

My Father (Maze Dada)

My father's name was Madhusudan. He had 4 brothers and 4 sisters. My grand father was a farmer. My father had 3 elder brothers who were all educated. My father insisted on coming to Bombay for studies. He studied in English medium. At the time of his SSC results he was in our village, working in the farm with other labour. His elder brothers never bothered to inform the result.

He then returned to Bombay and stayed with one Lawyer family as paying guest. He pursued Steno typist diploma. With his involvement, he attended the speed of 140/80 in his typing and dictation. He could get a job in Municipal Corporation of Greater Bombay popularly known as BMC. He worked in legal department of BMC. He had good command on English having studied in English medium. He was proud to say that his English is far better than that of lawyers. BMC had laid down quota system for typist. However due to sheer speed and accuracy, my father used to complete the quota by 3 p.m. He used to correct the letters and statements prepared by his superiors / lawyers and gained good legal knowledge in the process.

During evening time, he used to do part time typing job till late night. He used to love his typewriter on par with his kids. I had preserved his typewriter for number of years but finally sold off as it could not be kept in working condition in spite of best intentions, due to obsolescence.

His food habits were not good for his health. Having spent his childhood in a remote native place he used to eat rice which finally led to Diabetes. With his aggressive nature, he ignored it, thereby inviting more problems like TB. He had first attack of TB sometime in 1952. I was just 1 year old. He went to Talegaon Hospital (near Pune) for treatment. There after he started observing some health discipline and changed his

life style. He changed his diet, started some yoga exercise, morning walk etc. He had to take insulin injection every day before lunch. In our house, every body was doctor. We all learned the art of giving injection but my Tai was highly proficient in the job. I used to give him injection from the age of 8 years till his death.

His dress was typical of pre independence days. i.e. Dhoti, Shirt, Coat & Cap. He was very particular about his dress and its cleanliness. He had 2 coats which he used to alternate every week. When I was in 7th standard, with great persuasion he purchased Iron on my promise that I will press his shirt & coat every week. I was very close to him. He used to call me his 'secretary'. I was deeply involved in him and tried my level best to render every possible service to him.

He was short tempered by nature but had clear convictions and ideas. However his love & affection was not for 'show business' but he deeply cared for the family. He used to contribute 25 % of his salary as PF and as per BMC rules, this PF contribution decision was for ever and could not be changed year to year as is done now. Hence in order to meet both ends, he used to do part time typing job, there by spoiling his health in the process.

Every Sunday, he used to take all of us to Girgaum Chowpati. We used to happily eat peanuts and chana. He used to walk down from VT station (BMC Office) to Girgaum in order to save 2 annas (12 paisa) tram ticket. With this saving he used to bring mawa cake from Kayani hotel at Dhobi Talao. The said restaurant is still operative and I had visited the restaurant number of times to taste mawa cake and to remember the sweet memories of my father to whom every one used to call him 'DADA'. I have high regards & I am proud of my DADA unlike in recent TV Ads, a little girl shouts that my Dady is strongest because of the use of Dhara Oil in the house.

He was very particular and meticulous in his approach. He used to write his daily expenses in his small diary and used to tally cash balance held by him. After his sad demise, we opened his 'Patra Trunk' and found many such diaries. Reading of those diaries really opened our eyes. He was drawing a salary of Rs.800/-p.m. (in August 1969 when he expired just 2 months prior to his retirement) Part time typing job was contributing equal amount in which he was managing a family of 6 members.

He was honorary Secretary of Hindu Education Fund which was constituted to help needy scholar students for ensuing higher studies abroad. Loan of Rs.5000/- to Rs.10000/- was granted to each student to be repaid on taking up a job.

He was very fond of doing money lending business with a good purpose. However he was unlucky in the sense that barely any amount was recovered not because the person turned out to be dishonest but because he could not flourish from the loan given by my 'DADA'.

He was deadly against corruption. I feel that many of his qualities have been inherited by me such as sincerity, honesty, involvement, dedication, high moral values.

He expired on 21st August 1969 when I was barely 18 years old. In such a short span he influenced my life to a very great extent and showed me the path to pursue in this wretched world. It was my bad luck that I could not get his company and blessings for more years. At times I wonder as to how he would have felt now if he would have been alive?

He was very fond of Astrology. He used to consult Mr. Bhide (Astrologer) staying at Thakurdwar at periodic intervals. His main concern was his health. I still remember the last prediction given by Mr. Bhide sometime in October 1968. Mr. Bhide said that

Vaidya Saheb, you do not worry, you will be fit & working till end. What I way to solace a worrying mind. But Mr. Bhide knew that my dada's end was around the corner and hence his working till end was just obvious. My dada expired within 1 year. It is pity that after slogging the entire life, he left this world just 2 months prior to his retirement from the job. Why he was not given few grace years to relax after retirement when his sons having settled in life could have offered him the well earned rest? But this was not to be.

He made it a pint to offer equal facilities to all of us including my 2 cousins who were also staying with us for studies.

His 'reading' of all his sons was shared with my MOM but she could not digest it mainly due blind faith for -----. His observations and reading is realized now after so many years. I had developed direct tuning with him and could talk with him on heart to heart basis. I was so much involved with his problems-may be his service tensions, financial problem, health worry, that I had lost charm in 'LIFE' much before I had opportunity to enjoying. Due to my involvement in his problems, he used to hide his worries but generally failed due to my attaining still further height of involvement.

He was of helping nature and gathered many well wishers. However due to straightforwardness (sometimes uncalled for) he also created few enemies.

Probably the only point on which I have the objection is that considering his poor health, he should have limited his family.

Towards end, he developed Liver Cyrosis in October 1968. (A disease wherein blood slowly gets converted in water. The disease originates either due to heavy boozing or due to diabetes.) He was always worried about the end effect of diabetes. He wanted

to remain fit and working till last. He was cured by December 1968 with heavy medication which costed Rs.25/- per day. I used to make calculation as to how many years we can afford the medicine out of his PF amount?

Again in February 1969, he developed Liver Cyrosis which was not cured till last. Finally one day before his demise, he went in coma when doctors attempted to provide relief by sucking water from his belly.

Finally he left this world on 21-08-1969 at about 08.30 am.

Note: My web site 'www.spandane.com' has been dedicated to fond memories of my late father (DADA). Many viewers were eager to know about my father. Hence I have tried to capture his few memories in words. It was a herculean task for me. However I am sure that viewers can definitely understand his personality and his influence on my thinking & ideologies.

Note:

You are aware that my book 'Spandane' and my web site titled 'www.Spandane.com' is **dedicated to my Late Father** who expired at the age of 58 years after fighting with Diabetes for over 35 years. Although his life span was quantified by destiny, he led very cheerful life and remained active till his death. He managed his stress by keeping himself occupied in some activity or the other. He was true '**Karma Yogi**'. His Life Philosophy still inspires & offers solution to me in case of need.

Few my friends and viewers were very curious about my father and hence I have included this short article on him. I am sure that viewers will get some idea about his Life ideologies which had a great influence on my thinking process.