



Entrepreneurs' Day

They are the dreamers who turn their ideas into reality, the doers who turn setbacks into opportunities, the innovators who drive progress. From the postage stamp to the jet engine, from the cheeseburger to the microchip, radical inventions by brilliant minds have changed the way we live our lives and the way our futures are shaped. In recognition of these people, it is now possible to celebrate *Entrepreneurs' Day*. Since its inauguration in 2010, *Entrepreneurs' Day* is an annual event that honours those men and women who have very often created an empire from absolutely nothing.

#MENTAL HEALTH AWARENESS

International Men's Day

Raise awareness of the mental health issues guys face, challenge harmful stereotypes about masculinity and support the wellbeing of the men in your life.



According to World Health Organization (WHO) data, suicide is the biggest killer of men under the age of forty-five. This is the case in many countries worldwide, including the UK, USA, Australia, and Russia. In terms of statistics, it seems that more women are diagnosed with depression, more often than men, but men are more likely to commit suicide.

Clearly, there are reasons for this, that are particular to men. Gender, cultural conditioning, and adequate role-models are contributing factors. As many women as men may contemplate ending their own lives, but men are more likely to go through with it, and often, in violent ways. This says something about the psychology, attitudes, and mental well-being of men in our communities.

From a young age, boys are gendered in a particular way, 'boys will be boys,' they are told, and 'boys don't cry'.

History

In the early years, IMD received overwhelming support in the Caribbean and due to the persistent networking and invitations sent to individuals in other nations, International Men's Day has taken root on the international scene. The Caribbean initiative is now independently celebrated in countries as diverse as Singapore, India, United Kingdom, United States, South Africa, Haiti, Jamaica, Hungary, Malta, Ghana, Moldova, and Canada and interest in the event is increasing rapidly. Since 1999, the methods of commemorating International Men's Day have included giving and receiving of gifts, public seminars, forums, conferences, classroom activities at schools, men's health events, movement fundraisers, radio and television programs, Parliamentary speeches, Government observances, Church observances, prayer meetings, peaceful gatherings and marches, awards ceremonies, special retail promotions, music concerts and art displays. The manner of observing this annual day is optional, any organizations are welcome to host their events, and any appropriate forums can be used.

Why is it relevant today?

International Men's Day seeks to raise awareness about mental health issues in men, as well as other health and societal issues, by encouraging men to open up and communicate with others. The traditional ideas of what masculinity means in society is changing, and needs to change, if vulnerable men are to be protected from these harmful conditions. As stereotypes and discrimination start to break down in our culture, there is an emerging need for boys and young men to identify with positive role models that embody the true qualities of masculinity, those of kindness, generosity, inner strength, and natural, open communication. International Men's Day and the month of November is an excellent opportunity in our global culture to present the true face of masculinity to those who need to see it.



On the 31st of October, Indira Gandhi was assassinated and the city was aflame as rioting broke out in Delhi, spreading like a wildfire to the other parts of the country. Biggest regret of Wali Sahab, as he wrote in his memoirs, was that as a home secretary, he was not able to save her life. As he has written, he had come to know and admire Mrs. Gandhi immensely, not just as prime minister but as an individual. He said, "I do feel strongly that I should have done a closer scrutiny about her personal security arrangements. In a way, I felt I had let her down and failed in my duty as the home secretary. She died under my watch and that is a regret I will always carry with me."

-Editor, Arbit

My Biggest Regret



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.

I was on a holiday in western Rajasthan, when one evening, the Collector T. Srinivasan IAS and his wife called us for dinner to their house. Since there were no mobile phones in those days, it was not easy for someone from Delhi to contact an officer on the move, someplace in Rajasthan.

#UNDAUNTED BY STRIFE

Locally, of course, the wireless system worked but the airwaves never secure for confidential conversations. The best way to get in touch for an official talk was through the landline. Later, of course, the RAX system connected all district headquarters in the

country to Delhi and with each other. The telephone instruments in government bungalows had a long wire attached to it as the cordless variety was still unknown. District Collectors, very often, had a so-called telephone orderly who carried the phone around. We were chatting, enjoying the starlit skies, when an urgent call for me was announced. I had a lit cigarette in one hand, and a drink in the other. So, it took a moment to set them down to take the receiver. It was the Cabinet Secretary on the other end, and he wasn't too pleased as it had taken them a while to



MMK Wali with Indira Gandhi.

Mrs. Gandhi was highly perceptive and became conscious of the hatred that Sikhs felt towards her after Operation Blue Star. One day when I went to her residence for a meeting, I noticed that there was some renovation work going on. As we walked towards the house, we passed a Sikh electrician working there. Once in the privacy of her office, she looked up at me and said something that I will never forget, "Wali, I could see the hatred he had for me, in his eyes."

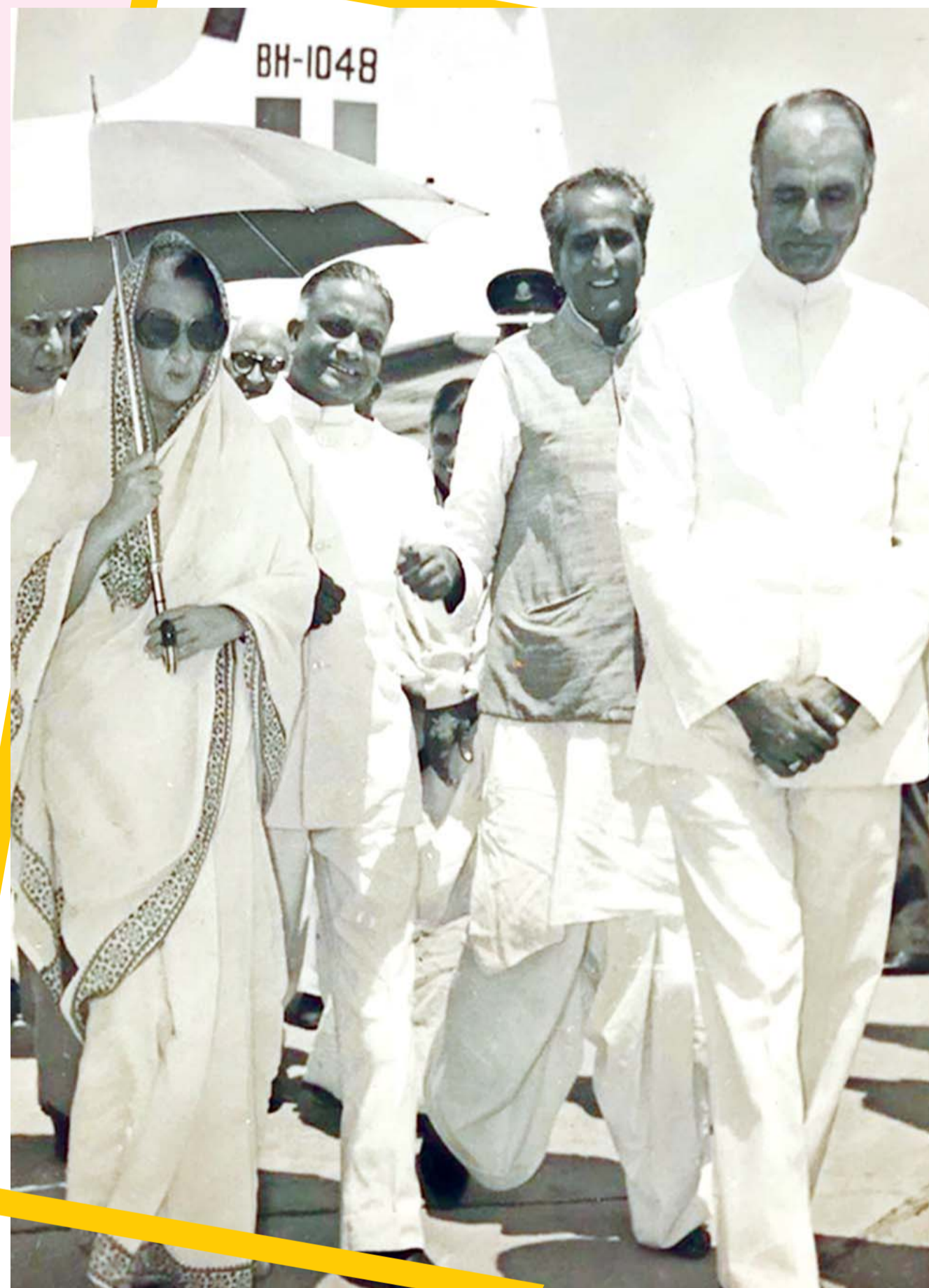
locate and connect me. That was the fastest speed of communications in those days. He tersely informed me, "Cut short your visit. Madam wants you to come to Delhi and join as Home Secretary immediately." Years after this call, the collector, Bikaner, would proudly regale people with the story that it was at his house that an order had come from Delhi appointing me as the Home Secretary.

On October 31st, 1984, Mrs. Gandhi had a hectic day planned. She was to hold a 'janta darbar,' a public meeting, that afternoon. The session was part of a shoot for a foreign documentary maker, Peter Alexander Ustinov, who had also been with her the previous day in

Bhubaneswar. Later, she was to meet James Callaghan, the former Prime Minister of United Kingdom. In the evening, she was hosting a dinner for Princess Anne, the daughter of Queen Elizabeth II. At around 9 A.M., she walked through the wicket gate, connecting her residence with her office on 1 Akbar Road. Following her was her personal secretary and confidant, R. K. Dhawan. Constable Narayan Singh was carrying a black umbrella to shade her from the sun. On the way, they passed a bearer who was carrying a tea service, as she planned to have tea with Peter Ustinov later. She stopped the bearer to inspect the cups and saucers and sent him back to get another,



better tea-set. At that very moment, unseen by all, her guard, Beant Singh, unholstered his .38 bore revolver and did the unthinkable. He fired from his service revolver at the very person he was sworn to protect. As he shot from just a few feet away, another guard, Satwant Singh, almost on cue, fired several rounds from his automatic rifle into her body. They dropped their weapons on the ground, raised their hands and called out to the other guards to arrest them. A heinous act, committed by two highly misled human beings, had altered the course of a nation's future forever. The ambulance was parked at the back of the house and its driver was not locatable. Dr. K. P. Mathur, her personal physician of 18 years, had come as usual for her



routine check up and left. R. K. Dhawan and another police officer carried her bullet ridden body in their hands up to the official ambassador car and drove straight to the All India Institute of Medical Sciences. The rest is history. Mrs. Gandhi was highly perceptive and became conscious of the hatred that Sikhs felt towards her after Operation Blue Star One day when I went to her residence for a meeting, I noticed that there was some renovation work going on. As we walked towards the house, we passed a Sikh electrician working there. Once in the privacy of her office, she looked up at me and said something that I will never forget, "Wali, I could see the hatred he had for me, in his eyes."

I had not even noticed the man, and yet, she was clearly shaken by whatever she had sensed in that brief glance.

On that fateful day, having returned, I was just sitting down for a late breakfast when the red RAX phone, at our home, rang. It was Sharda Prasad, media advisor to the PM. Even before exchanging courtesies, he blurted out, "The PM has been shot. She has been taken to AIIMS," and there was a lot of noise in the background. I left my breakfast and rushed straight for the car, calling out to the driver to hurry up and move. As I absorbed this shocking piece of information and got into my car, I told the driver to head straight for AIIMS hospital. As I entered the Emergency area outside the operation theatre, I saw Madam Lal Foteela lying on the ground. He was crying out loud and moaning, "Mar diya, mar diya, aap logon ne maar diya." (You people have killed her.) He was uncontrollable, so, I got hold of one of the senior doctors to tell me exactly what had happened. By then, they had already put her on life support, and in the hours that followed, administered around eighty bottles of blood.

At that very moment, unseen by all, her guard, Beant Singh, unholstered his .38 bore revolver and did the unthinkable. He fired from his service revolver at the very person he was sworn to protect. As he shot from just a few feet away, another guard, Satwant Singh, almost on cue, fired several rounds from his automatic rifle into her body. They dropped their weapons on the ground, raised their hands and called out to the other guards to arrest them. A heinous act, committed by two highly misled human beings, had altered the course of a nation's future forever. The ambulance was parked at the back of the house and its driver was not locatable. Dr. K. P. Mathur, her personal physician of 18 years, had come as usual for her

protect. As he shot from just a few feet away another guard, Satwant Singh, almost on cue, fired several rounds from his automatic rifle into her body. This entire dastardly action may have lasted less than a couple of minutes. Between the two of them, they had pumped thirty bullets into her body. They dropped their weapons on the ground, raised their hands and called out to the other guards to arrest them. A heinous act, committed by two highly misled human beings, had altered the course of a nation's future forever. The ambulance was parked at the back of the house and its driver was not locatable. Dr. K. P. Mathur, her personal physician of 18 years, had come as usual for her

Around a half-past two in the afternoon, the doctors finally gave up all hope, came out of the OT and declared Mrs. Gandhi dead. I had already spoken to the Army Chief, General Vaidya, and told him that we will need army assistance. He had immediately ordered troops from Meerut to depart for Delhi as soon as physically possible. I got busy arranging logistics to ensure the speedy return of Rajiv, Pranab Mukherjee and other VIPs to Delhi. I had no one to turn to for any advice and felt the weight of responsibility on my shoulders. At 3:15 P.M., Rajiv and Pranab Mukherjee, along with Ghani Khan Chowdhury, Balram Jhakar, the Lok Sabha Speaker, returned by a

special aircraft to Delhi. Around 5 P.M., President Zail Singh's plane also touched down at Palam. By that time, unconfirmed news of her assassination had spread like wild fire and BBC reported it first internationally. The I&B Secretary, SS Gill, wanted permission to break the news on All India Radio but I told him to hold on. Political decisions for the PM's successor had been taken by then and after my signal, Salma Sultan announced the news on Doordarshan, the government television channel. This was about ten hours after the shooting had taken place. At 6:40 P.M., Rajiv Gandhi was sworn in as India's seventh Prime Minister at Rashtrapati Bhawan.

Much after the dastardly act was committed, I spoke to R. K. Kapoor, Director of the Intelligence Bureau, as to why orders had been flouted. He pleaded helplessness, saying that Mrs. Gandhi had personally ordered that Beant Singh be brought back immediately. This was a typical example of cowardly behaviour and sycophancy.

Knowing that Mrs. Gandhi's life was under threat, and if there was to be any change in her security, I should have at least been consulted by the Director of Intelligence. I would have certainly had a talk with the Prime Minister and tried to convince her about the possible implications on her security. Due to the widespread hostility and unrest amongst the Sikhs after Blue Star, orders were issued to the Intelligence Bureau not to have any Sikh guards in close proximity of the Prime Minister. All the Sikh members of her personal protection team were replaced. This included Beant Singh, who had been her personal protection guard for many years. Unknown to me, and the Home Ministry, she happened to notice Beant Singh's absence and asked why she had not seen him on duty for a long time. She was informed that he, along with other Sikh staff, had been replaced on a directive by GPO as part of the new safety precautions in place. She ordered for him to be immediately recalled and was quite insistent about this. Given the hatred that she had been sensing, she, perhaps, did not want to send any wrong signals to the Sikh community and alienate them further. Beant Singh was recalled without my knowledge.

Chaturvedi had squirmed saying, "How can anyone dare go and give a warning to that all-powerful Mrs. Indira Gandhi? I would look like such a fool, approaching the PM's office with such a bizarre assertion based on predictions by a *New York guru*." Chaturvedi confessed to the *guru* that he planned to stay in the US for a few weeks more, so the whole thing of him personally informing Mrs. Gandhi was quite inconceivable. Finding the episode a bit farcical, he left the place, and pushed the *guru's* pronouncement out of his mind, thinking it to be just one more bluff. To be continued...

or the Home Ministry being notified of this. I am not the one to lament the past, but I do regret not being able to save her life. I had come to know and admire Mrs. Gandhi greatly, not just as the country's Prime Minister but as an individual. I do feel strongly that I should have ordered a closer scrutiny about her personal security arrangements. In a way, I felt that I had let her down and failed in my duty to her as the Home Secretary. She died under my watch and that is a regret I will always carry with me.

A year later when I was Lieutenant Governor, Bhuvanesh Chaturvedi, a Member of Parliament from Rajasthan, came to meet me. He narrated quite an incredible yet interesting story. He had gone to New York as a part of some delegation and met an Indian *Guru* based in New York, who got visions and made future predictions. Apparently, this *guru* claimed that he had some very important predictions to share in confidence with Chaturvedi. Chaturvedi went and met him and was told of the terrible premonitions that the *guru* had been experiencing. Of late, he saw Indira Gandhi in grave danger of her life and saw fires raging all around her in his premonition. The *guru* predicted that the date of this terrible calamity would be 1st of November that year. He continued giving details, predicting that the attack on Mrs. Gandhi would come from the east and there would be fires raging. He was quite insistent that Chaturvedi should "immediately go and inform Madam Gandhi that she should cancel her travel plans to the eastern parts of the country."

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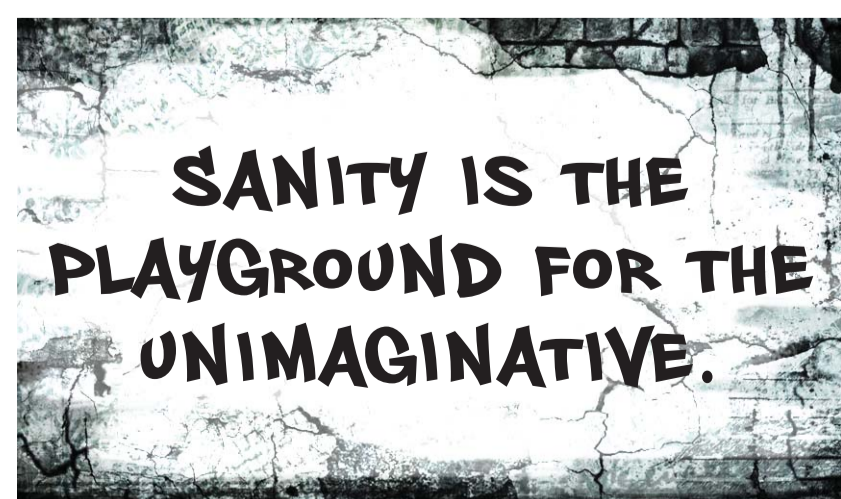
To be continued...

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.

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CHAMELI WALA MARKET
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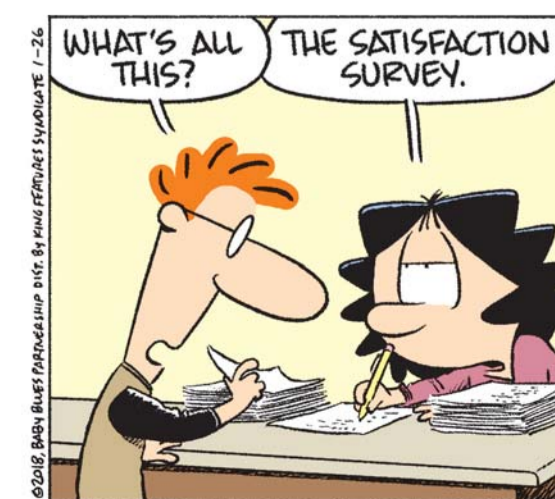
THE WALL



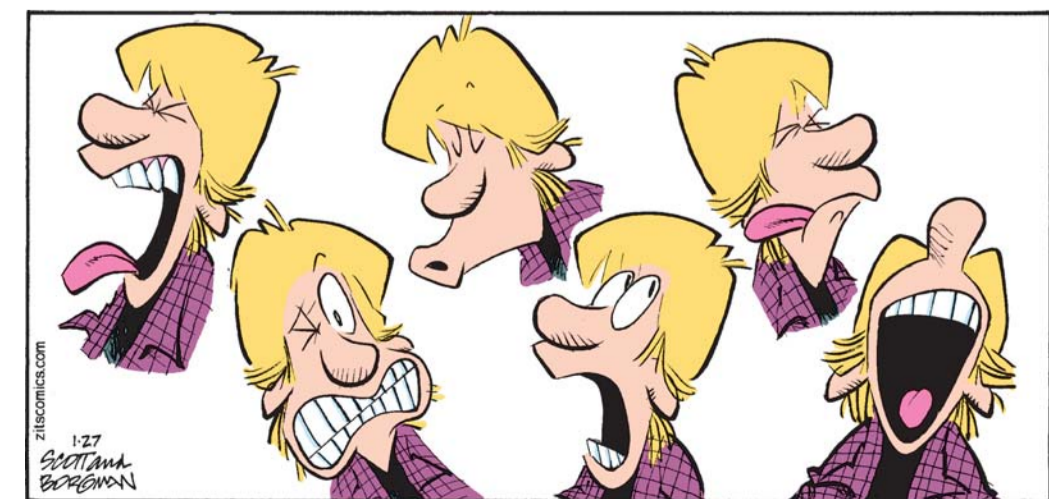
BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott



ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman

