

India's birth with destiny

14th August

August 14, 1947 was a rainy day. But the weather did not dampen the happiness and of my village Baranpurapura in the east which is district of Shahabad in Bihar. The good food were cooked and they waited for the midnight of when the country will be free from the yoke of slavery.

There were two Radio sets in my village. One in the inner chambers of the Raja and the other one in our school. It was the school administration had arranged to fix in two loudspeakers on both sides of the corridor so that the broadcast could be heard by the people sitting in the big lawn of the school.

While the people from my village as well as from neighbouring areas started to flock in the lawn ~~since~~ evening itself to hear the broadcast relating about the declaration of independence, we were blissfully sleeping in our house. But just ~~after~~ before the broadcast could begin, my grand father who was a respectable regarded a respectful person in the area hurriedly (as my one of my cousin) to the school grounds. We got a vantage point to sit and were listening to the patriotic songs before the broadcast on the radio person announcement ~~was~~ was heard.

and then came the booming voice of the first PM of India & while the world sleeps India awakes to freedom. ~~And the~~  
~~came on the way he said~~ Pt. Nehru went on speaking and the crowd ~~said~~ <sup>and so on.</sup> Croad burst in applause. Even those who did not understand the speech <sup>as it was</sup> in English ~~had~~ cheered directly from the Central hall of the Parliament. The gaiety and enthusiasm was seen to be believed. slogans of Bharat Mata ki jai & Jugalab Diwab reached the ~~sky~~ clear starry sky.

Several functions were held during the first independence day but the most attractive was the ~~programme~~ function held by our school on Early in the morning of August 15, 1947, for the first time the Indian national tricolour was unfurled atop our school building by the then headmaster Sir Shiv Mangal Singh. I ~~decorated~~ ~~handing the flags~~ Among various items ~~awarded~~ in the functions was a skit in English language in which I participated and got a prize of some sweets and a Zem pocket dictionary.

So, for the first after two hundred years of British rule India the union jack was lowered and the tricolour unfurled on ~~the~~ govt building all over India.

Thus ~~became~~ India started its journey of freedom under the leadership <sup>and</sup> guidance of the father of the nation - Mahatma Gandhi.

## The Quit India movement

In 1942 it was August again. I was a child and had started going to school. I do not remember much about this. The Quit India movement. But whatever I remember about the incidents which in our area and as told by the old elders who shortly what happened all over the country is enough to raise our head high in pride. When the top national leaders of the freedom movement including Mahatma Gandhi were arrested the entire country erupted like a volcano and any thing representing the British govt became the target. Railway lines were sabotaged at places, telegraph lines were cut, police stations and govt buildings specially where the British offices worked became the target. Suddenly the entire country erupted into a full fledged revolution and like the first freedom movement of 1857 which the British called a rioting and suppressed it with a iron hand.

Our village and the neighbouring we no acceptation. When I first saw a huge procession consisting of the school students, teachers and ordinary villagers marching and shouting slogans Jai Kalab Zindabad Bande Matram went rended the sky, it brought a new vigour and resolve even among the ordinary villages to force the

foreigners from our soil.

But then the suppression came. The royal forces and the police loyal to the British tried every thing to suppress the rising. But the ~~British~~ did not fully rely on them and pressed in the ~~British~~ British soldiers who committed & instilled about 15000.

On fine morning there was a rumor "Gave Aye gave aye" i.e. the British soldier known as 'Tommies' have arrived. The villagers still furious defied the announcements of not taking processions & converged in large numbers and raised slogans. The main leader ~~Ramya~~ Ramya the entire public participated in the procession headed by school teachers and some freedom fighters Birji Bihari Mishra, Sukhari Mahto, Ramanand Upadhyaya, Pishori Suri etc. They were promptly arrested but both Sukhari Mahto and Birji Bihari somehow escaped and continued their activities of destroying govt. property, unfurling Indian flag on govt. building etc. The country faced a full fledged revolution even though the British tried their best to suppress it. Thus the Great India movement which called for "Angrejon Bharat Choro" weakened the foundations of British empire.

~~in India~~

## Sukhari Mahto

Though there were few freedom fighters in our village like Ramanand Upadhyaya, Brij Bahari Mishra, Pistol Singh and others but most prominent among them was Sukhari Mahto. Poor of the poorest Sukhari Mahto cared little about his poverty and dedicated himself to the cause - Freedom <sup>from</sup> of slavery.

During the Quit India movement, Sukhari was active and tried to unfurl the Tricolour on the Collegiate building. He was not only active on other subversive activities during the Quit India movement. The British administration declared a reward for his head. But a Sheekham was not found anywhere. Later it was found that he lived inside a bridge and came out during the night to get some food from the villagers. But his whereabouts were discovered by the police and he was arrested. The British police also burnt his thatched house and his wife and two children left the village and were never traced.

Long after the ~~move~~ movement which is known as the second war of Independence after the 1857 uprising, I met Sukhari Mahto

It was perhaps 1951 or 1952, when during the Puja vacation I ~~was~~<sup>had</sup> come from Patna and, waiting at a tea stall at Birkangunj for a Tantum (horse driven cart) from my village to go there. In the meantime I saw a man dressed in a dirty lungi and banyan coming to the stall. He recognised me. He was Sukhan Maha. He asked me to order for a cup of tea for him and sat near me. He related his story. He had no home to go, nothing to provide even two meals. He said: ~~& he~~ While he was in jail there were several prominent leaders of Bihar with him. After independence those leaders became Ministers and M.P.s, but Sukhan went to them for help, but <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ giving some chaps they did not ~~help~~ help him in any way. Many of them even made fun of him, he said. But Sukhan was a dedicated soldier of Indian Independence and he took shelter in the Thana Congress Committee office and His job was to sweep the office, close the office, unfurl the flag in the morning and bring tea etc when the committee members were meeting. Which other freedom fighters of our

area enjoyed the fruit of independence. Ramanand Upadhyaya contested the 1952 general election and became an M.L.A., Brij Bhair. Moreover, he was a landlord and Pistol Singh became President of the District Congress Committee, but poor Sukhan spent his day working as a servant. But no regrets said Sukhan. His desire to see his motherland free from the clutches of slavery was fulfilled and he wanted nothing else like the desiring a flower.

ਧਰੋ ਨਿਰੋ ਸੁਖਾਲਾਨੀ ਕੇ ਰਾਗੀ ਹੈ ਜਾਨ ਮਿਥ,  
ਧਰੋ ਨਿਰੋ ਦਾਨੀ ਕੇ ਰਾਗੀ ਪ੍ਰਸ਼ੰਸਨੀ ਸੁਮਿਤ੍ਰ  
ਜਿਵੇਂ ਆਪੇ ਕੇ ਅਤੇ ਹੈਮ ਫਿਰ ਬੇਟੇ ਪੁਣੀ  
ਧਰੋ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕੇ ਵਾਡੀ-ਚੌਥੀ ਪ੍ਰਾਣੀ ਹੈ ਜਾਨ ਮਿਥ,  
ਧਰੋ - ਯਤਾਤੀ ਜਾਇ ਕੇ ਰੇ ਅਨੇਕ

### Desire of a flower -

" Do not want to be woven in the garlands of beautiful women, nor offered to the Gods, and No ful happy.

But o' gardener pluck me and ~~throw~~ me on the street an <sup>pride</sup> brave men walked to the gallows to <sup>see</sup> make their motherland free from the ~~the~~ sackles of slavery.

## The great divide or a Bloody divide?

A British lawyer Cyril Radcliffe sitting in this study spread a map of India and drew two lines one on his left and another on his right & he created two nations India and Pakistan. East Pakistan & West Pakistan. East Pakistan became Bangladesh in 1971, but that is another story.

The Partition created havoc in this entire sub-continent. The communal fringe took millions of lives and making equal number of people homeless and refugees. Communal tension prevailed in our state in some parts but our area was mostly peaceful and both the communities living in peace and harmony. I still remember ~~to~~ Dedi & Bawali as well as Holi and Diwali celebrated in our area in which both the communities participated.

Still in some parts of Bihar, ~~and~~ bloody riots did occur and in which several lives were lost and many migrated to Pakistan. But after the night of Mahatma Gandhi to Calcutta and places like Khulna in East Pakistan and his fast unto death now brought down this communal hatred.

Father of the nation killed, the light has gone.

Sansar, a Hindi daily published from Banaras was subscribed by the ~~to~~ our family and others. ~~one~~ Some one used to read it in the morning. The paper's date edition ~~which~~ carried late news but in morning the banner heading looking as if carried the news of Babu's killing by a Hindu fanatic called Nathuram Godse.

Everyone listening to the news on the ~~wind~~ winter morning was stunned to hear the news.

The scene in our school-hostel was even more pathetic. The teachers students all stunned to hear this news. One of our teachers Mr. Awadh Bihari Lall a staunch follower of the Mahatma was weeping ~~as~~ and others were grieved too.

The All India Radio of 'Aakashvani' was broadcasting the running commentary of Babu's funeral journey. Thousand who had gathered in the lawns of our schools to listen to the running commentary were stunned & shocked.

At home my grandfather a retired Police officer who worked during the British rule of India, was shocked ~~and~~ and pained to hear this news. ~~He thought~~ He was an admirer of the Mahatma.

## our family

Barun Gark was were we lived. ours was a police family. My grandfather was a senior police officer. My father was a Police officer. My elder cousin brother Baideli Saran Varma was a senior police officer, and his cousin Birinder Kumar was Sub. Inspector of Police. Though I have not met him but I hear that the grandson of one of my cousins has become an IPS officer.

But we are not in contact with others anymore as our family has shifted to us.

Beside being a police family, we were also Zamindars (Land Lords) and Kasthkar (Agricultural land owners). Not big ones but moderate land owners.

## Fanicky tree

We are descended to Devan, Brij Lal Singh

Devan Ram Preetap Singh  
No son only a daughter  
Ram Bal of Lake at Lali - Hariwal Devan of Hirizabur Lake.  
Devan Ram, at Kotahuli and work  
He lived in Sanganwari, Deolali  
His son Bishen Bishen was the father of  
Dayal Singh

Devan Ram Preetap Singh

Daughter from a wife to Jamake Singh

Baj Nath Salay

Lodhi Salay Kanjie Salay  
No issue now

Keshin Nandan Gurbachher  
Two daughters

Bairidharan Akhil  
Varone  
5 Sons & 4 daughters

Sukhdevji, Capur,  
Rahim Singh, Nand Singh

Munshi ji

Chiraj Salay Devay Salay

Stephan Singh and Lak  
Sukh Singh  
Mawrajan  
Ake Singh  
Gaddar singh

Rohini Shiven Singh  
Sukh Singh

## Chapter - 2

I passed matriculation examination in 1949 and got admission in Bihar National College popularly known as B.N. College in Patna (Bihar). After a gap of a week, I was allotted accommodation in the hotel. It was a three seated room. I had to share with other two students. In those days ragging of the new comers was not prevalent. But some bullies were there who used to intimidate the juniors. In my case ~~was~~ the Narbadeshwar Singh who was two years senior to me in the Swajipura school was always by my side, hence no one dared to bully me. Besides when I started ~~in our~~ taking part in students ~~and~~ <sup>various</sup> activities ~~from~~ <sup>room</sup> there was no question of any one bullying me.

### Our Professors

By the time I joined the college all the foreign professors had left. But the Indian professors were highly qualified. And many of them had degrees from either Cambridge or Oxford. My English Language professor S.N. Senapati and his son D.P. Senapati, Dr. Dasgupta and others were very impressive and learned. I specially remember a young professor who had recently joined the faculty after ~~completing~~ <sup>completing</sup> education.

from England. He used to teach us English poetry. I still remember his lectures on Shakespeare's dramas.. He took several days to explain the nuance of a particular soliloquy from Shakespeare's Macbeth..

"Out, out, brief candle, life's but a walking shadow,  
a poor player, and frets  
that streets his hours upon the stage and there  
is heard no more,  
It's a tale told by an idiot full of sound  
and fury signifying nothing."

### The mock Parliament

While I was still in first year, a grand celebration was planned on the day India became a Republic and Dr Rajendra Prasad who was from Bihar became the first President of India. On this occasion many activities were arranged. Among them was a mock parliament in which students took part. I was interested in taking part in this drama but since I was a junior, I could not be included. However the drama was very impressive specially the acting of Baban Pandey who played the role of ~~the~~ Acharya Kripakar, ~~who acted as~~ an opposition leader. He criticised the govt for its policies in a ~~humorous~~ humorous way which was highly appreciated by the audience.

### A set back

When in my third year in the college, I was not allotted accommodation in the hostel. I was disappointed and went to a gentleman from our village (Swajpur) Mr RAP Singh who was a very senior Police officer and possibly perhaps a DIG or I.G (Inspector General of Police) and requested him to put in a word with my Principal, so that I get accommodation in the hostel. But the gentleman flatly refused to do anything, and ~~but~~ tell my Principal whom he knew very well. But he suggested I should bring my belongings and live in a room in the annex of his bungalow. He also asked me to have my food from his kitchen. I had no choice but to live at 3, Taylor Rd in new capital area of Patna and go to attend my classes by on bicycle everyday. Both Mr Singh and his younger brother a renowned doctor treated me well. Mr Sarker's son Mr Devendra Singh became a good friend of mine.

### A new age Swami Vivekanand

While I was still in the BSN College hotel I came across another student, my class fellow who fancied dressing like Swami Vivekanand at times. He

We stayed in Earl Block while I was in Jaffna -  
dai block but some times I used to meet  
him. ~~He~~ While some students called a  
"Rattu mal" ie a person who gets texts by text.  
But ~~that~~ in my opinion he was laborious and  
intelligent. Long after I left college, I heard  
that he compeeted for civil service and became  
an IAS Officer.

### My first encounter with or say introduction to Yoga

While I was still a student in B.N. College, one day I saw a notice written in bold letters which stated that Swami Shivananda of Rishikesh would deliver a talk on Yoga and he and his disciples would give ~~de~~ demonstration of yogic pose and Pranayam at the college lecture hall. I was interested to know about yoga so I went to attend the function and also to see the legendary ~~de~~ swami who gave a new life to the dying science of yoga.

In those days yoga was not popular and very few knew about it and practised it. But ~~yogic~~ yogic science, ~~was~~ ~~one~~ is one of the unique innovations of the ancient Indian Rishis provided all round development of human being. Though the roots of Yoga are found in Shiva Samhita (The principles of yoga taught by Lord Shiva) and its mention in Bhagwati Gita, ~~the~~ if was Maharsi Patanjali who gave a shape in his "Patanjali Yoga Shastra".

Another stream of Yoga i.e 'Kriya Yoga' was propounded by Babaji, the thousand year old Rishi, who is still believed to be alive and living in the Himalayas. His disciple, Lahiri Moshai, Sant Yogi Teshwar and Yogi Yoga nand propagated this branch of Yoga for the common good of the people.

Unfortunately thousands of years of history in India, by the Muslim rulers and then the British, the science of and practice of Yoga almost vanished in India. But there were few who kept the flickering light of this great science alive and Swami Shivanand was one of them.

A physician working in some south Asian country, Swamiji came to India and established the "Divine Life Society" at Rishikesh. His followers, among them Swami Shyama nand, Vishnu Devanand and others took this great knowledge to the people and established Yogashrams in India. I had the good fortune of visiting the Divine Life Society Ashram in Rishikesh along with my wife. We visited several other Ashrams as well. These visits and the lectures and demonstration given by Swami Shyama nand in BN College Auditorium kindled a desire in me to pursue the path of Yoga in my life.

Now that time, ~~then~~ my disease could not be fulfilled for a long time as there were only few Ashrams were ~~yoga~~ my ~~fought~~. But when I was attending a course of the Indian Institute of Mass Communication in Delhi, I stayed in the Institute hotel in Lajpatnagar and walked daily to Makarani Bagh where the Institute was located those days. In between I had to cross a place called Kilotri.

There I found a Swami was teaching ~~yoga~~ <sup>Yoga</sup> to some people. When I ~~was~~ approached, he agreed to teach me. So I started going to him on Saturdays and Sundays. In a month or two I learnt ~~many~~ many Asanas and Pranayam. But the real yogic knowledge came when Swami Satyanand ~~Shivamand~~ and other yogis ~~of his~~ gave lessons on ~~on~~ Yoga. I became a disciple of Swami ji, but he did not give me 'Diksha'. His disciple Swami Niranjananand ji initiated me. It also attended the "Pravachan" of Swami Satchananand at Rikhia Dham near Deoghar. These three Asan, Pranayam and Dhyan, the three practices ~~parts~~ of Yoga can provide better health, longevity and spiritual enlightenment to any individual irrespective of caste, and religion. Now ~~there~~ is a new interest among the people to learn yoga. Encouragement by the ~~the~~ PM and ~~his~~ Shri Modi has also contributed to peoples interest in Yoga. Due to his efforts 21<sup>st</sup> June has been declared as International Day of Yoga by U.N.

## Life's Journey

After graduating from Patna University in 1953 I worked for some outfits. Then I came in contact with Mr Arun Roy Choudhury, Chief Editor Bihar Herald and Bureau Chief of 'Blitz'. Arun Dada as I called him taught me every thing and helped me at every step of life. My research and work on 'Panchayat Raj' and 'Participatory Democracy in India' was very much appreciated.

But I continued searching for better stable jobs and I call came from DVC (Damodar Valley Corporation) for a position at Maithon Dam. The DVC Public Relations outfit was small but very dynamic and challenging. ~~As per form~~ I consulted one Mr P.M. Sikka who was News Editor of Searchlight and had also worked in DVC. He was at that time Dy. Director (Planning) in Bihar govt. He was very helpful to me and briefed me about DVC and strongly advised me to accept the offer.

So I was at Maithon Dam, a ~~place~~ beautiful place, a type of resort. The project had a unique feature in its power house. Dug deep below a hill the power house is very linked through a tunnel. It is an outstanding engineering feat and

people from far off places, came to visit. ~~(OK)~~ I had the opportunity to meet a galaxy of renowned people both from India and abroad who came to visit Maithon. Our first PM Pt Nehru called them projects modern temples of India, and they attracted people to Maithon.

Beside Maithon was a beautiful posh residential place where people came to spend few quiet days and relax. we

Life was good and I lived in a beautiful cottage like house in the Ranchi colony. It was called Ranchi Colony because theadian and US experts who first prepared project reports were housed here in these cottages. We had a beautiful garden and we lived there happily with our two children who studied in a Valley school elite school

'Valley school'

But soon tragedy struck and our daughter suddenly died. our family shifted to our village. Even after several months my wife refused to go to Maithon and it became impossible for me to remain there alone.

And then Arun Dada came forward and helped me. He suggested me to join a course in Communication and journalism in the newly formed Indian Institute of Mass Communication in New Delhi. Though the Institute was meant for training the Information Services India officials with some hesitation, the Director of the Institute admitted me for a In-Service Course in Communication & Journalism which was attended by not only by officers from I.S.B

Ministry, state govt's PR and Information  
outfits) and foreign scholars.

### TIME, Delhi

I was the first person from a Public undertaking to join the In Service course along with some foreign scholars as well as from state govt's. Since the Institute was initially established with US, half two Professors were teaching us in the In Service. Dr Ralf Natziger, former head of the Wisconsin School of Journalism was our Journalism Professor and another US Professor Mr Menetel taught us Advertising & Communication and ~~and~~ <sup>Candidates</sup> our Indian Professors were of high calibre too. The Director of the Institute Mr Naik taught us Communication & Development. He was a learned man and the scholars awaited for his lectures with interest.

### We are back at Maithon

We reconnected our life again. Maithon was a place where clean environment, regulated life and community living infused a new vigour and enthusiasm to work hard and perform in a best manner.

My job at ~~Ma~~ in DVC at Maithon provided me an opportunity to interact

With the elite of the country ie senior politicians, academics, journalists, scientists, film stars, celebrities (who came for shooting film at this pictur-esque place) musicians and artists of the country, the vast lake provided facilities for boating and the unique underground power house ~~the lake~~ and ~~and~~ the natural beauty of the place attracted many people.

Encountered Shri Ravi Shanker - & for the national defence fund

It was after the Indo-chinese war. Pandit Ravi Shankar a great name in the world of music was staying at Maitiön while performing at different places, in West Bengal & then Bihar. Just before he left ~~was~~ the club people of Maitiön requested him to perform at Maitiön also. Though he was scheduled to leave, he stayed back for a day and performed at the school ground in Maitiön & enthralled the audience. When it was time to go I presented before him the distinguished visitors book. He wrote nothing ~~in~~ but signed "Ravi Shanker" spread over two long pages of the book and thanked us all affectionately.

I am grateful to two  
~~for~~ ~~you~~ have Maitiön

persons Mr B. Parikhavarthy, the head of the DVC's Maitiön project and also chief engineer of ~~the~~ other projects at in the Valley and another Mr Sudama Singh, general secretary Indian National Trade Union Congress were extremely helpful to me at every step.

They

## Time to leave Haithan and Me

In search of a green pasture, I applied and was called ~~for interview~~ <sup>to see</sup> ~~for interview~~ <sup>to see</sup> ~~to attend~~ <sup>to see</sup> to attend an interview for a senior position in the Public Relations Department of Bokaro steel plant. I went for the interview but was not optimistic about the result. When I entered the board room for the interview I was pleasantly surprised to <sup>see</sup> my benefactor who helped me from Patna days, Mr D M P Singh sitting ~~in~~ there as a technical expert from Bihar Govt. It was essential for all the public undertaking in the then Bihar state to include a representative ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> a technical expert ~~from~~ from Bihar Govt and as such Mr Singh was there. It's not that he favoured me ~~but~~ but his very presence in the interview board generated a sense of confidence in me which led ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> to reply boldly. The result - I was selected.

I joined Bokaro steel station when the construction was going at a ~~fast~~ fast pace & there was huge influx of Ofcian, Engineers, Technicians & Other workers in thousands. There were no places to stay at Bokaro, though I stayed with a relative of mine but that was a temporary arrangement.

and there was no hope to get rent even a room in the colony which was still under construction. On new year's eve I was busy drafting and getting the chairman's message to the workers and when I went to meet the chairman for his final approval he was not at his bungalow but at the <sup>club</sup> Bookaro. I rushed there and found him. When he ~~already~~ approved the ~~first~~ first point which <sup>was</sup> to go for printing he asked me to join in the celebrations at the club. I told him that I shall be going to Maithon after finishing the work at the press as my family was still staying there due to lack of accommodation at Bookaro. He was kind enough to let ~~the~~ me, the official car take me to Maithon. But when I came back after the long weekend I was pleasantly surprised to find that one room has been allotted to me in the 50 room officers hostel. This was a great favour.

Work at Bookaro continued at a feverish pace. The first Blast Furnace was to be inaugurated soon and the PM was to <sup>come to</sup> Bookaro for this. That ~~moment~~ I was assigned lot of work from bringing out a prestigious foundation. Arranging for the Press and Dardarshan to visit and ensuring good press review of the work progress etc. My ~~for~~ The projects allotted to me were completed in time and the PM Mrs Indira Gandhi inaugurated the first Blast furnace.

For my hard work and also bringing out the prestigious publications, I was awarded the local Nchere National Metallurgists day award.

Press relations was a difficult assignment  
but all went well during the P.M.'s visit.

~~(I am not a socialist by birth)~~ I have been living in the U.S. for 10 years and I have never seen such a well-organized scheme as the one put up by the communists. The communists wish to break the capitalist system and I was nervous. I was given offers from the Rockwood Foundation to go to America and they do within 30 days even if you need them. I will be delivered with a tourist graph.

~~Received by the team of Fred  
Parker, University of New Mexico  
group week 26 Feb 1974  
"stone battle dance" very fading~~

particularly when my old immediate boss who  
was shifted to another deptt was brought back.  
There were obstacles at every step. but somehow  
I survived.

### My son goes to America.

During these difficult times there was a glimmer  
of happiness when my son who had  
joined a new paper recently got admission  
in a U.S University and he left for higher studies.  
Very rare in those days. My younger son  
who was studying at St Xaviers school at  
Bokaro also got admission in the R.K Puram  
Delhi Public school.

### Difficult days

Meanwhile my wife fell sick first it appeared  
to be minor illness but later it was  
detected that she had kidney failure.  
Those were the most difficult days of my  
life. My elder son away in US and the  
younger one much stressed due to his  
mother's illness. And but he was of great  
help taking her to hospital often and  
also taking care of her while I was at  
work. But he too was about to leave  
for JPS in Delhi.

At this juncture our two neighbours  
Dr S. Mukherjee at our left and Mrs B. L. Singh  
at right extended all help in nursing

my sick wife.

Besides, in a god sent help came from  
from Mrs Manjan Jai Tarahar IPS  
who was posted as S.P. Bokaro just then.  
Due to her influence, the doctor at the  
Bokaro hospital took good care of my  
wife. She even posted a person at the  
hospital to look care of the patient and  
~~she even made~~ she often visited the  
hospital and when my wife came home  
Manjan Tarahar regularly visited her  
even when son was not around.

But things were not going to be easy  
and when my wife's condition deteriorated  
further I had to call my son from America  
so that she could meet him. We took her  
to Delhi's AIIMS where my friend Dr I P  
Tewari, a Nephrologist who was earlier at  
Bokaro Hospital helped us and  
treated her. But her condition further  
deteriorated ~~when~~ after she came back to  
Bokaro and she breathed her last while  
in sleep. My old mother who has struggled  
day and night night during my wife's  
illness had to ~~it~~ encourage every thing  
some relatives and neighbours too helped  
My son came from USA to attend the

Shradh Ceremony.

After the death of my wife there was a confusion whether I should call my son from US or not. It was painful to know that even some friends wanted my son to come as that would disrupt his studies & he would be able to go back to start or start a career then. So then I talked. Besides, it was a costly affair to come down as it was.

difficult to arrange for all the air fare etc. So I advised my self my son not to come, though from my heart I wanted him to come and participate in the last rites.

Nonetheless, he came and everything went as per schedule.

Thereafter, my younger son also came from Delhi. In fact while still in Delhi he frequently visited Bokaro to take care of his mother. And when my wife died, it was difficult to communicate to my younger son about the sad news as he was very much attached to her & had relentlessly nursed her even at the cost of his studies. I informed a friend of mine in Delhi to ask him to come to Bokaro immediately & not disclosing about the death, as he would be shocked and may not be able to travel in a better mental state condition. But for this I blame myself even now.

## Darkness

During the end of her life, my wife became more philosophical and worried about the family and specially the children; though there was no cause to worry but still she did. She was deprived of sleep rather she could not sleep due to pain and the bed sour.

For more months I was sleeping on a sofa near her bed and was always half awake & ready ~~to do~~ for anything she wanted. One night as I was dozing she called me. I instantly got up and asked what she wants. She was silent for some time and then asked me if I could borrow something. When I said yes, she was silent again. And then she spoke again. She said that I should promise that after her death, I would marry again. And I asked her about the next promise. She said that perform the marriage of my two sons with pomp and never mind any expense. "Kekh dhoom dhain se korige ga" I promised her to remember and fulfill his desire and keep the promise.

After few days of this conversation, she died in her sleep.

### My first visit to America and U.K.

After her death my Aun suggested me to visit him. But I too ~~was~~ wanted a break but Jijival ~~was~~ had appeared for the JEE entrance exam for IIT and I did not want to leave unless his results were out and he gets admitted to the College. Fortunately, he was successful in his attempt and was admitted to IIT, Delhi. Now time to go.

### To UK first

I had scheduled a visit to UK for ten days. Only London I wanted to see. Now the capital of the biggest empire near the looked. Though the wings of the empire had been clipped ~~and~~ many colonies under its subjugation had become independent but still London ~~was~~ has its own charm.

The main problem we were to stay for 10 days. I could not afford to stay in a hotel though I had few hundred dollars. My colleague Mr. Hussain Amin in the dept. came to my rescue and arranged my stay with his nephew Dr. Usman who lived in Surrey near London.

Well I reached London by an evening flight on a sunny afternoon and

<sup>at her</sup><sup>160</sup> Dr Usmain was waiting to receive me, Dr Usmain and his wife also a doctor were extremely nice to me and treated me like a family member. Whenever free he took me to different places but generally they dropped me at the nearest Rly station and from there I went to London. I visited almost all the important places in London including the Buckingham Palace, Madame Tussaud's ~~museum~~, <sup>musical</sup> museum, the London Tower, British museum and some art galleries. I often took guided tours and travelled in groups. One day while I was at some free I do not remember and was waiting to buy fish & chips at a stall, I saw a board of a <sup>not very impressive</sup> building. It was "East India Company" board. I wanted to go inside & see but it was closed. I remembered the history of the company which <sup>evening</sup> usurped the whole country - our India. One day while I was sitting in a small place were the snacks and beer was being served. There were few white men and an Indian talking. When I joined them as there was no other place in that crowded place ~~easy~~ I found it interesting to <sup>see</sup> that every body was talking freely. When it came to India one of the white men remarked that India the country was a British Colony for e.g. as long as two hundred years. He did not say it in an offence way but

that hurt me. I could not check myself and said that it was a matter of time and fate of a country; because Britain itself was a colony of the Romans for a very long time. The Roman will prevail in Britain & even Roman currency for legal tends in this country. None of them spoke further, and I guessed that the gentleman realized his mistake of telling such a thing to an Indian. The other Indian in the group kept silent throughout.

On the day ~~for~~ <sup>of</sup> perhaps one holiday Mrs Usmani served some meat balls. I was hesitant to eat, but ~~she~~ she clarified that it was mutton meat ball & there was no harm in eating them if ~~I was~~. ~~as~~ <sup>when</sup> I was a non-vegetarian.

On the last day of my stay with Dr Usmani, the problem was how to go to the Heathrow, as both husband and wife were on emergency duty in the hospital.

But my anxiety was short lived when their daughter, a law student and another medical student came to see me and dropped me at the airport. The day after my departure was perhaps a Sunday and also Dr Usmani's marriage anniversary. I wished them in advance and after reaching New York, I arranged to send them flowers on the occasion.

off to USA

~~at 9 AM~~

"It was Wang Long's marriage day"

While my trip from Delhi to London was full of excitement, but the journey from Heathrow to JFK appeared to be quite dull and boring. Nonetheless, it appeared to be a temporary affair as I picked up the book "The good earth" by Pearl S. Buck which ~~was~~ I was carrying in my bag and finished the remaining portions which we ~~were~~ unread during this trip. "The good Earth" is one of the finest books I have read. The writer Pearl Buck got Novel ~~size~~ literature prize for this wonderful book which depicts the real condition in China during that period. Daughter of an American Missionary Pearl S. Buck lived in China for a very long time and wrote about life and condition there during that period.

Later I saw the film made of this book in which Paul Muni, a known ~~acto~~ Hollywood actor play beautifully played the role of B Wang Long - the hero.

## AT JFK

So and behold I was in USA. At JFK my son was waiting. He had bought a big Ford Lincoln car. I had never seen such a big car and was astonished to think how he has bought such a costly car. But later it transpired that he had taken it from on the desks near New York for his trip and would return it before we leave for Detroit where he lived I worked.

We stayed for the night at our relatives place in New Jersey and left for Philadelphia and Washington D.C. next day.

In Philadelphia we visited the famous old seat of US govt and also the old house of Representatives buildings & then proceeded to Washington D.C. Here we stayed the hotel near the Capitol and visited most of the places of tourist interest, museums and other places. In one of the museums I saw a stone brought from moon by one of the astronauts last night's estowract. After spending almost a week in the east coast, we came to Detroit. In Detroit I stayed with flat B which was jointly owned by my son and one of his friends - Krishnam.

## Detroit — The motor city

Most of the auto makers here, Detroit is rightly called the motor city. Besides, it a beautiful, clean city where it's a pleasure to live. Motor and mobility propelled this economy and this city has contributed richly to the nation. After visiting several places in Detroit I happened to visit a museum of Ford Motors at Dearborn. Besides exhibits on evolution of auto making, I saw a spinning wheel. I do not know what was the significance of this exhibit, but it reminded me how Mahatma Gandhi won independence of India through with the help of spinning wheel.

During their 200 years of rule, the British had crossed all limits of cruelty and had crippled the Indian industry. Its skilled workers and Dhaka muslin, the famous fabric of the east ~~was~~ so much admired that that it is said the ancient Egyptians imported it from India to wrap their mummies before putting them inside the pyramids.

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