

public must also be made to apply to road rates. The publication of road operation statistics on the same lines as railway statistics are issued is very necessary to enable the public to know what is happening inside the industry, and any big profits accruing to the industry must be passed on to the users in the form of rate relief, etc. The setting up of the Transport Advisory Council and the Standing Committee for Roads is a step in the right direction.

The setting up of an organisation under the joint auspices of the road and railway undertakings entrusted with the task of collecting, analysing and collating all relevant information in regard to problems of common interest to the two industries is

certainly worth serious consideration. This organisation can also serve as a clearing house for any outstanding problems at issue between them and advise when consulted in the matter of individual schemes of co-ordination. Problems for investigation may be also referred to this body.

The progress made in the co-ordination of road-rail transport has been considerable and has yielded very satisfactory results. Much ground still remains to be covered. If, however, the vigour, with which the problem is being tackled, should continue unabated, the day is not far off when a completely co-ordinated scheme of transport services will have been evolved.

C. N. R. RAU.

THE DECCAN TRAP

For half-three hundred years million, bowed down with monstrous weight
Of megalosaurs and dinosaurs and saurs of mountain height—
Our earth did groan in severe strain and cracked the Gondwan land,
When the bridge, which spanned the Vindhyan land and the Afric's southern rand,
Submerged—sundered in shattered blocks—beneath the Arab main
And sought the sheltered abyssal depths of Neptune's dark domain.
The Vindhyan land then belched, in gasps, a lurid lava-melt
Through ripped out clefts and rifts afar, in its pent-up strain-filled belt.
The fiery flows from Vulcan's bowl did blaze a burning red
And with gory glow, from down below, they stained the starry bed.
Those bursts of flows—like geysers' surge—had quiescent intervals,
When algal plants and water ferns found tombs with Physa shells.
These Vulcan's pastes did scald the land for miles half million square
And, laid—in steps—to lofty heights, they built a rocky stair.
Their congealed crust, like lakes of jet, did fill the Vindhyan's lap
And cleft and carved by Time's deft hands, it hails now "Deccan Trap".
Its winding glens, at Konkan's edge—with verdant forests fine—
Do run along for miles on miles, like a mazy Maginot line.
Welled these Traps from Vulcan's pools on the wane of Chalk-age day
Or at dawning stage of Tertiary age, as some maintain to-day,
Is a wordy war which rages now with Earth-Science men of Ind,
Who group themselves in fighting ranks to hurl their fossil find.
Sahni's ferns and Hora's fish and Raos's algal cells,
Are thrust to fore to oust the force of Oldham's mollusc shells.
These fossil folk do fight their feuds with Parker pocket pens
And shed their blood—in Quink liquid—in tome-filled dusty dens.
The world moves on unnerved by this,—the fate of Trap-age fight,
To delve Earth's past and date her deeds are not for vulgar wight;
The Earth revolves unchained by this—the Trap-age tangled knot,
She smiles aloof and shouts aloud, "To me it matters not;
The dawn which spanned the Chalk-age night and the morn of Tertiary days,
A tick it counts in endless time: an inch, in boundless space."

R. R. B.