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## 1,000,000 INDIANS ON THE MOVE

The rains came to India. It's the monason season. Pields are flooded. Rivers everflow their banks. And all the time bloodshed goes on. As the new Deminions of Pakisten and India take over their own affairs, command hatreds flare up in the Punjah. Floring from their looted, bloodstained terms comes a new execus - a million displaced persons. Independence has not yet brought peace. Rejoicing turned quickly into horror and mourning. Throughout this wast land Hindus and Meslans sock safety in new surroundings. Peace leving people, theirs is the real tragedy. The fortunate few floo in any transports or in buses.

For the masses, it's the weary trail of the read. Carrying their few pessessions, they flee from savagery and butchery that has never been exceeded, even in India's stormy history. One million people become refugees evernight.

Pakisten and India each say they are determined to step the thelesale rioting. But, meanwhile, the emodus continues.