

Bapu – My Mother

By : Manubehn Gandhi

Translated from the original in Gujarati by : Chitra Desai

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FOREWORD

In this booklet Kumari Manu Gandhi describes a few incidents with Gandhiji. They throw light upon some aspects of Gandhiji's character and activities.

Manu is a grandniece of Gandhiji. But he had constituted himself her 'Mother'. Shortly after he had entered upon the last great mission of his life - namely, Hindu- Muslim Peace - in Noakhali (East Bengal) in September 1946, Manu joined him and was his only constant companion thenceforth till his martyrdom on the 30th January 1948. As such, these pen pictures will be read with great interest. They were first contributed to the *Bhavnagar Samachar*, a Gujarati weekly of Saurashtra - Kathiawad. They have been rendered into English by her friend.

Bombay, 22-1-1949

K. G. Mashruwala

I. BAPU AS MY MOTHER

Bapu¹ was father to innumerable men and women and the *guru* of many. There were many to whom he ministered as doctor or even as nurse. He was a dear friend to many colleagues. Countless people looked up to him as their redeemer. All this is aptly included in the term "Father of the Nation". For me, however, he was mother. Generally it is not possible for a man to become a mother to any one because he has not been endowed by God with a mother's loving heart. But Bapu appropriated for himself a share of even this divine gift.

So Bapu mothered me. He had, no doubt, brought up quite a number of girls but to me he often said, "Have I not become your mother? I have been father to many but only to you I am mother. A father does of course concern himself with the bringing up of his children but the real education of a girl comes from her mother. If a girl does not know some household work, the mother-in-law or the sister-in-law rebukes her saying, 'Your mother does not seem to have taught you anything.' No one finds fault with her father."

I was in the Nagpur jail in 1942 when Kasturba⁺ also was in jail. I was then only fourteen. My mother left this world when I was 12, but by her blessing I got a mother like Kasturba who never let me feel the want of my own mother. I was separated from Kasturba too, when during the '42 revolution the Government arrested her and Bapu. But by God's grace I obtained the rare chance of serving her again after nine months when I was transferred from the Nagpur jail. When I was at Nagpur I did not think that I would be able to meet Ba² in this life again, since she used to have frequent heart-attacks after Bapu's fast. But devotion was not without its reward.

Everyone was surprised that of all persons I was called to her side, and they wondered why they who had stayed with Ba and Bapu for years, should have been passed over in my favour. They argued, "How could this chit of a girl serve Ba?" But ever since my childhood, I had as much faith in Ba and Bapu as I had in God. Ba said, "If Manu is available I want none else." Just at that time she had a severe heart-attack. Dr. Gilder and Dr. Sushila Nayar required a helping hand

as they had to look after both Ba and Bapu. They asked for me as a nurse. But the Government was in a perverse mood. I cannot imagine what danger the Government scented in sending me to Bapu when I was a stripling of 14 then, and quite innocent of all politics. Shri Rajaji and Shri Devadas had heated discussions with Lord Linlithgow and Mr Tottenham. The former, however, prevailed and at last I was removed to the Agakhan Palace from the Nagpur Jail.

When my father went to see Bapu during his fast, Ba had inquired after me. My father told her that I had become very weak and had spoilt my eyes. So she was waiting anxiously for me as a mother would for her daughter. She was standing at the gate when I entered the Agakhan Palace and her eyes were full of love. She was so anxious for me that she had requested the Superintendent to take my key and let me in before the inspection of my luggage was finished. It was my rare fortune to be allowed to serve such a loving mother day and night for thirteen months. All my daily work was now done under her guidance as before. My heart bowed to God for all this favour. If Ba could not sleep on account of severe cold or asthma, she would either come and lie down with me or take me to her bed and say, "My child, you must be tired; you may certainly go to sleep. I have brought you to my side only because I am not able to sleep." She would pat me and put me to sleep as if I were a baby to be lulled.

On the 22nd February, 1944, God took away this darling mother of mine from me. That whole day, with tears trickling down my eyes, I stood almost transfixed and gazed at Ba as she lay with her head on Bapu's lap, bidding adieu to this world for ever, amidst the holy sounds of *Ramadhun* and the recitation of the Gita. Before she died she begged pardon of us all. She said to me, "My child, you have served me a lot. May God bless you," and to Bapu, "Now, I am going." Even Bapu could not help shedding two drops of tears. She told my father, "Take Manu away. Let her study further."

This was the first occasion in the Fifteen years of my life when I saw anybody on a deathbed, or a corpse and a funeral pyre. The second occasion was at the time of Bapu's death. People remarked, "How fortunate this girl is to have been

with Ba and Bapu till their last breath." But I do not know if after all that can be called good fortune.

For a time I was so depressed that I lost faith in God for taking away from me one who had tenderly mothered me till her last moment. Bapu asked me to sing a hymn. In a reckless spirit of childishness, I said, "I am not going to utter the name of the Lord. He has snatched away my Ba." My experience is that sometimes wonderful results come out of such childishness. On returning from the cremation ceremony that night, Bapu gave me some of Ba's things, such as a pair of ivory bangles, a necklace of *tulsi* - a symbol of Vaishnava faith -, the string with which she tied her hair, her saffron and her sandals. He said, "As Ba wanted you so much, you are the rightful owner of these things. You should draw inspiration from them as Bharat did from Rama's sandals which he installed on the throne in the absence of Rama. And how godly Ba was! These five bangles remained intact amidst the huge fire, bearing witness to her saintliness." There is a custom in Maharashtra, according to which, when a woman passes away before her husband, five glass bangles, a coconut and some sesame and barley seeds are tied round her stomach. We had followed that custom. But all the five green glass bangles had remained undamaged. One of them I have kept as a memento of that saintly soul.

The question of my further stay with Bapu was discussed by the Government as I was taken there only for the sake of Ba. I was released by the C. P. Government much earlier but they had allowed me to stay on with Ba as I wanted to serve her in illness.

I was now distressed over the thought of a possible separation from Bapu in addition to that from Ba. All that night I woke up at intervals with a start. So Bapu and Sushilabehn had often to put me to sleep by patting me. To console me Bapu wrote a chit to me at 4 a.m. during his silence. The chit runs thus:
"Dear Manudi,

You did not sleep well. I wrote a long letter yesterday to have you and Prabhavati (Jai Prakash Narain's wife) continue here, but I lay awake thinking till at last I saw light. It is improper to make such a request. For if we do, what

is the point of jail life? We ought to bear far greater separation. You are sensible enough. Forget your grief. You have great things to do. Give up this weeping and cheer up. Learn whatever you can after you are out of prison. In Whatever condition of life, you will always be happy that you rendered us so much service. I am very anxious about you. You are, just like yourself - innocent, simple and helpful. You have made service your religion. But you are uneducated and even foolish. If you remain uneducated, you would regret it and so would I if I continued to live. I shall miss you, but I do not like to keep you any longer here. It would be wrong. It would be a foolish kind of affection. It seems to me that you should go to Rajkot. There you will get the ennobling guidance of Naraindas. You will probably learn the art of work and certainly music, and whatever else you can pick up. If you stay there at least for a year, you will gain understanding. Then you can go to Karachi or anywhere else. (I was at Karachi with my father, studying in the fifth standard before I went to Bapu.) Gurdial Mallik is indeed there but he will not stay there for long. So there you will get only schooling. Even that is useful. But what you can gain at Rajkot you can gain nowhere else. More when I break my silence. I am indeed your mother, am I not? If you grasp this much it is enough.

Dated, 27-2-'44

Blessings from Bapu

Agakhan Palace, Poona

Preserve this letter."

But fortunately I did not have to be separated from Bapu. I came out of the Agakhan Palace only when he did.

Ever since then he began to bring me up just as a mother would bring up her own daughter of 14 or 15. A girl of that age wants to be with her mother and to be even closer to her mother than ever before. So he kept me very close to him and took interest in the minutest details of my life, such as food, clothes, sickness, my visits and companions, my studies, and even as to whether I thoroughly washed my hair every week, and he continued to do so till the end.

When he went to Bengal I was at Mahuva. But on my request to go with him to Noakhali he sent me his permission by wire. When I got to Bapu I was wearing a sari. As usual I kept my head covered, but as I bowed down to greet him, the sari slipped off my head and I was not aware of it, because as I put my head in his lap. He affectionately pulled my ear and said, "So you have come?" The same night at Shrirampur he told me, "Gujarati saris are for rich women who have nothing else to do but to loll in sofas or drive about in cars. Moreover, a Gujarati sari with head uncovered looks so immodest that one cannot bear to see it. So if one wears Gujarati saris, one must always be careful like Ba and other ladies of old not to let the sari slip off the head, and to readjust immediately if it does." I could not understand Bapu's real purpose in telling me all this, but he went on, "I know you can't be as careful as Ba in this matter. So if you want to stay here, you will have to wear Panjabi dress as you did in the Agakhan Palace. It is not becoming to keep the head uncovered in that dress too; but in a girl of your age it may not seem as bad or as immodest as in Gujarati dress. You know I have become your mother and I ought to tell you this. Why do girls move about with uncovered heads nowadays? If they cover their heads, how can they show off their hair, made to appear long by woollen padding or false hair? I am one of those who move freely among women. I am engaged in bringing them into public life. Once I myself taught Ba to wear shoes and socks to make her look like a Parsi lady during our stay in South Africa. She, poor thing, did not know all this. There is no beauty in wearing false hair as there is none in paper-flowers as compared with real flowers. Natural beauty lies in keeping the hair just as God gave it. (From this talk he suddenly digressed to spiritual matters.) I have no doubt that our women are molested only because of the artificiality that has crept into their lives. Jewels of false stones may shine for a time, but are sure to lose their lustre sooner or later. And this craze for false things has affected the purity of our inner self. I can never believe that persons who are false in their dress can be pure within. Hence this fall of our women - even their rot. How would they oppose molestation without weapon when they are incapable of doing so even with weapons? Even so powerful a being as Ravana, who could finish off anyone in a

moment, dared not touch Sita, though frail and unarmed. What was the reason? Her purity was so powerful. Where do you find that saintliness today? If an attack is made on a woman's chastity nowadays, she simply submits. There have been so many such instances here. Many *goonckis* have forced women to submit under the threat of death. Our women have preferred submission to death. Even if we do not believe in the historicity of Rama and Sita, and take the story to be imaginary, how magnificent and noble is the conception! It should be practised by women today. The character of Sita should be valued by all our girls. (What a turn Bapu gave to his talk on artificial jewelry!) And what do they call this newfangled fashion of painting the nails and lips?" I burst out laughing saying. "Bapu, I would have learnt the names had you asked me to. Lips are coloured by what they call lipstick. I do not know the name for the nail dye." "Oh yes, those poor girls paint their lips and nails, and the result is that they have no opportunity of seeing how pale and weak they are getting. Our women of old had such blood in the body that their lips and nails were naturally red. But we copied the West blindly. Both men and women are to blame for it. Women can by no means be excused for it. One ought to learn many things from Westerners such as discipline, good manners, becoming modesty, punctuality, energy and drive in action, perseverance, ardent desire to learn new things, sociability, etc. We have discarded all these and many other good things and rushed after vanities like powder and puff. I say from housetops that if anyone can bring both self-rule and good rule in the country, it is our women. Just as a house is not a home without a housewife, so also our independence will be incomplete without the co-operation of women. But that co-operation can come only when our women attain purity. Do you know what I mean by purity? I am against our *pardah* system but certainly there should be modesty. All these good qualities are summed up in the little word 'purity'. Without modesty, internal and external cleanliness, decency, love of truth, freedom from hypocrisy, self-respect, and yearning to serve, there is no purity. The word connotes many more such noble qualities. And there is no doubt that wherever there is purity, there God is manifest. If our women can secure this weapon, they do not need a sword or a spear. But this weapon of purity

requires far more training than the iron ones do. At the same time it must be understood that it is quite easy to learn this art.

"See what a useful lesson I have taught you from an ordinary chat regarding saris, and I have done nothing more than I ought to. Your father or grandfather can take up the role of your teacher, but as for me I shoulder the responsibilities of your mother. You have to practise the lesson in your life throughout. So write down in your diary tomorrow, and show it to me." Bapu used to examine my diary and sign it daily. He had awakened me that night at 12-30 and it was 1.15 a.m. when he concluded by saying, "Now you can go to sleep. I woke you up as I could not sleep. I felt that as I had taken on myself the responsibility of keeping you here I should teach you."

Such was my dear mother who lost "her" sleep in worrying over me and who gave me lessons by waking me up when "she" could not refrain from giving them.

God has now snatched away all the three mothers I had.

Here is a stanza from our Gujarati poet Botadkar, who sang thus of the glories of the mother:

Holy indeed is the Ganga,
But its water knows an ebb.
But mother's love is even
And none so sweet as she.

And really this sweetness of mother's love was my experience too. I found the truth of this stanza in my life. Till their last moments never did the love of any of my mother's fade.

1 Bapu is the same as the English Papa; used for Gandhiji by some of his close followers.

2 Gandhiji's wife.

3 Ba is the same as the English Ma; used for Gandhiji's wife by some of his close followers.

II. MEANING OF SACRIFICE

In spite of all the work he had to do at Noakhali Bapu spent at least ten minutes everyday there teaching me the Gita.

In the Agakhan Palace I had the good fortune to learn from him various subjects such as Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geography, History, Science, and Sanskrit; but English he never taught me. Others in the Agakhan Palace taught it to me. On account of want of time and Ba's illness, Bapu had to drop instructing me in the other subjects, but he never gave up teaching me Sanskrit. It was he who gave me my first lessons in the study of the Gita. I have passed through the hands of many teachers in school, but though at times I took a little help from others. Bapu has remained for me the only instructor in the Gita.

In the Agakhan Palace, however, I could learn only to read the text of the Gita correctly. In Noakhali on the day following our arrival Bapu said, "Twenty-four hours have passed since you came here; now tell me how far you have progressed in the study of the Gita. You are here not only to do my work, I want you to pursue your studies a^ well." I replied, "I have at times tried to study the Gita after I was released from jail. But I have not wanted to learn pronunciation or meaning from anyone else. I didn't mind having number of teachers for other subjects but in respect of the Gita. I did not wish to have any other teacher than you. So without studying it under anyone I went on pronouncing and interpreting on my own."

Bapu felt pained at this. He said, "This is only your delusion. Why should we not have innumerable teachers to learn a good thing? We should learn even from a child. There is no shame in learning a good thing from another. But now let us start afresh. Let us begin our Gita lessons from this very day. As regards pronunciation, it matters little in your case, but it has always been on my conscience that I have not explained the meaning to you sufficiently. Daily you must write five couplets from it. You must dissolve the *sandhis* (write every word separately) and give its meaning." I did as I was told and Bapu used to

correct what I had written and sign it, in spite of heavy work. He added. "The third chapter is on sacrifice. The study of the Gita is also a sacrifice. Let me explain to you in brief what sacrifice means.

"The Lord says that he who eats without performing sacrifice, eats stolen food. This is a statement of great import.

To take stolen food is like taking raw mercury - i.e. both are indigestible. He is a thief who spends even a moment without sacrifice. We all must perform this incessant sacrifice. For him who has, by good fortune, his heart in the right place, sacrifice is an easy task. He requires neither wealth, nor intelligence, nor education. Service rendered to anyone is a sacrifice. Only those are not thieves, who have completely dedicated themselves to service; and hence those who render service to a small extent are free from theft to that extent. Thus we all are thieves in some measure at least. Only when we give up all selfishness is our sacrifice complete. To wipe out the consciousness of 'I' and 'mine' is what is really meant by giving up selfishness. 'This is my brother or sister but that one is a stranger' - such sentiments should be eradicated from one's heart. He only can do this who can dedicate every little thing to the Lord, who can render service knowing himself to be an instrument of the Lord. Such people are always happy and calm. To them joy and sorrow are the same. They utilize their all, body, mind and soul in the service of others. For most of us such sacrifice is only an ideal. If we have the desire to serve the whole world what is the type of work which could be suggested to a number of people for the benefit of many? It is spinning. Spinning can be practised by numerous people as service of others and so it can be considered as service of humanity. Innumerable poor people can be maintained through it. Even the blind can spin and *Ramanama*¹ can be repeated with the drawing out of each length of yarn.

"This is the way in which I want to teach you the Gita, not merely grammatically. I have given merely one instance to explain to you the meaning of sacrifice. In spinning there is sacrifice and in sacrifice there is spinning."

1 The name of God.

III. LESSONS OF THE GITA

Although Bapu thus looked alter my studies I complained to him at times that he had made me give up my education, since he called me away from Karachi, where I was going to school. I wanted to pass examinations and had a fascination for degrees like girls of today. I am grateful to God, however, for His having saved me from that delusion. My great teacher imparted such instruction, to me as cannot be had even in B.A. or M.A. classes. All the same this wisdom has dawned upon me only now. When Bapu was alive I complained bitterly to him that he did not let me go to school.

He replied, "I want to impart to you both knowledge and wisdom." I retorted, "Mahadevbhai could become your secretary only because he was so highly educated. Have not all others also, who have risen and become great, done so because of their degrees?" Bapu laughed and said, "No use being great. You had better use the word *upadhi*¹ (i.e. burden) for a degree. A degree is really a burden. I regret having become a barrister and. if you believe me, I am not even conscious of being one. Because of my experience, I would rather save others from that burden. One may of course study several languages. But what troubles me is this cramming for university degrees for which students ruin their health. Today our country needs constructive work. There is immense work to be done in the villages. The whole face of our country will be changed if our students utilize for some constructive work the time spent on studies. It would certainly be a different story if the idea behind all this reading was to gain knowledge. The aim should be knowledge through reading, and reading on the basis of knowledge. But at present there is the vicious circle of examinations for studies, and studies for examinations. And then? Ultimately the knowledge gained is utilized for earning money. Some become doctors, some pleaders, some engineers; and the mad hunt for employment begins. Even with employment one may not get enough for one's needs. So the one idea behind all education is to obtain the highest post. I admit there are exceptions to this rule. I certainly do not mean to say that all the forty crores have only

this one object in view. But this is the main idea behind education. It is altogether wrong to believe that service can be rendered only after a certain amount of education. One can serve under any circumstance. God has endowed man with such powers that he can reasonably find no excuse for not rendering service. But man is so wicked, that he snatches at any pretext whatsoever for avoiding work. If some have money to serve with, others have a healthy body or intelligence. Whatever capacities we have we should utilize in service. We shall get cent per cent marks if we dedicate to the Lord all we have. If one who owns a crore of rupees gives only half a crore, he will get only 50 per cent marks; but if he who has only a pie gives that pie away, he will get cent per cent marks.

"One's service should be untainted. If a person renders service on account of fear or selfishness, that is no service. There is no place for selfishness where everything is offered to the Lord. A man who renders service in this spirit adds daily to his strength. Even work for his daily bread should be a part of service. One who is dedicated to service, renders service through everyone of his acts including even trifling actions like laughing, or just playing. His acts will in this sense be pure. God endows such devotees with all the necessary strength. Hence these verses in the Gita:

अनन्याश्चिन्तयन्तो मां ये जनाः पर्युपासते ।

तेषां नित्याभियुक्तानां योगक्षेमं वहाम्यहम् ॥ ९-२२ ॥

To those who worship Me, thinking on Me alone and nothing else and are ever attached to Me, I take on Myself the burden of giving what they need.

मच्चित्ता मद्गतप्राणा बोधयन्तः परस्परम् ।

कथयन्तश्च मां नित्यं तुष्यन्ति च रमन्ति च ॥ १०-९ ॥

With Me in their thoughts, their whole soul devoted to Me, teaching one another, with Me ever on their lips, they live in contentment and joy.

तेषां सततयुक्तानां भजतां प्रीतिपूर्वकम् ।

ददामि बुद्धियोगं तं येन मामुपयान्ति ते ॥ १०-१० ॥

To these, ever in tune with me. worshipping Me with affectionate devotion, I give the power of selfless action, whereby they come to Me.

"Just ponder over these verses. The last verse has deep significance. Unbounded faith is required to realize it; but what I want to impress on you is that all your degrees will not help you in doing God's work. Where would you have been, had you studied enough to have entered a college by now? If I could have my way, I would ask all college girls and boys to throw themselves into this communal fire to quench it. India, which appears like a mere speck on the world map, will become as big as an ocean if our students gave up this infatuation for degrees. The wise saying that, 'one should cut one's coat according to one's cloth' holds good not only for small families but for big nations as well. Our customs and activities should conform to the genius of our nation. We shall be heading for disaster if we blindly imitate the English. The crow saved himself when he reverted to his own gait and gave up imitating that of the swan. You know that story, don't you? Stories are not only for entertainment. They are meant to convey valuable lessons. Of course there are many bad customs in India, but if she proceeds according to her genius, she will occupy an unimaginable high position, for there is nothing to match Indian culture. New meanings will emerge as I go on explaining the Gita to you. But today it is enough if you digest this much. Write it down. Don't do it for the sake of mere writing. The Gita should be learnt with a view to practising its teachings. Today's whole lesson is based on the Gita."

I was taught this lesson because of my complaint about his coming in the way of my studies. It was an invaluable one. Bapu was so kindhearted that he took all criticism, as he would honeyed water. We were free to say to him, whatever we thought, without hesitation. How unfortunate it is that only today I realize how childishly impertinent I was to him! How true is the Gujarati proverb, 'Even if children are naughty parents never forsake them!' God alone knows why Bapu

insisted that I should write my diary, even if had to give up a part of my service to him. Perhaps he had a presentiment of his death within a year. The diary, therefore, turned out to be his will and testament for me.

1 A pun on the word *upadhi* which means degree as well as worry.

IV. EXTRAVAGANCE IS VIOLENCE

Gandhiji was to meet Lord Mountbatten on the 30th March 1947 for the first time. This was his first journey after he had plunged in the ordeal of Noakhali and Bihar.

He declined to go by 'plane offered to him by the Viceroy. He decided to travel by train, saying that he could not travel in a vehicle which could not be used by crores of poor people, and that the train would do as well for him. It was very warm and it was a twenty-four hour journey, and as usual there were crowds of people at every station for *darshan* of their beloved Bapu. But did he ever mind the discomforts he had to undergo? He called me and said:

"Now mind you, you are my only companion in this ordeal; and I am going to Delhi for the first time. When I decided to go to Noakhali, I had resolved to do or die there and had sent away from me all my companions. But I allowed you to join me in this sacrifice. You are with me here as you were there. Devprakash and Hunar (a Muslim friend) are also here, but they will stay with Mridulabehn, who will look after the work on my behalf, but I am duty bound not to leave you. You also would not wish me to leave you, and so you are coming with me. But remember this will be a severe test for you. You have to take the least possible luggage and choose the smallest third class compartment."

I took the least possible luggage but chose a double compartment because I thought that it would not be possible for Bapu to have sufficient rest in a single compartment. There would be a lot of noise on account of hordes of people coming to have his *darshan* at every station, and I would have to keep account of collections at every station for the Harijan Fund. So I got the luggage put in one of the two compartments and arranged the other for Bapu's use.

The railway train for Delhi leaves Patna at 9.30 in the morning. We (Bapu and I) came to the station at 9.25. There was an immense crowd but we managed to get into the compartment. As customary with him Bapu utilized every minute at

his command, and collected money for the Harijan Fund in the remaining few minutes. The train left the station exactly at half-past nine.

As Bapu used to take his midday meals at 10 a.m. during summer I went to the other compartment to unpack the luggage in order to prepare meals for him. After sometime I came back to his compartment. He was busy writing. He asked me, "Where were you all this while?" I replied, "I was preparing your food over there." He looked out of the window and asked me to look also. I sensed that I had committed some mistake. I looked out and saw passengers hanging on to the footboards. I got a gentle rebuke. "Did you ask for this second compartment?" He questioned me. "Yes, Bapu," I replied. "I asked for it as I thought you would be disturbed by my heating the milk on the primus, cleaning the vessels, etc."

"What a lame excuse? This is what is called blind (undiscerning) love. You do know that to save me trouble the Government offered me a special train if I did not want to go by 'plane. How many trains would be held up and what a lot it would cost to run a special train? How can I tolerate it? I am very cost-minded. You asked only for a second compartment, but had you asked for a saloon you would surely have got it. But would it become you? Your request for an extra compartment is like asking for a saloon. I know that you did it out of love but I have to teach you to rise to greater heights, and not to descend. So you must not shed tears like that. Now the only way of repentance is to remove all the luggage into this compartment and to request the station-master to see me at the next station."

I was trembling all over. I removed the luggage indeed but was worried about Bapu, for it often happened that he abandoned a meal as vicarious suffering for a mistake, however small, committed by others. At the same time he would do all his usual voluminous work such as writing, reading, spinning, and teaching me, in the train.

When we reached the next station, I called the station-master. Bapu acquainted him with the situation. "She is my grand-daughter," he said: "but she is a simple soul. She does not understand me fully as yet. Hence she occupied

two compartments. It is not her fault. The fault is mine, for there must be something lacking in my training of her. Now we both have got to repent for the mistake and so we have vacated the other compartment. I would partly be relieved of my pain if you use it for the passengers hanging on to the footboards."

The station-master tried to plead with him. but Bapu would not listen to him. The station-master offered to attach another bogie for the passengers. But Bapu said. "Of course, you ought to get an extra bogie attached, but you should utilize this compartment too. To use for oneself what is not essential is violence. Do you want to spoil this girl by letting her misuse the privileges she gets?" The poor station- master was nonplussed and had to comply with his wishes.

Bapu was the father of the nation. How could he ever bear to travel in comfort when his children had to hang on to the train? Thus they got sitting accommodation and I learnt a valuable lesson, namely, to take as little as possible of the good things of life for myself. Of course I was deeply hurt by the rebuff I received at the time; but today, I realize its immense value. Thus did Bapu live minding the minutest details of conduct based on non-violence, and howsoever little I may have been able to learn from him, it is bound to remain with me all my life.

V. BAPU'S PUNCTUALITY

Bapu's pilgrimage on foot from one village to another in Noakhali began everyday exactly at 7 a.m. He got very annoyed even if there was a delay of two minutes. Once it took me five minutes longer to get ready as certain things could be packed only after he was ready, whereupon he said, "See, the *kirtan* singers and village people have been standing outside for a long lime and still you are delaying. You have stolen five minutes of live hundred people and how can this be ever tolerated? I am going; you follow. I don't like this waste of time. Don't think that in future too you can take your time and follow me later. You can of course overtake me by running since you are young and I am old. But it is wrong to be late. Work should be done according to schedule, and when people have been told seven as my starting time, and there is delay even of two seconds I am pained."

VI. BAPU'S THOROUGHNESS

Narayanpur is a village in Noakhali. Bapu reached there at seven in the evening. We stayed at a poor weaver's place. On arrival at his destination, it was usual for Bapu to have his feet washed with hot water and to do some writing. Meanwhile, I would arrange for his massage and bath. He never used soap for his bath. He used instead a rough stone. This stone had been given to him years ago by Mirabehn. I had, however, inadvertently left it behind in the village where we halted last. I remembered it when I was arranging for the bath. I told Bapu that I had forgotten to bring the stone he used for his bath and that it might be at the weaver's. "I don't know what to do now," I added. Bapu thought for a while and replied, "You have no doubt made a mistake; I want you to go back and find the stone. Ask Nirmalbabu to prepare my meals. And you go alone and look for the stone. Only then, you will not forget it next time." I suggested with some trepidation, "There are many volunteers here. May I take one of them?" "Why?" asked Bapu. To this I could not reply. The forests of coconut and betel-nut trees were so dense in Noakhali that a stranger might easily lose his way. Moreover, those were days of communal trouble. It was a lonely way and the few houses there belonged to Muslims only. How could I go alone? But I had to as I had committed an offence. And so I set out without answering him.

I asked myself what I would do if some *goondas* were to pounce upon me on the way. But with Ramanama (the name of the Lord) on my lips and following our footprints I went back the way we had come.

On reaching the village with great difficulty, I managed to locate the weaver's house. Only an old woman lived in it. She did not of course know that the stone was so precious. And so she had thrown it away. After a good deal of trouble I found it and I was overjoyed. Immediately I started back for Narayanpur. At one in the afternoon I reached home which I had left at half-past nine in the morning. I was very hungry. But greater than this hunger was the pain at the thought that I had been deprived of serving Bapu during that time because of this lapse on my part. Placing the stone on Bapu's lap I burst into tears. He said,

"Today you have been put to the test. Whatever God does, he does for our good. On the very first day you came to me, you remember that I had warned and explained to you at length till two o'clock at night that it needs courage to join me in my sacrifice. If you falter even a little, you will be considered to have failed. You can even at this stage return to Maluiva if you like, but once the pilgrimage has begun you will not be allowed to leave. Thanks to the stone you have had your first test so early. You have passed. You have no idea how happy I feel. The stone has been my cherished companion for the past twenty-five years. Whether in prison or in palace it has been with me. Had it not been found it would have distressed me and Mirabehn as well. Moreover, you have learnt a good lesson to be always careful with every useful thing. One should not be careless, thinking that as many such stones are available one can easily replace a lost one."

I said, "But Bapu, if ever I took Ramanama with all my heart it was today. My heart trembled as I went along that deserted path." Thereupon he laughed and said, "Oh yes, one remembers the Lord only when one is in trouble!"

VII. BAPU THE MISER

Once there was a slight delay in heating the drinking water in the morning. I could not light the fire on account of damp weather. So tearing a piece of the border of my sari I dipped it in kerosene. Bapu observed it from behind. When I was preparing to light it he said to me, "Will you show me the cloth you are going to use for lighting the fire?" I gave it to him. Bapu opened out the folded piece which was long enough to be used as a tape. He said, "Wash this piece and put it in the sun to dry. Is it proper to use for lighting the fire a long piece of cloth which can serve as a tape? You know how miserly I am. Where is the harm if we were to get the hot water a little late? What a lot of kerosene was wasted in soaking this long piece, and would it not have been burnt had I not seen it?"

I said. "Bapu, now why should we be so miserly?" He replied jokingly, "You are a daughter of a generous father. But I have no father who will give things to me." Then, suddenly becoming serious he said, "There is always some meaning even in my jokes, which, if you can understand, I shall be satisfied." In the end the piece had to be washed and dried and I was made to use it as a tape. I was taught to light the fire with the straw that was lying nearby. Bapu always felt great joy in teaching such small things even in the midst of his multifarious and momentous activities in the service of the nation.

VIII. LOVER OF CLEANLINESS

Bapu was always very particular about cleanliness. He was certainly keen about external cleanliness but inner cleanliness was one of his unique requirements. Whenever he found anything done in an unclean manner, then rather than find fault with the person concerned, he would teach him cleanliness by doing the thing himself

Noakhali was full of narrow paths; some were so narrow that Bapu and I could not walk abreast. So he held a staff for support. He could not bear to see dirt anywhere and yet sometimes he had to walk along very dirty tracks. Once he began cleaning up with leaves some spittle, excreta, rubbish, etc. I was taken aback for a while. The villagers also looked on in amazement.

I protested in a fit of anger, "Bapu, why do you put me to shame? Why did you start cleaning this yourself instead of calling me to do it when I was just behind?" At this he laughed and said, "You have no idea of the enjoyment I derive from such work. And is it not less troublesome for me to do it than to order someone else?" I retorted, "But the people are watching you." Bapu said, "You will see that from tomorrow I shall not have to clean such dirty roads, for the people will realize that this type of work is not derogatory. And I would be pained if they were to do it only to please me." I said, "Suppose they clean it only tomorrow, then what?" Turning the tables on me he said, "I shall send you to inspect it and if the road is dirty I myself will come and clean it. To clean what is unclean is my work."

And it turned out just as he had predicted. On the following day when I went back to see the road, I found it dirty, but instead of telling Bapu I cleaned the road myself. Then I reported, "Bapu. I have cleaned the road. The villagers joined me and have promised that hereafter they would clean it themselves and I need not go." He said, "You have robbed me of merit. I wanted to clean the road myself, but it does not matter now. Two things, have been accomplished: first, the people have to this extent learnt cleanliness and

secondly, if they adhere to their promise they will have learnt to keep to their word." The road was kept clean thereafter.

Referring to the above incident Bapu said to me after a few days, "Do not think that only the people of Noakhali have the habit of committing nuisance and spitting in the lanes and bypaths. People of our Kathiawad also have the same habit of dirtying the roads. This bad practice prevails in many parts of India. More so in Kathiawad. I had a desire in my youth to eradicate this unhygienic habit but as fate would have it, I could not stay long enough in Kathiawad. Your anger with me was uncalled for. Just as one's hunger is satisfied only when one oneself eats, so I am happy only when I myself engage in sanitary work. I derive infinite pleasure from the work of sanitation."

IX. RAMANAMA

At Amki I could not get goat's milk for Bapu. I tried my best to procure it but failed. So I had to inform Bapu who said to me, "What does it matter? In the place of goat's milk coconut milk will do as well, and fresh coconut oil will serve the purpose of ghee."

Bapu showed me how to prepare them and accordingly I gave them to him. As he usually took eight ounces of goat's milk he took the same quantity of coconut milk too. But he could not digest it and so had an attack of diarrhoea. The frequent motions made him weak till in the evening when he was coming back to the hut he felt a reeling sensation. Generally symptoms like yawning, perspiration, coldness of hand and feet, etc. precede such a reeling sensation in his case. He yawned, but there was only four feet more to the hut and I thought he would be able to get there, but I was mistaken. Bapu who was walking with my support was already collapsing. I held his head with care and shouted for Nirmalbabu. He came and we both helped Bapu to bed. Then it struck me that I should send for Dr. Sushilabehn who was in a village nearby; I feared that I would be taken for a fool if Bapu's illness suddenly took a serious turn, and if I did not send for her in time. I wrote a chit and just as I was giving it to Nirmalbabu for despatching, Bapu woke up from his faint and called out, "Manudi," (that was Bapu's term of endearment for me), "I do not like your calling Nirmalbabu. As you are still young, however, I can excuse you. But at such a time I expect you to do nothing else but take *Ramanama* with all your heart. As for myself I was already engrossed in taking His name. I would have liked it immensely had you started taking *Ramanama* instead of shouting for Nirmalbabu. Now don't inform Sushila or call her. The real doctor is my Rama. As long as Rama needs service from me, He will keep me alive. When He does not, He will call me back to Himself."

A shiver passed through my body when the words "don't inform Sushila or call her" struck my ears. I snatched the chit from Nirmalbabu and tore it to pieces. Bapu saw this and remarked, "So you had already written to her." I had to admit

the fact. Then he said, "Today the Lord has saved us both. On reading the chit Sushila would have left her work and immediately run to us. I would not have liked it at all. That would have made me angry with myself and with you. Thank God, I was tested today. I am convinced that I shall not die of sickness if *Ramanama* has penetrated deep down into my heart. This rule is for everybody. One has to suffer for one's mistakes and in that spirit I went through the pain. One should have *Ramanama* on one's lips till one's last breath, but it should not be repeated parrot-like; it should spring from the heart as in the case of Hanuman. When Sitaji presented a pearl necklace to him he broke the pearls to see if the name of Rama was written in them. It does not matter whether the incident actually took place or not. We may not be able to make our bodies as strong as that of Hanuman but we can certainly make our souls as great. One can achieve the devotion of Hanuman if one is intent on acquiring it. If one cannot reach that height it is enough if one makes a sincere attempt. Has not Mother Gita taught us to make every effort and leave the result in the hands of God? We should try our very best to follow that teaching.

"Now you have understood what my attitude is towards the sickness of anybody, be it you, me or anyone else." And that very day he wrote to an ailing sister: "There is only one panacea in the whole world and that is *Ramanama*. But His name can only prove effective if the rules pertaining to it are strictly adhered to. But who cares to observe the rules?"

Strangely enough the above incident occurred on the 30th of January 1947 according to my diary, exactly a year before his death.

That unshakable faith in *Ramanama* remained with him

till his last breath. I did not then imagine that on the same day a year later, I should have the heart-rending experience of hearing *Rama, Ra.... ma* as the last audible words of the great departing soul. Mysterious indeed are the ways of the Lord.

X. IMPORTANCE OF SMALL THINGS

Since the time that he sent away his companions to different villages, Bapu was overburdened with work. It used to be difficult even for six persons to cope with his office work. Now it had to be managed by two, viz. Bapu himself and Nirmalbabu. But Nirmalbabu was unacquainted with the work. Moreover, he could manage only the Bengali and the English correspondence. Gujarati, Hindi and Marathi were foreign to him and Bapu had to look after correspondence in those languages. Then many came to see him. Besides, he had to go through his Hindi and English post-prayer talks for the Press as press-reporters could not interpret him accurately. The most difficult work was that of packing up the luggage daily and seeing that not the smallest thing was left behind. Though it was I who was doing this Bapu always saw that everything was all right. One may wonder what luggage he carried on his pilgrimage on foot, that was difficult for anyone to pack. He always carried his daily requirements with him, as he did not want to be a burden to anyone. And these were not merely pencil and paper. Here is a list of things which we had to take: From needle and thread to the cooker with all its accessories such as pincers, cooking pan, etc. Then there were vegetable knife, earthen bowl, wooden spoon, bucket, tumbler, commode, etc. These were our companions not because they could not be obtained owing to the ravages of fires in Noakhali but because Gandhiji liked to use his own things. So they found their way even to the palaces of Shri Birlaji. In addition, his office requirements were packed separately in a handbag from which the loss of the smallest chit of paper would bring Bapu's work to a standstill. This bag contained sundry important things such as letters from Pandit Jawaharlalji, the Sardar and the Viceroy, a copy of the Gita, Ramayana, Bible, Quran-e-Shareef and his *Bhajanavali* (book of hymns). It also contained his rough drafts of letters written on the back of those he got by post. I had to look after this valuable bag and if anything was lost from it, the responsibility was mine. Still Bapu would say, "If anything is lost from there you may escape blame, but how can I?" This shows how much he was concerned

about the smallest thing in it. Again nothing could be left ill-arranged simply because our stay was to be very short at a particular place. Unawares Bapu may inspect my arrangement.

Here is an excerpt of a letter which shows how much he was worried about his work in Noakhali: "How can I cope with the work here? All around there is conflagration. It is only through God's grace that my work goes on. My truth and non-violence are being weighed against the finest weight - not that which weighs a pearl but by one which is too heavy for weighing even a hundredth part of a hair. All round there is exaggeration and untruth as if truth had entirely deserted us. Violence stalks the land under the guise of non-violence and *Adharma* in the name of *Dharma*. But my truth and non-violence can be tested only under such an ordeal. And I am here to go through the test."

Such was Bapu's plight in his great work at Noakhali.

To cope with this tremendous work he used to get up at 2 a.m. and wake me also. To get up so early and that too in such cold was a trying situation for me, but never for him. Half in jest once I said to him, "Bapu, I would light a candle to God as a mark of thanks if either you wake up late or make some mistake in looking at the watch."

He burst into laughter and said, "God is not so susceptible to bribe as you/' And really God did not seem to care at all for my votive offering; and lo! no sooner did the hour of 2 a.m. strike than fondly slapping me on the head he woke me up saying, "Get up Manudi, see, God was not tempted by your offer." Then he asked me to light the lamp which he would always have put out on going to bed. I remarked, "Bapu, we sleep at about 10 or 11 p.m. and we get up at 2 a.m., so why not keep the lamp burning dimly?" He replied, "That is true but who will give me so much kerosene? Neither you earn for me nor do I earn myself. It is quite natural for you to think like that, because your father in Mahuva is earning. And moreover, do you realize that I have two purposes served in having the lamp put out? One is that the moment you light the lamp sleep is shaken off, so that you don't doze when I dictate anything to you, and second, so much of kerosene is saved. Thus I can kill two birds with one stone,

but do you know the meaning ,of the proverb?" I gave him the generally understood meaning but he gave me a different interpretation. He said, "One stone (one way) and two birds (two jobs). What is that way by following which two jobs are always accomplished? Two did not literally mean only two jobs. But two here may mean two or a hundred. Here in Noakhali thousands have been ruined. This leads me to think that we should not let even one moment go waste. Sleep, food, etc. we should have just enough to keep, us going. We should be restrained in all things."

Here he made a reference to poet Lalit's devotional song beginning with -

‘आजनो ल्हावो लीजीये रे, काल कोणे दीठी छे?’

'Take advantage of today, who knows what will happen tomorrow? That is why I am saying all this to you just now at 2 a.m. If the Lord wants to take away either of us He may do so. It is all in His hands. So this verse needs to be fully understood and assimilated.

"Then what is that golden path by pursuing which we can achieve all purposes? That path is the Path of Service - that is, service of one's neighbour, or service of the Lord. Devotional marks on the forehead or telling the beads of the rosary does not connote the service of the Lord. To put such a mark and then to stab someone - as is happening nowadays - that is sheer hypocrisy. But as saint Narsinha Mehta has said. 'Devotion means absolute self-surrender (lit. offering of one's head).' So remember if you cannot serve with your body, then you must do so with your mind. Your getting up, sitting, eating, drinking, playing, laughing, all should be for the welfare of the world, and with such a mind you should render whatever service falls to your lot. If you understand even this much you have learnt a good deal. See, what deep meaning our sayings have. Even through these little incidents I have taught you a valuable lesson."

And thus this great teacher spoke to me for about 20 minutes in the stillness of the night at two o'clock in a low tone in order not to disturb any one else.

XI HOMELESS

The huts in Noakhali are made of mud and coconut leaves. There are very few buildings of brick. The few that were there were burnt to ashes during the communal disturbances.

Bapu's headquarters in Noakhali was in a village called Shrirampur. The house was made of mud and its roof was thatched with coconut leaves, but friends had made every arrangement in it to make Bapu comfortable. But now everyday we had to move from one village to another. Many huts had been destroyed by fire, and when it rained, it came down in torrents, so it was impossible to spend the night under the trees. Bapu might walk on foot during his tour but where was he to stay? This was the problem that worried friends.

Among them, Satishbabu who managed the whole Gandhi Camp was the most worried. But being resourceful he constructed a folding hut which was at once artistic and useful. It had doors and windows, light planks of wood for sleeping on, some straw with a mat in case the ground was rough. There was also a small bathroom at the back. Bapu knew that Satishbabu was making a folding-hut but he did not realize that he was making a hut which he later described as "like a palace".

Bapu used to stay at Shrirampur. His real tour, however, began from Chandipur, a village two miles off. The area which was greatly devastated was about seven to eight miles from Shrirampur. As this would be a very long distance for him we halted for the night at Chandipur. This village also was not immune from the disturbances.

Before he started from Chandipur some ladies came and put the auspicious mark on his forehead and then our prayers began. Bapu had instructed me beforehand to sing *Vaishnavajana to tene kahiye* and substitute Christianjana, Parsijana, Sikhajana, Muslimjana and Harijanjana for Vaishnavajana at every repetition of the first line and he too joined in the song. This song was not sung

daily but only on special occasions. He discarded his sandals in Chandipur. The reason he gave was: "When we go to holy places like

temples or *masjids* or churches we put off our sandals and I have to go to *Daridranarayama*. I am going to people whose kith and kin have been looted, where innocent women and children have been slaughtered and where they do not have sufficient clothes to cover their nudity. To tread on such ground and to meet such people is, to my mind, a pilgrimage; so how is it possible to keep my sandals on?" While he said this, his heart was stirred to its depths like buttermilk in the process of churning. Even now his pathetic- voice rings in my ears. Bapu's feet were even more tender than our palms; so his feet were often pierced by thorns and they became cracked.

Exactly at 7-30 a.m. he commenced his pilgrimage through betel nut and coconut forests, with one hand on my shoulder, a bamboo slick in the other and the song "Walk on Alone" of the Poet Rabindranath Tagore, on his lips:

"If they answer not to thy call walk alone,
If they are afraid and cower mutely facing the wall,
O thou of evil luck,
Open thy mind and speak out alone.
If they turn away and desert you when crossing
 the wilderness,
O thou of evil luck,
Trample the thorns under thy tread and along the
 blood-lined track travel alone.
If they do not hold up the light,
When the night is troubled with storm,
O thou of evil luck,
With the thunder flame of pain ignite thine own heart

and let it burn alone."

This song in Bengali was sung everyday before setting out, and then all day long we went on singing hymn after hymn and Ramadhun. On the way Bapu saw places where bones were scattered about, huts had been burnt down and people had been killed; his heart was broken, only the hymns gave him solace.

On 7th January, 1947. at 9-30 a.m. we reached Masimpur where devastation had been indeed great. As there was no place for him to stay, the folding hut was put up. Entering it, Bapu observed minutely every nook and corner, up and down and sat down on one of the wooden planks and I started washing his feet. For a few moments he was silent and then said, "Have you marked what a lot of trouble Satishbabu has taken on this *palace* of mine? He has made it all in such small parts that even children can carry it from place to place. .So overflowing is his love for me! How can I exclusively enjoy his boundless love? So I have decided against this *palace* being carried to any other village. It can be used either as a hospital or for some other such purpose. I can be comfortable anywhere. Even if there is no house there are so many trees here to give us shelter. Let God do what He wills. Why should we worry about it? I have told all our workers who have gone into the villages that they should depend for all their necessities on the villagers only. They should look upon themselves as members of the villagers' family. They should not think that they were somebody and that they had gone to serve and oblige the villagers. If they entertained any such ideas they would not be able to carry on for a long time. If they fell sick they should use only such medicines as may be available locally or be prescribed by the local physician or in the last resort depend upon the five elements (earth, fire, etc.). This rule applies to me as well."

The next day Bapu did not allow us to carry the folding- hut. Thereafter he used to slay with one of the villagers. This enabled him to live with people of all sorts of both the communities. Hindus, Muslims, weavers, potters, barbers, blacksmiths, traders, Brahmanas, Harijans, etc. so much so that he stayed even with those who had indulged in killing in Noakluili. Bapu's presence helped in bringing about a change of heart. And it seemed as if the people too thought

that by extending hospitality to him, they got an opportunity to atone for their sins in this very life and thus to get themselves absolved. Bapu considered himself fortunate to live with the people, and there was a glow of happiness on his face in spite of so much that was painful. Many said that they did not mind the outrage of Noakhali as because of it Bapu's feet had sanctified their villages!

XII. RECEPTION WITH COSTLY GARLANDS

In Devi pur the local workers and the people had arranged a grand reception for Bapu. We came to know later that they had spent about Rs 200 on it. Usually he was welcomed by the womenfolk of the village with an auspicious mark on his forehead. Sometimes they used also to decorate the village with coconut leaves. He took no objection to such a welcome, because it did not involve any expenditure except labour with their own hands.

In Devipur, however, the decoration was made with flowers, coloured paper, silken, silver and gold threads, bought from Chandipur. They had also small lights of ghee and oil. Bapu saw this and became serious for a while. He then asked me to gather information about the local leaders, the population of the village, etc. Subsequently I informed him that there were 300 Hindus who were mainly Brahmanas, Kayasthas and Shudras, and 150 Muslims. He called the leader and asked him in an angry tone, "From where did you get all this?" The leader answered, "Your visit is a blessed occasion for us and so we Hindus only collected Rs.300 by giving according to our purse, with 8 annas as the minimum subscription, to buy flowers and other decorations." Bapu was all the more enraged and said. "All these decorations and flowers will vanish in an instant. It makes me feel that you are all playing me false. My visit has emboldened you to put up this big show only to add fuel to the fire of communalism. Don't you realize that I am thrown into the fire myself? I would not mind it so much, had these garlands been of yarn as they would have served two purposes - one of decoration and the other, of utility when the yarn is converted into cloth. There seems to be an overabundance of money in this village or else you would not have thought of these decorations in such hard times. This is not the way to show your love for me if that is your object. If you have real love for me, do what I say. I cannot imagine how you could think of wasting money like this after this terrible holocaust.

"And moreover, you are a Congress worker, a public worker, and you say you have read my books; you are an M.A. and you have been to prison; you wear

this short khaddar dhoti, and still you have used all this foreign silk and ribbons. I only want to impress upon you that all this is very painful to me. This makes me think of my fellow workers and wonder whether they who are known today as servants of the people, will also start receiving and giving costly garlands if appointed to honourable posts in future.

"I realize today that even now I cannot say for certain that every one of my workers would ever be simple and that he would not swerve from his ideal even if he owns a number of cars or big bungalows. Well, this incident has made me more vigilant, more awake. I do not find fault with you; merely disclosed your real self. Who can help that? But through this incident God has shown me where I stand. I wonder what more is still in store for me to see."

How could those poor workers have anticipated that Bapu would suffer such unbearable pain through their action? The worker in question went away downcast and removed all the decorations within half an hour. Bapu asked them to make a reel of all the threads used in the garlands. The reel thus made was a big one. It was given away to the people for sewing purposes. The thread was long enough to make about 20 reels of the usual size. But for Bapu all this thread would have gone waste. Thereafter he was welcomed only with hand-spun yarn, and 50 yards of cloth woven out of it was distributed to the poor. Indeed Bapu was a real friend of the poor.

XIII. BAPU'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT

We were at Calcutta with Bapu at the time of the attainment of freedom after years of slavery.

The Hindus of Noakhali feared an outburst of disturbances on the 15th August 1947, and hence Bapu went to Calcutta from Kashmir to reach Noakhali on that day.

At the time he reached Calcutta, there was an outburst of communal violence there and so Shri Prafulla Ghosh, the then Prime Minister of Bengal, asked him to stop there for two days. He agreed to do so. Though the outrage took a turn for the worse in Calcutta he decided to adhere to his original programme to go to Noakhali; and we packed up accordingly. But just then Shri Shaheed Suhrawardy came to see him and said, "You please proceed to Noakhali after you have quelled the riots in Calcutta. Nobody but you can quench the fire that is aflame here." Bapu replied, "I cannot do anything single-handed. I am prepared to be your secretary; but as I have promised to go to Noakhali. I ought to proceed. However, I am prepared to stay here and quell the riots, provided you take up the responsibility for Noakhali. But for bringing peace here you shall have to stay with me all along and live like a fakir."

After thinking for a while Shri Suhrawardy said, "All right, I shall send a man to Noakhali and try my best." Bapu said, "Trying your best won't suffice. You give me your answer after mature consideration; because, just as, I have said that I shall go on a fast unto death if anything happened in Bihar, so also I shall be justified in taking the same course for Noakhali if further disturbances take place there."

These talks were held on the 13th August. How cleverly Bapu can find a way out! He put all the responsibility for the outrage at Noakhali and for future peace on the people there and so Shaheed Saheb was baffled for a while. For him it was not a difficult task; for responsible Muslims of Noakhali, who had charges brought against them, had been acquitted, and were used to obeying

Shaheed Saheb. Bapu had indeed a wonderful method of getting work done by the guilty person himself, by putting all the responsibility for future good behaviour on him. Thus he would venture to hand over all that he had to a servant who daily stole and in this manner appeal to the best in him, and awaken his sense of honour and responsibility.

The next day Shaheed Saheb came with his group. Ail of them promised, "We will see that there is perfect peace in Noakhali and we will be on the guard to prevent future trouble. But you please stay here." Thus Bapu accomplished his work in Noakhali without stirring out of Calcutta. Muslims went to Noakhali and offered every kind of help to Hindus in order to allay their fear Suhrawardy Saheb agreed to stay with Bapu day and night. They both agreed not to have any interviews without the presence of the other and to issue joint statements only. On the 14th afternoon we went to stay in Haidari Mansion, Beliaghata, where Muslims dared not go.

The building was very dirty and we had not experienced such inconveniences as we did here, even in the Noakhali tour. There was only one room and numerous people came for *darshan*. Bapu could not get even a moment's peace. Some young men were angry with him on the day we went to stay there. They said, "You are an enemy of the Hindus. You have come here only because a few Muslims have been killed the last three or four days. Where were you up till now?" Bapu smiled in reply and calmed them down by saying. "You are all youths. But to me you are like children. Even my youngest son Devadas is older than everyone of you. Why can't you realize that I, a Hindu by birth, a Hindu by action, can never be an enemy of the Hindus? Who was it but I that went to Noakhali? I was going there today too. I want help from you. I can't do anything single-handed. It is in your hands to be either protectors or destroyers. If you destroy trie I do not mind. I am old. I don't wish to live long. I have served enough. I have come here merely to explain and calm you down if I can. I am a servant of both Hindus and Muslims. To me all religions are the same. Now see, have I not arranged for permanent peace in Noakhali, even from here?" He then told them how Shaheed Saheb had joined him in this work.

Could it have been a premonition when he said, "It is in your hands to be either protectors or destroyers?" For in the end it was the Hindus who turned out to be his destroyers!

Those young men were pacified and they themselves then began to spread Bapu's message of peace. And in Calcutta,

which was till then the scene of mutual slaughter between Hindus and Muslims, people of both the communities came together in a lorry to Bapu, with sky-rending shouts of *Hindu Muslim Bhai Hain* (Hindus and Muslims are brothers), *Hindu Muslim Ek Ho* (Let Hindus and Muslims unite), at 11-30 p.m. i.e. just half an hour before the clock ushered in the day of freedom. This noisy atmosphere of warm fraternization continued for the whole night. Bapu could not get a wink of sleep, as not only men but also women and children of both communities came together to him as if for *darshan* of the father of their freedom, and as if begging forgiveness for their misdeeds and vowing not to behave so in the future. So at any rate it appeared. Every city celebrated this great day with blazing lights, processions, etc. but Bapu's way of celebrating it by creating permanent Unity within half an hour, surpassed them all. And ever since there has not been any serious untoward incident in Noakhali. Bapu's workers are there now as they were then.

Bapu had asked us to fast that day but I objected and said, "Bapu, shouldn't you give us sweets today?" To that he replied, "You know that I ask you to fast on occasions like marriage, birth or death and especially so on auspicious occasions. Besides, from today we shoulder a great burden of responsibilities. Just as when we fast on *ekadashi* (a holy day) our minds are drawn more towards devotion, so also we shall become more conscious of our responsibilities by observing a fast on this day. Moreover, the spinning wheel is the weapon of freedom and we can hardly afford to forget it. The observance of silence is equally important, for through it we pray to the Almighty to keep us always awake to our responsibilities. All this is necessary to save us from pomp, luxury and pride when we get power. From today we should become more and more humble."

Bapu's face was serene. Within half an hour he had brought about an unimaginable change in the whole atmosphere and yet there was not even an iota of pride in him. On the contrary he said, "What can any man do single-handed? Why do you congratulate me alone? This achievement is due to the co-operation of all of you."

Bapu and the rest of us observed the day by spinning and a fast. He addressed all the local Ministers who had come to him for his blessings, "You see, from today onwards you wear a crown of thorns. Even after getting power you should remain as simple as you are today. Take care that pride does not possess you; for power is a great allurements. Don't go in for pomp and luxury. Do not be tempted by the glamour of authority. Set an example to the public by your simplicity, humility, non-violence and tolerance. Villages have to be uplifted. The down-trodden have to be raised. Never give up truth. Now starts your real test. During the British days, in a sense, there was no test for you; but from today a series of tests begins. May God give you complete success in them!"

The 15th August, 1947 was a Friday and it was on a Friday that he died as a victim to a Hindu's fury. It is our fault that he is no more with us to advise us! Let us remember his wise words and pray to God to give us strength to follow them, as a means of repentance for that crime of murder committed by us on him.

XIV. BAPU'S GLORIOUS BIRTHDAYS

I have used the word 'birthday' here in the plural as Bapu's birthday falls on the 2nd October according to the English calendar and on the 12th day of the dark half of the month of Bhadarva according to the Indian calendar, and so both these days are celebrated. In the year 1947 the 2nd of October came first.

Now we shall have to celebrate his birthdays without the light of his presence. Bapu had prophesied on the 2nd of October 1947 that his next birthday would see India either transformed or him no more alive. Who could then have thought that his prophecy would prove so tragically true?

At 3-30 a.m. on the 2nd October 1947, we got up for prayers. Many inmates of the Birla House had already assembled. One by one we bowed to Bapu. By way of joke I remarked, "This is not fair. It is you who should bow to others on your birthday, but today, instead of you bowing down, you are quietly accepting our bows!" Bapu replied, "Yes, the ways of Mahatmas are contrary to those of the world. Haven't you all raised me to the pedestal of a Mahatma? It doesn't matter if the Mahatma is only a counterfeit coin; but once the word is applied, he is above the rules of ordinary courtesy!"

At that time Bapu was suffering from a severe cough, cold and fever. The cough at times was so violent that a bystander could hardly bear to look on. Bapu, however, instead of resting for a while, began his daily correspondence and writing for the *Harijan* weeklies, immediately after prayers.

The kind of cough he had, a periodic duration of three weeks. The doctors, therefore, requested him to take a penicillin injections so that he may have some relief during the period. There was a tussle between the doctors and Bapu about this.

He said, "And what about my *Ramanama*! If *Ramanama* saturates my heart, I am sure my cough will vanish tomorrow; and if it continues for your three weeks' period, I am prepared to proclaim to the world that I was found wanting in the matter of *Ramanama*."

A doctor argued, "Maybe, but how can you dismiss summarily all these laborious researches in science? Bring me your most perfect devotee of *Ramanama* and I will infect him with cholera."

Bapu said. "That is only a presumptuous claim of science. Science has yet a long way to go to get at truth. But I am sure that one who chants the Lord's name with real faith can never fall ill. Disease as such will be rooted out if people become so pure. You are mistaken. Tomorrow someone may suggest that I should eat liver or take liver-injections. Should I then take such foreign articles? India is a lazy country and the laziest community in it is that of doctors. They cannot prepare anything here. They simply believe in remedies manufactured elsewhere. What a pathetic situation! India - a beggar country! Nature has provided us with everything and yet we have to stretch our hands to foreigners. I feel extremely pained about it whenever I think of it. I have done my best. Only when fortune favours India, her condition will improve. Now I have no desire to do anything. I am longing to disappear from the world quietly, with *Ramanama* on my lips. It is my lack of ability that I am unable to impress upon people the full import of the potency of *Ramanama*. Today I am in a potter's kiln with flames all around me. Just as you doctors are making researches in science, so also I am in search of *Ramanama*. If I succeed, well and good; if not, I shall die in the attempt. That today, because of this 2nd of October, you have all come to greet me lovingly, is a fine indication of your love for me; but personally, my only desire now is either not to be alive on my next birthday so that I may not have to see this fire, or to see a changed India. So please pray for what I wish instead of for my long life."

These were the words he uttered at 5-30 a.m. on the 2nd October, 1947.

It is generally believed that on a happy occasion we ought not to say anything ominous or weep or get angry whatever may be the provocation. Today I find that there is some significance in that belief.

At 7 a.m. that day we went out for our morning walk with Bapu. On the road he was annoyed with an Englishman who attempted to take his photograph. Bapu disliked photographers as a class since they had harassed him often enough.

"Today is a day for prayer," he remarked sharply, "instead of that you are doing this."

Kripalaniji, Suchetabehn and many others came up to greet him. We had observed a fast and so had he. I said, "Bapu, why observe a fast today?" He replied, "This day should be observed as the birthday of the Spinning Wheel, i.e. of the God of Service. So we should fast on His birthday and try to become purer by repeatedly offering prayers saying, 'O Spinning Wheel, keep us at Your feet'. My fast today is by way of such a prayer, not as a celebration of my birthday to which I attach no importance."

As usual Bapu finished his massage, bath, etc. at 8-30 a.m. Mirabehn had artistically arranged flowers in the shape of ॐ, हे राम ! and a Cross just in front of his seat. Putting our garlands of yarn round his neck, we all again bowed to him. Then there was a short prayer attended by Jawaharlalji, Indira Gandhi, Ghanshyamdas Birla and family, Sardar Patel, K. M. Munshi, C. H. Bhabha, Dr. Jivraj Mehta, and many others, who crowded the room to overflowing. When they dispersed after the prayers, which were from all religions, Bapu had a sudden attack of severe cough. A friend remarked, "Bapu, you have not yet been cured of your cough." He replied, "I shall be free from cough if the Lord favours; if not I should like to die of it. I have no desire now to live for 125 years. Today you must all pray to God either to take me away from this fire or to grant good sense to India. I had never been so downcast in any of my numerous fights with the British. But what am I to do today with my own kith and kin? People try to kill their own brothers nowadays. I don't want to live to see this fratricidal war." Everyone who had come for prayers left at 10 a.m. But others continued to flock into the room for Bapu's *darshan*. Gadgil, Devadas Gandhi and his family, Bhatnagar, Dr. Jivraj Mehta, Sir Datar Singh, Arthur Moore, Shanmukhan Chety and Prof. Abdul Majid, were among them. Then at 11-40 a.m. came the Sardar, Manibehn, Ganeshdatta, H. L. A. Aung, High Commissioner for Burma, and Dr. M. Oung Sieu. High Commissioner for China. The High Commissioners had brought with them their Prime Ministers' letters and IVuits. At last, at about 12-30 p.m. Bapu could snatch some rest, but only

for fifteen minutes; for the stream of people started again. We had mass spinning for an hour from 2 to 3 p.m. Lady Mountbatten came at 4-10 and left at 4-35, and then came, Humayun Kabir, Shridharani, and Monsieur and Madame Logier (of France).

The rupees offered at Bapu's feet made quite a heap. Some ladies had given even ornaments.

We passed the whole of that 2nd October very happily. There was a fine programme on the radio that night. "Bapu," I pleaded, "please do listen to the radio at least' today." He said, "What is there in the radio to listen to? Why not listen to the music of the *rentiyo*, rather than to the *bhajans* of the radio?" (A pun upon the words 'Radio' and '*Rento*' which means in Gujarati the spinning wheel.) Nearly a thousand telegrams came from India and foreign countries.

The Gujaratis of Delhi had collected a fund to be given to Bapu on his birthday according to the Hindu calendar. As Bapu's health was bad, the Sardar had a go at him, "Why did you agree to attend the meeting of the Gujaratis when you are suffering so severely from cough? But you are so greedy that scent of money from any place will make you rise up even from deathbed to go there. Such funds are sure to be subscribed even otherwise. Why then should you go, coughing so violently all the time? But I know you won't listen." We all had a hearty laugh over it. So sweet were the relations which subsisted between Bapu and the Sardar. Some of the audience then asked the Sardar to address a few words to them. He cut them short with a joke, "Is this my birthday that I should speak? It is the Mahatma to whom you give all these funds and why should I be asked to speak? You know Bapu is a *bania* and *hernias* are always greedy. See how soon he regained his energy to try and loot you even in spite of his severe cough and weakness. (There was an outburst of laughter at this sally.) But now my only request to you is, please do let him have some rest."

Bapu reminded the people to galvanize the Charkha programme.

The birthdays of Bapu will be as dark this year (1948) as they were glorious in 1947. But just as we content ourselves with the dim light of an earthen oil-lamp rather than be in utter darkness, so will repeated reminders and an attempt to

follow him, give us light in the darkness of his absence from us. Let us remember his favourite prayer 'Thy name is both Ishwar and Allah; pray show everybody the right path', and send our respects to Bapu through the prayer. Let us also repeat his wish uttered on the birthday of 1947, that either India should become pure or that he should not live; and let us pray to God and to him to show us the right path, and to forgive us our sins and enable us to begin a clean chapter in our lives.