

70th Birthday of Inda

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Good Moening.

A new day has dawned, at it is 15th August 2017. 70 years ago a small boy of 13, was admitted to the Kankanady Hospital in Mangalore, suffering from Typhoid.

Had been there for more than a month, and one fine day, heard a procession walking down the side of the hospital road to the main gate, shouting Jai Hind

My memories, waft back seventy years, and as an old man again getting disabled by other ailments, I see humanity racing ahead in time, not knowing their real destination, often guided by a momentum created by the advertising euphoria, and leading men into a tizzy of bewildering imagination and mesmerization.

What can old men expect, when the much younger generation is taking over and do not have time for people like us. Naturally, they have no way to have hindsight, when this is deliberately forced by interested parties and the unthinking generation cannot distinguish fact from fiction.

The poor generation has to end in frustration, and turn to violence, not knowing any other way to respond to their frustrations, and the same folk who goaded them will turn against them and brand them as 'New Terrorists'; 'Anarcists'; 'Brigands'; and what not, and turn their guns on them to safeguard their ill gotten wealth. Beware and know it now !