

# Management Ideas



FOR STILL BETTER

RESULTS

RELATIONS

REPUTATION

a monthly newsletter to key executive-leaders  
on practices, possibilities and ideas generally  
for stepped up performance

edited by  
N. H. ATTHEYA MA PhD  
author, educator & consultant  
on problem-solving and creative ideas

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3112 A JOINT MULTIPLIER VENTURE : A teacher has opportunities to influence a number of young people. A good teacher uses these opportunities to great purpose. Even good teachers need inputs.

When I read the following announcement, a possibility surfaced. First for the announcement.

The Institute of General Semantics is organising its 46th annual seminar workshops from July 15 to July 30, at Alverno College, Milwaukee, WI 53215 U.S.A.

Tuition cost is \$690. Room and meals \$750. Members of the Institute get a 10% off.

The faculty will include :

DR. KENNETH G. JOHNSON, Emeritus Professor of Mass Communication at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee. CHARLOTTE SCHUCHARDT READ, Emeritus Director of the Institute. ROBERT P. PULA, Director of the Institute and Editor of the General Semantics Bulletin. MILTON DAWES lives in Montreal where he writes, teaches and does consulting work. DR. STUART A. MAYPER, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry at the University of Bridgeport(CT). ANDREA JOHNSON is Assistant Professor, and THOMAS CARTER is Instructor, of Professional Communication at Alverno College. GREEGG HOFFMAN is journalist and Lecturer in Mass Communication at the University of Wisconsin.

Visiting Lecturers will include :

DR. ALLEN WALKER READ, DOROTHY BERLETH, RALPH WESSELMANN, IRENE ROSS MAYPER and ABDUL SALAAM.

The benefits the participant will get are stated as follows :

- \* Restructure your critical thinking and evaluating ability
- \* Increase your perceptual awareness and creative self-expression
- \* Sharpen your communication skills and insights
- \* Gain experience of modern scientific paradigms and how they can be applied in your everyday life.
- \* Learn how to cope with uncertainty and unproductive controversy, and promote inner and outer harmony.

What is General Semantics? What is Institute of General Semantics and What is Alverno College? Let me quote.

General Semantics was developed in the 1920's and 30's by Alfred Korzybski, a Polish engineer, after many years of research addressing the question: "How is it that we humans have advanced so much in the areas of science, mathematics, and technology, but demonstrate so much confusion, misunderstanding, and violence in our interacting with ourselves and others?" His major work, Science and Sanity, now in its fourth edition, has had a tremendous influence.

The Institute of General Semantics, founded by Korzybski in 1938, serves as the world center for training in General Semantics. This training is not available elsewhere.

Alverno College is nationally known for its innovative curriculum. As the originator of outcome-oriented teaching and performance-based student assessment, it provides a congenial atmosphere for our work. But we should state clearly that our program is sponsored and designed by the Institute of General Semantics and not by Alverno College.

Your Editor came to know of this delightful tool of clear and realistic thinking in 1944 and has been a keen student-practitioner of this subject.

It would help our students greatly if they acquire a knowledge of general semantics while they are at high school or college.

The problem is that we don't have in India teachers who have made a systematic study of the subject or who have had formal training at the hands of a master.

Here is a unique opportunity for one of the Readers to select and find a teacher for this multiplier training.

When the teacher comes back, he(she) can train hundreds of students in this worthwhile communication discipline.

The steps would be:

Find a friend in U.S.A. or an NRI, who is similarly disposed, who will pay his tuition and stay expenses.

As a community relations project, spend the rupee component of his travel.

If 1000 young people benefit through this teacher, in a decade, the per person investment will be only a few dollars and a few rupees.

Please make sure you select a teacher who not merely teaches well but learns well.

Investing in good teachers - multipliers of knowledge and skills - is investing in the good future of the country. Such investing means giving them the benefit of recent, relevant, worthwhile knowledge, skills and values.

3113 RE-LOCATION : More and more women are working full time. When their husbands get transferred, they have to face the hassle of relocation.

A firm of relocation consultants (Jan Dickinson of Portland, Oregon) recommend the following steps :

Plan Ahead : As soon as you find out you're leaving, call your industry or professional association for names of members in your new location. Find out if there is a local branch of the group, get a schedule of meetings and put yourself on the mailing list.

Use existing resources: Once the news of your departure is official and you're arranging for a smooth transition of your work, tell your clients, customers and other contacts where you'll be relocating. They may have leads to jobs and people in your new city. If you're moving for your husband, inquire whether his corporation has a wife relocation programme. Some companies circulate resumes or even hire recruiters to help employee's spouses get settled.

Take advantage of the opportunity for change : A relocation is a good chance to reassess your career goals. If you don't have a job waiting for you in the new city, think about what you enjoy doing and do well. Career counselling can help you plan your next step. Universities and professional associations may be a good source of guidance.

Get into circulation quickly : Start following up leads and meeting people as soon as possible. People are often surprisingly open to newcomers. If there's a person you want to meet, or an organisation in which you'd like to get involved, telephone. It's useful to try to meet new contacts for lunch, so you'll be a face instead of just a voice.

Reach out to the business community : Attending Chamber of Commerce meetings will give you an opportunity to meet executives from most of your new city's major businesses. Use the few minutes both before and after the meetings to introduce yourself.

Give a little, get a little : Volunteer to work for a local charity or the city symphony - anything in which you're interested. This will give you instant access to other people in town who could be your peers.

The college route : Taking a continuing education class in your field can be an excellent way to build contacts - as well as update your expertise. Many firms will pay for this - take a minute when you're filling our personnel forms to ask if yours does.

3114 **TAKING THE OATH** : Many medical schools have replaced the Hippocratic oath with the more modern Declaration of Geneva. Students are often allowed to vote on which they prefer. Many classes alter the oaths to reflect changing attitudes toward abortion, feminism and nuclear weapons. The Geneva Declaration does not require that the new physician swear by Apollo, Aesculapius, Hygeia, Panacea and all the gods. In case you have wondered what the new physician does swear to, we offer the words of the Declaration :

#### THE DECLARATION OF GENEVA

At the time of being admitted as a Member of the Medical Profession :

I solemnly pledge myself to consecrate my life to the service of humanity.

I will give to my teachers the respect and gratitude which is their due;

I will practise my profession with conscience and dignity;

The health of my patient will be my first consideration; I will respect the secrets which are confided in me;

I will maintain, by all means in my power, the honour and noble traditions of the medical profession;

My colleagues will be my brothers;

I will not permit consideration of religion, nationality, race, party politics, or social standing to intervene between my duty and my patient;

I will maintain the utmost respect for human life from the time of conception; even under threat, I will not use my medical knowledge contrary to the laws of humanity. I make these promises solemnly, freely, and upon my honour.

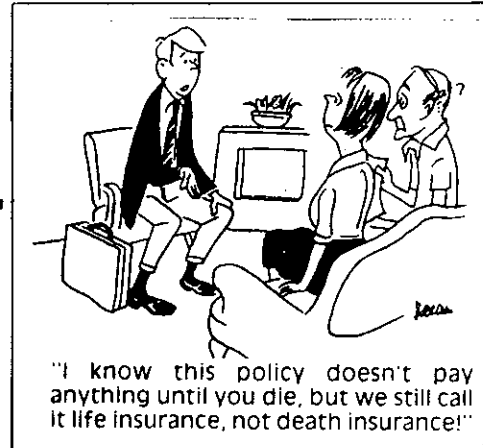
**3115 PUBLIC RELATIONS PLUS :** The Deputy Commissioner of Police and FRRO, Bombay, has brought out a brochure "General Information for visitors to India". This is informative and attractive. Since you do get visitors from abroad, you may like to ask for a copy for your file from him. (Annexe-II, Office of the Commissioner of Police, Bombay). This has been brought out by the courtesy of a small company.

The main idea is that the Police Department may be wishing to bring out publications of this kind. They need the assistance of one of the Readers; and the initiative has to be taken by the interested Reader.

**3111 LAUGHING MATTER?**

Judge : "What good have you ever done for humanity?"

Crook : "Well, I keep three or four detectives working regularly..."



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## Of a Different Mould

Arun Ghosh

*This is the story of a somewhat extraordinary man, a story worth narrating, for by and large the daily news and the weekly news we read (and sometimes dish out) are quite dull in comparison with this real life story.*

"O the joy of that vast elemental sympathy which only the human soul is capable of generating in steady and limitless floods"

—Walt Whitman, *A Song of Joys*

IT is easy to get disgusted with life these days. Peruse the daily papers in the morning, and you have headlines shrieking at you of violence, corruption, cussedness and narrow sectarianism all around. Venture out during the day, and you cannot get on to any public transport, the auto-rickshaw will disdain your call unless you have to travel a long distance—and then he will drive as if his house is on fire with you clinging to the edge of your seat trying not to get thrown out. Turn on your television set in the evening, and as likely as not there is murder, rape and bestial brutality on the screen for prime-time viewing, or some mindless advertisement urging you to 'save' money by buying something you do not need. Come news-time, for Doordarshan it is 'viewstime', there is little information, but you have the benefit of being educated by dilettante opinions on all subjects under the sun. Meanwhile, your wife has reason to grumble; the prices of bread, butter, eggs, vegetables, vegetable oils and pulses are shooting up, the domestic help does not turn up periodically without warning, the school teacher gives your eight year old daughter enough homework to keep your wife busy coaching the child for four hours, when (in many towns) repeated power failures in the evening do not give anyone even one complete hour to get any work done, let alone homework given in the school (where there is no teaching done any longer, despite the high capitation fee and other extortionate demands on your purse).

In this depressing atmosphere, it is refreshing to meet someone of a different mould. It is not usual, nor even proper to speak or write about someone living; somehow, we keep fulsome praises only for the obituary column, or for the likes of Mother Teresa. But when you chance to meet some lesser mortal—who is unlikely to read your piece and could not care less anyway (if someone were to tell him about this write-up), you could perhaps make an exception. You need to give expression to your own sense of elation

that the world around you is not all sordidness.

There is, miles away from civilisation, a lepers' home, some distance away from Salem (in Tamil Nadu). It was started in the sixties by a German lady, a doctor by profession, who one day decided to pack her bags, leave her home and her (then flourishing) medical practice in the FRG, and settle down in India. She is still there, though it is not of her that I write; she never leaves the place, and between the in-house patients and those being treated in their own homes, there are more than 4,000 patients of this "lepers' home". She is in the Mother Teresa mould, though not as well known or famous. Her outfit, it transpires, receives no financial (or other) assistance from either the central or the state government; the institution does not exist insofar as the bureaucracy in the health department is concerned, though understandably, it is under the surveillance of the home ministry. As a result, the institution survives entirely on private charity, and is frequently short of essential drugs required by the patients. But let us leave her and her lepers' home, for I have little personal information to add to what has already been narrated.

But even such institutions require an administrator, and it is of such a person (concerned with the running of this institution) that I write.

Let us leave out his name, that is not of any consequence. Foreign born, he has made India his home. He speaks excellent Tamil and understandably, also English, though surprisingly, no Hindi at all. He is spending his vacation wandering around north India, and has managed somehow to travel (by inter-city buses) from one place to another, mainly by sign language, and also occasionally through the intercession of someone who can speak English. (Who says language is a barrier between men? Not if you are intrepid enough to disregard such barriers.)

It is when one gets to know his background that one is struck by this extraordinarily reticent and yet lively person full of a sense of life and its beauty. In 1939, as a young man of 18, he set sail from the Germany of Adolf Hitler for China for a holiday to meet his parents, his father

being a missionary in that country. Those were the days of the "slow boat to China"; and as an impatient young man, after about two months in a cargo boat, he jumped ship in Bombay, travelled with little money in his pocket to Calcutta hitch-hiking his way across the country, and ended up in Peiping (or Peking and now Beijing) four months after he was due. By then the second world war was started, and as a German, he was not welcome to the Chiang Kai Shek government, for Chiang was an ally of the Allied powers. Advised to leave the country, he travelled by train to Moscow—that was the time when there was an alliance between Berlin and Moscow—and thence back to Germany (in Munich, where he was a medical student). But all young people were being conscripted at that point of time, and he was promptly drafted (for the medical services on the front) and in 1942, sent of all places, to the Russian front. He spent about three years moving from one area to the other, retreating most of the time with the German army. Come 1945, Germany had surrendered, but the local units were still in combat at various places. As the only English speaking person in his regiment, he was asked to negotiate the surrender terms for his unit with the Americans camped on the opposite side of a hillock. The formalities, ever, he (understandably) made not the first wrong move of his career. Instead of allowing himself to be taken as a prisoner of war by the US army, he and three colleagues set off on their own for Munich. Much to his own surprise and delight, he managed to hitch-hike with the advancing US army to Munich, where he thought he would resume his medical studies. But, by that time, through some quirk of fate, he was rounded up and handed over to the French authorities; and lo and behold, he was kept as a prisoner of war doing forced labour for three years to restore the devastation in France caused by the German army. Finally, he got his release in 1948, and returned to Munich, penniless, having lost nine of his youthful years as a result of the war and its aftermath.

The medical course now seemed to be a distant dream, and he had to quickly decide as to what he should do. But first, he had to earn his keep and save enough money for his studies. Work he did, at every conceivable opening that came up, wherever it came up, and he saved up so as to complete his education. Time-wise and funds-wise, he then decided that the only career open to him was 'law', and he took intensive coaching and managed to acquire a degree in law in less than a year. One has to add that he had got himself enrolled earlier, while he was working; interestingly, the requirement of residence

and attendance were not mandatory for the law degree in Germany.

So, here he was with a degree in law, and that helped him to get into the foreign service of the Federal Republic of Germany. Our friend entered the world of diplomats, and after a few inconsequential postings, he was made the German consul in Madras.

There he remained for a few years, when the time came for him to be promoted and posted elsewhere. At that time, in the early sixties, this German lady doctor decided to leave her medical practice and to set up a lepers' home near Salem (with all her own past savings). The 18 year old boy who had jumped ship in Bombay in 1939, now decided in 1962 to jump the foreign Service of the Federal Republic of Germany. He resigned, and has been living in a village near Salem ever since. (His wife, all credit to her, also elected to accept this totally different life.)

What prompted him to suddenly give up a nice, comfortable diplomatic career? What restlessness of spirit, what deep urge brought him to the interior villages near Salem, to live among lepers? When asked as to why he made the switch, the answer was simple. He did not find his job as a diplomat satisfying; he had always wanted to be a doctor, and this was the nearest he could ever hope to get, medicating people. The nine 'wasted years' between 1939 and 1948 which he spent on the eastern front (on the Soviet-German boarder) and in French labour camps, the hardships, the death he faced and the suffering as well as the courage he encountered gave him, he says, a better education than his law degree. He has grown to love men, mostly through the qualities of comradeship that came out under conditions of extreme hardship on the battle front. Never really having been to college, and remembering but little of his school days, his real schooling took place in the war. He is still wistful of his failure to get a medical degree; anyway, he is quite happy living in a remote village in Salem, doing something useful.

Drinking water is a problem where he lives; the ration is one bucket of water every 24 hours per head. You can drink it, or you can wash yourself with it (or wash your clothes if you want). You make the choice. So, he really enjoys a visit once a month to Madras—it is a ten-hour jeep drive each way, self-driven—to get medical and other provisions for the colony. He then gets the luxury of a hot bath, and with a smile he says, you get to value and treasure that bath only when you get it but once a month.

Does a patient ever get fully cured? Oh yes, most of them do; but it is a slow process and requires patience. Most patients with early signs of leprosy get completely cured.

What danger is there of the workers cat-courtesy :

ching the infection? Well, it is like this. You are living in an infected atmosphere, but the infection does not come from contact. But a patient sneezes, or coughs, and the wet phlegm can give you the infection if you are sitting close by the infected person. There are all kinds of people always travelling by bus or by rail, and an infected person may be travelling with you, this person not even aware that he (or she) has incipient leprosy. (It sometimes takes a few years to show.) So, there is this busload of persons, and the infected person sneezes. One or two persons out of the busload may get infected, all unknown to themselves. The infection is in the air, but you have your own physical resistance and may not catch the infection. So, he says, working in the colony is not necessarily likely to make you infected, it all depends. You could also catch the infection without even being a mile near the colony. Of course, working in the colony does imply that you learn to wash your cloths regularly, within the one bucket of water per day allowed to you.

But this is a morbid subject, he wants to change it. He is travelling around, and he is keen to meet people from different parts of India. He leads a somewhat isolated life, in what may be described as a somewhat remote (or secluded part of the country). Unfortunately he does not know enough Hindi to converse with people. He loves to travel around the country in ordinary buses; that gives him an opportunity to see and meet more people. And he is used to roughing it out. An 18-hour journey by bus is no problem. He is perforce a vegetarian most of the time, so the roadside dhabas serving chapatis and dal and a vegetable, or dosas and idlies in the south, do not present any problem. He is in Rajasthan now, and he is on his way back, via Bombay.

It is a sobering experience for one who has generally led a sheltered life to meet such a character. Indeed, come to think of it, you do not run into many of them these days, they are getting to be a rare breed. From Germany to China—via

India, tramping and hitch-hiking across the country—as a youth; asked to leave China as soon as he gets there, and so back to Munich via Moscow by rail; catapulted into a war not of his making—it never is for the soldier—and the end of his dream of studying to be a doctor; made a prisoner of war three days after the armistice (!) and made to serve hard labour for three years thereafter; working hard to educate himself somehow and getting to be a diplomat; and then chucking diplomacy for a life in a lepers' colony near Salem, Tamil Nadu; what an unusual, eventful life it has been.

When asked his age he says he is 58 years old; he wants to forget (and to deduct) the nine years between 1939 and 1948. What a passionate fondness for life as he wants to view it and live it! Shying away from the easy, comfortable, somewhat empty life of a diplomat, shunning the possibility of name and fame in his country's service, choosing anonymity, choosing a vocation most would like to avoid—that of ministering to a category of human beings usually avoided by most people, and yet devoid of the religious fervour which had doubtless impelled his parents to take up missionary work in China—what is it, what yearning of the spirit drives such men, far away from their homes, far away from their near and dear ones? But perhaps, they are able to make a much larger family of human beings near and dear to them.

So, there are still some people around who are not particularly bothered by the pervading sordidness one sees around, the mounting corruption, the endless stabbing in the back of one colleague by another, of the increasing hypocrisy of the political and economic leaders of society. As I said earlier, they are a rare breed today; and chancing to meet such a person is an uplifting experience, worth sharing with others.

That in brief is the story of a somewhat extra-ordinary man, a story I felt was worth narrating, for by and large, the daily news and the weekly views we read (and sometimes dish out) are quite dull in comparison with this real life story.

#### HEART-WARMING STORIES

In a world of what-can-ONE-man do, there are men and women who ask; What cannot one MAN do? And they don't keep asking; they go and do it! The media gives the impression such people do not exist in the world, especially in our country. My association with the Indian Centre for Encouraging Excellence since 1967 has convinced me that we have thousands of such men and women. Whenever I hear of them, I share the warm feeling with my friends and Readers. Reader Dr. L.N. Godbole brought this item to my notice. I am thankful to him. Let me once again request the Readers to send in such items for larger sharing.