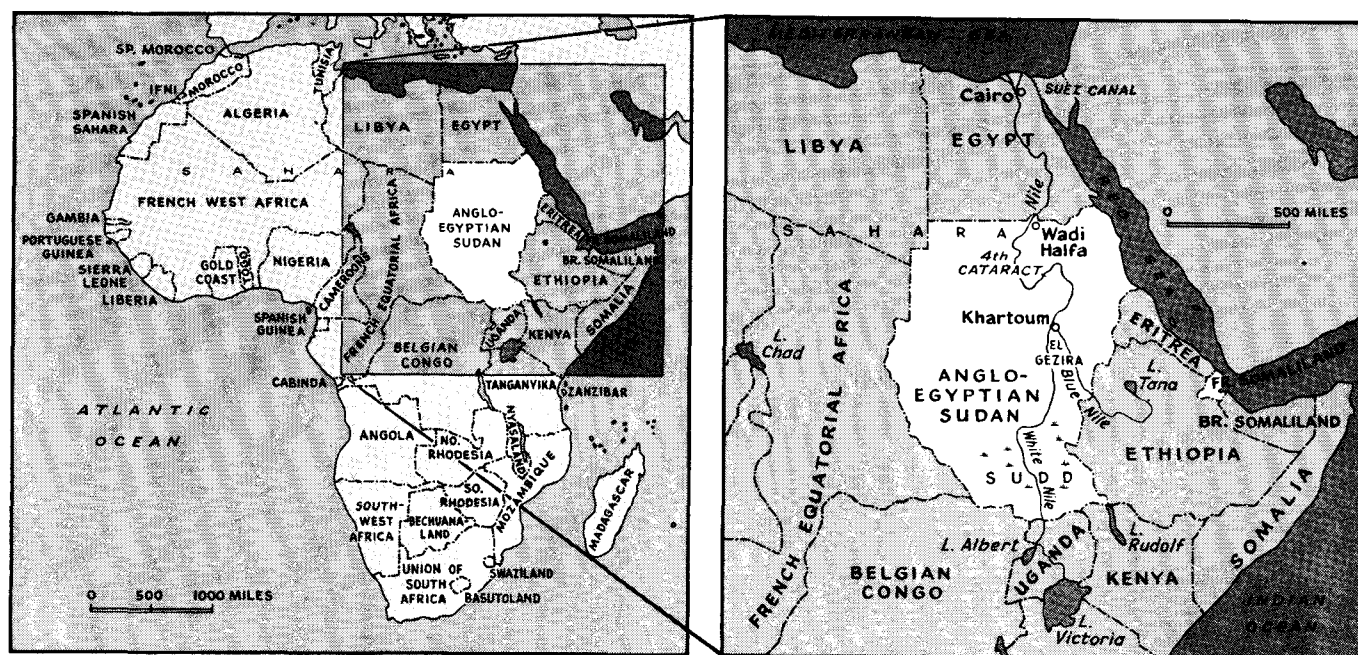
The nearly completed Owen Falls dam, which will use Lake Victoria as a vast reservoir, is also part of the plan, as are another dam for Lake Albert, a Fourth Cataract reservoir on the Nile (mainly for Egypt's benefit), and the Lake Tana dam project in Ethiopia—if Egypt ever gets

around to negotiating with the other powers, as it promised first in 1935 and again in 1946. Because of Egypt's established rights in the river upon which its very existence depends, the Egyptian government must be a party to all these agreements.

THE PROBLEMS facing the Sudan as it prepares to become master of its own affairs are both Middle Eastern and African in character. Strategically part of the Middle East, Khartoum is a vital link in Britain's air routes to both East and West Africa. Relations with Egypt, naturally interested in controlling the Sudan to ensure its frontiers and its water supply, are delicate at best.

In the Sudan the Communists, who dominate the Workers' Federation, a union which claims 150,000 members, have more influence than they do in other African countries south of the Sahara. The party's orders come from Cairo.

Problems of extreme nationalism, education, and training for government are probably much the same in the Sudan as they are in other colonial and semi-colonial areas in this part of the world, whether African or Middle Eastern. The southern Sudan has a special liability in its long victimization by the slave trade, which has left it comparatively retarded, but the country as a whole, like Uganda and British West Africa, is free from the terrible



problem of race that bedevils most dependent areas. And it doesn't have the problems of conflicting interests between white settlers and Africans that harry Kenya, Tanganyika, the Rhodesias, and, of course, the Union of South Africa.

Exit the Condominium

The chief provisions of the Condominium Agreements signed by Britain and Egypt in Cairo in 1899 and reaffirmed for twenty years in 1936 are that the British and Egyptian flags shall fly together in the Sudan, that all civil and military power there shall be vested in the Governor-General, and that he shall be appointed by the King of Egypt following the advice of the British government. So far, this advice has never been refused.

Actually, the British have run the show pretty much by themselves since the murder of Governor-General Sir Lee Stack in Cairo in 1924, after which Egyptian civil and military personnel in the Sudan were sent packing. The participation of Sudanese in their own government has been encouraged until they now hold eighty-seven per cent of all the posts in the Sudan civil service; only two per cent are Egyptians.

Now the condominium, described by Lord Cromer as "a hybrid form of government hitherto unknown to international jurisprudence," is on its way out. On October 8, 1951, the Wafd Government of Egypt announced in a pet that it had abrogated both the 1899 Condominium Agreement and the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian Treaty which reaffirmed it for twenty years. Britain refused to recognize this action, claiming the agreement could not be broken unilaterally.

With the new régime of General Naguib, whose mother was a Sudanese and who himself was educated at Gordon College in Khartoum, the British have been dealing with the first moderately receptive Egyptian Government in the history of their negotiations concerning the Sudan.

They have made the best of their opportunity. On February 12 an Anglo-Egyptian agreement was signed giving the Sudan immediate self-government. Legislative elections are to be held forthwith. A special

international commission—with a Pakistani chairman, and one British, one Egyptian, and two Sudanese members—will assist and in some matters control the British Governor-General, who will still be the top constitutional authority during the transition period. The Sudanese must hold a plebiscite in which, as the *New York Times* put it, "the Sudan will be free to choose com-



plete independence, to join in some sort of union with Egypt or to follow any other course it pleases."

The Future

Complete independence may seem attractive to some Sudanese. Looking about them at their neighbors, they can see countries much less viable than the Sudan getting something called independence. Libya is now an independent state juridically but highly dependent economically. The Gold Coast and Nigeria are well on their way to statehood. Uganda may be being quietly prepared for it. Eritrea has achieved autonomy under the Ethiopian crown. Greatly increased self-government should be forthcoming shortly in both British East Africa and British Central Africa.

Many Egyptians will certainly agitate for a continuing link with the Sudan. Their bitterness at the way they have been shut out of the Sudan is reflected in the extreme importance they attach to the title "King of Egypt and the Sudan." But it is possible that some sort of face-saving

nominal recognition can be arranged. General Naguib, up north, said the February 12 agreement marked a new chapter in the relations between the Egyptians and their Sudanese brothers—"a chapter of brotherhood, love, and confidence." The hope is that the favorite old nationalist cry, "Unity of the Nile Valley!", so long used to stir up crowds in Egypt, won't break out again and prevent the present Government from settling for anything short of full Egyptian sovereignty over the Sudan.

UNTIL recently there has been hardly a whisper about the possibility of the Sudan's joining the British Commonwealth. Not long ago only one small political party openly advocated it, and the British, playing it cosy, were careful not to encourage the party lest it infuriate Egypt. Now, however, the secretary-general of the larger Umma Party, leader of the last Legislative Assembly, has said that after gaining independence, the Sudan should join the Commonwealth, possibly on the same terms as India. He also believes the Sudan should join the projected Middle East Defense Organization as well as the Arab League if the latter will agree to support the defense organization.

Other political groups are still silent, but there is evidence that the tribal Sudanese, who comprise ninety-five per cent of the population, might support the Commonwealth as their best protection. The British, while welcoming the idea of the Sudan as a future member of the Commonwealth, have been reluctant to raise the issue until there is some indication of the position of Prime Minister Malan of South Africa, who is notably unenthusiastic about the addition of non-white dominions. But after the recent self-government agreement was signed, British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden told the House of Commons that the Sudanese might apply for membership in the British Commonwealth if they chose complete independence in their plebiscite.

These are all present possibilities. In the end no one can be certain until the plebiscite is held and the Sudanese can indicate what they themselves want.

A New Life For Fritz Mosinger

T. K. BROWN

AT 9:30 on the morning of December 2, 1952, Fritz Mosinger, the district attorney of Frankfurt an der Oder, in the Soviet Zone of Germany, found out that he was in serious trouble. The warden of the city prison was on the wire to tell him that the chief of police had ordered a cell to be prepared for a "prominent person" who would be arrested in the course of the day. Fritz Mosinger knew, from various events of the past several days, that this cell was intended for himself and that he would have to flee. During the next hour he was a very busy man.

Mosinger went first by taxi to a friend in the poultry-and-egg business who made frequent trips to Berlin, fifty miles away. He told his friend that it was quite important for him to get to Berlin immediately, and was pleased to learn that a truck full of chickens would be leaving that morning at eleven. It was arranged that the truck would stop at his office to pick him up.

His problem now was to keep the chief of police so busy that he would not have time to call the attorney general's office in Potsdam and arrange for the arrest warrant to be issued. On the principle that the best defense is attack, he hurried back to his office, telephoned the chief of police, and ordered him to come to his office at once with the political commissar. When the two arrived, he launched an impassioned, even perhaps somewhat hysterical, criticism of the efficiency of the police.

"Why do police investigations take

so long?" he asked. "Why can't your men give coherent testimony in court? Why do they carry the red-colored arrest warrant in their hands when they go through the streets, so the culprits see what's coming and get away? Why aren't they able to serve half the warrants they go out with?"

"Perhaps, Herr Mosinger," the chief of police said, "because the people have been warned that an arrest is about to be made." There was a grim smile on his face, and Mosinger suddenly got the feeling that the chief of police already had the warrant for his arrest in his pocket. But he did not lose his nerve; he continued with his accusations, pulled documents from the files to substantiate them, and kept looking out the window for the truck.

Shortly after eleven it came. With dismay Mosinger saw the driver get out and enter the building, obviously with the intention of announc-

ing his readiness to take Herr Mosinger to Berlin. "Excuse me a moment," he said to the chief of police. "I want to get a colleague from the next office. He has a very interesting case to report."

He caught the driver in the hall. A minute later he was in the truck and it pulled away. To the background of clucking and squawking chickens, he left his life behind him on the *hegira* to Berlin, while the chief of police and the political commissar waited in his office and wondered what was taking him so long.

Fritz Mosinger left the truck in the Soviet Sector of Berlin. At the Alexanderplatz he boarded the subway; a few minutes later he had become one of the 15,787 men, women, and children who during the month of December fled from the Eastern Zone of Germany—the so-called German Democratic Republic—to the insecurity and hardships of life as a refugee in west Berlin.

Stamps, Signatures, Notations

It was while I was looking into the refugee problem that I made the acquaintance of Mosinger, who was recommended to me as a "typical case." I met him on the third day after his flight to west Berlin. He was living in a cheap hotel in a devastated area south of the Kurfürstendamm. He was dressed in the shabby clothes that mark the inhabitant of Soviet Germany. I found him to be a man of about fifty, tall and awkward, with large hands and Adam's apple, and unruly hair that fell con-

