

APPENDIX I

APPENDIX-ITHE ORIGINAL PASSAGE

## JAWAHARLAL NEHRU AND HIS QUALITIES

- KRISHNA HUTHEESING

JAWAHAR WAS in England when I was born, and though he came home for his holidays, I was too young to remember him; so my first recollection of him was when he came home in 1912.

We were then in Mussoorie, and as the day of his arrival came nearer, great preparations began to welcome him home. In those days, England was supposed to be at the other end of the world.

The great, day arrived. My frail little mother was in a fever of excitement, rushing upstairs and downstairs seeing that all was in readiness to welcome home her beloved son.

I remember how lonely I was that day, with everyone, even my governess, too busy to take any notice of me, and so while I played alone in the garden, I heard horses' hoofs and saw a young man come riding up to the house with my father and other friends. Suddenly all was commotion and bustle and there was a great deal of talk and laughter. With a sinking

heart, I went into the house, and before I knew what had happened, I had been picked up by the young man and was kissed. I did not like it and rubbed off the kiss, as children will, much to my mother's annoyance. That was my first encounter with the brother who was to become so dear later on.

The first few months of our acquaintance were none too happy. Jawahar wanted me to do all sorts of daring tricks - ride bare-back on my pony, make it walk up steps or jump, and do many other tricks that were equally annoying. I resented it, but had to go through with it to prevent him from thinking that I was afraid. I disliked this brother, in spite of the lovely dolls and other gifts he brought to me, and I often wished him back in England ! Perhaps I was jealous of him too, for in those days no one took much notice of me, while he was being fussed about constantly. I kept more and more aloof, and my brother remained a stranger to me.

And so the years passed. When I was about twelve or thirteen, Jawahar one day offered to coach me in mathematics. I did not like the idea very much, but had to give in. Our first lesson was a great success, and I enjoyed it immensely because he taught in a most fascinating and delightful manner. I looked forward to my lessons, and for some time all went well. Then one day something went wrong, and he got irritated with me,

and flung my books away. I was stricken dumb. Two seconds later he apologised, but the harm was done and I was scared to death. From that day our lessons ended abruptly, and nothing could persuade me to renew them.

It was in 1921 that I got to know him a little better when I had to leave my English school and study at home. Naturally, being in the house, I saw much more of Jawahar than I used to and got to know him better. Life, which had so far been a well-ordered and regulated affair, changed for one of uncertainty and constant change. With my father and brother going to prison now and then, no regular life at home was possible.

I often accompanied my mother to the various prisons to interview my father and Jawahar. I looked forward to these meetings, but it was at first hard to get used to the idea of seeing these two behind the grim prison walls, even though they had gone of their own free will. I always felt rather sad after an interview, but the ever cheerful smile my father and brother welcomed us with, made things look less gloomy as time went on. These used to be red-letter days for me, and it was during this time that I learned to admire, and sort of hero-worship Jawahar. For my father I always did have this feeling. To me he was a unique person and there was no one in

all the world like him, but I had hardly given Jawahar a thought. Now I developed a great admiration for him, but also feared him a little as I had not forgotten his awful temper. Day by day this fear lessened and he became infinitely dear.

It was in 1926 that I actually got to know my brother. His wife and daughter were living in a flat in Geneva, and I went to stay with them. Living in a tiny place in close contact with each other, we became friends and companions. Jawahar is a delightful comrade, always full of energy and good spirits.

We travelled together now and then - Paris, Brussels, Rome, Berlin. Usually we went to attend some conference or other, and being with Jawahar, I got an opportunity I might never have got on my own of meeting famous and interesting people; people of all nationalities and types. It was an interesting experience, and I enjoyed it very much. It was also good to see how everyone liked him, and I used to feel very proud of him.