

**MY LIFE JOURNEY OF 85 YEARS FROM
1940 TO 2025**

MEMOIRE

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2025

PREFACE

When I completed 85 years of my life on 14th August 2025, I thought of compiling my experiences in writing for the benefit of my family members, friends, and well-wishers. However, it was not a new idea. One of my dear friends Shri I R Sharma, who retired as General Manager from Hindustan Motors, Kolkata has asked me many times to write a memoir. He was of the view that I can write and that I have a lot of material that could be incorporated in the Memoir. To an extent, he was right. His opinion and my thoughts matched.

Because of my advanced age, I had gradually got rid myself of social responsibilities from the organizations, where I was actively engaged. I was now free except that I continued to be the Patron of Meghdootam Senior Citizens Welfare Forum of which I was one of the Founders. Since I have a lot of spare time and I was active on my lap top, I decided to utilize this time in writing the memoir, as by nature I cannot waste my time idling.

So, I started to clear my thoughts regarding what have I done since my childhood, when I was residing with my parents at Darya Ganj in 1940's and 1950's. Whatever I could recollect I jotted down and then arranged incidents or episodes in a chronological order. After a few days, I was happy to see that a sizable material has emerged, which was quite sufficient to generate a book.

I am writing this preface today which is the first auspicious day of Navratri's.

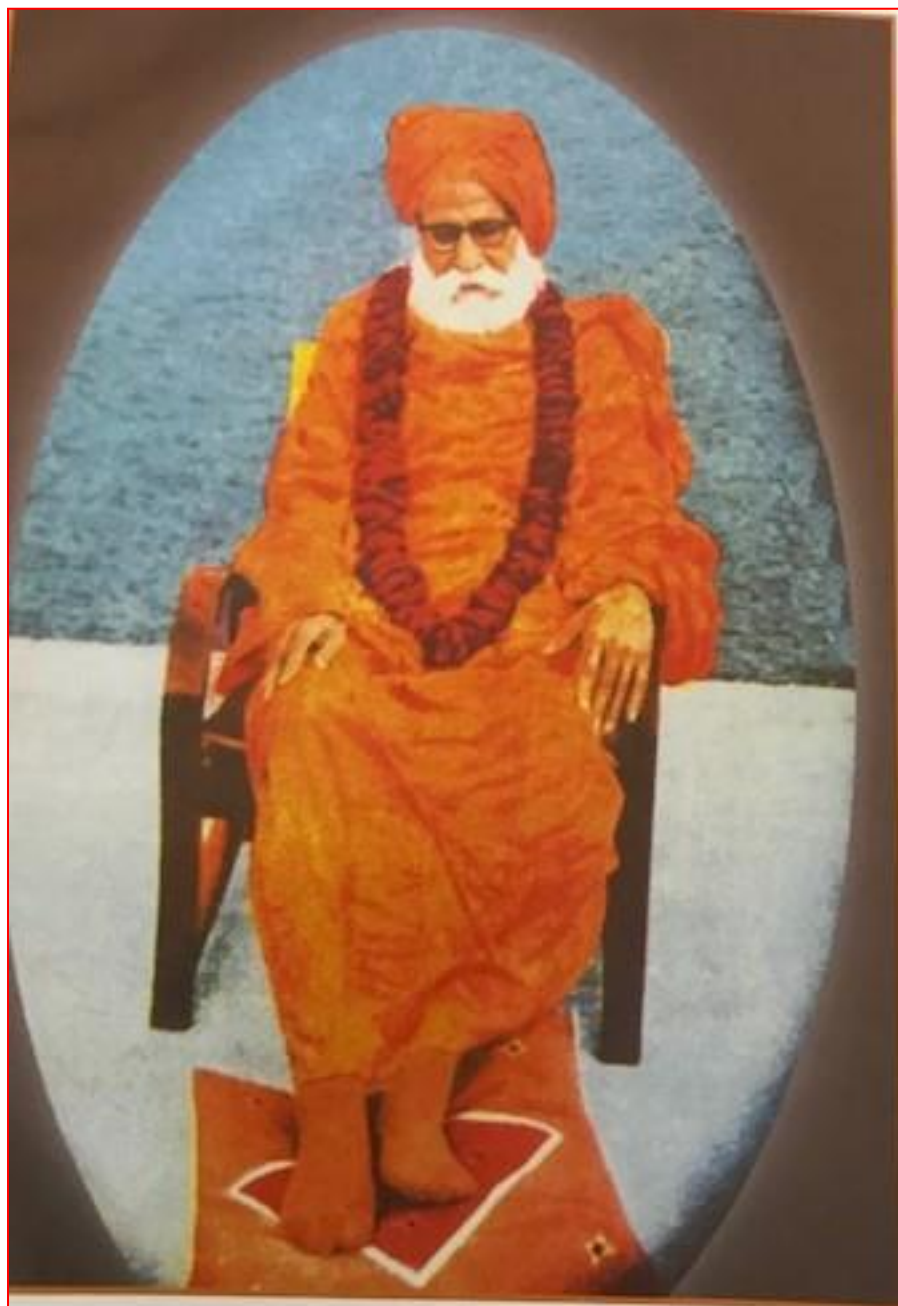
This book is in your hands. My life is now an open book. It is for you to decided what sort of person I am.

Dated 22.9. 2025

Mahendra Singh



जयजयजयहनुमानगोसाई |
कृपाकरहुगुरुदेवकेनाइ ॥



श्री हरि बाबा जी महाराज

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INTRODUCTION

It is highly emotional to share my life story with other members of the family, friends, and acquaintances. Because of my life story, all small or big events that happened in my life will come to the fore. While writing, I must be honest. Tell only what happened. Additionally, I will also have to dig deep into my past. At present I am one of the most senior members of my family with an age of 85 years. With my long experience, I am sure posterity will be benefited.

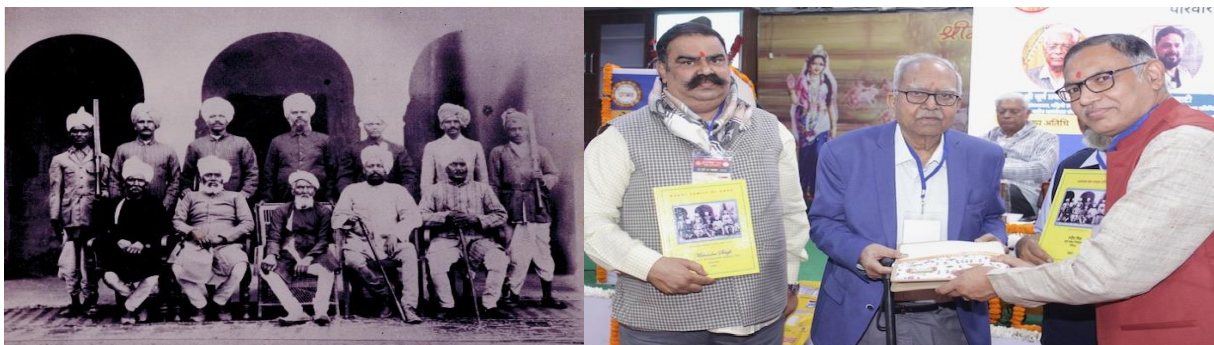
I wrote a book titled "Rawal Family of Amka" to pay homage to my ancestors. It is a description of seven generations of my family. The book is mentioned in the India Book of Records for compiling 128 photos out of total 146 members of the family living or dead belonging to my seven generations covering last 200 years. The names and the photograph of each ancestor is mentioned chronologically.

In addition, I also have a website www.rawalfamilyofamka.com. The data given above is from the website because, after publication of the book, new information was received which was uploaded to keep the website up-to-date. Seven generations of my family have been classified generation wise. The names of these persons have been identified and their photographs printed in the book. To my knowledge this is the first and only book written describing seven generations of a family with photographs to pay homage and respect to ancestors. The coming generations of the family will feel proud of the achievements of their ancestors. It will be a source of inspiration for them and motivate many others to write similar book about their families.

In February, 2022, I was interviewed by 91.2 FM Radio Channel of Noida Lok Manch, regarding my book on Rawal Family. The video is available on U tube, <https://youtu.be/Yn82JFRVOHw>

On 23rd November, 2024, I, along with my two nephews Shri Bobby Rawal and Dr. Lokendra Singh, was felicitated by an organization named as Pancha Parivartan, which is affiliated to RSS for writing the book before a gathering of more than 300 persons. A photograph taken on the occasion is below..

I have compiled a booklet containing 500 quotations. The photo is of my ancestors. It was shot in 1917



MY CHILDHOOD

I was born in my village Amka, which is about 35 kilometers from Delhi. At that time, it was in District Bulandshahr of Uttar Pradesh (UP). After reorganization of districts in UP, it is now part of Gautam Budh Nagar District. However, I never stayed in my village for a long time continuously because my father was in service in Delhi. My entire education is of Delhi. My earliest childhood memory is of 101, Kasturba Road, Darya Ganj Delhi, where we lived. At that time, I was about five years old. I remember wherever there was rain, water will accumulate on the road in front of our house. I will make a paper boat and put it in the flowing water. The boat will drift in the water. I enjoyed seeing it.

Second, there was a game that I used to enjoy very much. All children of my age will gather in the evening and they will form a ring. One child will enter the ring. The children in the ring will move clockwise and sing Hara Samandar Gopi Chander, Bol meri Machli kitta pani. The child inside the ring will gesture up to his belly to tell itta pani. This game so fascinated me that every day in the morning I will impatiently wait for the evening to play it.

My father's elder brother Shri Bishen Singh, once came to our house. In India, it is a custom that whenever, an elderly person say goodbye to leave, he will give some token money to the children of the house. While leaving, he gave me two annas. It was a princely sum in those days. I was so happy that I kept that coin for many days. I did not know what to do with that. Today, I did not remember how I spent that money but the memory of that is fresh in my mind even now.

1947, was a horrible year. India was divided in two countries – India and Pakistan. Hindu Muslim riots broke. Our area was comparatively peaceful. However, there was a mosque nearby. It was known as Ghata Masjid. During night, there will be call from the masjid – Allah hu Akbar. It was responded in the same tone and tenor by Hindus saying Har Har Mahadev. Atmosphere used to be enormously tense. There was a curfew in the entire city. My father was designated as special police officer and he was issued an curfew pass. He was allowed to carry arms and go out anywhere even when curfew was in force. By the end of August, the situation was brought under control in Delhi. Thousands of refugees came from Pakistan and they lived at least for some time in utterly miserable conditions.

It was 1948. By now I was little grown up and used to go nearby places alone. It was around 5.30 in the evening. At that time, I was nearby on Ansari Road. Suddenly, the entire atmosphere became very tense. Faces of the persons were very stressed and nervous. Shopkeepers were hurriedly closing their shops. I could not understand the reason for this chaos. Then, I heard someone saying that Mahatma Gandhi has been shot. Now I understood the reason because Mahatma Gandhi was a house hold name. I rushed to my house. My father had also come by that time from office. I told him what I heard. He was shocked. Immediately, he left the house. After a day or two, there was a funeral procession for cremation of the Gandhi ji's body.

MY NEIGHBOURHOOD/SCHOOLS

My earliest memories are of Darya Ganj Delhi where I spent 12 years of my life from 1943 to 1955. I feel that it was one of the best tenures of my life. A care free life, not accountable to anyone. The area was very neat and clean. Just in front of our house was a huge bungalow, which was the residence of Inspector of Schools. On the other side of the street was an office for Delhi Medical Association. Next to it was an office for Bharat Scouts and Guides. On both sides of the road was pavements of about eight feet wide, where ladies used to bask in the Sun during winter. There was also a school for girls and a Gurdwara on the same road. It was a wonderful place. A big park by the name of Hindi Park was also in the same locality where residents used to go for a walk. In the park, there was an old mosque, which I never observed was used for Nawaz or any religious activity.

I used to go to school. In fact, my father admitted me in two three schools till I was finally lodged in class one in Jain Higher Secondary school where I studied up to class IV. Thereafter I got admission in Class V in ASVJ Higher Secondary School nearby. The schools were about a kilometer from my house. School was good as well as the teachers and education. Up to 1947, India's independence movement was going on with full strength. I developed the feeling of Nationalism from these movements.

Last year, just for the sake of curiosity and for my desire to see my school and house of my childhood, I visited the place. I was stunned, shocked and jolted to see the place. The streets were encroached. Almost every house was illegally extended and covered the pathway in front of houses. Streets became very narrow. There were heavy traffic congestion and pollution. It took us long time to reach the house, where I lived in my childhood. The place was completely unrecognizable. Traffic congestion and pollution was everywhere. I could not locate my house. I asked the persons where is 101, Kasturba Road. No one knew it because the name of the street was changed to Ansari Road. Somehow, I traced the house with some difficulty. I wanted to meet the present incumbent of the house. But a lady from the first floor told that the person concerned is not available at that time. I was deeply sad seeing such a good place turning into slum. but could do nothing.

MY EDUCATION

After passing my Matriculation Examination from University of Punjab in 1956, I took admission in Prep class in Hindu College. This Prep class was equivalent to Higher Secondary at that time. I passed Prep in 1957. Then I had to wait for six years till 1963 to be admitted in Bachelor of Arts in Dyal Singh College. I passed graduation in 1966. Then again, I had to wait for 10 years when I got admission in Post Graduate Diploma in Personnel Management in Faculty of Management Studies, University of Delhi. I got this Diploma in 1974.

In addition, I attended many skill development programmes/courses at various institutions of repute including the Indian Institute of Management, Ahmadabad.

The above were my academic qualifications. Thereafter in 1982, I was deputed by Nafed for a specialist course in Management of Agricultural Cooperatives at Cooperative College, International Cooperative Center Loughborough, England. The Duration of the course was three months. I was also given an assignment to study Agricultural Cooperatives, in France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany.

When my three months course at Cooperative College was over in December 1982, students were asked to deposit their books and other heavy material in office to be sent by ship. A blunder was committed by me in packing my books. Because of my eagerness to leave the place for going to other countries, I without checking, bundled my books and gave them to office for onward shipment. In the books, was my passport which had visas for the above-mentioned countries stamped.

After two three days, when I was to leave for France, I started searching my passport. I could not find it. Immediately, it struck me that I have given the passport to office along with the books. I rushed to College's office and enquired about the parcel. I was told that it has already been sent to post office. I did not know what should I do. I told the problem to my friend and colleague Shri M K Girdhar, who was also a fellow student. He took me to Professor Yadav, who was from Jaipur, India. We consulted him what should be done under the circumstances. He said do not bother at all. I remember his words that persons are lost, yours is only a passport. Go to post office to search it.

I along with Shri Girdhar went to the nearest post office. There we were told that it has been sent to Nottingham, we were also told that there is no use of going to post office there because it is the Christmas time and millions of parcels are lying there. It will be impossible for you to trace the parcel.

Now we have no option except to go to Indian High Commission in London and get a duplicate passport. I told Girdhar not to waste any more time in searching the parcel. Let

us go to London. We boarded a train and reached London around lunch time. With slight difficulty, I was able to get the duplicate passport by 6.00 PM on the same day. The staff and Officers of the High Commission were very cooperative and helpful. The next day I was busy in getting visas of the countries I was to visit. I got all visas. In those days, it was not very difficult to get tourist visas. We returned to College in Loughborough. All my colleagues were extremely surprised that how in only two days, I got the duplicate passport and the visas. That was really a miracle.

When a person visits a country for the first time, he does not know about that country's currency. The same was the case with me. I visited a few tourist places. Once I was at a Metro Station in Paris. I bought a ticket. The person behind the counter returned me some change. I did not know the value or denomination of the coins returned. I just looked on the shape and color of the coins. The ticket vendor thought that I am counting the money and he immediately slid some more coins. I was surprised. But now I knew how tourists are befooled and cheated at public or tourist places in Europe. This happened with me at two three places.

There is another interesting occurrence that happened when I was in Rome, Italy. I reached my hotel at about 2.00 AM. I went to sleep. I did not have much idea where the hotel was. Next day, in the morning I went to the concerned cooperative and met people to understand about their organization and how they function. Before leaving hotel, I took its address card from the reception counter. My official work was over in about three hours. Then my host took me for Lunch. Now it was around three o'clock. I thought to visit Colosseum. It was not very far away from that place, so I went on foot. The month was December, sun started going down around 4.00 PM. Now it was dark. I just took a round of the Colosseum and for some time went inside also. Now I thought of returning to my hotel. I knew that it was somewhere very near but could not trace it. The place became deserted. Not a soul was to be seen. I did not know how to reach the Hotel.

Then I saw two ladies coming. I was in double mind whether to ask them or not. They could have mistook me. But then I had no other alternative also. What I did was that I first took out the card from my pocket. I slowly approached them and showed card to them and said I am a new person here just arrived yesterday. I have forgotten the place; will you please tell me where this hotel is? First, they saw me bewilderedly as if they have not understood what I am saying. Then one of them tell the other that you know some English. She must have said in Italian to find out what is my problem. The other one read the address and said come with us. I followed them. After five minutes, they stopped at the corner of one street and said your hotel is on the right-hand side after four five buildings. I profusely thanked them and reached the hotel.

When I was studying in Cooperative College, Loughborough, UK, the Board of Directors of Nafed passed the following resolution in their meeting held on 22nd September 1982 appreciating my services:

“The Board of Directors in their meeting held on 22nd September 1982 had decided to place on record and convey to their appreciation of the dedication shown by you towards the organization. Kindly accept the appreciation of the management in this regard. The management looks forward to you for such continued loyal dedication in future also for the greater and better success of the organization”

MY FAVOURATE FOOD

My father was a strict vegetarian. He did not eat even Garlic and Onion because he thought that these are the essential ingredients for non-vegetarian dishes. He never in his life ate egg, fish, or meat. He was a teetotaler, non-smoker. Same was with my mother. In such a house and environment, it was neither possible nor desirable for me to be non-vegetarian.

This habit was a problem for me when I used to go abroad. To illustrate my dilemma, I will mention two incidents. The year was 1992. I was Managing Director of National Cooperative Consumers Federation of India (NCCF) on deputation from National Agricultural Cooperative Marketing Federation Limited (NAFED) where at that time I was working as Additional Managing Director. I went to attend 20th Meeting of International Cooperative Alliance (ICA) Committee on Consumers Cooperation for Asia and Pacific at Kuala Lumpur (Malaysia) on 6th and 7th May 1992. All participants were invited for lunch. Most of the dishes were non veg. It was not possible for me to find if there was any vegetarian dish.

Shri G K Sharma, who was at that time Regional Director of ICA was also a strict vegetarian. I knew him very well because before joining ICA he was Managing Director of NAFED. I stood in the queue just behind Shri Sharma. Whatever dish, he was picking I also picked up the same. This way I was able to eat something.

In the same trip to Kuala Lumpur there was participants from many Countries. In the evening, a local person invited me and two more from Thailand and Japan for Dinner. I frankly told him that I am a vegetarian and it may be difficult to find a vegetarian restaurant in Kuala Lumpur. The local person immediately told that he knew a place where vegetarian dishes are also served. Then I said OKAY. We four, myself, local person and a lady from Thailand and a gentleman from Japan sat in the car. The time was around 8.30 PM. The person took us to many places but could not find a restaurant for vegetarians. During the ride lady from Thailand asked me how can you survive on vegetarian diet. You are penancing. I told her that since you have not tasted vegetarian food that is why you are saying so. The vegetarian dishes are very tasty and nutritious.

Now it was about 9.30 PM. Then finally, I told our host that please excuse me, because of me you are also wasting your time. I shall be highly grateful, if you can drop me at my hotel. I will have rice, curd, and bananas. There is no problem. The hotel will provide these things. In this manner I got rid of them.

MY ROLE MODELS

My working life in offices was about 45 years. During this period, I came across thousands of people from almost all walks of life. I started my career as Sub Inspector of Cooperative Societies. There after I worked as Assistant, Senior Assistant, Office Superintendent and Assistant Personnel Officer in Bharat Aluminum Company (BALCO). After leaving Balco, I joined Hindustan Paper Corporation, another public sector undertaking, as Personnel Officer. Here my stay was very short less than two years. Finally, I came to National Cooperative Marketing Federation of India Ltd (NAFED) as Manager Personnel and rose to the position of Managing Director. Before becoming Managing Director, I held the position of Executive Director and Additional Managing Director also. The organizations thus far mentioned by me belong to State/Central Government. After retirement from these government organizations, I also worked in some private organizations for about three years. Presently, I keep myself busy doing social work particularly for Senior Citizens. I created many such organizations and held the position of Chairman, President, General Secretary etc. Now that I am of 85 years and unable to work actively, I have left all organizations except the one Senior Citizens Organization (Registered) in Noida of which I am the co-founder and the Patron.

The above background was necessary to tell before answering the question as to who were my role Models. To me a role model is a person who has the quality to motivate and guide person through his own success in life. His behavior should be exemplary. His achievements were earned by his hard work and honesty.

During my life, many people impressed me and I can say they were not my role model. I will mention only three persons who I consider as my role Model. When I was in Cooperative Department, one of my seniors was Chaudhry Ishwar Singh. He was a simple person belonging to one of the Villages in Delhi. He always wears a Pagdi (Turban). I never saw him talking loose. Extremely knowledgeable about cooperative laws. He also used to teach Cooperative Laws in Cooperative Training Institute, set up by the Government for new comers. I found him very honest, dedicated, hardworking and knowledgeable person. He was my role model. Once, in a meeting, one of my colleagues asked Chaudhury Ishwar Siingh that he has received an offer of appointment for a higher post and asked his advice whether he should join or not. After thinking a bit, he replied that if you do service in any organization, you should not be afraid of three tate's. We asked what is this about? He said tarraki, tanuzlih and tabadala that is promotion, demotion, and transfer. I still remember these three words, which are perfectly fit into the service life of any person.

In Nafed, there were many good officers, who impressed me by their work and behavior. One of them was Shri G K Sharma. He served longest as Managing Director of Nafed. Later, he became Regional Director, International Cooperative Alliance for Asia, and Pacific. A pure vegetarian, non-smoker, and teetotaler. A very helpful Officer. While in Nafed, he created two more organizations. One was Coop Tour and the other was National Horticultural Research and Development Foundation for the benefit of onion farmers in Nasik, a district in Maharashtra. He was also a very knowledgeable, honest, helpful dedicated officer.

When I was working as Executive Director, I was living in a rented house. The rent was very high and the House Rent Allowance I was getting was very less. One day, I went to him and told my problem. He said what can he do to help me. I suggested that you can lease a house for Nafed and allot it to me on rent by deducting 10% from my salary as house rent, it will solve my problem. There was no precedent like this in Nafed. He considered my request for a while and told me to put up a proposal. I sent the file to him containing my request, which he approved. I consider him my role model.

With the passage of time, number of your role models also increase. At present, I like Shri Narendra Modi, Prime Minister of India. He is the role model of millions of people not only in India but in the whole world. A person born in an ordinary lower middle-class family in Gujrat. As an adolescent, sold tea at the railway station. At an early age joined Rastriya Swam Sevek Sangh, a non-political but very powerful organization. Whole life worked for it. Does not own a house, car, or anything valuable. No fatty bank balance either. Remained Chief Minister of Gujrat from 2001 to 2014. Now continuing as Prime Minister of India since 2014. His all-close relatives are doing the same job as they were doing before Shri Modi became Chief Minister of Gujarat. No favors. Not a single allegation of corruption against him. To honor, Shri Modi has been bestowed by more than 20 countries, by their highest awards. There can be no better person to emulate. By his vision, he has developed India within such a short period. Massive infrastructure in all fields has been created. Who can be a better person to be a Role Model.

All the above persons mentioned above were source of inspiration and aspiration for me at different time of my life. They were/are role models for me. I have great respect for them.

WHAT I DO FOR LIVING

As mentioned, previously, I worked in many Governments and Government controlled organizations in my life. There I worked for living, for financial stability and for personal growth. It was necessary to survive and to look after the family. But one day you must retire. I also retired when the time came.

I took voluntary retirement in 1995. Being retired person, I do nothing to earn money at present. However, I keep myself busy in social work. I am trying to contribute my mite for the benefit of senior citizens. At one time between 2010 to 2012, I was President of Resident Welfare Association, President of Senior Citizens Forum and Chairman of the Federation of RWA's of Alaknanda Apartments. I held these posts simultaneously. As I grew in age, I am gradually leaving these responsibilities. At present I am Patron of only one of the registered Senior Citizens Organization operating in my colony.

In India, it is not the job seeker who decide where to work. Here it is the employer who decide whether to hire a person or not. Therefore, the choice of a job seeker is very limited. Of course, if he is capable and talented, he can take examinations conducted to recruit people in various government departments, Public Sector undertakings and private organizations. In such cases, a person can choose which examinations to take. The eligibility conditions regarding age, qualification, salary etc are informed to the person concerned in advance.

Since there is lot of unemployment, in my case also it was not my choice where to work. I tried a few places. I got an offer for Radar Operator in Air Force and a job in Department of Light Houses. I could have joined one of the above two posts. But in the meanwhile, I got job in the Cooperative Department of Delhi Government. Subsequently, after gaining the experience, I shifted from one organization to the other. In India. persons work in organizations to get financial security and personal growth. So was the case with me. If I had a choice, I would have joined the Army or Police.

HOW I ENJOY IN MY SPARE TIME

Since childhood, I was a serious type of person. I could not get time for pleasure. It never occurred to me that I can indulge in food or enjoy art. Many of my colleagues got membership of various reputed clubs but during my working days, I never thought of getting one. After retirement, I did think that I should have also become member of some Club etc for socialization purpose.

Persons, after completion of the education do go here and there to enjoy before they get some job or start business of their own. In my case I got a job when I was 19 years. I was not even a graduate at that time. It was in 1963 that I got admission in an evening collage to complete my graduation. I had to work hard because during day I attended office and, in the evening, I had to rush to college to attend evening classes. I spent almost 14 hours daily on attending office and college. So, neither there was any time nor any question of indulging in any kind of pleasure, etc.

Of course, during my various employments, I and my family got opportunity to visit places thought out India. I also visited various countries like United Kingdom, France, Italy, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, Malaysia. Singapore, Thailand, Sri Lanka, UAE, Oman, Saudi Arabia. I like travelling. I also like reading. I do maintain a small library to keep books relating to my profession. In addition, I have religious books, Novels, Maps, History, Geography, General Knowledge, Manuals relating to Human Resources. Now at my age, I cannot concentrate on reading. After reading a few pages, I feel tired. Therefore, now I do not do serious reading. Instead, I play games on my mobile. I like to play Chess, Sudoku, and Word making. I play for one hour or so before I go to sleep or at any other time when free.

I have one hobby. I am a coin collector. I am also a life member of Delhi Coin Society (Regd), I have coins of India belonging to pre- and post-independence, Indian States, and many other countries. Recently, my article on coin collection as hobby; for senior citizens was published in the magazine published by Delhi Coin Society. Thereafter, a team consisting of two persons, from Coin Society, interviewed me. The interview has been uploaded by them on U Tube.

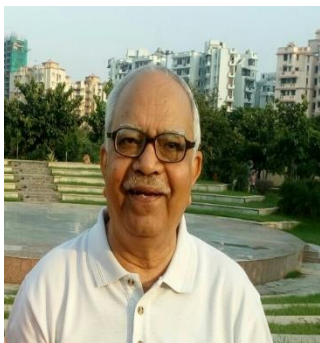
I AM A NATURE PERSON

I was born in a village. But I am living a mega city with a population of around 15 million. Because of my liking for village, I am keeping continuous contact with my other family members in village. Having lived in Delhi for more than 75 years, I am fed up with the urban life where you feel as if you are living alone in a sea of humans. The urban life is becoming difficult day by day because of ever increasing population, pollution, dirt, crowd everywhere and noise. I also want to skip Delhi for a while. But I am now unable to go out of city because of my age and certain diseases, I am suffering from. The main reason is non availability of adequate medical facility at other places. In the past I have visited many hill stations, resorts, and parks. but now no more. Therefore, I am a nature person but forced to live in a mega city. You cannot see the moon or the stars in the sky due to pollution. In cities cost of living is also very high.

Another reason for liking a village is that in urban areas, you do not get pure eatables. There is always doubt if there is any adulteration in it. Then another problem is crime. Daily I read in the newspapers that there has been a robbery or dacoity or murder. In villages, crime do happen but not very frequently.

In villages life is simple. Cost of living is not very high. Then, for an urban person, when he goes to a village and see clearly moon and stars in the sky during night, he feels happy to the core of his heart.

Essentially, I am a nature person. I long to live in a village but my circumstances are such that it is not possible for me to live there. My photograph is below.



TESTING TIME

The year was 1982. Our office at that time was in Sapna Cinema building in East of Kailash, New Delhi. I was working in Nafed as Manager Personnel. There was some unrest amongst the employees over certain provision relating to Limited Competitive Test (LCT) for promotion in Recruitment and Promotion Rules. At that time, there was a very strong union in our office. The Management was not inclined to accede to their demand for modification in the rules. We held several meetings to resolve the issue but could not reach to any mutually accepted solution. One of their demands, which was later added was to remove the Chairman. In a Board Meeting, Shri Ram Kunwar Singh, Director very appropriately said that the Union has demanded our Head. How can we give it.

The members of the union were becoming impatient and pressurizing their President and other office bearers to take some very stern action so that management succumbs to their demand. As it usually happens, the union decided to go on strike. They gave no notice of their intention to strike. During lunch break, all members of union will gather in the hall of office and shout slogans. Some slogans were very derogatory. In addition, the employee's union, there was an Officers Association also in our office. They too were affected by this this provision in Recruitment and Promotion Rules because some officer's posts were also to be filled by LCT. They got the opportunity to show their dissatisfaction and decided to make hay while the sun shines. The Officers Association also joined the strike with the Employees Union.

My staff also wanted my permission to join the strike to avoid being labeled as black sheep. Reluctantly, I agreed. Now the situation was that I was the only person in office, who was not on strike. For me, it was impossible to cross the line because it was unethical professionally and secondly, I was appointed only to deal with such situation. Officers and employees fixed black flags everywhere in the windows and other places. They also started wearing black band on their arms. When their nuisance became unbearable, I obtained a stay order from the court for not making any demonstration within two hundred meters of Office boundary and the residences of Managing Director and my house. In this way they were removed to a distance and I was not forced to hear their slogans and abuses.

We had a guest house at about 300 meters from office. This was used accommodate touring officers, guests, and our directors. One room was reserved for the Chairman. At that time, Shri Ram Gopal Tiwari was the Chairman. He was in town and staying there. One day what happened, I got an information that the union has gheraoed the Chairman in the Guest House. I thought for some time as what to do. Ultimately, I decided to go the Chairman's room to ensure that union people do not harm him in any way. There was a

risk for me also as the striking workers could have hurt me physically. When I reached the Guest house, there were about 100 employees sitting on floor at the entrance of the Guest House. They were shouting slogans. On seeing me, they said that I cannot go inside. I was told in a stern voice, who they are to stop me. I will go inside and you give me the way. Ultimately, after some arguments, they said that okay, we will let you to go but you cannot come out till the gherao continues. I agreed. I went inside.

What I saw there was that Chairman was sitting on a chair alone and a big loudspeaker was placed at the door to make him hear their murky speeches and slogans. I knew that all these people who are assembled at the gate come and go by chartered buses. And the buses were to come at around 5.45 or 5.50 PM. They come from far off places and cannot afford to be here after their bus comes. Exactly that happened. The chartered buses came and striking workers boarded the buses and they went from there. Remaining few persons also dispersed.

The Chairman told me why did I took the risk of coming here. The strikers cold harm you. I said yes, I knew that but your safety was also important. Then he said one thing which I remember even now. He said that generally people run away from the troubled spot. But you run towards that. It is a rare quality in a man.

Now you may be wondering and eager to know what happened to the strike. Since the Management was not agreeing to their demand at any cost, union ultimately called it off. The Management as a strategy did not take any action against the Office Bearers of the union. However, the services of five senior officers were terminated.

MY POSITIVE ASPECTS

Then, I was working in the Cooperative Department. The year was 1963 or 1964. There was a cooperative society somewhere in Lodhi Road. As part of my routine duty, one day I went to visit this society to see that everything is alright and society is not facing any problem. A middle-aged person was managing it. Since it was my first visit to this society, he did not know me. I introduced myself to him. He did not care and just took out five rupees note and offered it to me. I was taken aback. And then, I bellowed at him and said that you people think that everyone is corrupt. The person realized that he is facing a different type of man. He apologized. I also did not take the matter further.

Shri Lekh Raj Garg was my dear friend. He was running a business under the name and style of Krishna Trading Company. He used to supply various commodities to retail shop keepers. It was the year 1964 or 1965. One day, he told me to accompany him to South Extension Part I, where he was to meet someone in connection with his business. I went with him. He discussed the matter with the Gentleman concerned. I was hearing what they were talking. The person told Shri Garg to give his request in writing. Shri Garg did not know much of English. He saw towards me. Since I knew what they discussed, I had an idea what to write. I took a paper and pen and wrote whatever was required. Shri Garg handed over that paper to his client. After reading that letter, the face of that person became very tense. It appeared to me that he is very angry. He asked me tersely who has written this letter? I was stunned. After screwing up all the courage, I said, Sir, I did. Now he smiled and said young boy at your age, you have written an excellent letter. No point that was discussed has been left out. Keep it up. This gave me enough encouragement.

Another incident, I remember is of my Balco days. At that time, I was Senior Assistant in the Personnel Department. There were certain instructions from the government that were to be conveyed to all employees. For that a circular was to be drafted. I attempted a draft which was so tight and well written that no one was able to change a word in it. It went up to the Chief Personnel Manager, who also approved it. Language was very good nobody noted that it conveys not what Government wants but just opposite. After the issuance of the circular someone pointed out the mistake and eventually another circular with correct intent was issued.

Similarly in another case, the Board of Noida Federation of Apartment Owners Association Ltd (NOFFA) of which I am a founder member, passed a resolution that was to be drafted in such a manner that the Board does not want to postpone the elections of the Executive Committee, but because of the prevailing conditions it must do. Shri. Rajiva Singh President of NOFFA requested Shri Kala, who was also one of the Patron of NOFFA along with me; to advise him how best they should go about it. Shri Kala who knew my writing skills, asked me to draft the resolution. In ten minutes, I drafted it and sent by e-

mail to both Shri Rajiva and Shri Kala. I may mention that Shri Kala retired as Secretary to the Government of India, Ministry of Forest, and Environment. He was also the Director General of Amity University. After sending the draft to Shri Rajiva and Shri Kala, the Matter was over. But after a day or two, I received a call from Shri Rajiva saying that sir, I tried to improve your draft but could not change a comma or full stop. Whenever I tried to change, it became worst instead of better. I give 10 out of 10 marks to you for drafting this resolution so skillfully.

A copy of the resolution is reproduced below:

"In order to follow the provisions of the Byelaws, the Board of Management is extremely concerned about holding its election that was due in the first quarter of the financial year 2021. The matter was discussed at length in today's meeting. Members expressed their apprehension to have election when the epidemic Covid 19 is reigning. Keeping in view the prevailing extraordinary circumstances and also because of restrictions imposed by government for Covid 19 and Omicron virus, it was decided reluctantly but unanimously that the tenure of the existing Board of Management of NOFAA be extended for one more term. It was further decided that the decision of the Board to extend the term be placed before the General Body Meeting for ratification".

Reply of Shri Rajiva is "This is perfect. 10/10. Thank you so much Sir's"

On one day in March 2011, Shri Y P Sharma, General Secretary of Gangotri Enclave Residents Welfare Association came to me. I was the President of this RWA. He told me that an amount of Rs. 5,22,811/- of his company has been held up by Lanco Infratech Ltd. He wanted me to write a letter to the Chairman of the Lanco Infratech requesting him to release the payment. I drafted a letter and gave it to him. After a week, he came and thanked me for writing such an excellent letter, and said that his entire payment has been made. He was very happy. The text of the letter is given below:

Dear Mr. Rao,

I am the owner of Narinder & Company, which operates a Petrol Pump in Shahpur, District Kangra of Himanchal Pradesh. We supplied diesel on credit basis to your company and on the recommendations of your officers to your contractors working in that area. An amount of Rs. 5.22.811/- is payable to us from your side. Since all our efforts to recover the amount have failed, we are constrained very reluctantly and unwilling to encroach upon your valuable time to seek your intervention to settle the matter. I narrate below the efforts that I made to get the payment from your esteemed company to enable you to understand the case properly:

1. At the outset, I wish to stress that we have extremely good relations with your company. We desire to maintain the same in future as well.

We have no complaint against anyone. Our sole motive to write to you is to get our justified dues and nothing else. We are still supplying diesel on credit to your company and we intend to do so in future too.

2. On a written request from your Mr. N. Dayanandan, Assistant General Manager, we supplied diesel on credit to your company/ contractors during the period from 16.1.2008 to 30.9.2009.
3. Since payments were not being released regularly, an amount of Rs. 22 lakhs got accumulated as outstanding on 30.5.2009. We approached Mr. Dayanandan to clear the dues. He, however, did nothing to make the payment.
4. We brought the problem to the notice of Mr. Rajesh Kumar, Senior General Manager Dharamsala on 12th June 2009. He directed Mr. Shreepati Rao, Accounts Officer, to process all pending bills and forward the same to Head Office for payment. Thanks to his efforts, we received a few payments thereafter. However, on 30th September 2009 we received a jolt, when we were told by your Head Office that there are no pending payments in our favour. We had no alternative left except to discontinue the supply of diesel on credit to you.
5. In order to solve the problem, we submitted a statement of account to Mr. Shreepati Rao on 21st January 2010. He told us that their Accounts Office at Shahpur has been locked by the owner of the premises for non-payment of rent and other dues and that without NOPA, they cannot tally the accounts. The matter was, then, brought to the notice of Mr. Prabhakar Rao, AGM, Accounts, during his visit to Dharanidhar, Upper Kholi site, Dharamsala. Since no positive results emerged, we again approached Mr. Rajesh Kumar, Senior GM. With his intervention, one NOPA 1432 dated 20th June 2009 for Rs 3,20,556/- was traced at Head Office and a payment of Rs. 2,40,000/- was released to us. A balance of Rs. 80,556/- is still pending against this NOPA.
6. Since some progress was made in the matter, we again resumed supply of diesel on credit w.e.f. 15th July 2010 on the request of Mr. Rajesh Kumar. Senior GM.
7. We tallied accounts at Dharamsala with Mr. Shreepati Rao, Accounts Officer. He told that one NOPA is missing at Head Office and that he is not getting cooperation from HO staff to trace out the same to make the payment.
8. We also submitted a copy of the Accounts to Mr. P. Sanjay, General Manager (Accounts) on 21.2.2011. He assured us that the concerned bills and NOPA will be traced. However, on 18th March 2011, Mr. Prabhakar Rao, Assistant General Manager (Accounts), HO told us on telephone that nothing is pending in the HO except Rs. 80,556/-. He also told that the same will be released only after we give him in writing that full and final payment has been received by us.
9. You will kindly appreciate that injustice is being done to us. We are supplying diesel not only to your organization but also to your contractors on credit. The bills/NOPA is not

traceable in your office. This is not our fault. But we are being made to suffer huge financial loss. The total amount to be received by us is Rs. 5, 22,811/-. Against which your company wants to pay us only Rs. 80556/- which is not acceptable to us.

We request your honour to please look into the matter personally and help us in realizing our rightful due without further delay. We shall be highly grateful to you for resolving the matter.

(Priya Sharma)
Narinder & Company

I have written Personnel Manuals of NCCF, Trifed, Nafed, National Centre for Antarctic and Ocean Research. I also conducted a study on Classification and Re-organization of existing administrative set up and staffing pattern of NCCF.

I was appointed in 2003, Country Consultant by the International Cooperative Alliance to conduct a Critical Study of Agricultural Cooperatives and Informal Cooperative Farmers Movement in India. Report was submitted in the same year, which was discussed in ICA Sub Regional workshop in Colombo from May 27 to 29 in 2003.

I was part of Indian Delegation to the Third Asia-Pacific Cooperative Ministers Conference in Colombo, Sri Lanka from July 26 to 30 1994.

You cannot write a manual by using loose language. Nor a language with double meaning can be used. You must write in such a manner that whatever you want to convey is exactly understood by the receiver of the communication. First Manual I wrote, when I was in NAFED. We had about 31 offices spread all over India. Daily I used to receive letters from branches asking for clarification on various matters. I thought that we should have a book that should include all our extant rules with clarifications etc wherever required. I worked on the Manual for about six months and was able to produce a book containing all our rules on every matter. It was printed and a copy was sent to all branches and regional offices with the instructions that the Managers shall first consult the manual before asking for any clarification. Only in case of doubt, they should refer the matter to the Head Office. After that I wrote some other manuals also for apex bodies. I consider honesty and writing skills are my strength.

FLAWS AND SHORTCOMINGS.

I have not one but many flaws and shortcomings. I sincerely want to improve. First and foremost is anger. If I find that someone is unreasonable, I get angry. If somebody fails to keep his words, I get angry. If I find that someone unnecessary poking his nose in my affairs, I get angry. Because of this habit, which of course, is bad, I have suffered many times. Even I lost money also. Once a Customer Relations Manager of my bank advised me wrongly. Instead of gaining, I lost money. When I realized that the concerned person has given me wrong advice, I visited the bank and told him how his advice is adversely affecting my account, he also realized the wrong done. I asked him that whatever has happened has happened, now you tell me what is the remedy? He simply said he does not know and that now it cannot be reversed. I got angry and said I want to close my account. He said it will be a premature withdrawal of your FD. If you now make premature withdrawal, you will lose money as the Banks rules. I said no problem; you break this FD. I got the money transferred to some other bank. In the process, I lost more than one lakh of rupees. There are many instances where I lost friends too because of this bad habit.

Someone advised me that I should do Pranayama daily for half an hour. It will help me in controlling the anger. And after some time, anger will vanish. For the last many years, I am doing Anuloma Vilom and Kapal Bhati pranayama. I realized that now I am calmer and does not give much attention to small things which irritates me.

Another flaw in my behavior is to do the things perfectly. When I was in office, I used to correct and revise drafts put up to me. This habit of mine might be having some adverse effect on my Juniors. Later I felt that many proposals, if approved as submitted to me, nothing wrong would happen. So, I became a little lenient. That saved my time also.

When I was working about thirty years ago, that was not the era of Mobile, Computer, social media, WhatsApp, and emails etc. So, we developed skills through conversation, attending conferences and seminars and by discussions with friends, by reading articles in professional magazines and books, colleagues, and relatives. Opportunities to know and enhance your knowledge and skills were limited. Many times, I think that if so much information and knowledge was available to officers of that time, their level of efficiency and dealing with colleagues and decision-making power would have been totally different and more productive.

MY PIVOTAL MOMENTS

Initially I came to Bharat Aluminum Company (Balco) on deputation from the Delhi Government. I had the choice either to remain in Balco or revert to Delhi Government. In Government there was Pension, Government accommodation, medical facility but very little chance to go up in the ladder, while in Balco these facilities were not there except medical that too with some limitations. It was a difficult decision to make. After a lot of consideration, I decided to remain in Balco and resigned from the Government job. I have no regrets because I could never have achieved a position of head of any office in government as these are invariably occupied by officers of Indian Administrative Service. From Balco I changed offices and in Nafed I became the Managing Director. While working there I got an opportunity to go to NCCF as Managing Director on deputation when I was Additional M D in Nafed.

Then there were two more such occasions when If I had missed the bus I might not have been Managing Director of Nafed. One such moment was when I was in Balco and working as Assistant. There were some vacancies of Senior Assistant which were to be filled by promotion. In seniority, I was at number five. Vacancies were less. I was not with in the consideration zone. Shri B. B. Nag IAS was the Chief Personnel Manager (CPM). He was the head of the Personnel department. Shri Nag had liking for me because of my efficiency and hard work. After a lot of the thinking CPM decided to create some more posts and I was promoted as Senior Assistant. If this had not happened, I would have been much behind the time line.

Exactly an identical situation occurred in April 1990. I was at that time working as Executive Director in Nafed. Posts of Additional Managing Director were to be filled by promotion. Being junior, I was not to be considered for promotion. However, my Chairman and Managing Director were inclined to consider my case also. After some deliberations, a proposal was put up to the Board of Directors for creation of some more posts of Additional Managing Director. The Departmental Promotion Committee, which subsequently met approved my promotion as Additional Managing Director. Had I not been promotion, I do not know whether I would have got the chance to be Managing Director of Nafed.

MY DIFFICULT MOMENTS

As I have mentioned previously that one of the most difficult decisions, I took was when I had to decide whether to remain in Public Sector or Government. I decided in favor of public sector instead of government knowing fully well that there is no pension, official accommodation or many other perks that are available in government service.

Another difficult decision that I took was when I was working in Nafed as Executive Director. We had a food processing unit in Lawrence Road Delhi. There were about 150 workers and four or five officers. Most of the Workers were semi-literate. They formed a Union. Two three office bearers of the union were of rogue type. When the fruits were cut and ready for processing, they will ring the bell and all workers will assemble in the factory hall. The Union will raise their demand at that time because they knew that management cannot afford to delay the matter otherwise all cut fruits will become un-processable. Almost every day the union was creating one or the other problem for the management. The unruly behavior of workers was telling upon quality and quantity of production.

It was February 1981. I was in office when Shri Y M Mathur, Production Manager and Shri D V Narula, Assistant Production Manager, of Nafed Processed Food came to me. I asked them how is the factory running. They said Sir it is okay; there is not much problem. I could sense that there is something wrong, which these officers are hiding. I asked them to say frankly what has happened. With slight diffidence and reluctance, Shri Mathur said yesterday evening we were in the factory when workers barged in our office and shouted slogans. They gheraoed us and cut the telephone and electricity lines and kept us hostage whole night. I was shocked to hear what they said. I thought for a while. Then I decided to take very severe action against the union office bearers. It was a very difficult choice because those semi-literate persons could physically harm me. But something was to be done.

I asked Shri Mathur and Narula to wait for a while. I went to the MD's cabin and narrated the whole episode. I also told him that now the water has gone above our head and some very severe action must be taken. It cannot be taken lightly. He agreed. I put up a note to Shri S K Iyer, who was officiating as Managing Director at that time, requesting his approval to suspend the entire Executive Committee of the Union. I was little suspicious about getting the approval in writing to suspend union persons. But it was a pleasant surprise that within no time he signed the note. Now the ball was in my court. How to execute the order.

That day was Monday. The weekly off for factory and the industrial area nearby was Wednesday. I told Shri Mathur to come to me on Tuesday. When he came, I had already got the suspension orders ready for the entire Executive Committee including the

President and General Secretary of the Union. The order was handed over to Shri Mathur with the instructions that tomorrow on Wednesday, paste it on the notice board of the Factory. He did accordingly.

On Wednesday, I also contacted the Police and informed that there is unrest in our factory and we feel tomorrow the workers may harm our officers and damage the factory. So please send force to the factory on Thursday morning to avoid any untoward happening. A few policemen were posted in factory as requested.

When workers came on Thursday morning and saw the suspension order of all members of the Executive Committee, they went berserk, as I visualized. They also noted the presence of the police in the factory campus. The workers were so angry that they could not think clearly. The suspension was an unimaginable action for them as they considered themselves as super boss.

Without any action plan, they declared strike in the factory. No notice for strike was given as provided in the law. Therefore, the strike was illegal. The workers tried to create some mischief but police stopped them. They threatened me to harm physically but I ignored their threats. I also obtained an order from the court that they cannot hold meetings within 200 meters from the factory premises. The court order also covered my residence. After a week, the management declared lock out in the factory as against an illegal strike, lockout is legal. A departmental enquiry was ordered against the Office Bearers of the Union. All of them were found guilty. Services of President and General Secretary were terminated. Others were taken on duty after obtaining an apology letter from them.

So, this was one of the most difficult decisions that I took in my life.

INFLUENSURES OF MY LIFE.

In a life span of 85 years, there is not one but many persons influenced my life at different point of time. When I was a kid, a gentleman of my namesake Mahendra Singh was Deputy Collector during pre-independence days. He was father of Rajmata Vijay Raje Sciendia. She was wife of Maharaja of Gwalior Jiwajirao Sciendia. In other words, he was the father-in-law of Jiwajirao Scindia. Shri Mahendra Singh had some property dispute the Maharaja. The case was pending in Supreme Court of India. To pursue that case in Supreme Court, he came to our house and stayed there for a day or two.

After returning from the Court and after having dinner, he will call me and my younger sister Santosh. He uses to narrate stories, which were extremely interesting. Some were very good, humored, and cheerful while others were scary and frightening. Although, Shri Mahendra Singh's stay was for a very short period, he left an everlasting impression on me by his excellent skill of storytelling.

When I was in teens and early twenties, I was influenced by two persons. One was Shri J S Chauhan and the other Shri G P Singh. Shri Chauhan was the Registrar of Cooperative Societies in Haryana and Shri Singh was a senior officer in the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting in Central Government. Whenever I met them, they will always give me such valuable advice which shaped not only my career but my character also. It may be pertinent to mention that Shri J S Chauhan was the person who registered Nafed on 2nd October 1958. On the same day, he also registered Farmers Bank of India.

It was in Balco that I got immensely influenced by Shri M N Bhattacharjee. He was my immediate superior and was working as Assistant Personnel Officer. He graduated from Presidency College, Calcutta. His English was outstanding. Whenever, I make any mistake, he will call me explain in detail what mistake I have committed and what is the correct word that should be used in the notes or letters. I learnt a lot from him.

As I mentioned that there were many persons who influenced me at different point of time. It is not possible to include all of them in this memoire. The last person I will mention is Shri G K Sharma, who was Managing Director of Nafed. His best quality was that he will always be smiling. Anyone who meets him instantly get message that the person on the other side is a friend.

Whenever I went to him with any problem personal or official, he will calmly listen and provide an instant solution. A very honest and helpful person.

IMPORTANT MOMENTS THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

I was not a graduate when I joined the Cooperative Department in 1959 as a candidate for the post of Sub-Inspector. I realized that until I do my graduation, I cannot do anything in my life and must continue in this department as a junior employee till retirement. I was not prepared for that eventuality for I knew that my destination is different. The question was how to study further. I was not supposed to join any college without the permission of my department. And the permission was not granted to any employee in the past for further study. Who so ever applied, the permission was declined. I also applied two three times, but did not get the approval.

Somehow, I was determined to have the approval of the Government for further studies because otherwise my career was finished. The competent authority to grant permission was Development Commissioner. His name was K :P. Singh. I was a very junior person and it was not possible for me to meet him and explain my problem.

By this time, my father had retired. He told me that if you cannot meet the Development Commissioner. I will meet him. I thought there is no harm in meeting my father with the concerned authority. Maybe he agrees. I thought I can take a chance. I also decided that if even after meeting my father with the Commissioner, he did not agree to permit, I will resign and first complete my graduation. Thereafter, look out for a job.

It was the year 1963. My father fixed an appointment with Shri K P Singh. He explained to Shri Singh that it a question my son's career. He needs your blessings and a small favor. A request letter was already with my father. Shri Singh was perhaps not aware that permission is not granted to employees of Cooperative Department for studies. He immediately agreed without further discussion. My father produced the request letter to him and he immediately wrote; permission granted and return the paper to my father.

I took the letter to my office gave it to the concerned person. He was surprised but said nothing. The next day I got the formal letter of approval from the department. Based on that letter, I got admission in Dayal Singh College to complete Bachelor of Arts. It was a three-year course and I completed it successfully in 1966. Now that I was graduate, I was able to get a job in Bharat Aluminum Company in the same year.

INTEREST IN ART OR CULTURAL EVENTS

I am not a person interested in cultural events. I have never taken part in any cultural programme in my life. But I have witnessed very few such events. Two of them I distinctly remember. One was some time in 1975 in Anup Shahr. My wife belongs to this small Tehsil in District Bulandshahr of Uttar Pradesh. It is a religious town on the banks of Ganges. One great Hindi poet Senapati was born in Anup Shahr in 1584. In his memory, a Kavi Sammellan (It is a gathering of poets where poets present their work to audience) is organized on a Sharad Poornima day. It is full moon day in the Hindu lunar month of Ashwin i.e. September to October.) I was told that it is a very interesting programme and that because I am in Anup Shahr on that day, I must attend it.

I also thought that instead of idling at home, it may be better to spend an hour or so at the Kavi Sammellan. So, I went there and occupied a chair in the front row. The event was not yet started. After about 15 minutes the programme was inaugurated and a poet came to recite his poem. It was so enthralling and interesting that I decided to watch for a little more time. Now poets one after the other came and recited their poems. Each was better than the previous one. In between joke were also cracked. I remained seated there till 5.00 AM in the morning when the programme finally was concluded.

Second event that I attended was when I was in the first year in my college 1964. As per previous years, an annual day event was organized that year also. Since it was in my college, I attended it. The students who took part in the programme were so talented that it was beyond my imagination. The songs, poems, mimicry, jokes, dances, skits etc were all superb. I remained in this programme till the end.

HABITS

I have some habits that I cannot do away with. When I go out of my house, I invariably carry, my handkerchief, Purse, Wrist Watch and mobile phone. If any one of these things I forget I feel that I am lacking something. I have also a habit of playing Chess or Sudoku for one hour before I sleep in the night. One more habit that I have is to note down the things in the morning that I intend to do on that day. In addition, I am also a habitual morning walker. I am walking for the last about 45 years. Initially I used to walk about 5 kilometers in about 45 minutes. As I advanced in age, the distance covered is gradually decreasing. Now I cannot walk even a kilometer. But I still walk for about 20 to 25 minutes. I also do pranayama daily. These days, I am not doing pranayama, exercise or even walking daily because of one or the other health problem. But still when I feel better, I do not miss my exercise, walk, pranayama.

My one habit is that I get irritated if someone repeats the same thing many times. I will narrate an incident that happened in Nafed to appropriately describe it. Shri S K Iyer, was officiating as Managing Director because Shri G K Sharma M D went on an ILO assignment to Bangkok. I was Additional MD at that time. So, naturally, I was to submit files to Shri Iyer. On the first file, which was a leave application of a senior officer, Shri Iyer wrote, am I competent meaning thereby meaning whether he can sanction the leave or not. This was okay. I referred to delegation of powers which empowers MD to sanction leave to senior offices. He approved the leave. But the problem cropped up when on every file Shri Iyer was raising the same query. I was fed up and got irritated. One day in the morning, when I came to office, the first file I saw was with this question asking whether "Am I Competent" I did not think twice and wrote "Sir, you are not incompetent" The file was returned to me after a few days but never again Shri Iyer raised such trivial questions.

I have some other bad habits also. To mention one is that I share everything with my friends. This is not good. Sometimes, my utterances are misinterpreted and persons take it otherwise.

LIFE LESSONS

I have now completed 85 years of my life. This is a long period. During this time, I have some good and some bad experiences. The first lesson is if you are good to others, they will be good to you. There is no need to be clever. You be in your natural self. Do not try to be smart. Original painting is always more valuable than its imitation or copy. You achieve success only when you have positive thinking.

In life it is not important to see who is ahead or behind us. You should also see who was with you when you were going in bad phase of life. A wise person mould himself in such a way that he is always a part of solution and not of the problem. We should know that we are responsible only for our efforts and not for the result. Therefore, do your job sincerely, honestly, and dedicatedly.

The biggest mistake that a person makes is that when he does not learn from his mistakes. Remember two types of persons give direction to life. One who gives you an opportunity and the other who betrays. Do not try to be so intelligent that people stop giving you advice. It is said that there is no difference between a fool and a very intelligent person because both do not listen to any body.

In life those people who are unable to defeat you will try to rout you by hook or crook. With such persons you need not do anything, just remain firm on your principles, the time itself will prove your innocence.

There is a great difference between discussion and argument. While argument proves who is right, the discussion proves what is right. So, no point in arguing. Generally, argument is based on past happenings, which complicate the problem further. So always avoid arguments with friends or relatives. The golden rule is to discuss the problem and not arguments.

I AM NOT AN UNGRATEFUL PERSON AND CHALLENGES

The biggest of all challenges was when I suffered with Corona in 2021. I was admitted in J P Hospital, Noida for 12 days. I and my wife live alone. My wife is suffering from arthritis' She is also a senior citizen. She alone could not take care of me. My son was in Australia and flights were suspended during corona epidemic. It was not possible for him to come. Since I was 81 years old at that time and already suffering from heart disease, Multiple Myeloma, and Neuropathy, most of the persons thought that I am a lost case. But His Almighty had some more roles for me to perform.

My three generations will remain indebted to my daughter Amita and her husband DIG J P Singh, who took immense pains to look after me. Amita used to come to Hospital daily and remained there till late at night. Shri J P Singh, despite being busy in his office was also used to visit me very frequently. I am highly grateful to them.

My nephew Montu will daily come from Village Amka and remained in hospital whole day. I am grateful to him also. Amita and Montu were at risk of getting corona themselves but they were not frightened and continue their job of taking care of me. Another nephew Bobby was very helpful when Hospital asked me to arrange for blood. I do not know what to do as I was confined to bed in the Hospital. I could not find any blood donor. Bobby sent two persons from a nearby village, who donated required quantity of blood for me.

When I was discharged from the Hospital, my cousin Vikram sent his son Nitin to live with us and take care of me. He lived with us for about ten days. It was a very timely help. I will always be grateful to Vikram and Nitin for the assistance they provided when I needed most.

Since I was still not fully well, my sister Sushma sent her son Monu to help me. Monu and his wife Chitra were also with us for another 10 days and looked after me till I was able to walk and eat and go to toilet of my own. I thank them from the core of my heart.

In addition to the above, three friends of my son's Shri Abhijit Sharma, Ish Nijhawan and Mohan Joshi did also help me, whenever I needed their assistance. They were never found wanting.

In the absence of my son, all my above relatives and friends of my son took care of me and never let me think that my son is not there. I am not an ungrateful person. I always keep them in high esteem who helped me when I was in dire need. Although my son Rahul was not with me at the crucial time because no flights were operating between India and Australia, He marvelously monitored all activities from Sydney. He was aware of everything happening here. He gave full financial and moral support. Photos of all those who helped me during Corona is given below.

My other challenge in life is to fight with diseases I am suffering from heart ailment. In 1994, Doctors told me that I have blockages in my arteries and I need to go for ballooning. At that time stents had not come. The ballooning did not work but I kept on going. In 2006, two stents were inserted in my arteries. These stents are still there. Then, In July 2010, I was diagnosed that I am suffering from Multiple myeloma. It is a type of blood cancer. However, doctors told me that this multiple myeloma is controllable if treated properly and medicines taken timely and regularly. The chemotherapy for myeloma created another problem. It caused Neuropathy in my legs. So today I am suffering from three different types of ailments. It is the biggest challenge for me to keep all the three under control. I must lead a very disciplined life. First of course, is the food. I cannot take many things. The diet is very controlled. I must do walking, exercise, and pranayama daily. I have been carrying heart disease for the last 31 years, Myeloma for the last 15 years and Neuropathy for the last 7 years. This is not an easy job.



DIG JP Singh
and Amita



Montu Rawal



Nitin Rawal



Bobby Rawal



Monu & Chitra



Rahul Rawal



Abhijit Sharma



Ish Nijhawan



Mohan Joshi

HAPPY AND HEART-BREAKING MOMENTS

I have innumerable happy moments in my life. I was happy when I got my first earning of Rupees 31 at the age of 17 years. I was happy when I got my first job in the Delhi Government. I was happy when I shifted from government to public sector. I was happy when I got promotions. I was happy when I became Managing Director. I was happy when my children were born. I was happy at the time of their marriage. I was happy when I became grandfather. And so on. But the question is what was the happiest moment in my life. It is very difficult to single out one out of many happy moments. To me all moments were the happiest at that point of time when it occurred.

The reason for my happiness is also because I do not keep anything secret from my family. There is nothing that my family or near or dears does not know about me. I have always been a straight forward person. I do not believe in hiding things. Even when I call or receive a telephone call, I speak loudly and everyone in the house hears what I am talking and to whom I am talking. Yes, past mistakes, I do not hide but I do not like to discuss because it is not going to be of any use. If there is anything to be learnt from the past mistakes, that of course I try to learn

I must admit that two things about me no one knows. One is that I remember Hanuman Chalisa and Shri Ram Stuti by heart. This was possible because for five years in my ASVJ Higher Secondary School, these were included in the morning prayers. I had to daily recite them.

When I was working in office, at times, there were subjects, that were not to be shared with anyone. Those things I did not share with my family or friends. Otherwise, I am an open book

Of course, the most heartbreaking moment in life is losing any one of the family members. I have lost four of my immediate family members so far. My father Shri Mahavir Singh, my mother Shrimati Gajendra Vati, my brother Shri Jitendra Singh and my sister Santosh. To born or to die is not in the hands of humans. It is the land of mortals. Everyone who has come in this world has to go. It is eternal truth. No one can change it. No one can do anything except to ultimately compromise with the circumstances. This happens with everybody. It is a rule of nature.

I have one more incident which was a heartbreaking moment for me. It was 1988. I was Additional Managing Director in Nafed. There was a vacancy of Managing Director in Modern Food Industries Ltd, a Government of India Undertaking. I applied for the post and was invited for an interview. I appeared and was selected. All such cases are to be approved by the Appointments Committee of the Cabinet. Shri Sukhram was the Minister for Food Processing at that time. He approved my appointment and sent the proposal to Cabinet. It was a formality. Invariably such proposals are approved. The Joint Secretary in the Ministry of Food called me to Krishi Bhawan and congratulated on my appointment.

He also directed the concerned officer to prepare my name plate to be fixed outside MD's room.

But unfortunately, I never received the appointment letter. Shri Rajiv Gandhi was the Prime Minister at that time. A Bengali Gentleman, who was the son in law of one of the senior congress leaders was appointed. I came to know about it after the Bengali Gentlemen Joined the Modern Food Industries. I was selected on my merit but was not given my due. It was really heart - breaking.

SCARIEST MOMENT

When I joined Balco in 1966, I was attached to Shri M F Beg, Chief Engineer, who was responsible for setting up an Aluminum Plant at Korba. At that time Shri Beg was posted in New Delhi. After some time in 1967, his unit in New Delhi was shifted to Korba. Since I was attached with him, I was also transferred. Korba was a small town in Tahsil Janjgir of District Bilaspur of Madhya Pradesh (now Chattisgarh). Balco did not have any office in Korba. So, we were asked to occupy, a temporary accommodation constructed for a coal-based Fertilizer Plant. The plan for Fertilizer plant was abandoned and the hutments were lying vacant. This place was about five kilometers from Korba town in the deep forest. I along with Driver Zahoor and Cook Altaf started from Delhi in a jeep and it took us seven days to reach our destination.

Somehow, we cleaned the place and make it habitable. Established an office in one of the hutments. Within a few days, Shri Beg also joined. In the meanwhile, we recruited necessary staff on urgent basis.

One day Shri Beg was to go to Delhi for some official purpose. The nearest railway station was Champa on the Mumbai - Kolkata route. The arrival time of the train was at midnight perhaps 1.00 AM. I along with Shri Zahoor, Driver went to see him off. After he boarded the train, we started our return journey to Korba. It was dead of night around 2.00 AM. When we covered about half the distance, I noticed that someone is standing in the middle of road with two lanterns. He was at about 600 meters from us. I asked Zahoor, who can be this man standing on the road at this odd hour. He also noticed but did not say anything. After a few minutes he asked me should I proceed or stop. I told him to proceed until we know who it could be. When we were about 100 meters from the light, we clear saw it was a tiger. His eyes were reflecting light which we saw. Zahoor was scared. I told him to stop the vehicle and not to cut off engine and keep the lights on. We stood motionless for about five minutes. The tiger was also there. Then majestically, the tiger moved slowly without showing any sign of hurry towards right side of the road and disappeared in the forest.

I asked Zahoor to speed up. we reached in our colony, at about 2.45 A M safe and sound. That was the scariest moment in my life.

PROUDEST MOMENTS

I started my career from the lowest position on the ladder. I reached at the pinnacle quickly jumping from one post to other. Sometimes, I think how I was able to manage it. A person who is inefficient cannot go to the top because at one point of time or the other, he will get some adverse entries in his character roll. Similarly, a dishonest person cannot reach at the top in an office because he too will be caught one day or the other. Only honest and efferent has the chance to go up. It is not only the honesty and efficiency that pays but there some other factors which also count.

Generally, it is seen that highly educated and intelligent persons retire after reaching middle level in an office. The reason is they lack some traits that are needed to move up in the ladder. One must be efficient, intelligent, honest, hardworking, loyal, sincere, punctual, and knowledgeable. The top management immediately identify such person. I do not know how much of these qualities; I had but never in my career I was reprimanded or any explanation called in writing for doing something wrong.

I took the voluntary retirement in 1995 because of some unavoidable circumstances. Shri B M Sareen was the Chairman at that time. He told me that many IAS and other senior officers of the Government are eager to get this post. You are leaving it just for nothing. My problem was that I was unable to do certain things which the Board members wanted me to do.

There was a discussion on my request for voluntary retirement between myself, Dr. R C Dwivedi, OSD to the Minister for Agriculture and Shri G K Sharma, former MD Nafed. It was decided that the management will pay me 50 month's remaining salary. In addition, I will get gratuity, medical facility, leave travel concession, retirement travelling allowance, provident fund as if I retired on superannuation.

This was my proudest moment because I stood for my principles and left the job but did not do what I considered wrong.

MY REGRETS

I too have some regrets. The most painful was my joining Hindustan Paper Corporation Ltd in 1977. I was Working in Bharat Aluminum Company Lid as Assistant Personnel Officer. I saw an advertisement for the Post of Personnel officer in Hindustan Paper Corporation Ltd. I applied for the post. I was selected and posted in their corporate office at Nehru Place, New Delhi. After working for a few months, I came to know that a decision has already been taken to shift this entire office to Calcutta now Kolkata. I did not take it seriously because in those days rumors were rife that this office and that office will be shifted out of Delhi to reduce congestion in the city.

One day Shri G D Sharma, General Manager Personnel called me and gave a hint that I may be transferred to Kolkata. I told him that this was never told to me. I joined this office under the impression that I will remain in Delhi. My circumstances are such that I cannot go out from here. Then he said that this decision was taken much earlier before you joined. Seeing my adamancy, he said that okay I will do one thing. I will send to you Kolkata on tour for three months. You see how is the place and working environment there. Reluctantly, I accepted. However, I had a feeling that during on tour, my transfer orders for Kolkata can be issued. But there was nothing much that I could do.

I went to Kolkata, stayed in a hotel for three months. But at that time, it was a very dirty city. Our office was, however, at a nice place. On my request, I was called back to Delhi after completion of three months. And from that day, I was on the lookout for a job. Ultimately, I got it in NAFED where I joined in September 1978.

MY FRIENDS

In the long journey of my life, I met numerous people. Most of them got separated due to one reason the other. Many completely obliterated from my mind while some I remembered. However, I am fortunate to have some friends with whom I have association for more than fifty years. We remained in touch throughout. In my website www.rawalfamilyofamka.com I have not only given their names but also affixed their photographs. Out of these two are my friends for the last seventy-five years. I would like to give their names here.

1. Shri V P Singh, He retired as Executive Director from Bharat Electronics Ltd. Knows since 1951-51

2. Shri N P Singh, He is the younger brother of Shri V. P Singh. He retired as Executive Director from a reputed private company. He is now no more.

3. Shri H. G Vashishtha, Retired as Colonel from the Indian Army. Known since 1952

4. Shri R P Dube. He joined politics after leaving government job. Contested Lok Sabha election on Tiwari Congress. Known since 1962. He is now no more.

5. Shri Balbir Singh Saini, He was a business man. Known since 1962 Now no more.

6. Shri Lekh Raj Garg. He was a farmer having large chunk of agricultural land in Sri Ganganagar, Rajasthan. Known since 1964. He recently expired.

7. Shri O M Solanki. He retired as Executive Director from National Fertilizer Ltd. Known since 1966. He is also now no more.

8. Shri S K Verma. He was Senior Petitions Officer to the Prime Minister. Known since 1968. He expired recently on 20th July 2025.

9. Shri A Sahasranaman IAS. He was an officer of the Indian Administrative Service, J & K Cadre. Known since 1966. Now settled in Chennai.

10. Shri N. R Pillai. Knows him from Bharat Aluminum Company's days since 1966. Retired from Balco as General Manager. Known since 1966. He is no more.

Unfortunately, now only four of us are left. Others have taken the eternal journey to the heavens. My humble homage to all of them.

TRUST BETRAYEL

I have a very bitter experience with one of my dear friends, who was known to me for many years and we lived in the same colony. I do not want to name him or go in detail. I will only say that I left a top position in a social organization to enable him to become its head. On achieving the position, he betrayed me in a manner that I cannot explain. It was a dispute in two registered organizations. Matter went to the court. The case lingered on for years. Although, the other party won, but left a very bitter taste in my mouth. I do not want to say anything more on this unpalatable subject.

LIFE PARTNER

I married in 1970. At that time and for that matter even now largely in India, arranged marriages are held. My marriage was also an arranged one. My father and Mother went to the girl's house in Anup Shahr. It is a small town on the banks of Ganga River. It is recognized as a religious place and many religious activities take place there throughout the year. They saw the girl. Her name is Vimlesh. She is a graduate from Agra University. After considering all aspects including the educational, social, and financial status, they approved the proposal. I was informed of the decision. According to prevalent customs, I had no choicer but the accept the decisions of my parents. The marriage solemnized on 16th May 1970.

For the last 55 years we are living together amicably. There has been no major dispute or even difference of opinion on any subject. We adjust and respect each other views. I think and consider that our marriage is far more stable than those who dates for months and years before they marry.

My wife Vimlesh is an artist. She does fabric painting. All bedsheets, pillow covers, table covers, sofa covers etc in our house are painted by her with different designs and colors. Out of four rooms, one has been converted by her as her studio. All paints, brushes, clothes, and other things necessary for painting are kept in that room. The most interesting thing about her paintings is that she has gifted innumerable bedsheets, pillow covers etc to so many persons free. She did not take any money – neither for the cloth used nor for the labor she had put in. This is something extra ordinary.

MY CHILDREN

I have one son Rahul and one daughter Amita. Both are married. My son is working as Manager Information and Technology for Australia and Pacific in a multinational company. His office in Sydney, Australia. I have one granddaughter Anushka and one grandson Ankit. Anushka has completed her graduation and is working on part time basis in a law firm. She has an offer from another law firm, which she has been asked to join next year from 1st of March. Ankit will pass his school and will go to the University this year.

My son Rahul will telephone to me daily at five pm to know about our well-being. We discuss all of days happenings.

My daughter Amita is also married. Her husband is DIG in Coast Guards organization under the Ministry of Defense, Government of India. Presently, he is posted in Chennai, capital city of Tamil Nadu State. I have one granddaughter. She is studying in MBBS in Chennai itself.

Whenever, anyone or both come to us, then every moment is the happiest moment. We have absolutely no complaint with anyone of them. Both are extremely well behaved and take care us whenever we need. They do not have any bad habit. My son in law Shri J P Singh is also very courteous and helpful.

God has been very kind to me. He has given me such a wonderful family. There is no tension or bitterness of any kind in the family.

I must admit that there were no challenging moments in my life when raising my children. They got admission in good schools. After passing the school, they went to college. The colleges were good. After passing the college, my son did a course from Tata's in computers. Thereafter, he got a job in India in a firm known as India Gypsum. From there he went to I Gate Global, another IT Company based in Bangalore. From here, he went to Australia to join his present organization, where he is working for the last 19 years.

My daughter after completing her graduation from Kamla Nehru College, University of Delhi, did some work in a private company in Delhi. After marriage, now she is a home maker.

Both are well settled and contented. So, the journey was smooth.

MY ASPIRATIONS AND PRINCIPLES OF LIFE

I never had any dreams or aspirations in life. I just left myself in the steam of time and floated as and where it took me. The only thing was that wherever and whatever I did was an honest effort. Put my hundred percent in the job. Never shirked in shouldering responsibility. My intention was always to do good for the organization where I worked. My cardinal principles were honesty, hard work, sincerity, loyalty, punctuality. I always tried to learn new things. I think these traits of mine took to from place to another and from the lowest post, from where I started to the highest post in office. My role models are the people of very high caliber. I learnt a lot from them not only in my official capacity and life but also to be more diplomatic and tactful in day-to-day dealings with my colleagues, relatives, and friends. So, no dreams. But I am fully satisfied with whatever I have achieved. I know you cannot get everything you want. You must be satisfied with whatever you have. If you cannot compromise with your existing status, you will be the most frustrated person.

When I left Public Service Broadcasting Corporation in 2002, where I was working as Advisor, I started consultancy in the field of Human Resources. With my connections, I was able to get the work of writing Personnel Manuals. My problem was that I did not know how to work on computer. So, I used to call a stenographer from Nafed. He could come only on Saturdays and Sundays. After working for two days, I had to wait for five days for the Steno to come. This was delaying writing of manuals. At that time my age was 63. I realized that the present system will not work. So, one day, I went to a school which imparted training on computer learning. The In charge of that school told me that it will take about two months to be proficient in computer basics. He allotted one hour to me on a particular machine. The plus point with me was that I already knew typing. I learnt the necessary things which needed to write Manuals on computer in 28 days. I left the school. With slight difficulty and help from my son, who knew computer very well, I became quite capable to handle the computers. I wrote all manuals myself without any difficulty.

The point is that do not hesitate to learn good or necessary things at any age. Learning from any sources should be welcome.

The three words that I would like to mention are that one should be truthfulness, honesty, and straight forwardness. It is very easy to say but in practice it is enormously difficult to follow the above tenets. It is said Truth can be suppressed but cannot be defeated. In the long run it always wins.

Every right-thinking man tries to follow these commands but the circumstance or desire of seniors in office or family members or near and dears do not always permit him to follow these principles.

I have described my life in details in the pervious chapters. I am a human being. To err is humans. I might have also committed mistakes. However, at that point of time what I did I thought was right. Knowingly or deliberately did not do wrong things.

MY FAVOURATE CITY

I do not have any country or city in mind where I want to go or return to. I am a person with simple habits. I have extensively toured in India and abroad. Seen almost all historical and religious places, also went to many hill stations in India. Not only India I have been abroad to many countries such as United Kingdom, France, Italy, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand, Sri Lanka, Oman, UAE, Saudi Arabia.

I find that India is the best. Here people are more social. I get the food of my choice. I can gel quickly even with strangers. Security is satisfactory. No real threats. No dearth of food or clothes. Lot of people are there to make friends with. Then my entire family is here. Why should I think of going to any other city or country?

Of course, some problems are also there such as pollution, overcrowding, noise, traffic jams etc. When you live for a long time, you become used to these things.

Overall, when I evaluate the quality of living and other things that are available in India, I will opt to live only here and here and here.

FEELING OLD

The first hint that I got of feeling old was when I was about 40 years. I had to buy spectacles for reading. Then some grey hairs were also noticed. I was not at all scared of being old. I knew it is a natural thing and every person must go through this process.

Therefore, I knew or for that matter everyone knows what are the difficulties or problems one faces physically in old age. Most of the people in old age are subject to many diseases leading to enhanced medical expenses.

According to Hindu beliefs, body of a dead person is consigned to flames. All the five elements that is 27% water, 12% earth, 6% air, 3% fire and the rest is ether go in the atmosphere after burning exactly in the same proportion in which, they were present in the body. Thus, whatever was taken from the Nature is returned to the Nature.

The thought of being old does not affect working life of a person. It happens with everybody as a matter of course.

There was no odd feeling in me at the prospect of growing old.

REMEMBRANCE AND MY MESSAGE

I would like to be remembered as a simple and honest person. I have written a book "Rawal Family of Amka" to pay respect and homage to my ancestors. I have covered seven generations of my family. The present generation may not be interested in my work but the posterity after fifty years of so would like to know about their forefathers. They may like to know how they look, what they wear and what important things they did to bring glory and fame to the family.

After a person departs to heavenly abode, he is remembered or discussed for a few days amongst friends and relatives, few months by the family members. Thereafter he is forgotten and the giant wheel of the world goes on incessantly. This is an everlasting truth.

The coming generation is the custodian of our values and traditions. From the time immemorial, these values, folk lore's, religious rituals, and traditions were passed on from one generation to the other. In our country, when there was no written language, the four Vedas were transmitted to next generation for centuries by the word of mouth.

It is extremely important if we want to preserve our culture, religious rituals, traditions, our hero's, worshiping gods, historical documents, then our coming generation should be suitably trained and educated and made aware of the importance of our cherished values.

I would like to tell my family members who read my memoirs that key to success is hard work, honesty, devotion and dedication, sincerity, loyalty, punctuality, and sincerity. If these traits are followed, you will succeed in every sphere of life.

This is the message; I would like to give to the coming generations. Family photograph is below



GRATITUDE

I am most thankful to Shri J S Chauhan. He was the Deputy Registrar Cooperative Societies when I joined the Cooperative Department in 1959. He helped me a lot in getting the employment. I am grateful to Shri G P Singh, who guided me to join Balco.

But I am most thankful to all those persons who helped me when I was suffering from Corona and nobody was there to help me that time. They are my daughter Amita, her husband DIG J P Singh, Montu, Vikram and Nitin, Bobby, Monu, and his wife Chitra, Rahul's friends, Abhijit, Ish, and Mohan. I am indebted to them for their selfless help and devotion towards me.

These persons helped me when I needed it most. Had they not helped, I would not have been here to write my Memoirs.

MISTAKES, FOREGIVENESS AND LOOKING BACK

I may have committed lots of mistakes. I may have annoyed many people by my temperament. Many people may be having a grouse against me because of my actions. Now at the fag end of my life, I do not want people to nurture any grouse against me. I therefore, seek their forgiveness. On my part, I also forgive each person who might have annoyed me at one time or the other because of one's actions or deeds. There no story to narrate. It is a sort of general clemency. I do not want to go into it further

When I look back on my life, I find that had I been so experienced and matured as I am now, I would have handled many situations in a much better way. I find that I did solve the problems to the best of my knowledge and ability as per the circumstances prevailing at that time.

My life was very hard and struggling. I know when working in the Cooperative Department, I used to go to office on cycle covering about 20 kilometers one side. During this period, I also joined an evening collage to complete my graduation. That was the hardest time for me in my life. Never was it an easy one. My eight months stay in Korba was another difficult phase. I did not know cooking. Shri Gyanendra Singh, who was my junior, used to cook food for me. There was no clean water to drink. There was always an apprehension of an attack from a wild animal. Again, during agitation of the Employees Union and Officers Association in Head office and strike in the Nafed Processed Foods was also very trying time for me. It was after retirement that I breathed easy. Now I am doing some social work for my own satisfaction. There is no compulsion
