



## Road Safety Week

Road Safety Week, an annual event that takes place globally, is a time when we all come together to raise awareness about the importance of road safety. The week is dedicated to remembering those who have lost their lives on the roads and to educating the public about how to prevent future tragedies. It's a week that brings together individuals, schools, businesses, and public agencies to highlight the part that each of us can play in making our roads safer for everyone. Staying alert, following traffic laws, and avoiding distractions while driving can keep you and others safe on the road.

### #GLOBAL WARMING

## Diamonds could be a brilliant climate solution

Dust from the precious gems might be the planet's best friend.



The Earth needs to chill and showering it in bling could be the way to do it. Scientists are interested in depositing diamond dust into the atmosphere in order to reflect sunlight and cool down the planet. Though using diamond could be more effective and safer than using other particles, the price may not allow the feasibility of such diamond-tossing.

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### Reflection in the sky with diamonds

As climate change takes more of a toll on Earth, scientists are considering methods to cool the atmosphere. One method being discussed is a solar geoengineering technique, which involves depositing sulfur dioxide particles into the stratosphere to 'mimic the natural cooling effects of volcanic eruptions' and reflect solar radiation away from the planet.

their suitability based on their heat absorption, reactivity and reflectivity. Another factor is the 'tendency for particles to clump or settle while suspended in a fluid like the atmosphere.' Particles, that settle out too quickly, may prove ineffective at scattering enough sunlight to cool the planet sufficiently, and those that clump too easily could trap heat, warming the stratosphere in ways that change air currents or capacity to hold moisture.

The method would likely reduce Earth's temperature, but it also has some worried about how the particles will affect the atmosphere. Some effects might include potential ozone depletion and acid rain. Experts have now suggested that a different particle may be a better option, diamonds, or more specifically, diamond dust.

Diamond dust 'was the most reflective and didn't clump,' meaning that it was effective at settling out over the atmosphere and providing longer-lasting cooling effects. Diamonds are also chemically inert, so there'd be no threat of acid rain or another unpredictable reaction. The sulfur particles, on the other hand, ranked second to last because of their tendency to absorb sunlight at certain wavelengths rather than reflect it and its clumpiness.

Injecting diamond particles into the atmosphere could provide the benefits of sulfur dioxide while curbing some of the risks. Researchers tested seven particles as potential atmospheric aerosols and ranked

them based on their heat absorption, reactivity and reflectivity. Another factor is the 'tendency for particles to clump or settle while suspended in a fluid like the atmosphere.' Particles, that settle out too quickly, may prove ineffective at scattering enough sunlight to cool the planet sufficiently, and those that clump too easily could trap heat, warming the stratosphere in ways that change air currents or capacity to hold moisture.

### The price of ice

While diamond dust shows promise, cost is the biggest barrier to implementation. According to the study, 5 million tons of inert diamond dust could potentially cool the planet by almost 1.6 degrees Celsius in 45 years. "But, diamond powder costs are 2,400 times those of sulfur and require far more industrial diamond than is currently produced in the world," said a 2020 study published in the journal *Environmental Research Letters*. The project would cost approximately \$175 trillion to execute.

cost, sulfur dioxide can also be pumped in large quantities and dispersed quickly through the stratosphere with a few aircraft, whereas solid particles such as diamond would need to be gradually delivered over many flights. Sulfates have also been studied widely, whereas the risks of diamond dust are still largely unknown.

Conversely sulfur compounds are 'basically free,' Douglas MacMartin, an Engineer at Cornell University, said to *Science*. "If you ask me today what's going to get deployed, it's gonna be sulfate." Along with the low

"Others are not sold on the idea of solar geo engineering at all because of the 'unforeseen consequences of large-scale implementation,'" said Science. Despite this, solar geo engineering "is not going to go away just because we're not talking about it," Shuchi Talati, the Executive Director of the Alliance for Just Deliberation on Solar Geoengineering, said. "Engaging with it is an opportunity to shape it."



# I was born in a Kashmiri Pandit family where even to raise one's voice was considered bad manners



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.

Madan Mohan Kishan Wali passed away peacefully at home on 21 November, 2019 with his family by his side. The story started in the year 1927, as he writes in his memoirs, "When I emerged into this world, bathed in blood, mother nature was wiping out all memories of the peaceful time in my mother's womb, readying me to face the challenges of life

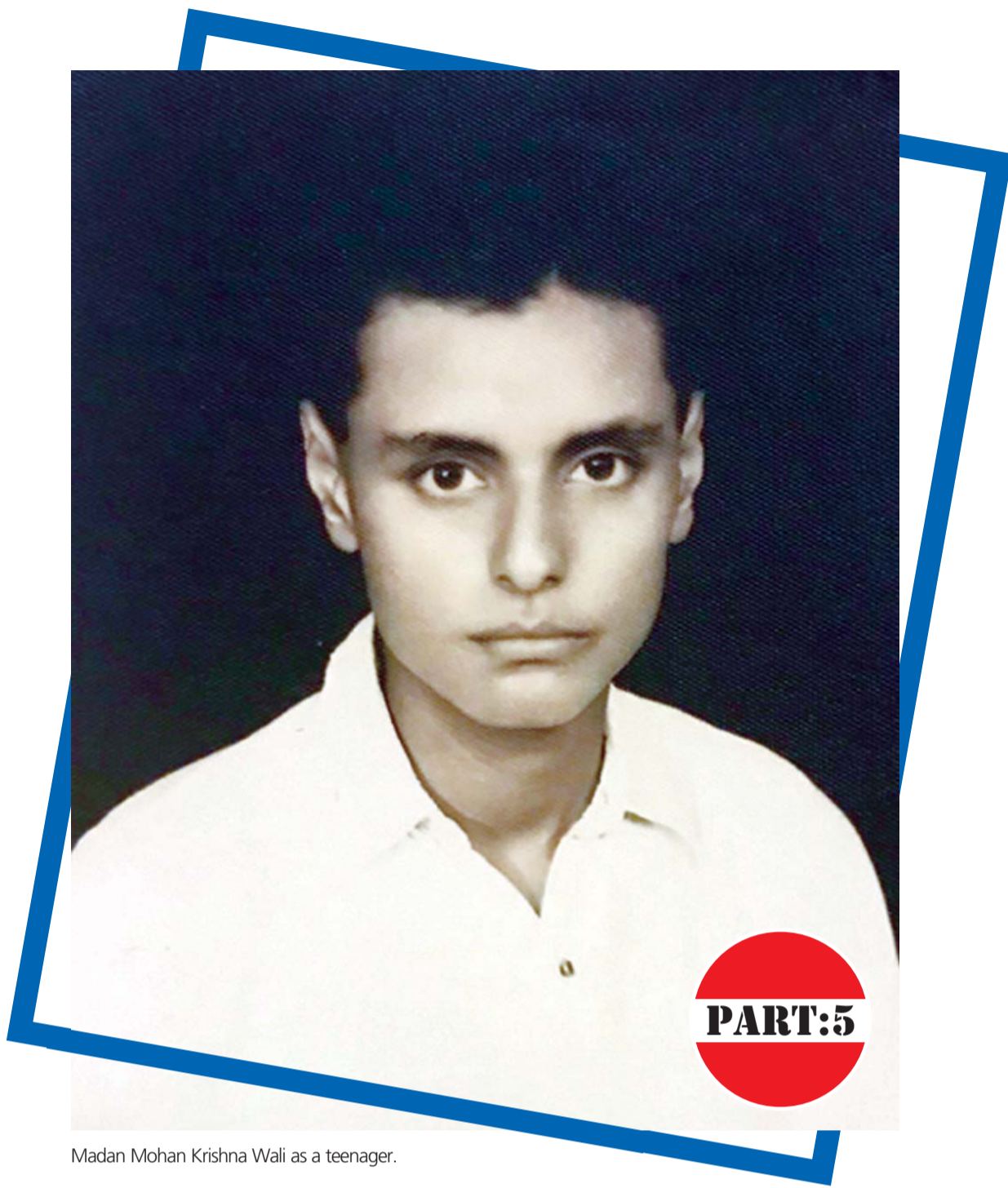
in a tumultuous world. With fanfare and religious rituals, I was bestowed a very Kashmiri Pandit name 'Madan,' signifying the God of love. 'Mohan,' which means charming, and, of course, 'Kishan,' a typical Kashmiri name. Perhaps, it was my parents' way to drive home the point that I may be born in the Punjab, but that I belonged to a Kashmiri Pandit family, where even to raise one's voice was considered bad manners." One reason, perhaps, that when Kashmiri Pandits were subjected to ethnic

cleansing, the tragedy went largely unraised on our behalf. I was born in Sialkot, which was as Punjabi as one could get those days, before the land of the five rivers was divided along religious lines. We were fortunate to have left Lahore before riots broke out and the whole of India witnessed a bloody carnage. The wounds from those turbulent times may have healed but a renewed effort to reopen them seems to be underway. With this massive exercise under the name of National Population Register being undertaken, I dread the questions my daughters will need to answer. They will be asked the date and place of birth, of both parents, along with documents to verify claims of citizenship. One may even have to produce documents proving lineage, including where and when your grandparents were born. My middle daughter, Charu, with whom I hope to spend my last days in peace, will have to bear the brunt of such bureaucracy. I could never imagine for a moment that I will ever need to explain and justify my existence in my own motherland.

I can imagine the conversation that will take place between Charu and the inspector, something on the lines of an exchange, which took place between an insensitive, bigoted inspector and my Manuajjan

These are the memoirs of Madan Mohan Kishan Wali (MMK Wali), an esteemed IAS officer, who held several notable positions in the corridors of administrative power and governance. Born pre-independence, in what is now Pakistan, he experienced the tempestuous years of India's partition as a young man, then, went on to join the IAS and to make his mark in the building of a nation. Spanning almost a century, his journey is as narrated by him, starting from his boyhood, creating his close-knit family, rising to a successful career and being at the helm during many momentous events of the 1980s. He shares interesting anecdotes, candid reflections and personal experiences. A unique insider's view, rich with wisdom and woven together with his love of Urdu poetry. He takes the reader with him on a journey through his life and its many twists and turns.

-Editor, Arbit



Madan Mohan Krishna Wali as a teenager.

PART:5

### #UNDAUNTED BY STRIFE



MMK Wali's father standing behind Maharaja of Alwar.

(uncle) many decades ago, shortly after India's partition as he managed to cross over to India. "Where was your father born?" "Pakistan," she would have to reply. "Why did he leave Pakistan and come to India?" he would probe.

My daughter, normally quite forthright, would be at a loss for words and would hesitantly say, "Well, I assume he wanted to study and get a job..."

Not convinced, the inspector would contemptuously ask, "I know, I know. But why India? Were there not enough opportunities in the place he was born? These useless people just walk into India and do nothing but produce children." Aghast, my daughter would reply harshly, "We are Kashmiri Pandits." This answer would sud-

**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  
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ON: 24.11.2024 AT: 05:00 PM

denly change the inspector's demeanour.

"Sorry madam, your surname was misleading. How come...?" "OK, so, I need to tell you. Our ancestor was awarded the title 'Wali,' meaning a Muslim saint or a very holy person by a Sultan of the Pushtun Durrani Empire, whom he had cured of a serious ailment, by perambulating his bed. Well, whatever!"

My father was a Barrister-at-Law from Lincoln's Inn, though, he had actually gone to England to study Economics at the London School of Economics. He soon discovered that economics was not exactly his cup of tea, so, he moved on to study law. It was a family secret that he was also involved in some anti-colonial activities in

My earliest childhood memory is of visiting my maternal grandparents' home in Jodhpur-Marwar, when I was around five years old. They had a grand house and my nani was also the sister of the Prime Minister of Jodhpur-Marwar State.

England and his name can still be accessed from a record of 'blacklisted' students maintained at Oxford University as I've been told. Historic reasons discouraged Indian bourgeoisie, like my father from following a revolutionary path. Nevertheless, the very presence of such people was a threat to British imperialism. The fallout was that in spite of being a Bar-at-Law, he could not get any decent employment on his return to India and had to struggle to start a career.

Soon after his return from England, my father got married, and unable to secure a job, commensurate to his education, decided to start his own Law practice. An intelligent, sensitive man and a good orator, my father lacked some of the special skills required for becoming a successful lawyer. He was quite averse to lying and was disgusted by some of the tactics employed by his colleagues, to relieve honest clients of their money, often through dishonourable means. He told grandfather that he was not cut out for "feathering my nest by overcharging unwary clients, and making law suits drag on for as long as possible." He practiced for some years in Lahore and was most relieved to quit when he received an offer to join as 'Judicial Secretary' in the small princely State of Suket, presently in Himachal Pradesh. It came as a surprise to him that a principality owing allegiance to the

British would hire someone who had been blacklisted earlier. In 1845, when war broke out between the Sikhs and the British, the Razes of Suket and Mandi took the side of the British, and signed a Treaty of Alliance with them. Most probably, the people in remote Suket hadn't the faintest clue that my father's name was blacklisted in England for anti-colonial efforts.

In most of north India, expecting mothers traditionally moved back to their parent's home for the birth of the first child, the assumption being that she would not get burdened with household responsibilities, would be well-looked after and thus ensure a trouble free delivery. But I was not born in my mother's natal home, which was in the princely State of Jodhpur-Marwar. My nani (maternal grandmother), Sukhi Bai Wattal was sister of Sir Sukhdev Prasad Kak, C.I.E., Sir Bahadur, Kaiser-e-Hind, who along with her husband, Suraj Prakash Wattal, lived in the desert city of Jodhpur, seat of one of the oldest living dynasties, the rulers of Marwar, and now a popular tourist destination. Nana was the Principal of a college and had successfully nurtured and upgraded it from a lower secondary school to graduate level. When it came to matters of his family, my grandfather had little faith in people from the education sector, often chiding them to be "good for nothing pompous fellows."

He decided against sending his daughter-in-law to her maternal home in Jodhpur. My grandfather's younger brother, my father's Chacha was the Superintendent of Jails in Sialkot and had access to medical facilities and maid servants to wait on my mother. The opinion of the to-be-parents was not given any credence and it was finalised that my father will take his wife to Sialkot. She would be in the care of granduncle's family till the child was born.

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place at his own home and under his direct supervision. In a Kashmiri Pandit family, this is a major milestone in a boy's life and commences with a grand ceremony called *Vidhyarambh* (commencement of knowledge) or *Aksharlekhan* (alphabet writing) accompanied by several religious rituals.

From the desert State of Jodhpur, we went directly back to the verdant hills of Sundar Nagar, capital of the State of Suket, where my father was employed. I guess, my fervent love for nature and the mountains is due to my formative childhood memories. Sundar Nagar was a hill station, situated not too high, around 10,000 feet. We had a nice large open house with a big courtyard with black slate tiles. My room was on the first floor, and the window was my grandfather's. I would gaze longingly at the mountain, which seemed to have a magical quality surrounding them. Usually every winter, there would be heavy snow falls. From my room, I was the first to see big heavy snow flakes fall.

Growing up in such sylvan surroundings, I was a bit of an introvert and did not have many friends, unlike my three sisters who were constantly giggling and chatting with their friends. The girls were very close, born in quick succession with barely a year's difference between each of them. I once overheard my father jokingly telling my mother, "You are highly fertile, I just need to touch you, and you get pregnant." Not that I understood, at that point, the full significance of what he really meant by this. I enjoyed all his stories and loved spending time with him. The air in Sundar Nagar was pristine, we would go for long walks in the beautiful green surroundings, but I never really felt tired.

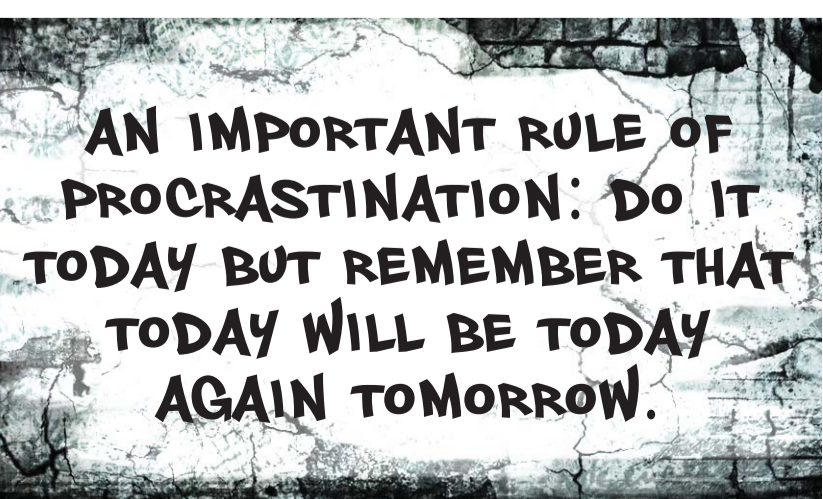
He would point out different trees, their leaves, their local names and the special medicinal properties associated with each. He had built his own knowledge of flora and fauna of the area and patiently explained the peculiarities of each specimen. I would keep pestering him with questions but he was patient and quite happy entertaining my curiosity. I can still feel the light drizzle and the mist that hung in the mountain air during our excursions. My love for nature was kindled by his gentle ministrations from an early age.

अमी सजिले तो बहुत हैं, सिलारों के आगे जहाँ और भी हैं अमी इश्क के इन्हात और भी हैं।

To be continued

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### THE WALL



### BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

### ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman