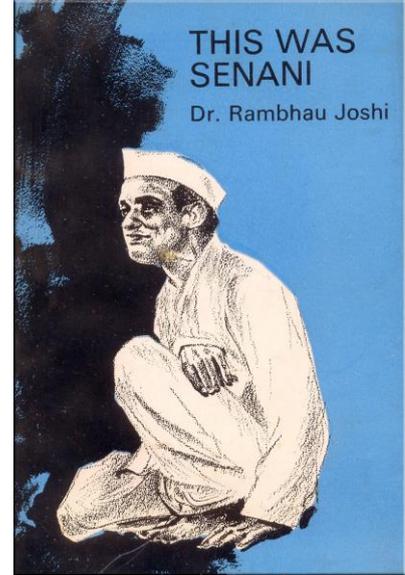


# This Was Senani

Dr. Rambhau Joshi

English Translation by:  
Prof. S.B. Hudlikar

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770 Dr. Ghanti Road Parsee Colony,  
Dadar Bombay 400 014

## AT THE FEET OF THE VENERABLE GURUJI

Maharashtra knows Sane Guruji as a great modern Saint expounding his ideas with a mother's heart, replete with compassion. As a personality Guruji is always adorable to us. We honestly feel that his achievements and his fame should spread more and more in the minds of the people all over and thereby a good turn may be given to the future of the society and the nation as a whole.

Instead of saying that Sane Guruji was a personality it would be much more appropriate to call him an auspicious thought born in Maharashtra, by the blessings of god! Endowed with the meritoriousness of the Indian (Bharateeya) culture, inspiring genius of Dnyaneshwar, Namdeo's devotional love, a heart melting with the sufferings of other people and the hands working hard with the inborn sense of service, the personality of Guruji was adorned with the unique combination of all these great merits. There was no artificiality anywhere, there was no sense of egoism either!

"Let my egoism vanish! Let my name be forgotten!

Let the whole humanity forget me at once!"

This was an everlasting contemplation in his mind. In his entire active life there was a permanent broad image of humanitarian heart, may it be the question of Hindu-Moslem problem, his fasting unto death in the cause of entry into the holy Hindu temples by the Harijans, or may it be the changing of the party in the political field! Whatever questions he handled he used to pour his whole heart into them. "When I give, I give all" was his natural characteristics. His literature, his oratory and his capability of work had made him brilliant. That personality of his was not easily understandable by logical arguments and therefore it was that even many of his own coworkers could not understand him correctly. Of course, he never bothered about it either!

After his departure Guruji is becoming more and more manifest, that is what we feel. His unparalleled love for his country, his devotion to his father and mother, and the great respect he had for his teachers (educators) and for the

great national leaders, his farsightedness in high and low personalities and intolerance in any kind of difference in mankind, his attitude in seeing divinity in little children and especially his earnest desire to live a pure life devoted wholly to God, all these qualities are absolutely essential in modern life. If this Sane Guruji touch stone ' can be made applicable to modern politics, it will turn to be very wholesome for us all, we honestly believe. This is therefore our absolutely sincere desire to spread far and wide the success and fame attained by Sane Guruji, and it is therefore that we are having great regard and affection for those innumerable institutions and societies carrying forward the work of Sane Guruji in Maharashtra.

"I shall render great service to you!

Let me not have that egoism!

Dear God my strength is but feeble!

Please accept my service according to my capacity!"

According to these holy words of Guruji it is the humble aim of the Sane Guruji Balvikas Mandir, to be more and more useful in the cause of children! As one part of the Mandir, we have been publishing the Monthly Magazine "Bal Vikas" for the last few years. In our Magazine "Bal Vikas" for the last one year we have been publishing the inspiring sanctifying memories of Dr. Rambhau Joshi - the intimate friend of Sane Guruji, and we are today publishing the same in English for the wider public.

Those that have read Sane Guruji's "Shyam's Mother" or "Shyam Part 1-2-3," they will never be able to forget "Shyam-Ram."

These two friends met each other for the first time behind the black-board in the School in Dapoli when they were about eight or nine years old. The friendship of Guruji and Rambhau is a holy Ramayan. This holy relationship of friendship Guruji maintained till his death. We derive great pleasure in hearing from Guruji's loving brother Appa Sane, what great pleasure and joy Guruji's sensitive mind was deriving from this devotional friendship. During the life time of Guruji, Dr. Rambhau had obtained a respectable seat in the heart of his dear

Senani and eventually in that of the entire Sane family. Even after the departure of Guruji that the Sane family is bearing the same respectful regard for Dr. Rambhau is no wonder!

After the loss of his friend Dr. Rambhau's mind was torn to pieces like a wounded bird! While telling the memoirs of Guruji Rambhau gets so absorbed in them that he forgets all sense of time, of age as well - he goes to school in Dapoli with his beloved Senani, the sound of coming on the hand of Senani clearly resounds in his ears, he wanders in the Vegetable market-Mandai in Poona, he enjoys eating the Anarsa brought secretly hidden by Senani from Shukrawar-Peth. How many times they laugh, are moved to tears and in each word we hear from him we feel the sense of the loss of his friend, and actually burning helplessly in the agony of losing a great friend!

Being pressed by his listeners the attempt of Dr. Rambhau Joshi to put in words the various aspects of the holy friendship means this book "This Was Senani!"

It is a great blessing of Sane Guruji that we had the good fortune of publishing these holy memoirs in the monthly issues of Bal Vikas. Further memoirs are also being published gradually and they will be published in Part II of this book. We feel like saying humbly that these memoirs will be most certainly useful in understanding the unfathomable individuality of Sane Guruji.

This book in Marathi (1974) is being published today under the auspices of the Mumbai Marathi Granth Sangrahalaya in Bombay, the famous institution in Maharashtra and its Chief Executive Officer Mr. V. V. Bhat, under whose patronage the Bal Vikas Magazine is being published and by the prompt encouragement of Mr. Appa Sane, Mr. Prakashbhai Mohadikar, the founder of Sane Guruji Story-Series is beyond doubt. We are grateful to Prof. Dr. S. B. Hudlikar - the child education expert of international fame and the learned editor of Balak Mandir for giving his sensitively grave introduction to this book to Maharashtra- literature. Prof. Hudlikar has great faith in Guruji's literature and he is doing the translation of "Shyam's Mother" into English and German and so introducing Sane Guruji as a great personality to the whole world. And we are

sure of its success. We are grateful to him for this English Translation of "This Was Senani" also.

The responsibility of Dr. Rambhau Joshi's Marathi manuscript being prepared for printing script was kindly undertaken by the enthusiastic worker of Bal Vikas Mandir, Mrs. Sushila Purushottam Mhatre and she did it with great interest. In the same way Mr. Rajaram Patkar, Mr. Atmaram Shinde, Mr. Bappa Kunkerkar and many other co-workers have also rendered great help which shall ever be remembered with pride and gratitude. Hearty thanks to Mr. K. B. Raul for printing the book very nicely in Marathi.

It is our sincere prayer to God that the attempt of ours be liked by revered Guruji and the lives of us all and those of the younger generation be made happier and more useful by the touch of the personality of our great Guruji!

June 1974

**Y. B. Kshirsagar, M. A.**

Editor: ' Bal Vikas', President: Sane Guruji Bal Vikas Mandir

## INTRODUCTION BY THE TRANSLATOR

I deem it my good fortune that I am writing this introduction to the most wonderful book "This Was Senani" by the famous Doctor Rambhau Joshi of Umbergaon and Sane Guruji's friend from childhood.

I came in personal contact with Sane Guruji through my intimate friend Acharya Atre and that too on account of a peculiar incident. Really speaking Sane Guruji was living on the Dr. Ghanti Road, where I also have been living since 1942- nearly thirty seven years now. Although I know that he had been living so close at hand, just a few houses away from my residence, I had not the good fortune of coming into personal contact with him, although I had read and appreciated all his writings, and his ideas of educating the younger generation were just identical with mine own. I had the impression that he was very shy and had actually plunged headlong into politics, and I had no love for politics or political movements. I had devoted my whole life in the sacred cause of child education. It may be that was the probable cause of my aloofness. But in Pandharpur Sane Guruji went on a fast unto death in 1942 because the priests of Shree Vithal Temple obstinately would not allow the Harijans to enter the temple. This news spread throughout Maharashtra like wild fire and the whole of Maharashtra was shaken as though by an earthquake! That memorable incident has been permanently engraved on my sensitive mind. In order to fulfil Sane Guruji's objective we also must carry on a stirring movement throughout Maharashtra, otherwise a great Saint! -a great devotee of political and social reforms will sacrifice his life uselessly! Influenced by this fear and this sentiment Acharya Atre made up his mind at once to start for Pandharpur and save the life of a great thinker and educator in our modern Maharashtra! Anant Kanekar and myself joined this trip and started in Acharya's car and reached Pandharpur at about 3 p. m. Sane Guruji had begun his fast in a Math and when we went there we saw him very feeble and lying on a cot with eyes sunk down, and very much imatiated. I took his photograph in this condition which has been published in Nava Yuga of Acharya Atre along with his article.

That unprecedented meeting of Acharya Atre and Sane Guruji! Tears were flowing down the cheeks of us all without a single word coming through our mouths, that was as though our thoughts were melted into tears but they proved to be more effective than actual words! They were so to say more eloquent than words! We had decided to see that Sane Guruji gives up this fast at any rate! Of course that feat was not as easy as it looked at the outset. On the one hand the Badves (the priests of the holy temple) had been obstinately refusing to allow the so-called Harijans (the untouchables) to come even near the temple, and on the other hand Sane Guruji was fasting unto death unless the Harijans were allowed to enter the temple! This was a sort of a very dangerous Satyagraha (Insistence for truth). This was a real insoluble dilemma. Of course Sane Guruji's obstinacy was well founded. How can God be contaminated if seen or even touched by a Harijana! Having a bath in the holy waters of the river Chandrabhaga and thus being purified, why should such clean Harijans be refused admission to the Temple of Shree Vithal who makes no distinction between man and man? What a horrible type of social injustice this! A fight must be declared against it, was Sane Guruji's firm stand point. And now he was supported whole heartedly by a great fighter like Atre! And in the end Atre's idealistic insistence, his obstinacy was crowned with success and Sane Guruji's life was saved!

But the real question before us is, why should a saintly sensitive person like Sane Guruji be forced to go on a fast unto death at all? And in solving this problem we get the clear picture of a resolute character of Sane Guruji stands before our mind's eye!

The younger generation of today can get a real image of Sane Guruji from the book "This Was Senani"! by the famous Doctor Rambhau Joshi of Umbergaon. There is a unique importance attached to this book as it vividly depicts the intimate relationship between him and Sane Guruji from the very childhood right up to the end! Without the least compunction he has described every little detail, the entire truth in his book, and so it surpasses all other biographies of other people in Marathi literature!

By the good fortune of Maharashtra and of Marathi literature as a whole, this great book is being published today and who will not be delighted by it, who will not be proud of this publication! Whose heart will not be moved by reading the heart-felt description of "Shyam" by "Ram"?

Sane Guruji wrote his wonderful book "Shyam's Mother!", he wrote many touching and educating stories for the younger generation, many moral tales for the general public, and struggling children and charming poems for all of them, all these are very well known! But how a "Simple Sane" became a "Sane Guruji" this sweet secret we can enjoy only from the book "This Was Senani" which undoubtedly is a fact.

"Ram" has described in a vivid and touching manner all the memorable incidents in the life of Sane Guruji and how after he passed his M. A. Examination he resolved to jump headlong into politics for the liberation of India from the foreign yoke and how he bore untold sufferings silently in the cause of his ideal!

From the two books in Marathi literature "Shyam's Mother" by Sane Guruji and now "This Was Senani" by Dr. Rambhau Joshi Sane Guruji's intimate friend will be shown to the world what a saintly, devoted person Sane Guruji was, in the cause Of social uplift and political liberation! Sane Guruji has proved to be therefore a world figure and it is but proper that the whole world must get acquainted with this great, with this unique personality all sentimental, all sacrificing in the cause of humanity! And in order to give an intimate knowledge of this great personality to the whole world I am giving the translation of this great book by our friend Dr. Rambhau Joshi. Sane Guruji's books translated into English - the world language will carry the message of "Mother's love" and thus the love of one's own Motherland to all homes where English is spoken. And thus the author's dream will ultimately bear fruit.

Acharya Atre's film on "Shyam's Mother" should be revived again and the dialogues should be rendered in English in order to inspire in the hearts of the younger generation, throughout the world, the love of the mother - the love of the motherland!

Acharya Atre wrote about this book:

"Several poets and writers all over the world may have written about "Mother", many have composed poems on them! But Sane Guruji's "Shyam's Mother" in which he has written the great gospel of Mother's love in the Marathi language, is a unique contribution, a unique Epic replete with sweetness and purity, has no parallel in any other language, i think."

"May God bless the soul of Sane Guruji" and may He give guidance to the world to see what great personalities are born from generation to generation in our dear Motherland Bharat!

1st January 1979

S. B. Hudlikar

## **THIS WAS SENANI**

### **RAM'S CHERISHED NARRATION!**

#### **"SENANI, DO YOU REMEMBER?"**

Senani, it is almost two dozens of years since you departed from us! To be more exact, twenty one years have passed! Senani, people say, that you have gone there to take everlasting rest, but shall I tell you the truth? What the people say is altogether wrong or I may say inexact! And the reason for it ... |

Senani, must I disclose to you the reason for it? Now, please remember and tell me yourself – when you used to be here with us, did you ever take rest, and now that you have gone, do you really mean, you are going to take rest? Your whole life was spent in absorbing yourself in hard work of some kind or the other! Would you ever feel happy if you could really take rest?

And Senani, shall I tell you what you must be doing over there? You must be brooding over the thought, that you cannot do anything more for your dear Motherland, for this Bharat but thereby not being disappointed. You must be collecting the actively struggling children that may have come to meet you there, and comforting them and being seated amongst them, you must be telling them interesting, inspiring stories! And those children must be feeling themselves delighted and thanking themselves that they could again listen to your pure, cheering words! They must be listening to your sweet words with their minds all concentrated and with all attention!

But Senani! I ask you straight away, you departed from here, without meeting your dear little boys and girls, without their permission, haven't you thereby committed a sin against them? These children are now crying loudly remembering you!

Senani, do you remember - you had come to Umbergaon in the month of May in the year 1949? At that time we two, were taking a walk in the pleasant moonlight. You had returned then from your Anter-Bharati (Inter Bharati) propaganda tour, in Belgaum and Dharwar districts! You had been then

thoroughly disappointed because you did not get a fitting response in your tour! You were saying to me - "Ram, I am dead tired now! I can't render any service to my motherland, for the benefit of our people! Why should I carry on the useless burden of my life any more on my shoulders! It is enough now!

And Senani, do you remember, I was telling you what you say is partly true. But you do not know yourself, in a way you don't understand, that you may not have any more need of your own life, but the entire student - population, your dear children all over, how anxious, how eager they are to hear those few inspiring words through your mouth, to observe your life of sacrifices close at hand! Thereafter dedicate your entire existence for their good, and please don't do anything without their permission! Today they are in great need of a self-sacrificing, selfless person like you! Please don't do anything absurd, for their sake at least! "

But dear Senani! You did not pay attention to my words! You did what you thought fit!...? Result ...? The result is this, that those very students, those very little children are lamenting loudly, remembering you!

Senani! amongst these very children there are quite a large number of hard working, struggling for existence ones, being inspired, to cheer them, I have decided to attempt to tell them your life history during your student days, how you framed your own career, some passing aspects of your life - through some of your remembrances.

Senani, do you remember? In our young days we used to talk to each other in a dumb manner? You first came to meet me in Gogte s Boarding house in Camp Dapoli, and thereafter also on several occasions, instead of talking to each other, we were spending our time in conveying to each other our thoughts through our hearts overflowing with sentiment! And today - today I am telling our remembrances with an overflowing heart!

Senani! Once I had come to meet you in Poona, at that time you had become a cook and you were looking after the students come from Khandesh! And at that very time one student actually addressed you as "Mother Then I came to realise what you were doing for them! And today you have gone away without taking

their permission, after you had tenderly loved them with the love of a mother, and after creating love for you in their heart of hearts!

Senani! Did you really not have any sentiment while going away from them?

Senani, you did not realise! You went away from here but you took away the human sentiment with you! What shall I say to you?

Senani, do you remember? Our teacher's mother was down with plague, and how selflessly you served her? What could the teacher give you? But with what sense of gratitude he offered you a fresh glass of milk—the sentiment in his eyes.... Senani, don't you remember all that?

Oh, Senani, how selflessly you nursed my sister when she was down with typhoid ! And I am telling you, just initiating your sense of service to humanity I began my career as a doctor!

Senani I We were trying to worship you as " God " in our young days 1 You used to get upset over it and in great fury you used to walk away from us! We were doing all that under the influence of sentiment I In a way it may have been a bit of an exaggeration also. Taking for granted that it was right, still Senani you were really great by virtue of your noble mind. And today we realised that you were not God but a "Human being" and that was really your greatness. But-now-a-days even after hunting out all over it has become impossible to find a "Man" with humanity in his heart! Therefore I do say that you took away with you that humanity as well, when you departed from us!

Senani! It is in a way easy for a human being to become "God" but being a *man* (human) is a difficult task! You however did show that!

Now I feel it my sacred duty to tell everyone big and small, in the form of those remembrances of yours, of your great deeds in those days!

Senani! I am exerting myself to tell some of those happy remembrances so that I could get inspiration from your career, to absorb at least some part of your selfless life, to continue your selfless service to humanity; with this very ideal I have decided to carry on my life.

Senani, do you remember? We had decided to meet each other even after death! In fact we had promised each other to do that. But nothing of that sort has happened yet. But am going to meet you through my heart, remembering the old time memories. And Senani, be assured, that whatever I close my eyes. I always visualise you before my closed eyes very distinctly!

If anyone would get inspiration from your life and if he would try to imitate you then I shall deem that your "self-sacrifice" has born fruit! What more shall I say?

Umbargaon (Dist. Balsad)

Your dearest friend

Dated 24th December 1972

**Ram**

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## 1. MY GREAT CHILD FRIEND "SIMPLE SANE"

In the evening after finishing the day's hard work when I rest a little in my easy-chair, I am often reminded of the sweet memoirs of those good old days of my childhood. Amongst these memoirs some that have been firmly impressed upon my mind, do crowd themselves and stand before my mind's eye. These memoirs are always of my departed friend whose name is "Pandurang Sadashiv Sane" alias "My Senani" or in the later age who attained fame as "Sane Guruji". How time flies as I sit ruminating over these sweet memoirs, does not even strike me! Finally what strikes me most is, that if one educates oneself with a distinct ideal right from the childhood, to what great height one can reach is a living instance, and that is "Sane Guruji".

No individual is born great. One attains to this greatness by dint of his hard labour. When one actually examines certain instances, one is struck with wonder to realise what a training one has to give to his mind, what discipline one has to follow, how one has to live a hard life with a perfect control of the mind, to attain to all these qualities! There is a well-known proverb which says: "You can attain to a great position only if you pass through hard times!" We can easily utter this proverb, but while actually living upto it, when you think of what trials one has to pass through, you feel struck dumb with wonder!

In his childhood "Sane Guruji" was known as "Simpleton Sane", amongst us school children! But the same "Simpleton Sane" in his later career through sheer hard, ascetic, disciplined life became "Sane Guruji" not for those days only, nay for all the future generations he attained a place of high regard in the hearts of the entire student world. By his behaviour, by his action he proved "If a man really works hard he attains godhood!"

How was this Sane Guruji then? How did he spend his life? Strictly controlling his mind, living a life of strict discipline, how he attained greatness, all these facts I had the good luck to see from a close approach. Sane Guruji has a vast number of friends. In his future career, several people came in his close inner

circle of active life, they might have collected round him as friends, many might have seen him, understood him in one capacity or another; but if anybody had the good fortune of knowing him intimately, of recognising his merits, and getting them firmly impressed upon his mind, I must say it was I. I say this with honest pride and without the least exaggeration.

In those days Sane had a vast crowd of friends around him, and it is also true that they had observed him very closely too. In spite of all this very close contact, if anyone had secured a place of absolute oneness, of very great intimate friendship, that was secured by "Shyam's Ram" – of course that is by me. Because I am the Ram of that Shyam!

Many memoirs of this "Simpleton Sane" in later age Senani and in the last stage of his life "Sane Guruji", crowd in my memory very often. I feel a flooding emotion in my heart when I tell and retell these memoirs to my listeners and particularly to the students, and not only the eyes of some students but also those of some elderly persons are filled with tears. I am in the habit of telling these memoirs again and again. Due to my profession I have been living a bit apart from others and hence my contact with a majority of the student class and other workers is rather rare. But whenever I get an opportunity I burst out with a deep emotion, those happy, sweet inspiring memoirs to my listeners.

I had such an occasion at the Mulund Centre of "Sane Guruji Balvikas Mandir" at the meeting celebrating the birth day of Sane Guruji. In that meeting, the audience consisted of men and women, young and old, I got the opportunity of telling these happy memoirs. Of course how many memoirs could I recount in an hour and a half? And yet after listening with rapt attention to those memoirs, the then Secretary Mr. S. D. Barde, President, the late Mr. V. V. alias Bappasaheb Dalvi, and Mrs. Sumati Barde, the Principal of the High School in Mulund, and my friend Mr. S. M. Bhole, they all made a pressing request to me that I should write out those sweet memoirs and publish them. I am very much obliged to thank them for their request and so I am putting those memoirs now in writing.

I need not say that these are memoirs only of us two, of "Shyam's and Ram's" personal, individual life! I had not at all come into contact with the public life of Sane Guruji, in fact I could not. Hence these memoirs have no bearing on the public career of Sane Guruji. But on the strength of these memoirs one could clearly come to realise how Sane Guruji was evolved out of a "Simpleton Sane". This secret can be relished with a deep significance. For the formation of character of young pupils of the new generation, these memoirs will serve a great purpose. This is my humble tribute to the memory of my dear friend of childhood!

## 2 FROM TODAY WE ARE FRIENDS!

This incident is from the year 1913. At that time I was in III Standard English, i.e. the present day Standard VII. One day about four o' clock, a rather thin bony person entered our class room with his ward. He told something to our class-teacher, and our teacher asked the boy to sit on the last bench on the last number. When the man saw the boy seated on his seat there, he made a sign to him and he walked away. And our teacher continued his teaching work.

Soon that period was over, and the second was also over and the bell rang for the closing of the school. According to the custom in those days, the boys used to sit on their benches according to their numbers, carrying with them only the bag for books. The discipline in those days was that the students had to take off their shoes behind the blackboard, kept standing on a tripod in the corner near the entrance door. We had to remove our sandals or shoes and putting our umbrellas behind the blackboard and tying our bags round our shoulders we had to occupy our fixed seats, barefooted! Similarly when the first bell would ring for the closing of the school we had to put-on our shoes and taking our umbrellas we had to stand up by our seats assigned to us, and then we had to go out of the class-room one after the other in a regular serial manner. In those days students had no desks to write upon but only benches without backs. The blackboard used to stand in a corner near the door, and the benches were arranged in a row along the walls. Students used to sit on these benches. On the other side of the blackboard, along with the wall used to stand the chair and table for the teacher, and a box just near at hand for the articles belonging to the teacher, such as catalogue, books, dusters, canes, chinks, pencils, inkpots, etc.

That day when the first bell for closing the school was rung, just like the other pupils, but without crowding I went behind the blackboard to take up my sandals; at that time the new boy also came to pick up his umbrella. We just casually looked at each other. Then he smiled and looked at me and asked: "Well, what is your name?" I also casually replied "Joshi!" "And what is your

name?" "My name is Sane! And look here, from today we have become friends!" I also replied with a smile: "Well then, from today we have become friends!"

This I said just very casually, but what did the boy mean by his words: "Well then" or in what context he had used those words, could not be quite clear. Really speaking the words ' well then ' have a special significance based on cause and effect. But here, there was nothing of that kind! The boy had also uttered those words very casually. There wasn't therefore any special meaning to those words in his mind.

This was my first meeting and acquaintance with Sane! Our friendship started right from that very moment. We thought, we spoke and we became friends. There is absolutely no reason whatever why we should feel friendship for each other at the very first sight. There is a proverb "Some internal motive power attracts things." This was exactly like this! To sum up, what I have to say is, my first acquaintance with Sane, our meeting and friendship behind the blackboard was just a pure accident. And that friendship grew up like the growing phases of the moon, and it lasted to the very last day endowed with affection and intimacy!

Even today I remember precisely and before my closed eyes I clearly see, that at that time Sane was wearing a checked coat with dark stripes. Whenever he walked into the class he had his eye half-closed. In his childhood he had some eye trouble and therefore in order to avoid the glare of the sunlight he used to close his eyes partially while walking. Our class teacher had observed this and since that day he used to call him "Simple Sane!" by the mode of his walking, and he used to call him by that very name. Because the class teacher himself used to call him by that name, all we boys also began to address him as "Simple Sane." At that time asked: "Well, what is your name?" I also casually replied "Joshi!" "And what is your name?" "My name is Sane! And look here, from today we have become friends!" I also replied with a smile: "Well then, from today we have become friends!"

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Really speaking the words 'well then' have a special significance based on cause and effect. But here, there was nothing of that kind! The boy had also uttered those words very casually. There wasn't therefore any special meaning to those words in his mind.

This was my first meeting and acquaintance with Sane! Our friendship started right from that very moment. We thought, we spoke and we became friends. There is absolutely no reason whatever why we should feel friendship for each other at the very first sight. There is a proverb "Some internal motive power attracts things." This was exactly like this! To sum up, what I have to say is, my first acquaintance with Sane, our meeting and friendship behind the blackboard was just a pure accident. And that friendship grew up like the growing phases of the moon, and it lasted to the very last day endowed with affection and intimacy!

Even today I remember precisely and before my closed eyes I clearly see, that at that time Sane was wearing a checked coat with dark stripes. Whenever he walked into the class he had his eye half-closed\* In his childhood he had some eye trouble and therefore in order to avoid the glare of the sunlight he used to close his eyes partially while walking. Our class teacher had observed this and since that day he used to call him "Simple Sane!" by the mode of his walking, and he used to call him by that very name. Because the class teacher himself used to call him by that name, all we boys also began to address him as "Simple Sane." At that time none of us had the least idea, neither did it occur to any one of us, nor could we think then, – it was quite impossible to think also, – that this "Simple Sane" would one day grow into an extraordinary individual "Sane Guruji"!

The "Simple Sane" of those days reached the high status of "Sane Guruji", of course he did not attain that position very easily! He had to perform a severe penance for that, he had to pass through very severe hardships, right from the very beginning he had taught his mind perfect discipline. In those days to carry on his studies to get knowledge, he had observe the penance of suffering hardships of whatever kind, that might befall him. His home life was very much

poverty- stricken. On that account a finer type of life was naturally denied to him. A poor boy has to suffer all sorts of insults and jeerings. Even so, he never took it ill whenever we addressed him, "just out of the sheer mischief "Simple Sane"! And never did he wound the feelings of others by retorting, even with a simple offensive word. Forbearance, and endurance were in him to the fullest extend Really speaking when we are studying in schools if someone is taunted by a foul name, we would certainly retort, retaliate by saying "tit for tat". But in the case of Sane things were far too different!

### 3. SWEETMEATS BROUGHT BY FATHER

As soon as the bell for the mid-day recess used to ring, all of us students used to walk about in groups, or sometimes we used to sit in the shade of the trees. On one such a day as we were talking all sorts of nonsense, Sane's father came in all of a sudden enquiring about him. As soon as Sane saw him, he got up and asked him with a smiling face the reason of his coming. His father had walked all the long distance from Palgad to Dapoli and had brought with him a tin of sweetmeats for Sane. Our school in Dapoli was at a distance of about ten or twelve miles from Palgad! Father handed over the tin to Sane and asked him to eat it in the evening. When he would go home, his father had just casually told him that and Sane also said, "Well, thanks" and kept the tin with him. After his father departed Sane opened the tin and distributed the sweetmeats amongst all of us.

Sane taught us by action that day, what a delightful pleasure it is to distribute sweets amongst friends and eat them in company even if it be an insignificant thing. The built of his mind was of that kind. Instead of enjoying happiness and pleasure singly, it increases manifold if it is distributed amongst friends. Sane taught this very important lesson to us. The matter may be very unimportant but the philosophy behind it was of such an importance! Any other boy would certainly have hidden away the tin of sweets in his pocket and would have eaten the contents all by himself! But the make-up of Sane's mind was like this even in those days, that one must allow others also to partake of one's happiness. Avoid selfishness!

#### 4. HIDE AND SEEK OF LOVE FOR A FRIEND

In those days Sane was a bit of a lover of solitude. But this love of solitude was not at all due to human hatred. But it was due to his feeling that he should not be a trouble to anyone. He was behaving with me and I was also behaving with him with all our souls in such a way that you would not find the same love and regard for each other even amongst brothers! And the most wonderful part of it is, that there was really no reason whatsoever as to why we were so much attracted to each other, why we should feel so much friendship for each other. But it is quite certain that we did have an attraction for each other! As soon as we used to enter our class, if our eyes used to search for anything at all, it was solely for each other! We could not help but meet each other, see each other and touch each other. Joy used to pour out of our eyes when Sane saw me and I saw him, and touching each other we used to inquire of each other like this: "When did you come?" We could not be satisfied unless we asked this simple question, meaningless as it was. This was our behaviour right from the beginning. I say it again and again, there was absolutely no reason whatever as to why we felt for each other like that: "There may be some innermost reason for it!" seems to be the fact.

But just see what used to be the result of this all. In our childhood as school boys, on account of a very insignificant thing we would misunderstand each other, quarrel with each other and drop off talking to each other, without rhyme or reason. Sane and myself used to misunderstand each other for no reason and we used to stop talking to each other. This misunderstanding and this stopping of talking was so whimsical that we would not even look at each other nor would we touch each other. In our childhood's unreasoning mind we used to have such "untouchability". But in our heart of hearts we used to have quite different things altogether! I used to feel that Sane should start talking to me first. He should touch me first. And forcing ourselves for no reason we used to turn our back to each other. In those days amongst us school boys there used to be a practice with us, that as soon as we used to come to know that

someone has stopped talking to his friend we used to push one against the other. On that account they had not only to touch each other but has to meet each other. This used to happen often times between me and Sane. Then I used to purposely tell someone that "We were not on friendly terms with each other, that we don't talk to each other." The point behind this action" was that the others should push me against Sane or Sane against me so that we would meet each other again and get on again friendly terms: It was like saying "Get me home" when a boy had quarrelled at home and nobody would bother about him. All this was nothing but mock hide and seek. But it was so joyful, so pleasant all the same! All the things in childhood are like this without rhyme or reason and that is why they are also pleasant. "Oh God, give us back our childhood!" is a right prayer.

But that day our quarrel took a bitter turn. I never looked at Sane even askance, nor did I tell anybody that we had quarreled with each other. But in my heart of hearts it was smothering and the same must have been the condition with Sane. But our childhood's stiffness, that pride would not allow us to take up any step at all. Sometimes it used to happen like this also, that Sane threw a twisted up piece of paper at me, in which he used to write "Shall we start on talking to each other again?" When that piece of paper used to fall on me, I used to feel extremely cheered up and with a false pretence of self-dignity I used to show that I was ready to talk, and we used to talk to each other again. But that day nothing of that kind happened. I was looking askance at Sane but all was futile. I was thoroughly disappointed and disgusted in my mind. I could not think as to what I should do then. I felt that Sane should start talking to me\* first but to start talking to him, my false pride used to come in the way. Gradually it became evening, and I returned home in the same dejected mood!

## 5. CONFESSION AFTER TWENTY YEARS

I was feeling uneasy throughout the night. I could not even sleep well. After getting up in the morning I finished my bath etc. and taking a paper and pen and sat down to write a letter to Sane. I was writing to him, and yet I had that stubbornness in my mind. I wrote a letter to Sane, I wrote my first letter to him, but I did not want him to know from whom it was. I wrote on the top of the letter instead of the name of the town r Earth ", and the signature down below was "X". I do not now remember what the contents of the letter were. But I do remember that I had earnestly requested him with all love to talk with me again, I posted the letter. I had written Sane's address very correctly. Sane got the letter and he at once realised that it must be from me. Of course my signature was not there down below. It was "x". Still Sane was convinced that the letter must have been written by me.

He was Sane indeed! In those young days having read my most pathetic letter he was inspired and in that strain he answered that letter in a poem of four or six stanzas.

I believe, that must be Sane's first poem ever written! In his soul, and in his heart Sane was a born poet. It is a fact that he got inspiration from that funny letter of mine to write out his first poem. I think Sane must have realised from that very moment that he could compose poems. At that time we were in English Standard IV - it means we were about fourteen years old then. Sane's capacity to compose poems dates from that time.

Next day when we met in the class Sane said, "I halve received your letter." But my useless egoism burst forth and I said that I had never written any letter to him at all. And still Sane gave me his poem written in reply to my letter. What was the next poem about? How it was? Today I do not remember anything about it. What I just remember is that he had written that poem in red ink. I had preserved that paper with his poem for several years. AH the various slips of paper received by me from Sane I had carefully kept in a small cloth-bag and

secretly locked up in a trunk or a box of some kind. That letter meaning thereby that the poem and several slips of paper I had carefully preserved for eighteen years. But in 1932 or 1933 I burnt them all.

I forgot to mention here about my letter! Sane must have asked me at least three or four times as to whether I had really written that letter, and every time I had denied having done it.

Much later, when I was at Umbergaon in 1932, Sane had come to see me. On that occasion just remembering I had said to him, "Senani, do you remember when we were in IV Standard we had stopped talking to each other? At that time you had been asking me about a letter. Till now I had been denying it frankly. But with the same frankness I tell you today, "Yes, that letter was written by me. At that time I was feeling uncomfortable without your company and that is why I had written that letter to you. After so many years I am openly confessing it today to you!"

I Sane did not tell me what he felt then in words, but as soon -as he heard from me what I said he clasped me in a close embrace.

Today I feel that I should not have burnt that poem and those slips of paper from him. But what about it now! The matter is over, over long ago!

## 6. CANED TILL BLOOD FLOWED OUT FROM HAND!

We were then in IV Standard. Late Krishnaji Pandurang Limaye was teaching us Sanskrit. He was a poet and his nickname was "Radharaman". By nature he was a man full of wrath. But as he was an expert in teaching Sanskrit, we, his students, had great respect and regard for him. He was a man of very strict discipline and as such he used to treat us, his students, with great strictness and sternness. During his period we had to sit close to each other with our school satchels of books and notebooks round about our necks. That was his strict order. He was rather a well-built person and we boys used to be terribly afraid of him.

At that time we had a practice among ourselves, to come to school early in the morning, put our satchels with our numbers on the benches and after hearing the first school bell for the opening of the classes we used to enter the class-rooms. Till that time we used to play about in the school compound or do some mischief. Some students used to sit under a tree in groups. Some others used to play hide and seek and spend the intervening time in some such sort of an occupation. Sane used to keep on talking in the group of his friends, or going in the Drawing Hall to rotate a wooden cylinder there with his foot. The drawing teacher used to make use of these cylinders as models for the students of the drawing class.

But on this particular day two mischievous boys from our own class had a sudden impulse of playing some mischief. After the students had left their satchels on their respective seats in the class-room they had gone out to play about or do some monkey tricks. These two boys collected these satchels together, tied them up with their strings and the bundle thus made they kept it right in the centre of the class-room. Sane was unfortunately there in the class room at that time, and he was watching their mischief. Those mischievous boys were laughing over the fact that when the students would return to the class-room after the first bell was rung, how they will be confused seeing their satchels all tied up together!

In the meantime the first bell rang and the second bell would be rung after five minutes and the teachers would start coming into the class rooms was a fixed rule. And when the students after coming in the class found their satchels all tied up together they started pulling their satchels in confusion. But they could not, as they were very tightly tied together. There was a big push and pull and a loud laughter and clapping of hands resounded in the class-room. Sane who saw all this pulling and pushing said to these boys: "Oh, why are you doing all that? By this you will tighten the knots much. Now, please do this, take this knife and cut the knots so that the bags will be easily separated. Please hurry up, the second bell will just be rung, and our teacher will enter the class room! Today Mr. Limaye has his period. Please hurry up and cut the knots with the knife. But nobody was willing to follow this advice. Each one was busy in getting his bag free! Thereby some bags were torn, turned upside down and the books and notebooks inside were being thrown on the floor: Still Sane went on advising them to cut the knots with a penknife—and just then...

The second bell rang and Mr. Limaye, the class teacher, entered the class. When he saw all this hubub his wrath knew no bounds. The students were all terribly frightened. They began to run to their seats with their torn bags – one boy actually pulled the whole bundle together to his seat and Sane in a way being thoroughly disappointed silently walked back to his seat. Mr. Limaye saw this and due to his uncontrollable wrath he had the impression that Sane himself must have tied all these knots! He was simply trembling with anger. Standing in front of the table he shouted out "Who did this? And you were here, you must have put these knots together or you must be certainly knowing who done it. Come on, tell me. Who put these knots together? I shall cane every one now!"

But all the boys in the class were dead silent being, terribly frightened. All were sitting on their benches with down cast looks. Only Sane was standing near his seat. Mr. Limaye got still more upset. He shouted "You! you tell me! Who else did it, you did, didn't you? "

But Sane had not done it. The only fact was, Sane alone knew who had put the knots. He humbly said, "I haven't done it!"

"You might not have done it yourself, but you must be certainly knowing who had done it. Come out, tell me the names. I shall cane every one now", and Mr. Limaye turned all red and yellow in his face owing to terrible anger. Biting his teeth with anger he shouted: "You will not open your mouth this way! Come on own up!" And turning his fiery look all over the class. "Tell me the names of the boys who did this." But...But! Nobody in the class said a word. Those who had tied the knots were dead silent and none but Sane knew the names of the mischief-mongers. Sane also was dead silent! Mr. Limaye was now convinced that it must be Sane himself, who must have done this mischief. He roared: "Monitor, bring two canes from outside." The monitor got an opportunity to escape out of the class. There were a number of Nirgudi trees outside. He cut with his knife two strong canes and handed them over to Mr. Limaye silently.

Mr. Limaye struck these canes on the table and ordered "Stand up all of you, boys, I give you two cuts each, and this, this rascal you see! I shall hit him so hard!" He cast his fiery glance at Sane, who was already standing over there, now came forward, and Mr. Limaye started hitting two canes on each boy right from number one onwards.

After caning every boy in the class he came to Sane and being more terrific said, "Now you hold up your hand. I shall now hammer you. You must have done all this mischief!" And with an uncontrollable fiery wrath he began caning Sane continuously. The cane broke into two pieces, Sane's hand began to bleed, the blood dropping on the floor. Sane said nothing', nor would he take back his hand. He took a second cane and started beating him again with terrible fierceness on his other hand, which too began to bleed, and drops of blood fell on the floor. That cane also broke off. Angrily Mr. Limaye threw away the broken pieces and shouted at Sane ordering him to take his seat!

Sane, with his both hands bleeding, went to his seat. It was a marvel. Sane did not utter a single word, nor did he tell anybody's name! The whole class was

struck dumb, was touched to the quick, was frightened, perhaps some eyes were full of tears as well, after seeing this incident!

Soon regular study began, but none could pay attention to what was being taught. And just look at this funny coincidence. That very day we had a Shradha or Paksha ceremony in our house, and so I was late in going to school. Half an hour after the lesson had begun in the class, I came and said: "May I come in Sir!" So being permitted I entered the class. I had no idea whatever of what had transpired before.

Mr. Limaye's class was over and he went out. The next teacher arrived. His class was also over, and the recess started. What I felt most was, that the entire class was dead silent so far. The recess started and I had an opportunity to ask what had happened. In the meantime Sane and some other students were sitting under a tree.

By the time I could make a thorough inquiry with my fellow students, the recess was over. Sane was sitting under a tree and some other students were making a casual inquiry. But all this time Sane was thinking "My Ram will just arrive, and will blow his healing breath on my bleeding hands." But this was not to be. Because Ram had no knowledge of it at all. He was inquiring from other students about this incident during the recess. I could meet Sane only the next day and then I looked at his hands. He had scars of dried up blood stains!

## 7 STUDENTS' SEAT OF FAITH

By the general behaviour of Sane on that day all the students began to have respect for him and had faith in him too and we also learned quite a lot of things from his conduct that day. Sane knew the names of all the boys who had tied up the knots still he kept silent and attracted all the wrath of Mr. Limaye towards himself and silently bore the terrible punishment meted out to him. Sane taught us by his example how we must be ready to bear all the grief by ourselves for the sake of others. Mr. Limaye was actually hammering him as he would hammer a cattle, but with a firm resolve in his mind he did not even utter a "sigh" even once, nor did he withdraw his hand! The poor old cane broke into pieces. The wrath and vehemence of Mr. Limaye proved fruitless. All happened, but Sane never withdrew his hand!

When one has once resolved to bear sufferings for others there is merit in it. Sane demonstrated this to us by his conduct and taught that lesson!

## 8 NOBILITY OF HEART

As a matter of fact this incident ought to end here, but a far different end is coming later on. Later on means almost about thirty or thirty-five years later. The good old Bawla (naive) Sane had then attained to the respectable position of Sane Guruji. Some years after that after Mr. Limaye had expired his soon decided to publish in a book form the life of his father. The publication ceremony of this book took place in Thakurdwar, in the Mumbai Marathi Granthasangrahalaya (Bombay Marathi Bibliothek) under the Presidentship of Maha Mahopadhyaya Datto Vaman Potdar. Sane Guruji was the Chief speaker on that occasion. After doing the formal opening ceremony of the book Sane Guruji paid a great compliment to his teacher in his childhood with great respect to him. It is said that Sane Guruji's respectful regards paid to his teacher moved the heart of Mr. Potdar to tears. Who was great? Sane Guruji or his Guruji?

Mr. Limaye may have treated the then simple Sane with unthinkable harshness but he was really a very tender hearted person is also a fact. He had great sympathy for from students. He used to help such students in various ways. Monetary and educational as well. Sane was trained under such a teacher, he was closely observing the kindhearted conduct of his teacher, storing it in his heart of hearts, and it is therefore that he became Sane Guruji in later years, and proved to be adorable to his students. It is really a matter of wonder how it was that Sane Guruji alone turned out to be so amongst so many students of his! A whole series of Sane Gurujis should have turned under Limaye's training! But...!!

## 9 WONDERFUL CAPACITY FOR LEARNING BY HEART!

It is a fact that Sane was counted among the clever students in the school. But he never had the first or tire second number in the class. Generally he used to be among the first ten boys. That is all! At first we used to look upon him as a very studious boy rather than as a very clever one. But when we came in the V Standard we came to realise that Sane was fond of reciting poems by heart and that he was an expert in that art. He was also much ahead of us in Sanskrit as well as in Marathi. Many poems in Sanskrit, maxims etc., he used to know by heart. Sometimes out of sheer fun we used to arrange competitions in reciting poems. In them he used to defeat us very easily. Sometimes our class teacher also used to ask us to arrange such a competition. And in that also Sane used to defeat us all easily. On certain occasions even when the whole class was on one side and Sane alone on the other, Sane could win an easy success against us. We used to admire his capacity for learning things by heart. At this time he used to go ahead of us even in English studies. He had a habit of learning by heart writings of great English authors and speech of some orators as well. In the subject of languages he was even then a great expert. His progress in other subjects was very ordinary. He was very weak in mathematics especially and it was therefore that he never got the second or the first number in the class. Knowledge of mathematics is necessary to score marks in all examinations. But Sane's knowledge of mathematics being very poor his total of marks used to be poor and therefore his number used to be rather low. But language was his fondest subject.

### 10 SENANI'S FIRST SPEECH

Since we were in the V Standard Sane used to be very fond of listening to speeches and of comprehending them as well. At that time a "Debating Society" had just been started in our School. Sane used to attend to the debates without fail. He used to listen to the lecture very carefully and used to think over the subjects discussed, but I do not remember whether he had at that time ever spoken or delivered a speech! Then after we came to Poona i. e. when we were in VII Standard, I do remember very well, that he had delivered a lecture in a private institute - in a " Friends Association " - before only a few students, and this I think must be his first maiden speech. But that was only of a character of sowing the seed. Students of Khandesh soon came to realise what a mighty tree had grown out of this wee little seed. But the students of Umbergaon and I myself also came to experience of only after thirtyfive - thirtysix years later.

## 11 SCHOOL LIFE

Sana's method of study was quite different right from the beginning that is it was rather deep and thorough and of a "going to the root" type. Be it an English poem or a Sanskrit one or even a Marathi one, if he would ever find a difficult word in them he would never proceed one step forward unless he referred it to a Dictionary and had understood the root meaning of it. It used to be quite enough for us if we just understood the superficial meaning of it. But Sane would never proceed unless he had understood the root meaning very thoroughly. And it was therefore that he understood the real spirit of the literature and that is how he achieved proficiency in the linguistics.

Sane developed his art of writing much later. I do not know whether Sane had published any of his writings as long as we were in the Matriculation class or in the First year class in our College. But in his heart he must have certainly decided to be a writer, that is certain. I faintly remember that he used to make notes of all that he was reading. Small books on the lives of Pandit Ishwaichandra Vidyasagar and Gopal Krishna Gokhale, which he published later on, he had made notes of them even in the Matric class and in the previous class in the College.

Even as a student he was never known to be fond of any games. But in those good old days to take interest in games or be an expert in it was looked upon as squandering one's time uselessly. In those days we did not even know the terms – competitive sports and games. To use dumb-bell, a couple of times or march right - left a few steps was all that we understood of physical exercise or games. At the most our teachers used to divide us into two groups and ask us to play the limping game!

After finishing my V Standard studies I left Dapoli and came to Poona and Sane went to Oundh. While parting from Dapoli, we took leave of each other but by a sheer chance we came back together again in Poona.

In Poona I was living in Mr. Parkhi Shastri's house, in a lane in Panjarpol in Shaniwar Peth. Our family consisted of seven persons, five brothers, one sister and our mother. My father had died in Poona in 1913 when I was in Standard in. In 1916 I joined the Nutan Marathi Vidyalaya in Standard VI.

## 12 SHALL I COME TO STAY WITH YOU?

Sane and myself left Dapoli together. But he went first to Palgad in his own home and from there he went to Oundh and joined school there. But the circumstances there having proved adverse to him he decided to come to Poona. If at all he would come to Poona, where to stay there was his real problem. In his heart of hearts he had decided to come to Poona, stay with me and go to school together, and so he wrote me a letter from Oundh to that effect.

I Ram! I am not getting on well here. So I am deciding to come to Poona and stay with you.. Will that be possible? I just want a place to stay. About my food I shall arrange somehow. Please therefore ask your mother and let me know soon... etc.

I showed that letter to my mother and on her telling me I wrote to Sane "Do come! We shall go to school together! something like that.! Accordingly he came to Poona at once, and started staying with us. That must be October or November because Sane joined school in the second term.

In those days it was customary in the Nutan Marathi Vidyalaya a student who was newly admitted had to sit in the D Division and after the examination was over, was admitted to A, B or C Class according to the marks scored by him. I was admitted in June in the D Division. But when I secured more than 60% marks in the Terminal Examination, I was promoted to A Division. Sane had joined after the Terminal Examination, so he was of course admitted in D Division.

### 13 WAITER IN A RESTAURANT

In this way the arrangement for staying and admission' to school was well arranged. But how to manage about meals? Senani decided to take a day meal by arrangement with generous people from day to day. But how can this be arranged all of a sudden? For this you have to go to several houses plead to them, implore them and request people there to arrange for the day meal! It is really a shocking thing for a man of self-respect. But when one has to face poverty, one is forced to do it Sane was indeed poor but he was also a youth of self-respect. He was forced to visit houses and actually beg for a day meal; in this certainly his self-respect was terribly hurt. So he used to find it very difficult to go to the same and actually ask for a day's meal!

There was another way out of it in Poona at that time. The restaurant owners never engaged enough waiters to serve their customers, in this case they used to temporarily engage a poor student as a waiter. This student had to serve the first two' shifts and then after taking his meal he could go to attend his school. Sane took advantage of this situation. Before arranging his day meal in different houses he got himself engaged in a restaurant. He used to serve two shifts, and after his meal he used to attend the school. But this arrangement was good for the morning meal! But Sane used to have only one morning meal throughout the day and in the evening he used to go without any meal!

When he first came to stay with us my mother knew about > his intention of arranging for daily meals by turns, she said: "Sane, you do arrange your own meal elsewhere, if you like; I but till that arrangement is made, you take your meal with us. Don't go fasting without food!"

## 14 AT LAST MOTHER FOUND IT OUT

At the beginning at least Sane decided to work as a waiter in a restaurant and secure one meal at least and go without food (observe fast) in the evening! But it stood against his self-respect to ask my mother for his evening meal daily.

He used to tell us a flat lie, so that we should not suspect him "I shall have my meal in a restaurant." Saying this he used to put on his coat and cap and go away. As a matter of fact he used to go to the Temple of Dattatreya owned by sweetmeat seller's wife and simply return from there without any meal.

At this moment all of us, mother and children used to have our meal. Before we would finish our meals Sane used to return home and would silently go upstairs, to remove his dress. After our meal was over mother used to clean up everything. We were seven people taking our meals, so naturally some food used to remain untouched. She used to preserve it for the next day. But before she used to put it safely preserved she would naturally ask Sane, "Look here, Sane, we have food here, please have it. I don't want to preserve it for tomorrow; and Sane used to eat it up being, served by mother. This went on for several days. Every day the same routine! Nobody could suspect that Sane used to go without food in the evening but mother found it out! "How is it possible"—she used to think—" If Sane has his evening meal in a restaurant how is it that he willingly eats up everything offered to him?" Mother conjectured, "he must not be eating in the evening in any restaurant at all," she thought out a jolly expedient to find out the truth!

The next day when Sane said: "Mother, I am going out for my meals," and actually went out and returned before our meal was over. Before he went upstairs to change his clothes Mother said, "Sane, come straight on and see what is slicking on to my head, just remove it, will you?" So saying when Sane came near her, she caught hold of his hand and moving it over her head brought it down straight to her nose and smelt it, and that is why she had purposely brought it down to her nose.

It was obvious that the restaurant people were using a peculiar kind of a condiment for their vegetables, and naturally when Mother smelt his hand, she did not smell any odour of that peculiar condiment. From this it was proved by her that Sane did not go to a restaurant for a meal, he suffered hunger!

So next day when Sane again said that he was going out for meals and walked out of the house, Mother told me and my younger brother "Go behind Sane secretly and mark where he goes and make a careful observation of what he does." So we started on the trail of Sane. After leaving home Sane straight went to Budhwar Square and taking a turn from there went straight to the Temple of Dattatreya belonging to the Sweetmeat seller's wife After a reverential bow to the deity, he turned back slowly on his way home. We both of us saw this and taking a different route reached home before him and told our Mother what we had observed. We had finished our report to Mother when Sane just entered the house and said, "I have had my meal", so saying he started straight off upstairs, but Mother stopped him and said, "Oh sane, you have not taken your meal. You are telling a lie. My sons have just seen what you were doing. You went just to the Temple of Datta. Please don't do this. Till you arrange your meals by turns in different houses you must dine along with my children. We are seven and you will be the eighth. What more expense is there! Among seven the eighth can certainly be well accomodated."

Since then Sane began to dine with us in the evenings. Just look I How Sane was so very shy and how full of self-respect. Even when he was actually starving he did not say even to his most beloved friend "I am hungry, I wish to dine!" He thought it below his dignity. "Why should I trouble others for nothing?" was his mode of thinking. That was his nature. He never gave any trouble to any one for his sake. Silently bear all the sufferings, that was his characteristic. He suffered such pangs and therefore he became "Sane Guruji" later on.

That was his nature from the very early childhood. I do not remember that he ever did anything for his own physical pleasure even when he was older. His whole life was for self-sacrifice, suffering and for all that. But he had laid the very foundation of this strength right from his childhood. He got used to

sufferings to such an extent, that without them he would find life dull and uninteresting!

What I want to emphasise is that he was ready even to suffer any kind of hardship. It is a fact that it had become part and parcel of his life, but seeing the misery and sufferings of poor people his heart was terribly moved, and just on that account his eyes used to shed tears. I remember several occasions in later life and one gets convinced how sensitive he used to be on that account.

## 15 HE WAS MOTHER TO POOR AND HELPLESS PERSONS

In the year 1916 when we were in the Nutan Marathi Vidyalaya in Poona under the leadership of our Drill Teacher Mr. Yeole a trip of us students had started marching. We had arranged to pay a visit to a nearby temple on the bank of the river. The temple was at a distance of about five miles. We were about a dozen students (Sane was of course amongst us) with our Teacher, and early at eight o'clock in the morning our trip started from the school quadrangle. And marching slowly we reached the temple by about ten o'clock. We were so pleased to see the river and the trees over there and before paying our obeisance to the deity in the temple we wanted to play a little in the sandy bank and after dipping ourselves in the river we had planned to visit the temple. So after paying about for half an hour we all went to the temple. The temple was on a high hill. We had to go up climbing the steps and at the foot of the hill there was a well. We all went up and assembled ourselves in the assembly-room of the temple. We had decided to bow before the deity one by one and stand again in the assembly-room in a row. We did stand in a row accordingly. When the Drill teacher called the roll, one was found missing. He called the roll once again and yes, one was still missing. Then the Drill teacher was very much frightened and he thought that someone might have been drowned in the river while having a dip in it, and someone suggested to go down and search for the missing boy in the sandy bed of the river, when the attention of a student was drawn to the well at the foot of the hill. There was a boulder and a boy was giving a bath to another man who was sitting there.

We went near and saw clearly that he was a man- a leper-full of bleeding skin. And the boy who was giving him a bath was Sane!

When we were climbing the steps of the temple we had seen a man walking, limping slowly towards the well to take water out of it with a bucket, which he was not successful in doing. But we had been so eager and impatient to pay our obeisance to the deity in the temple, that we had no time to look to the lame person. To visit the temple was of more importance, we had thought. But Sane

had seen the lame person and felt pity for him. To serve the bleeding leper, he had found it of greater importance than of visiting the temple. Our God was in the deity, while Sane's God was in that lame, bleeding poor person! Sane at once took the bucket from his hand, and pulling water out of the well he was engaged in washing and cleaning the bleeding wounds of that poor leper, seating him on a nearby boulder.

Even in that young age of a school boy it had struck Sane to serve a helpless, forlorn, suffering leper by giving him a bath was much more holier than by giving a bath to the deity and decorating him with scent and sweet smelling flowers.

Today I remember, that dirty man must have been a leper! That time of course we did not realise it. Even today we see such lepers loitering about the environs of the temples all over from place to place. But still it does not strike us that these poor helpless creatures do need our service, our help and that in the selfless service of such persons the service to God has been already included! Washing the bleeding wounds of poor lepers with cold water from the well is much more holier and that alone is appreciated by God. God is not in the deity alone, He is in the living human beings as well. But have we got eyes to see the God in the human beings? We can easily see the God in the deity in a temple, we shall worship with light and offerings! But we will easily let a man die of starvation! This is our religion and this is our pious action!

But Sane even in those young days had understood the importance of rendering service to helpless poor persons. God is not in stone, he is in the living beings, this knowledge was carved on his heart right from the very childhood! When this knowledge had attained its full development, when older, he went on fasting unto death for the entry of Harijans into the holy temple at Pandbarpur?

## 16 PREPARED FOR PHYSICAL SUFFERINGS!

Sane was living with us when we had been living in Poona. During that period Sane had to undergo all sorts of physical sufferings. His main aim was to study well and for that he was ready to suffer any amount of hardships. When one has to live with others one has to put up with insults, forced to bear certain things against one's will, there are many occasions like this which one has to silently put up with. The occasion may be very insignificant but does give pain to the mind. In young days the mind is more sensitive and ideas of honour and dishonour are widely different. When Sane was living with us he was of course very young.

Although he had been staying with a dear friend still it was a stranger's home. But even in that young age he did not mind some occasions of tolerance or intolerance. He never shirked in doing any hard work he was forced to do. Whatever hardships he had to undergo he bore them with delight and with a smiling face.

In these days as a rule we used to all get up early in the early morning at four o'clock. After doing our daily baths and washings we used to sit for our studies. In those days my brothers and myself used to have a warm bath. Sane had many times to light up fire and heat the water for bath. But he never had a warm bath himself. He used to take a cold bath with fresh water from a well or sitting under a cold water tap. At that time we were using wood for heating water and for cooking our food as well. We had to buy this wood which was brought into the market place in carts and bring it home and cut it into small pieces. We used to cut the wood all ourselves in our house. In this work Sane was of great help to us. He never thought any work that was assigned to him below his dignity. Washing, filling water, why even washing the pots and pans, grinding corn and pounding it, all this kind of work he used to willingly do along with us. He never felt it insulting to him. "Dignity of physical labour" nobody in those days had ever uttered this phrase. But Sane actually put it into practice. Sane's time used to be utilised in this manner so he had to devote his night time for study.

### 17 "RAM, I AM SEARCHING FOR YOU!"

Even in those days Sane had sleep just for a few hours. At night he used to study upto twelve o'clock in the midnight. Some nights he used to study even till two o'clock in the morning. If ever he was tired of study he used to look at me who used to be fast asleep and he with a finger in the book used to squat near me. Whenever I used to get up in between this was the sight that used to strike me always. I then used to say to him: "Well Senani! What are you doing all this for!" He used to reply with calm words, "Oh Ram, I have been searching you!" I never understood what he actually meant by those words. But this much I could understand however, that Sane must be looking at me with an affectionate heart of a dear friend. What relief he found in his heart of hearts he alone must be knowing it!

## 18 SENANI'S STUDY

Even in those days Sane used to read books and got down notes from them. He used to know almost everything by heart even in those days. Even when he was in the VI and VII Standards he had learned by heart some portion from the Kadambari, the Sanskrit novel by Bana Bhatta. Sanskrit was his pet subject. He used to explain to me the meaning of some stiff passages from the Kadambari of Bana Bhatta. Imitating him I also learnt some passages from the Kadambari by heart. The mode of our study of Sanskrit or English was slightly different. If you found some word was difficult to understand we used to refer it to the Dictionary and were quite satisfied even with the superficial meaning of it, and we were quite happy that we could understand the meaning.

But Sane on the other band used to find out the root meaning of the word. He used to remark that it was very useful to know the root meaning of words. When we were in Standard VII our Teacher used to recommend some books to us and Sane used to secure them from somewhere and we also used to read them all.

We used to sleep all of us in one room after spreading our beds. And this was also our study room. This room had a big window. It was a very big window touching the floor and reaching up to the ceiling. Just outside this window there used to be a Municipal lamp. When the doors of the window were opened, there used to be light throughout the room. Sane used to sit in this window and study in that light. It is often told that the late Gopal Krishna Gokhale also used to study standing under a Municipal lamp.\*

In the same way the future "Sane Guruji" used to study also sitting in the Municipal light, which is an absolute fact.

\* But this is true of Mr. Sitarampant Patwardhan and not of Gopal Krishna Gokhale. - Translator.

## 19 "GO ON DOING SOMETHING LIKE THIS"

In that young age also Sane used to admire little children and their natural activities. He used to love children very much. In the big building we were staying in, there used to be a small boy of six years old. He was studying in Standard II or III perhaps. In those days in the primary school they were taught clay modelling, gardening etc. That boy used to collect some sticky clay and used to make some models.

One day in the same fashion he took some sticky clay and prepared a model of a chilly and he showed it to everybody, to all of us. "See I have made this chilly" he said with great pride. We started laughing at this imitation chilly. The little boy was thoroughly disappointed by our treatment. In the meantime Sane walked in. The boy showed his imitation chilly to Sane and looked at him with a glance of a bit of pride. Although that clay-piece did not at all have the shape of a chilly, still Sane took that piece in his hand and patting on the back of the child, said admiringly: "Oh, How fine! You have just made a nice chilly indeed! It is really fine. Go on doing some other things as well. "Having heard the cheering words of Sane and being patted by him on his back he forgot all his disappointment. He burst into a smile and jumping on his legs said, " My chilly, my chilly" he went away crying loudly like this.

This incident may look rather insignificant, but little children always must be encouraged, they need it, they want someone to pat them on their backs, and Sane had a keen sense of it even in those days. He always used to admire small children. In his later years he came to be so much admired by children is a fact of some importance.

## 20 I SHALL HURRY UP IF I SEE A SICK PERSON

Sane was very fond of nursing and carefully looking after the sick persons. How much work you have to do for a sick person! If need be you have to look after his urination and passing stool as well if one has any sympathy for the patient, some good wishes, some sincere feeling for him, one can perform all these functions easily.

When my little sister was ill, if anybody had served her sympathetically it was Sane! My sister was down with typhoid and the doctors attending upon her had told her not to do any sort of movement whatever. Someone had to do spunging for her. A bed-pan had to be given to her and it had to be cleaned out. To give her a bed-pan and thereafter to clean it was very dirty for us, we used to think. We therefore used to avoid it purposely. But Sane on the other hand used to do it regardless of the dirt; he used to do identifying himself selflessly with the patient. He never showed the least negligence in it, never the least idleness. We were her real brothers, and Sane - whose who? But he looked after her perfectly selflessly!

Later on our sister was cured. She began to feel a sense of gratefulness for Sane. Looking at Sane's general behaviour in the home it had made a tremendous impression upon her mind. She became a sort of devotee of Sane. Some idea struck her and she told it to me and to my younger brother. We also appreciated it and we decided to act up to it accordingly. We three of us collected Bakul-flowers and our sister made a garland of them and we lured Sane to sit on the upper step of the staircase and we actually worshipped him. My sister put the garland round his neck, we showered flowers on him and we all bowed to him. After this we began to address him by the name "God".

Of course Sane never liked this at all, he got wild and straight walked away from there. "I did not serve her, not at all for this ", saying something like this he sprung upon his legs and walked away. We certainly did not stop calling him "God" and bowing to him. He used to always tell us: "You should always praise

God! Never worship a man in vain." We used to silently hear all that but at that time we had not understood the real significance of the word in vain. One should not praise a man, but in that couplet there is a word ' in vain But Sane had served selflessly, with a sense of humanity in his heart, wasn't he therefore deserving to be praised? We were certainly not praising him in vain? But at that time it did not strike us that way.

## 21 SERVICE TO THE OLD MOTHER

This was my sister! Senani's dearest friend Ram, that was his sister! He served her. What was much in that, to say like that was wrong! Sane's very nature was service! Leave alone the case of my sister. But the mother of our Drill teacher was down with plague. I remember that incident quite clearly even today. We used to go to the school play ground without fail between 6 to 7 p m. Sane never used to be with us. My younger brother and myself used to go there alone. Sane used to have a lot of other work to do hence he was never with us. Our Drill teacher Mr. Yeole used to teach us various kinds of games, especially exercising ourselves on the single bar, double bar, trapeze and such other sports of physical exercise. Yeole our teacher used to teach us everything with perfect enthusiasm. We had a group of about eight boys. We had developed great respect a sort of devotion to our teacher. His old mother had an attack of plague. She had a big bubo in her arm-pit. She had very high fever and begun to prattle away. At that time there was no other person in the house of our teacher!

We used to go to him in the evenings just to inquire about his mother. One day Sane also came with us just casually. He did not even know Mr. Yeole personally. But he understood the situation at once and naturally a desire to serve the mother suddenly sprung up in his heart. He decided immediately and said to me, " Ram, let us come here to sleep every night for a week at least and render our service to the poor mother." I at once said yes and since that day we began to go to Mr. Yeole teacher's home. As a matter of fact I used to go there and quietly go to bed at about nine o'clock and used to be fast asleep till about four in the morning. If at all I would be awake and just make some casual inquiries about the patient that is all. But on the other hand Sane used to be sitting near her pillow and getting up about seven times used to look after her requirements. He used to foment her bubo) and put ointment to it, press her legs, give her milk, water rice paste and whatever other things were prescribed for her, to prepare them and give them to her. After eight days her fever came

down and the bubo also subsided. Relations came to teacher Yeole and thereafter we left going there. Teacher Yeole not only was struck by the devotion of Sane he was also very grateful to him. That we were calling Sane "God" he also appreciated it and on several occasions he bowed to, him also.

## 22 I AM THE SKANDA (स्कंद) AMONGST THE ARMY GENERALS

When we used to address Sane as God he used to be peevish and horribly angry. And still we did continue to call him God. But after we started learning Geeta we came across the expression "I am the Skanda amongst the army generals." There we found it that the word Senani was nearer to Sane, we therefore addressing him as Senani and that became his permanent names. In my letters to him I used to address him by the title Senani. After some time I came to understand the real significance of the word Skanda in its original meaning. "Skanda" means Kartik Swami and just as Kartik Swami remained a bachelor to the end of his life in the same way Sane too remained a bachelor to the end of his life. Later on, I sometimes very rarely used to address him as Skanda also.

Whatever it may be the nick name Bawlya (बावळ्या) silly given by our teacher to Sane, was sentimentally called by us "God" in later life by his actions and meritorious deeds he came to entitled "Sane Guruji".

### 23 CARRYING ON STUDIES HALF STARVED

I have already said that Sane used to stay with us and study with us but used to have his food by turns in different houses. At the outset he had not got meals for all the days. Many times he used to go starving in the evenings. Later on my mother found it out and he started dining along with us regularly in the evenings. After some days the arrangement for his meals by turns in different houses was done. But he had resolved, come what may, at any cost, even going on starvation if need be, to carry on his studies most deligently. This was his fixed resolution. Then he was much too young, he was hardly about sixteen, seventeen years old. But even at that age his resolution was fixed and permanent. He had entertained no thought other than finishing his studies completely. He used to be always worried and always used to sit alone and think for himself.

## 24 STORY OF SHUKRAWAR PAGADI ( शुक्रवार पगडी )

One day after returning from school he was very much worried. He went and sat on a step of Harivishweshwara Temple just opposite our house. He was all absorbed in his deep thought. At that time a certain gentleman had come there to do obeisance to the deity. He went inside the temple, paid his obeisance to the deity, and while doing the rounds to the temple saw Sane just casually. His curiosity was awakened by seeing Sane a mere boy sitting absorbed in deep thought. He went near him and with sincere affection asked him "Well my boy, who are you, and what are you all the time thinking about?"

Sane at once understood the sympathy and cordiality in his affectionate words and he therefore replied, "I am a student and am staying here with my friend and am carrying on my studies here." "What worries have you in your mind at such an early age? Where do you take your meals? It is with your friend, isn't it?" Sane quickly replied, "No, I take my meals by turns at different houses, and when the need arises I also dine with my friend."

"It means all your days of meals by turn are not fixed yet."

Sane replied, "Some are fixed but some are not yet!"

"I see! What days are missing then?"

"Er.... Friday.... and.... and" Sane got confused!

"Well, then, do come to me on Fridays! And if any other day is not yet fixed then do come to me for meals that day also! But don't leave off your studies! Well- then which school are you attending and in what standard are you learning? "

Sane immediately felt the tenderness of heart of that gentleman and he said: "I am learning in the English School known as Nutan Marathi Vidyalaya in the VI Standard, and my friend also is in the VI Standard."

"Well, well, please take this address of mine, and do come to me on Fridays," saying this that gentleman handed his address and name to Sane and again

asking him to come to him on Friday, he finished his rounds of the temple and went home.

That gentleman was staying also in Shukrawar Peth and he was a well-to-do person. In his home he used to live alone with his daughter. The gentleman was very kind hearted indeed. It was his habit of visiting the temple and after paying his obeisance to the deity he used to return home. The gentleman was a bit old having passing his fifties. He used to have a black long coat, white dhoti on his shoulders, a stick in his hand, a red pagadi on his head and Poona shoes on his feet. That was his usual dress. It was by sheer accident that he met Sane that evening. You hardly meet people who speak so sympathetically to an unknown boy. It was just an accidental meeting and Sane luckily got his Friday meal fixed. At first as we did not know the name of that gentleman, but when Sane told us all about him and heard from him his full description, then we of course called him by the nick name "Shukrawar Pagadi ".

## 25 JUST FOR MY RAM!

Gradually all the days of meals by turns were fixed. We had fixed his two days with us and these two days mother never let him go anywhere else. Days were passing on like that, and we passed the Examination of Standard VI and were promoted to Standard VII (in the Matric Class). Our studies began regularly and soon came the Deepawali Holidays. Where was Sane to go during these holidays? He was staying with us. That year the first day of Deepawali fell on Friday.

The Friday before when Sane had to go that gentleman he had said: "Oh Sane, next Friday is Diwali day. Therefore do come in the morning also for breakfast and as usual come for meals also in the noon. Don't be shy." And Sane said yes and remembered it.

On the Deepawali day Sane had a bath along with us and then he said: "Rama, 'Shukrawar Pagadi' has also invited me for breakfast. I am therefore going to him instead of having it with you. He has given me his pressing invitation."

Upon this I said "Senani, look here, if that gentleman has invited you so cordially then do go to him. You can have your breakfast any other day with us." And Sane went to him for his Deepawali breakfast. He went there, but in his mind the thought was all the time rolling, "I should have been this morning with my dear friend Ram, and we should have enjoyed our breakfast together.... etc.! These thoughts were revolving in his mind and his feet were taking him to Shukrawar Pagadi".

Senani reached their house. The gentleman was quite pleased and he told his daughter at once "Tai, look Sane has arrived, please serve him his special Diwali breakfast! I have to go out just for a short while" and then turning to Sane, he said: "Sane, I am going out, enjoy your Diwali breakfast heartily, don't be shy. Please take from Tai whatever you want!" So saying the gentleman went out.

Tai brought all the sweets in a brass plate, put it on a wooden board and asked Sane to start his breakfast seating himself on a board seat. Sane seated himself

on the wooden seat, but looking to the sweet, tasty eatables he was at once reminded of his dear Ram, "What! am I going to eat all these things without my Ram! How can I eat? Ram should have been with me, then both of us would have enjoyed the Diwali breakfast." These thoughts were rolling in his mind, "Even if Ram is not with me now in person, I can take some sweet preparation for him," this thought was firm in his mind. Tai was all the time watching him standing in the door way. Well now! How to take some sweet preparation for Ram? This was a tough problem. All sweet preparations were before him but he could not touch a piece or even pick it up.

Finally an idea struck him and he said, "Tai, please bring me some water!" Now Tai did at once realise that she had forgotten to put a jug of- water with a brass pot for drinking. Goodness me! Oh, I have clean forgotten about that," saying this she just ran inside the kitchen. Sane immediately took advantage of this opportunity and picking up one sweet Anarasa\* put it quickly in an inner pocket of his coat. And why did he do this? This was to be given to Ram as a memento of this fine occasion! While this was done Tai walked with the brass jug and the drinking pot.

Sane had his breakfast, after drinking water he took leave of Tai saying good bye to her. And he simply ran home to meet Ram. How can he ever feel happy without offering that Anarasa to Ram! He practically rushed into the house and called Ram in all haste "Just look Ram, I have brought some nice thing for you." So saying he took out the hidden Anarasa from his pocket and gave it to me. When I saw that Anarasa I was rather surprised and asked him, "But dear Senani, how did you manage to get this Anarasa?" Senani thereupon replied, "How what how? I brought it like this in my pocket."

"And, well, how could you manage it? None observed you doing it?"

"Look here Ram, Tai put the plate full of sweet things in it but I could bite no morsel without your being there! I was thinking about you all the time. And I did a trick. I sent Tai to bring drinking water from the kitchen and as soon as her back was turned I put one Anarasa into my inner pocket, and I got it for you

here. Please take it and just eat it." So saying Senani offered it to me and I ate it with great joy and satisfaction.

Why shouldn't I feel blessed, that I had get such a loving friend in my life? How many people are blessed with such dear friends? Of course at that time he had not yet become Sane Guruji. And by various meritorious deeds of his he became a "Sane Guruji" out of a simple Senani. He not only showed this great love for his dear friend, but in his future career he had most unselfish love for all beings, particularly for all helpless, poor, orphans and crippled people. And because he had this love for all human beings therefore it was that he rose to the high position of "Sane Guruji!"

Whatever it may be! These are all facts from his future career, but can I ever forget that sincere love that he had for me in those young days of ours? This incident and this happy memory has been ingrained in my heart and I always remember it with pride!

Sane - that our Senani, that "Shyam of Ram", has now gone away, but he has gone leaving behind him such incidents of sincere love and cordial affection! We have only to remember them. Gone away is our dear old Senani!

## 26 PROMISE OF MEETING AFTER DEATH

At that time we were in VI Standard. After passing the Annual Examination we both of us were now in the Matriculation Class. Just to pass time we were both reading a story from a monthly magazine. The story was like this: Some gentleman was staying in Nasik, and his son was staying in a Boarding in Ratnagiri for his studies. One night when the gentleman was fast asleep, he woke up suddenly at midnight and on opening his eyes he saw His son in the Ratnagiri Boarding standing by his cot, and was saying to him : Father, I have come to meet you— and now that I saw you, I am going away! Saying this and without waiting for a reply the boy disappeared all of a sudden- he vanished!

By that time the gentleman was quite awake. After rubbing his eyes he looked round but there was none to be seen there! He naturally thought then, that must have been just a vision. When he looked into his watch he found it had just struck one. The doors and windows of his bed room were all closed. Then it struck him if at all his son had actually come in at least a door must have been open or at least a window! How could he have come in otherwise? What he saw was simply an apparition and so thinking he again fell fast asleep.

But early in the morning he got a wire from the Superintendent of the Boarding in Ratnagiri, that his son had suddenly died of an accident that night between twelve and half past twelve. Reading this wire the gentleman was overcome with uncontrollable grief. But even in that terrible grief he felt certain that what he had seen was not at all an apparition but a solid truth. For then it had just struck one o'clock in his watch.

The writer of this story had come to the conclusion that after death the soul of a man leaves the body and goes elsewhere to meet the dearest person it loves. It is possible!

Both Sane and myself read this story and each of us had the same thought in our minds. We had full faith in every incident in this story and therefore Senani said to me, "Ram, just look, after death one can certainly meet his dear and

near ones! Then just look, let us promise each other, whosoever may die before he must come to meet the other person."

Minds, hearts, of both of us were full of faith and full of sentiment. Therefore we took an oath and promised to meet each of us! We were both at that time overcome with a peculiar sentiment.

This incident took place when we were in VI Standard- i. e. in the year 1916-1917. But this incident had such an effect upon our minds, that whenever we used to meet each other after many years we used to repeat our old promise. Our hearts were full of faith!

Thereafter we passed the VI Standard, the Matriculation Examination also and passed also the Previous Examination in our College. Then I came to Bombay to join the Medical College. But Senani continued to stay with us as before. Whenever during the vacations I used to come back to Poona we could meet each other and in our talks together we used to remind each other about our promises.

Later on I learnt the Science of human body. I began] getting the real knowledge on carrying on the dissection of | the dead bodies, I came to realise that soul, rebirth etc. were all tall talks and I lost all faith in them, and I had' firm faith in my mind, that when a man dies, all things do] vanish. No soul even remains behind. Only the dead body] remains behind.

This idea of mine was solid firm in my mind and I was thoroughly convinced of it. And thereafter when I again met Senani, I told him in clear terms, "Senani, there is no such] thing as soul different from the body. After death nothing of a human being remains behind except his dead body. What pure imaginations this life and this soul. And if there is no such things as body and soul then how can we meet each other after death? "

Senani could never be convinced about these ideas of mine. For he had solid faith in soul, life, rebirth etc. he had <sup>1</sup> full faith in them. He therefore used to say " Whatever you say leave that alone, but I have full faith in the fact there remains soul after man is dead and it can meet his dear friends, can meet like

this! Therefore leave all those thoughts, as per our oaths we are sure to meet each other after | death! Yes, this is fixed eh? "

Then I used to laugh and say,"Oh Senani, my opinion and what I say is really true!" But whatever be my opinion of soul, body if there is anything at all away from human body - then certainly as per our oaths we are sure to meet each other after death. And we again used to take oaths and repeat our early promises.

Time was passing quickly. I passed my final Medical examination and became a Doctor and after about a year and a half I started my private practice in Umbergaon. Senani left Poona after passing his B. A. and he joined in Amalner Institute (तत्त्वज्ञान मंदिर) for his M. A. studies and passed his M. A. examination from that Institute. Thereafter he entered politics, we used to meet each other in about two years time and that too just for a day or two. In that meeting of ours we used to revise our old time memories. But we never forgot to remind ourselves of the promise to meet each other after death. We used to repeat our individual opinions again and again.

## 27 SENANI'S FIRST LECTURE

Gradually we both of us passed our annual examination of Standard VI creditably and now came the time for our appearing at the Matriculation Examination. Sane was rather weak in Mathematics, the total of his marks was below the average. Hence he was put in the B division of Standard VII. I was in A division. There was then a rule in the Nutan Marathi Vidyalaya, that Professors of their College used to come to teach students in the A division of Standard VII. But this used to be too much for us. Whatever they were teaching used to fly over our heads. Professor Tulpule used to teach us English and Mr. V. B. Joshi used to teach English to the B division. The method of teaching of Mr. Joshi was excellent. He was an expert in making the students understand the subject thoroughly. Sane was learning under him. If we had any difficulty in our English lessons we used to ask Sane about it. At that time Sane's knowledge of English, Sanskrit and; Marathi was excellent. Sane used to read Panchatantra and! Hitopadesh very fluently, used to recite it. He had no difficulty in any word at all. But we could not follow properly.

At that time some students of other High schools had come together and had founded an institution called "Mitra Mandal" - Friends' Association. In that Association they used to give free lessons to other needy students. There used to be students "from the III and IV Standards. They were taught English, Arithmetic, Marathi and Sanskrit. Sane was an expert teacher" of Marathi and Sanskrit. I remember quite clearly that sometimes boys from the VI and VII Standards used to attend that class to ask Sane about their difficulties in Sanskrit.

A section called "Speech encouragement" was also started. We used to try to give talks in that Section. At that time I had not the least knowledge of what lecturing meant, and how the subject matter could be systematically arranged. One day I was asked to deliver a lecture on Napoleon. But I had no idea whatever that the subject had to be studied first thoroughly, points had to be put together etc. I only knew about the description of three or four battles he

had fought, about which I had read. And on the strength of that meagre collection of information I was expected to lecture for one full hour! When I actually started my lecture my subject was over within five minutes and I sat down being very nervous! But a boy in the V Standard stood up and he delivered an excellent lecture on Napoleon for about three quarters of an hour. I was put to shame. I thought that boy was extraordinary.

But the next Sunday Sane delivered his lecture; I came to learn what a lecture really meant, what the subject matter meant, and how to expound the subject matter in a lecture. It must have been the first lecture of Sane. At least I had heard it for the first time. The subject was Gopal Krishna Gokhale and Sane had studied the subject so thoroughly, he had collected all the necessary information and he knew very well how to put the matter systematically and in proper sequence. One hour assigned to the lecture was over, but Sane went on speaking and we heard him with rapt attention, interest and eagerness. After about half an hour later his lecture was over. The life of "Hon. Mr. Gopal Krishna Gokhale" which he wrote later on, he had already prepared the rough notes of it even when he was just in Standard VII. So also he delivered his Maiden speech in this "Friends Association". I still remember quite vividly that first lecture of Sane!

When we were in Standard VII Sane and myself had only one book in common. We used to study from that book only. As we were in different divisions one copy of that book was quite enough for us. At every period he used to take away from me any book he required in his class and used to give me whatever book I needed.

At last our Matriculation Examination was over and both of us passed in that Examination successfully. I need not mention here that the number of my total marks was much higher than his on account of my sound knowledge of Mathematics. Not only that, but we were mightily afraid 'about Sane's performance in Mathematics, but fortunately he also got through successfully.

### **28 REAL TEST OF A FRIEND!**

At that time the financial circumstances of my house (home) also were not quite sound, but any way they were much better than that of Sane at any rate. I had not to seek my food by turns nor had I any difficulty in paying my fees. But on account of certain reasons I had to earn about six Rupees per month giving tuition when I was in Standard VI. At that time it used to be a custom that before our results were declared after our examination we used to get a vacation of two months, when one could earn some money by getting himself in some sort of service. In those days in the Military Camp side there were a number of government offices and a number of temporary clerks could get an employment. It was therefore easy to secure an appointment there. Whatever amount - say about Rs. one hundred, could be useful for paying the fees in the college. This was usual in Poona. I had no source of information as to how things were in Bombay at that time. Sane's eldest brother was employed in the Colaba Observatory then. At that time there was only one post of a clerk that was vacant. I had just casually mentioned to Sane during our talks that I would like to get some temporary employment somewhere for two months. After our examination was over we had both applied for a post in the Military Camp, Poona. But as we had not passed the Matriculation examination, we could not get any employment there.

At that time Sane was in great need of money. Of course my need was as great as his. And yet Sane had requested his eldest brother to try to get an employment for me in the Colaba Observatory.

We both came to Bombay and Dada secured that appointment for me. I served there for two months accordingly. We were both of us staying with "Dada" then. But I alone was in service. As a matter of fact Sane had greater need of service than I had. But because he was staying with us in Poona, he had secured this post for me - just to show his gratitude for what we had done for him.

It was his usual habit of sacrificing his own interests for the sake of others. And in his later life it had expanded very largely.

## 29 STUDIES AT COLLEGES!

After passing our Matriculation Examination we both got entrance in the then "New Poona College" in the Previous Year Class. This New Poona College was being conducted by the Society Nutan Marathi Vidyalaya. In those days this College was functioning in the front buildings of the Nutan Marathi Vidyalaya, on both the sides. Later on it became "Sir Parashuram Bhau College" and was removed to the New Buildings at the foot of the Parvati Temple hill. At our time it was in the city itself.

Sane and I, myself used to sit on the same bench in our class-room. At that time Sane was extremely fond of reading various books and big volumes. He used to sit in the Marathi Grantha Sangrahalaya "Marathi Library " and read there books and used to make his own notes from them. Even in the first year in the College the general knowledge of the books on literature of Sane "used to be much better than that of all the other students. Since then he was storing up vast knowledge. I was not very fond of reading.

After passing the Previous Examination I went to Bombay for my medical studies and since then I lost close touch with Sane. During vacations I used to return to Poona sometimes and at that time Sane used to meet me. Even when I was staying in Bombay Senani continued to live with us. But our close relationship had ended since then and I rarely used to write to him also. But then during 1920-21 our circumstances changed.

Senani joined the B. A. class after passing his Inter Arts Examination. At that time he was looked upon as a very clever student. In the year 1920-21 the Non Cooperation] movement of Mahatmaji was set a foot and he asked students in schools and colleges to come out, and the pleaders to come out of their courts. By this new movement of Mahatmaji the minds of "young students were inspired and Senani being by nature very sentimental decided to join the movement and leave the colleges which he did whole heartedly.

At that time Mr. V. G. Apte was the Principal of the New Poona College. He knew that Sane was a very clever student! He had already anticipated that one day Sane's name would be widely famous. When Sane decided to leave College. Principal Apte specially called him and persuaded him not to leave College. But Senani's decision was firm and the force of his sentiment was also predominant. He left College and prepared himself to join the movement.

Soon thereafter the force of sentiments waxed and several students returned to colleges once again. Senani met the Principal and told him that he would rejoin the College! Principal Apte was a very kind hearted man. The good of the students was always in his heart. He had never liked the idea that a clever student like Sane leaving College and joining a political movement. Even at the very outset he had told Sane that he should not leave College. In spite of this fact bearing no grudge in his mind, he readmitted Sane in the College so that a clever student like Sane should not suffer, not only this but continued his term also.

### 30 HE WOULD BE REPUTED WRITER IN MARATHI LITERATURE

Sane was now going to appear for the B. A. Examination- His principal subject was Marathi. At that time there used to be an oral examination in the principal subject at the B. A. examination. Sane had written his papers very well indeed and the oral examination was to take place at Marathi Grantha-Sangrahalaya (Marathi Library), Thakurdwar in Bombay. The examiners were the late Narsinha Chintaman Kelkar and the late Rao Bahadur Chintaman Rao Vaidya.

At that time I was staying with my maternal uncle in Kamat Company's chawl in Thakurdwar. Senani came to Bombay for his examination and he had come to see me at my maternal uncle's place. Marathi Sangrahalaya being just to the right hand side of our chawl we could see whatever was going on in that hall. Senani's examination was in that very hall. But at that time I had to attend my class in my College, so that I could not watch Sane's oral examination even from a long distance. After the examination was over Sane came to meet me.

I asked him just casually how he had done in his oral examination, and he had said that he had done very well. But he had never said how well he had done. All what he had said was but very indistinctly.

Much later on he himself told me that his oral examination had been excellent. First of all his written papers had been very good and the examiners had been tremendously impressed by his answers. They were naturally very highly pleased in his oral examination too. They must then have been convinced about his place of honour in the Marathi literature in the near future. It need not be mentioned that Time itself proved this expectation in full measure.

### 31 HE REFUSED HIS APPOINTMENT AT THE WILSON COLLEGE

Both those examiners were so pleased with Sane's performance at the examination that they actually recommended! to the Principal of the Wilson College to take one B. A. candidate named Mr. Sane on their staff, as that candidate was a most deserving young man with encouraging.

The Principal must have been convinced that this candidate must be really a very deserving one being so highly recommended by the two eminent persons. He therefore wrote a letter to Sane requesting him to join on the staff of Wilson College as soon as the B. A. result will be declared. The reason of it was that late Mr. Kelkar or late Mr Vaidya were both high lights in Marathi literature. "The meritorious understands the meritorious "what can an ignorant person know?" is a well known proverb!

At that time Sane had to decline the kind offer and he] did it very politely in his letter. Sane had decided to join the Tatvadnyan Mandir - Temple of Philosophy - in Amalner for his M. A. studies and he had also decided to devote his whole life with selfless sacrifice in the cause of service to the country. He had also resolved to do nothing in that direction till he passes the M. A. Examination.

### 32 SENANI'S PENANCE!

No body can teach you to do sacrifice, and live a hard life in the service of the country, and nobody can force you to do it either. This is an inspiration and a great upsurge from the heart. If this is born in your heart, you can't help following in its wake. Sane became a "Sane Guruji" due to this upsurge in his heart.

Sane passed his M. A. Examination from the Amalner "Philosophy Temple" Whatever price he had to pay for becoming a Sane Guruji from ordinary Sane it was really very very high. If you go to the market to buy something you can fix its price in Rupees and Paise. But to win the spontaneously given title " Sane Guruji" you have to pay the price of a different sort altogether, by obtaining a place in the hearts of the people, especially with hearts of helpless, infirm, famished people, an honourable place of devotion. This price is invaluable. It is impossible to compare it in Rupees and Paise! It is very very difficult to lead a life of hardship by sacrificing the happiness of one's entire life, by perpetual sacrifice by perpetual service to humanity!

Sane passed his M. A. Examination and he made a firm resolution to devote his whole life for the students, poor, helpless, infirm people and he chalked out one path of selfless service and self-sacrifice. In fact he forgot the very word selfishness. He accepted with pleasure the life of poverty and hardships!

### 33 HIS SIMPLE LIFE STANDS NO COMPARISON!

The life and behaviour of Senani was so simple and of poverty that it can't be described in words. I believe I am also living a very simple life. But Sane's life of simplicity stands no comparison. He had never enjoyed the glory of finer clothes throughout life. Not only this but he actually hated it. Since then he decided to use only Khadi (rough handmade cloth) as though he had sworn to do it.

Senani's usual dress consisted of one Khadi shirt (and that too always torn) and a short dhoti of Khadi cloth, and sometimes chappal on his feet. They were also many times] torn off. Hair grown long but he did not at all know to use] oil, combing and parting the hair and keep them smooth. People who did not know him actually mistook him for a "labourer". On his face peace, affection and keenness was quite apparent. But only those who knew him well could see that. But superficially he did look a simpleton no doubt. He is M. A., he is a highly learned man, is a man of sacrifice, nobody would even believe this even when told in so many words!

People who would see him for the first time had grave doubt whether he could speak even two words when he began' his speech. But when he actually would start his speech, their hearts were overflowing with enthusiasm and their ears: would be ever eager to listen to every word that fell out of his mouth. As a matter of fact they were as though spell bound during his lecture. Those who actually attended hid lecture would vouch safe for it, but not the others!

### 34 IS THIS THE "SANE GURUJI"?

In the 1931 political movement Sane's name became "Sane Guruji ". In Khandesh his name was resounding all over, later on not only throughout Maharashtra but it spread out throughout India. Which youth was not attracted in Mahatmaji's political movement? Amongst those who entered this movement wittingly, 'discriminatingly or with knowledge, Sane Guruji was ever there! The name Sane Guruji was gradually spreading all over. Although the name? was known to people all over no one had seen him yet. Many times Senani used to come to me in Umbergaon.

At that time Umbergaon was the northern end of Thana District of the Bombay Presidency. It was included in<sup>4</sup> Maharashtra. The political movement of 1931 was gradually vanishing. It must be 1932-1933. The name Sane Guruji has heard by many people and such a person, such a leader, such a source of information of students is living in somewhere in Bombay Province this was known to the general public. Senani had come to me then for the first time and this incident is of that time. (There was a private Motor service then in Umbergaon). That day a person with a torn Khadi shirt, wearing a short dhoti walking without shoes, wearing a Gandhi cap with a small bedding covered with a torn blanket (curable) got down from the noon train. The people who were there on the platform thought this person must be one of those volunteers in the Gandhi movement; and therefore they did not take any notice of him.

That person said to the motor driver rather shyly, "I have to go to Dr. Joshi in Umbergaon. Which bus goes to the city? The motor driver in his usual haughty and offensive tone of voice, replied "Don't you see, you! This very bus is going to Umbergaon. Go and sit inside. Have you the money for the fare? "

And that person got into the crowded bus and seated himself on a seat properly balancing himself. The bus started.

In those days the bus used to drop the passengers in their proper places. When the bus entered the city he again told the driver "I want to go to Dr. Joshi!

Where is his house?" In those days the driver himself used to be the owner of the motor. In a little slighting manner he told "Sit a bit silently. I shall show you his house when we reach it." At last the bus stopped on the Main Road and the driver said, "Oh you get down, cross the left hand galli and go further, the third bungalow to the left belongs to Doctor Saheb. Inquire in the neighbourhood and someone will show you the house. "I And that person, that volunteer got down on the Main Road and entered the galli as was pointed out to him.

On that day it must have been about half past one o'clock! I was busy examining some patient when someone entered] the house with a bedding on the shoulder. When I looked up –and what did I see?– Senani! I at once said, "Oh, Senani! And did you come all of a sudden like this? You should have at least informed me that you were coming. Then I took the bedding myself and put it inside. After examining the patient, and prescribing medicine for him I let him go, and then| we started our usual talk and had tea and meals. I asked! Senani all about him.

Whatever had happened was quite all right. But the main point I want to mention here is quite different. After two days; Senani started going back. He was always in a hurry. "I told my servant to bring a motor car. The same old owner of their motor car appeared in due time. Senani was saying continuously, "No, no but I took his bedding on my shoulder and carried it to the motor car. The driver seeing me carrying^ the bedding on my shoulder immediately rushed forward and taking the bedding from me put it in his car and properly arranging the seat asked Senani to take his seat. And Senani: started off in the car!

The incident does not end here. It might have been eight - o'clock in the evening, I really don't know what the motor driver might have been thinking! But he entered my dispensary and said: "Doctor Saheb, who was your guest today? And you carried his bedding on your shoulder! I just smiled a little and said: "Oh, he was Sane Guruji!"

And when the motor-driver heard my words "Sane Guruji" he slapped his check (repenting) "Oh, how could I know this? Oh, was it he, Sane Guruji? We have so often heard his name. My daughter who goes to school, she often tells and goes

on saying: "Sane Guruji, Sane Guruji! Oh! It was a great mistake on my part! We should have invited him for dinner! My daughter wanted to offer her bow at his feet- oh, but, it was a very great mistake. Oh, he was Sane Guruji! How simple he is! Oh oh!—and he went on talking like this.

Senani's simple life, and his famous name among the students, realising all this I was myself struck with amazement. Such was our simple dear old Senani. This was Senani's first public visit to Umbergaon! That was his first visit after he became "Sane Guruji".

### 35 EXTREME LIMIT OF A SAINT'S HEART!

“Tell them, I am willing to marry!”

Before this first visit of his, in the years 1927-28, Senani had come to me with some of his friends. But at that time he was not known publicly as “Sane Guruji”. If at all, I may say he was on his way to it. But there happened one incident which has been particularly engraved on my mind. I am particularly writing out this memorable incident.

Senani passed his M. A. Examination. That was of course with some fixed plan in his mind. He used to always chalk out a definite plan in his mind as to what was going to do in the future. But his mind was naturally inclined to sacrifice rather than to enjoy life. Service to humanity, service to people was the only spiritual aspect of his plan all fixed up in his mind! In those days the student class was prominently before his mind's eye. Therefore he decided to start a movement for the benefit of the student world. But this field was rather too narrow for his nature. Those were the times of movements, movement for the liberation of our nation, Lokamanya Tilak died in the year 1920 and the yoke of leadership came on the shoulders of Mahatmaji. During that time all the young people who were in some movement were eager to join the political movement. It is quite certain that Senani too was thinking the same way.

But one has to observe a few rigorous rituals before one can join the political movement. The first and foremost ritual is that one must be very well educated, and gain real knowledge. Senani had passed his M. A. Examination. One way he was fully educated. But that was nothing!

Bear a bracelet of service to the country, and devote oneself to the service of the poor and the helpless people, and follow the path of service to humanity, and for this one has to observe the strict rituals. You have to forget the word “Self” keep the “self-pleasure” out of bounds, and you have to get sacrifice and service ingrained in your heart, you have to give up desire for wealth, because you have to see that the family life of other people is well established, you

have therefore to sacrifice your thought of your own family life and even the desire for it has to be banned out of your mind. Woman and desire for wealth have to be discarded from the very outset.

Senani had said good bye to the thought of earning money by getting into service and of living a happy home life after marrying. He had decided firmly in his mind, that he would never be enticed by the desire of wealth and woman. Observe celibacy throughout his life was firmly engraved on his mind and he was behaving accordingly. "Never serve anywhere and never marry" with this resolution he had come to me in Umbergaon. This is from my memory.

When Senani had come to me there were a couple of coworkers with him. I do not remember the names of all of them now but there was one coworker with him named Bhattacharya, that is certain. Nobody has any concern with this incident in my memory. This incident in my memory is rather personal and private. But from that one gets quite a different manifestation of the make up of Senani's mind.

At that time a certain gentleman was living in our neighbourhood. His family was once upon a time very rich and of noble heritage. But in the course of time the family began to degenerate, all wealth was lost but the feeling of his noble heritage remained ingrained in his heart. Never give up the past habits and never acquire new ones, such was his mental attitude. Time was running fast, the world is running forward, new ideas and new thoughts are coming forth; not only the mode of old thinking but also the make up of the new society is lagging far behind, social and political transformation is taking place, this idea never struck him and it was impossible for him to understand it either. At home he had two grown up daughters still unmarried. Their marriages could not be arranged at all. And the reason for it all was that gentleman's fantastic ideas and actions! He wanted for his daughter a husband well educated, rich, young, unmarried, very capable and belonging to a very prominent family in Society, without a dowry and without any expense on his part, and he was really hoping to get one like that.

But one can't find such bridegrooms endowed with all qualifications and merits down on the streets! But this idea had never struck him. Well, the daughter was uneducated, only was acquainted with mere alphabets, not at all good looking and without any money either. How can then her marriage be arranged? The elder daughter began to pine for love. She was prevented from stirring out of the house. She could not even come in the courtyard of the house. She used to go to visit the temple at night when it was dark and that too to a temple in the neighbourhood. This girl used to behave like this due to the high brow ideas of her famous family traditions due to social fears and the traditional training she had received! The girl used to sit at home and cry and used to blame her sad fate. In the end she began to get epileptic fits. Of course it all automatically becomes the talk of the neighbourhood. Another gentleman had just casually spoken to me about this. He had given me all the detailed information and he had even put a problem before me of how to solve it, and what could one do under such circumstances. What could I do in these circumstances the problem rather of a private nature?

But when very soon Senani came to me again, I told him about this matter just very casually and I also asked him about his opinion on it.

Senani remained silent. In his heart of hearts there was sympathy and pity for this girl. All this is happening purely under the strain of circumstances- what fault could there be on the part of the girl - he had this awareness in his mind and by sheer inner prompting he said "Ram, I am ready to marry this girl."

And I was really struck with wonder when I heard these | words from Senani. Because Senani had resolved to remain a celibate throughout his life, and I had known about it, and naturally when I heard these words from him I was struck dumb! And to get the matter clearly from Senani I said to him again, "Look here Senani, is it all true what you are saying? Shall I ask that gentleman?"

And immediately Senani replied in solid words "Yes, J Ram, I am really telling you the thought in my mind. I am | ready. Do ask that gentleman on my behalf!"

It is quite certain what Senani was saying was really from the bottom of his heart. Right from the beginning he was sentimental and the story of the girl was also such that any sympathetic person would have felt pity for her. What wonder is there then that a sentimental person like Senani could entertain such thoughts in his mind? Having heard that girl's story there must have arisen a struggle in his mind. His resolution of service to the country and for that to remain a celibate throughout his life and now falling a prey to this particular social traditional behaviour, and having come to know the helpless condition of that unfortunate girl and her sufferings caused thereby, and the struggle created in his mind on account of the pathetic case of the girl on the one hand and a sense of duty born in his heart due to it on the other. His mind must have been struggling with these contradictory thought and therefore he must have given his assent being enforced by his pure sentiment.

What it may have been, I did think it was quite natural. Whatever it was, it was not bear any fruit, because as soon as the gentleman heard his name, he at once rejected the proposal.

In this matter the person who told me about the case was also a respectable citizen and my neighbour. I told him at once: " For the girl you were talking to me about I suggest a name of my friend who has come to me, he is an M. A. and a young man and certainly very clever of course. He will be a man of fame in the future but at present very poor etc."

And my neighbour spoke about it to the father of that girl and suggested the name of Sane as a possible "bridegroom". But that guardian without thinking even for a moment had said at once: "No, no. The bride-groom howsoever well-educated and virtuous type he may be, if he is Poor and not rich, I shall never give my daughter to him. Make this absolutely clear to him."

And that subject was dropped there. What happened was in a way quite good one could say. Who can vouchsafe, if in the moment of sentimentalism if Sane had really married and had become a family man, would behave in the futures even become a "Sane Guruji"? And our nation would have] lost a selfless, self-

sacrificing servant of the country, and a source of inspiration to the student world!

And really speaking and admitting the fact we shall have to say that a common man's mind is more attracted by richness (Laxmi) rather than by learning (Saraswati). I think right from the beginning of society every one is a devotee of Laxmi. Poor Saraswati is always standing in a corner wearing torn clothes. Who will pay attention to her.

### 36 THE MAHATMA (THE GREAT SOUL)

#### CONQUERING OTHERS BY LOVE!

One can't imagine how much sacrifice was so much ingrained in his hand. Life of simplicity and not feeling infra dig ( below dignity ) in any kind of low work these two qualities were predominantly shining in him.

"Greatness of hard work-physical sufferings" these words were unknown in those days to anyone. But Senani had actually put them into action long ago. Senani was my dearest friend. To suffer any physical hardship for my sake he never felt it below his dignity nor did he feel it insulting. But his actual tendency was never to feel any hard work for others as below his dignity. In fact he could not help doing that hard work and undergoing those hardships. Our individual contacts were manifold, hence at every step I could see his way of work and his nature, his qualities were making a deep impression on my heart.

I always remember that song and those lines in it very vividly.

"Washes Arjuna's horses! Always keeps him by him!

Sprinkling water in the courtyard! Left off all shyness.

For the work of my devotees! I have left off all my shyness.

Krishna did this for his devotees and Senani did this for me!"

One day Senani came to me all of a sudden as he always used to come like that. How shall I describe what he was feeling for me? But it is certain that he felt in my something much more than actually was in me, than actually I deserved. His behaviour with me as a friend used to reach the extreme limit of sentimentality.

That day when Senani had come to me, my wife had gone to Bombay on some work. Of course I had sent her myself on some personal and private work of mine, and I was feeling very anxious about the outcome of that work and therefore I was anxiously waiting for her arrival. But she was going to return at 11 o' clock on the day after Senani's arrival.

When my wife was not at home my servant used to do all the cooking for us. And even if a guest arrives he used to cook rice and pulse etc. After doing his work he used to go home at eleven o'clock in the morning and at six o'clock in the evening.

When Senani arrived at my place it was five o'clock in the evening. The servant had done all the cooking and after our meal was over he had finished his work and had gone home. Senani had just arrived casually as usual so we had not much talk or discussion that evening, and that night I had to go out to see my patients twice or three times. We then went to bed. Next morning I told Senani why my wife had gone to Bombay and why I had sent her etc. I was very anxious, very eager to know what was going to be the outcome of our work. I told him that also.

In the morning we finished our meals and after washing the pots and pans our servant had gone home at eleven o'clock. Senani and myself were sitting and chatting when the service Bus arrived and my wife Kamalabai got down from it. When we saw her we both came downstairs and taking luggage came into the house.

While coming into the house I casually asked her "Well, you got the first train eh?" "Yes, I got it! I got up very early in the morning and straight arrived at the station. We have an early train! Bai was asking to have breakfast before going; but I came straight on! Now we will carry on everything at ease. "And with a smile she looked at me and Senani. Senani was no stranger to her. She used to know him very well.

"Well, my dear! What about the work you had gone for?" "Yes, I am going to tell you just now all about that." And saying this Kamalabai took me into the inner room and when Senani saw us going into our room, he went upstairs.

Kamalabai and myself had been so much absorbed in our talk, that we had no sense of time at all. It was twelve or half past twelve. Our talk was still going on. Kamalabai had still lots to tell me.

But as we were absorbed in our talk- when we heard a loud sound of a dropped pot, and were as though awakened by it! We thought the cat must have dropped the milk pot, suspecting this we entered the kitchen practically running and shouting off, ( shook-shook )!

But on seeing the scene there we were wonderstruck, not only this we were rather dumb founded. There was no cat at all but there was a 'big Pussy cat'.

When Senani had come down stairs we had not known at all. After coming down Senani had lighted fire in the hearth. He had sought out the wheat flour and had baked chapatis after carefully rolling them with a roller and keeping them all ready. He had even kept the wooden seat ready with plate and water jug. When he was taking down the brass plate for her from the rack it slipped out of his hand and that had caused the big noise!

Seeing all this we were simply struck dumb! What else could we have experienced! And being moved by the sight I ran to Senani and catching hold of both his shoulders " Oh, what is all this my dearest Senani. Why did you take all this trouble? What shall I say to you now? "

And Senani replied with perfect calmness, "Oh, Ram, she has been hungry since early morning! After your talk would be over she will come down und when can she cook her food? And you see I was quite free. Be sitting up quietly! Should I? I therefore came down and just rolled these chapatis. Let her first take her meal now, and then we shall go on talking!"

Kamalabai now came to understand what Senani had done for her. Realising the entire situation she was moved to tears and with perfect devotion she lowered her head on Senani's feet! In what other way could she have shown her gratitude?

That was really Senani's very nature! If there would have been any other woman she too would have done the same thing with all reverence to Senani. Knowing Kamalabai was hungry from the early morning he had prepared those chapatis. But now I remember and feel like saying when he was staying with us during his student days - at the beginning at least he used to be starving in the

evening. How is it that he did not realise "the true meaning of starvation"? His heart was touched more by other people's sufferings than his own!

I now have come to realise the real significance of the poem that I had learned in my school days. The substance of it is like this: "Butter melts if it comes into contact with fire; and great saintly persons melt themselves if others come into contact with fire! Well then is it possible that the poet must have composed this poem by putting the ideal of Senani in front of him? He must surely have it before him.

Man may be conquering man by Philosophy. But conquering others by love how many "Mahatmas" are here?

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