

## Doctor Who Day

Time travel and zany adventures, with opportunities to reach into science fiction as well as history, Doctor Who is a storyline that has gained a cult, following over its six decades of existence. Featuring the Doctor, who is a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey, and his various companions make their way through the world in random times and places where they take on alien villains, rescue victims of kidnapping and perform other heroic deeds. Becoming one of the top dramas on the BBC in the network's history, Doctor Who certainly deserves a day of celebration, that is all its own!



## #ELEGANCE

# Fibonacci Day

Unveiling nature's elegant pattern in numbers, the dance of proportion that weaves through art, architecture, and the mesmerizing world around us.



There are sequences that appear in nature, time and again, ones that seem to define the very basis of the reality of the world and coordinate how everything comes together. One of these numbers is the Fibonacci sequence and it can be found in the most surprising of places. Fibonacci Day commemorates this sequence and the man, who brought it to the attention of humans, way back in 1202. It's time for Fibonacci Day!



## History

Who's the man? That would be Leonardo of Pisa, known today as Fibonacci. He does not seem to have been the first to think of this sequence, but he was the first to bring it to the European world and bring awareness to its importance in the furthering of science. The sequence itself first appeared in Indian Mathematics, known as *Vishamka* numbers, and was connected with Sanskrit prosody. The number sequence is also tied to the golden ratio and the golden triangle, both of which appear again and again in nature, as does the sequence itself. Where does this unique sequence appear, some might ask? It is in the most fundamental of things, from the

petals of the yellow chamomile to the complex and seemingly random branching of a tree's limbs, and these are just a few. Look deeper and a person, who works to pay attention, will find these numbers within the pine cone as well as in the shape of an unfurling fern. In a truly strange one to understand, the numbers can be found in the description of the *Taj Mahal* and was highly important to artists, as a result. And because of its prevalence in nature, this sequence also has a tendency to be repeated by humans so that it is found in various forms of art and architecture. It can be seen in buildings, paintings, drawings, sculptures and so much more.

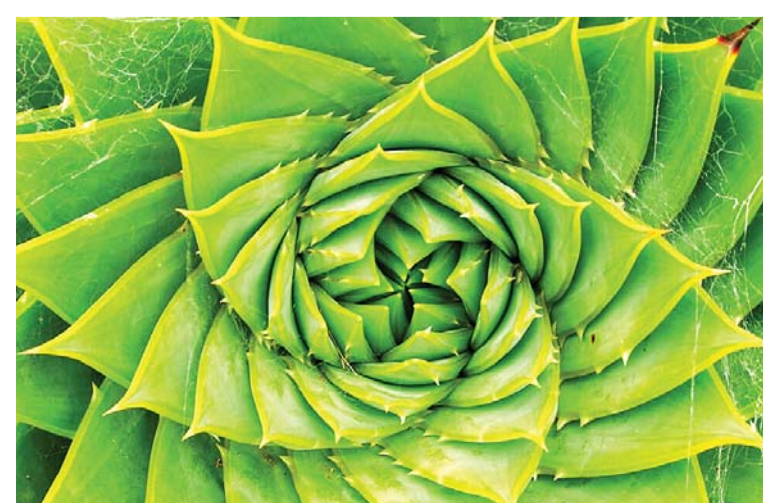
## Find the Fibonacci Sequence in Normal Life

Going out in nature and finding where it exists, which is everywhere! You can even look in your own home and yard and find places where the Fibonacci sequence structures the world around you. Of course, as nature is

filled with uniqueness and variants, these are not the 100% case, or our world would look more like it was made from a cookie-cutter. But the principle of the sequence can be found in so many different places.

## Try these out for Starters:

- Snail Shells**  
Spirals often incorporate these numbers as they grow in a pattern that mimics the Fibonacci sequence.
- Giant Sunflowers**  
Another version of this sequence can be found in the spiral of the sunflower. Looking at the center of the seeds, the eye can perceive that the number sequence continues to grow in the seeds as the flower gets bigger.
- Pineapples**  
Those who are interested in counting the scales on a pineapple will find that, for the most part, the Fibonacci sequence is present when looking at the fruit from a diagonal perspective.
- Flower Petals**  
Most flowers found in nature contain a number of petals from the Fibonacci sequence, either 1, 3, 5, 8, 13 or even 21 petals. Very few have 4, 6 or 7 petals. Of course, there are exceptions (such as the four-leaf clover) but it's less common.



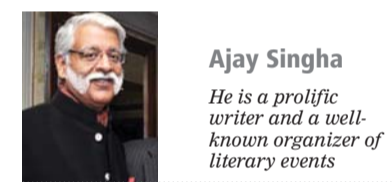
# "Young lad, when you have qualified for the Foreign Service, why are you choosing the IAS?"



MMK Wali as Development Commissioner, Jaipur, in 1978.

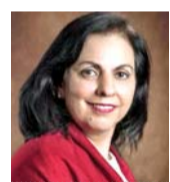
Wali Sahab told the interviewer, "My father had recently passed away and the responsibility of looking after my mother had fallen upon my shoulders." "You can always take your mother where ever you go. The government pays for dependants and family." I had to confess that my mother was a pure vegetarian, had peculiar religious and cultural habits of hygiene, and would find it most discomforting to live in any foreign country.

-Editor, Arbit



Ajay Singha

He is a prolific writer and a well-known organizer of literary events



Dr. Charu Wali Khanna

Besides being MMK Wali's daughter, she is also a close witness to the trials and triumphs of his life. In addition, she is a leading human rights lawyer and counsel for the Union of India in the Supreme Court.

He changed circumstances compelled my mother to shift base to my maternal uncle's house in Jaipur. The city had a very feudal environment. The former ruler of the State, Sawai Man Singh II, had been appointed the titular head of State. We had a small group of relatives and friends in Jaipur and enjoyed high social standing in the city, owing to the

respect reserved for *Pandits* with high education. The move to Jaipur proved lucky, and within a month, I received a letter confirming my selection in the Indian Audit and Accounts Services. I was directed to report at Madras, for training but since the IAS had been my goal, I decided to try once more, for the last time. I appeared for the exams again, and thereafter started my training in Madras. The results of the written exams came in while I was in Madras. I had scored a high

enough rank, and as a result, I had qualified for the elite Indian Foreign Service as well as the IAS. Since I opted for the IAS, one of the interviewers enquired, "Young lad, when you have qualified for the Foreign Service, why are you choosing the IAS?" I told him that my father had recently passed away and the responsibility of looking after my mother had fallen upon my shoulders. "You can always take your mother where ever you go. The government pays for dependants and family." I had to confess that my

mother was a pure vegetarian, had peculiar religious and cultural habits of hygiene, and would find it most discomforting to live in any foreign country.

Hoping for the best, I returned to Madras. In those days, the names of the successful top candidates were announced on All India Radio. My name, too, figured in the list of toppers when the results were finally announced. I was thrilled on many counts and suddenly had a lot to look forward to. A dream, an aspiration had finally come true, and I was particularly happy for my mother. She had been recently relegated to the unenviable status of a widow, but was now elevated to being the proud mother of a son who had made it to the most coveted government job in India, those days. The barbs and taunts of relatives were replaced with congratulatory words, often in praise of themselves. "We always knew Madan had it in him," being the common response.

I was allotted Rajasthan cadre but curiously enough was sent to Uttar Pradesh for my first posting as SDO, Government, in its wisdom, believed that there was more to learn in a place which had been centrally administered till quite recently. Except Ajmer, which was centrally administered, all of Rajasthan belonged to one Princely State or another. I was sent to Sitapur, spelt 'Citapore' in British days. Established by King Vikramaditya, it is a land of seers and *sufis* and the *Puranas* were written by *Rishi* Ved Vyas on this holy land. Thousands of people from this district had taken part in Gandhiji's non-cooperation movement. His age, my name was misleading for some, and a senior officer-turned-matchmaker suggested my name to the Commissioner, who was a Muslim



MMK Wali with his wife and her sister.



## #UNDAUNTED BY STRIFE

### SAVE THE DATE

RASHTRADOOT CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO AN INTERACTIVE TALK SESSION ABOUT THE LIFE AND TIMES OF M.M.K. WALI WITH THE AUTHORS AJAY SINGHA AND CHARU WALI KHANNA AT RASHTRADOOT.

SUDHARMA  
CHAMELI WALA MARKET  
MI ROAD  
OPPOSITE GPO

ON: 24.11.2024 AT: 05:00 PM

gentleman with a young unmarried daughter. All concerned with the proposed matchmaking were quite disappointed when they came to know my full name and correct identity.

Finally, I got my first posting in Rajasthan, my home cadre, as a Sub-Divisional Officer, SDO, in Bikaner. Marriage proposals were pouring in and my alliance with Sudha was initiated by my aunt, Damyanti. Sudha had sent a photo of herself in a carefree mood, with her hair flying all over. Based on the photograph, I became curious to meet her and travelled to Agra, where first meeting was proposed to take place. My mother accompanied me and we stayed with my youngest sister, Shobha, whose husband was posted at Agra cantonment. As the prospective groom, I managed to meekly ask the prospective bride, an alumna of Allahabad University, "What were your subjects in college?" She looked averse, and without batting an eyelid, replied, "Is this a job inter-

view?" I was taken in by her quirky sense of humour and swift repartee, referred to as '*hazir janaabi*' in Urdu. Sudha was outstandingly beautiful, had rosy cheeks, which reminded me of *Kashmiri* apples, and to top it all, she had a mind of her own. I was impressed not just by her beauty but also her wit and her smiling, easygoing disposition. She seemed to give an 'in principle' approval to the proposal and things moved fast from then on.

In 1957, I got my first posting as Collector Banswara, where our first daughter, Archana, was born. While posted at Banswara, I seemed to have offended a local politician, and without much ado, received transfer orders, shifting me out unceremoniously. The MLA from Dungarpur, Harideo Joshi, had apparently complained to the CM, "Kaisa Collector bheja hai aapne? Hamari parwah hi nahin karta hai!" (What sort of a Collector have you posted here? He doesn't even care for us!) This was my first encounter with the political class

and it did not end in my favour. He later managed to become the CM of Rajasthan, but fortunately, our paths never crossed.

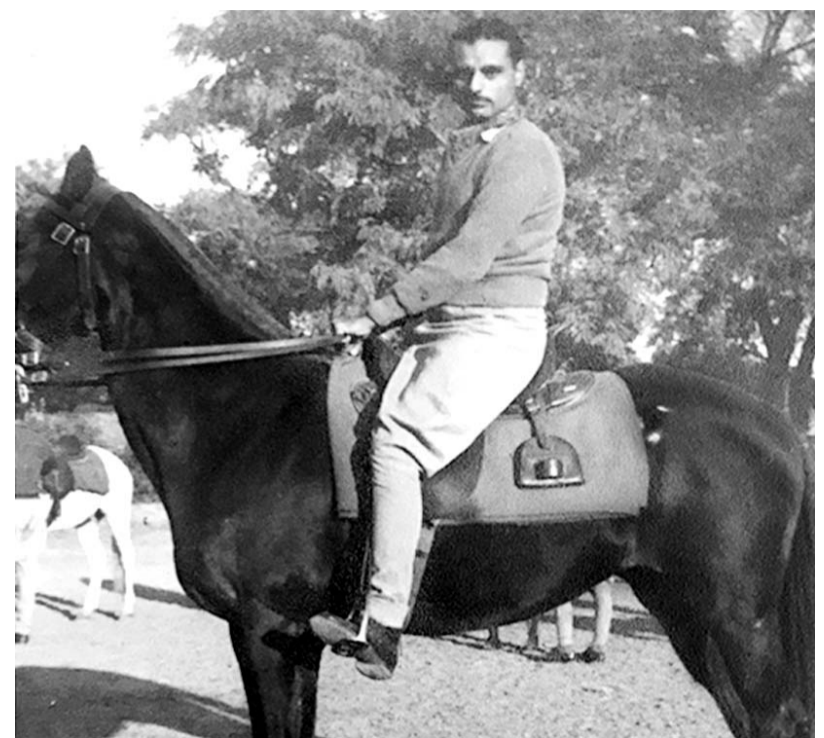
A poet rightly describes such a self-centered person, *तू खुद को फरिश्ता न समझ वायज़-ए-नावां दुनिया में तेरे रंग के दुसान बहुत हैं।* My next posting was Jhunjhunu, and the Chief Secretary thought that he was doing me a favour shifting me to this godforsaken place, which had a number of electricity poles but no electricity yet. When the evening set in, domestic staff used to go around lighting petromax lamps. At night, seeing a face above the gas lantern, prompted my daughter to refer to the lamp attendant as a '*bhoot*' (ghost). In terms of creature comforts, Jaipur was a much better place in comparison to Jhunjhunu. Pili, now a centre for higher education, was a part of Jhunjhunu district, and had much better living facilities including electricity.

In 1960, my second daughter, Charu, was born in Delhi while we were living in D2 type flats in Chanakyaपुर. She was sent to Mrs. Nathaniel's nursery school operating from a temporary tent, under a very fine lady, Shiela Kapoor, who was also a teacher. I was told that in those days, a teacher's salary was Rs. 100/- per month. Shiela, then married, became Shiela Dikshit and joined politics. Much later, she became the Chief Minister of Delhi.

After assuming charge as Collector and District Magistrate of Jaipur in October 1967, the first matter of importance, which drew my attention, was that of civil supplies. The *kharij* and *rabi* crops had failed due to drought conditions in large parts of the country leading to considerable fall in production. This generated severe pressure on the public distribution system (PDS) for



MMK Wali with his wife, Sudha.



Training days at Metcalfe House, New Delhi.

foodgrains. Conditions in Rajasthan were not as severe as in Bihar, where starvation deaths were often reported, yet official reports dismissed them as occurring from exposure, old age and prolonged illness. When a starvation death was reported, the Collector or a senior functionary of that District had to visit the village to collect evidence. A surgeon was required to perform an autopsy to determine the cause of death. If any amount of food was found in the stomach, it would be concluded that the person could not have died from starvation. I found this process most unfair and misleading, as anyone who starves to death, will always have something in his or her stomach, although, it may be insufficient to maintain life. Fortunately inspite of being a desert state, conditions were not so severe in Rajasthan as compared to other Indian states. Wheat, sugar, flour and occasionally rice were supplied to consumers through the PDS. Ration cards and special permits were issued and we released monthly quotas of controlled commodities to be sold at fair price shops to citizens against these ration cards. The problem was quite acute when it came to sugar, which was completely controlled by the State, both in urban and rural areas. The consumer could not, therefore, get sugar from any other legitimate source, except through fair price shops. Special category of consumers like *halazis*, confectioners, hospitals, boarding houses, got special quotas against permits issued by the collector. It became quite apparent to me that the number of registered consumers in Jaipur was much higher than the actual population of the city. The limited ration supplies were, therefore, getting divided into a much

higher number of people than actually existed. The consumer suffered as they received lower amounts of supplies. The supply situation of sugar in Jaipur had got further aggravated because the movement of sugar by train from sugar mills had been hampered. There was much resentment among the public about the supply of essential commodities and the media was having a field day, criticising the city's PDS, the public distribution system. My challenge was solving the case of the 'ghost ration cards' and busting fake units to put an end to the flourishing black market. I ambitiously planned and undertook a herculean task of physically checking the authentic cardholders in one day. Yes, you heard right, in one day on the 3rd of December. The entire machinery was geared up for implementing the campaign and as a massive number of staff was required, I directed all departments to send their people to assist. The publicity and tempo of the campaign was stepped up so that it created the necessary impact on the public mind. A notification was issued in all newspapers that ration cards should be deposited at the ration shop after tak-

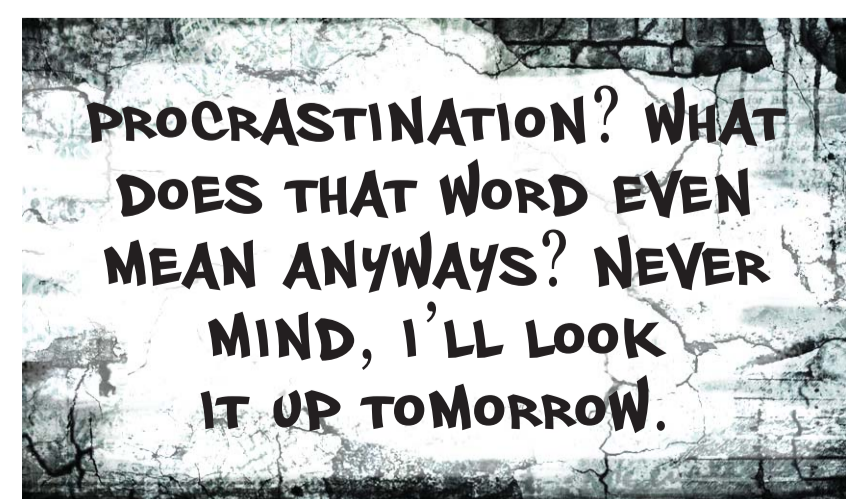
ing their monthly ration by November 30. A warning was also issued that if the card was not deposited, it would automatically become invalid. Even though no law and order problem was anticipated, intensive police patrolling was ordered. Black marketers might handle or intimidate our staff, out to unshrink the racket of 'ghost ration cards'. The checking operation went on smoothly throughout the day. Most people were available at home, thanks to the effective publicity build-up. To keep up the morale of my staff, I stayed up with them for most of the night. They were served unending cups of tea and snacks. Operation 'ghost ration cards' was successfully over in my district, and for once, the media appreciated our efforts. Many people, who for some reason missed the deadline, applied later and were given fresh ration cards. The 'ghosts' vanished, leaving a considerable surplus in foodgrain reserves, and black marketing of essential commodities was brought under control. To be continued...

rajeshsharma1049@gmail.com



MMK Wali with his mother, wife and daughters.

## THE WALL



## BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

## ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman