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Out of My Mind: This Is My Life



In Sunshine And in the Shadow (Part 2)



**Book Review: Everything Is Predictable
They Called Us Exceptional**



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Editorial

“Bully vs. Wobbly” by Anil Shrivastava ‘Musafir’



On Thursday, as American voters tuned in to their television sets and devices to watch the presidential debate, two questions dominated public consciousness. Was Donald Trump stable and disciplined enough to deliver a performance on stage for 90 minutes, without being a bully and alienating swing voters in swing states? Was Joe Biden physically healthy and mentally coherent enough to communicate

effectively, and show that he could be trusted with one of the world’s most high-pressure jobs for another four years when he would be 86? By the end of the first presidential debate, the voters had tentative answers.

Trump’s record and rhetoric remain deeply disturbing. By one account, he lied over two dozen times in the 90-minute debate on issues ranging from his economic and

foreign policy record to abortion and immigration. He refused to either accept the 2020 election results and condemn the attack on the US Capitol or commit to accepting the outcome of the 2024 election results. He had little to say on some of the world's most pressing challenges, particularly the climate crisis; instead, he defended his decision to walk out of the Paris climate accord and sought to bracket Russia, China and India in the same category as climate freeloaders while suggesting that the agreement mandated the US to have responsibilities, a lie.

Trump didn't explain how an across-the-board tariff increase that he has promised if elected would help either the American economy or conform to global trading rules. And the former president did not have specific answers on how he would end the war in Ukraine, except to brag that he would do it by January. He also offered little clue of what he thought of Israel's war in Gaza, or even if it should end at all. Yet, and this is the remarkable feature of American politics at the moment, Trump won the debate. He won because, irrespective of the nature of one's ideological agreements or disagreements with him or views on his political rhetoric and tactics, the 45th US President seemed like he was in control.

It seemed like he was attuned to the concerns of American citizens on immigration and inflation and frustration with external entanglements. He was, by his

dismally low standards, disciplined as he kept his performative volatility under check.

Biden lost. And the 46th President of the US lost not as much because of the substance of his policies as his utter failure to articulate his worldview and record. From his wobbly walk to the stage to his meandering sentences, from his weak rebuttal of Trump to his inability to even leverage issues on which Democrats score high such as abortion, Biden's performance will go down as a case study of what not to do at debates and how not to communicate in politics.

In President Biden's case, this failure is a direct product of his age, which will lead to even swing voters growing skeptical of his ability to complete a second term. Being the American president requires exercising judgment on the most difficult issues, all the time. And if American citizens don't believe that a candidate is mentally sharp enough to exercise that judgment, that's a problem. If he truly believes that Trump's candidacy represents a threat to democracy, Biden must voluntarily step aside, free his delegates and, let the Democratic Party choose a candidate at the convention through an open electoral process. It is late. But shaking up the race late may help Democrats to galvanize their base and put up a contest in November. Otherwise, they can get ready for Trump's return to the White House.

Commentary

India's Fourth Place Performance

By: Anil Shrivastava 'Musafir'



From the time of Milkha Singh, also known as the Flying Sikh, India is used to finishing in the fourth place in the Olympics games. The same story is repeated in 2024 Paris games too. From aspirations of hitting the double digits in medals for the first time, it's become a fraught journey laden with near-misses by the finest of margins.

Fourth-place finishes were once a source of much inspiration in India's sporting pantheon. Milkha Singh's path-breaking 400m run in the 1960 Rome Olympics or for that matter P.T. Usha, who would miss out on a medal in 400m hurdles only by one hundredth of a second at the 1984 Los Angeles Games? At the Tokyo Games, golfer Aditi Ashok finished fourth after seeing her lead vanish on the fourth and final day.

Those were the days when India was a nascent republic still trying to build its nation. Now 77 years later, India still finishes mostly in the fourth place in the games it participates. Overall, India has won 41 medals at the Olympics to date. This is shocking since India is the most populous country in the world. More than 400 million people in India belong to either rich or middle class category with an average household income of 123,700 U.S. dollars. So, the popular notion that India does poorly in sports because its people are poor and lack nutrition doesn't apply in this case.

The main reason why India performs poorly in sports is that that is not their priority with the exception of a few states like Punjab and Haryana. By the way, most of the Indian athletes come from those two states only. From childhood parents' focus is on excellence in education which alone can secure a good livelihood for a child in the future. It's a matter of survival in India. According to Frontline magazine, more than 35 students die by suicide in India every day. In such an environment sports cannot be a priority.

Of late, many Indian parents' focus has shifted to Bollywood dancing. Especially girls are required to emulate Bollywood stars' moves and perform in family and social functions. That also makes them highly marketable and desirable for arranged marriage.

Indian school systems don't have dedicated sports teams or sports clubs like the western countries do. Sports is not encouraged there and the colleges don't offer sports scholarships. College sports is almost non-existent as the focus is mainly on education.

So, there is no need to shed tears for India's performance in Olympics. As a silver lining at Paris now, the last few of our sporting stars hope to give India's gutted fans something to cheer about. Hopefully, after a series of blows spread over 12 days, it will be a happy ending.

To sum it up, the Paris Games have become more memorable for the hopeful victories that didn't materialize than the actual wins. So, please don't cry for India. Eat, drink and be happy!



When I was growing up in India, there was a big Hindu-Muslim divide. The Muslims living in our community were mostly poor and backward with a few exceptions. Despite all that, I grew friendship with Ayaz Ahmad, a Muslim boy. Ayaz was very well-mannered and good at studies. You may say that he was different from the mold.

Ayaz's mother was the first cousin of Ayaz's father. As a matter of fact, his father's second wife was her mother's own sister. For me that was incestual and shocking, but my parents told me later that that kind of marriage was permissible in Islam. I didn't know that Islam allowed men to have four wives either. In fact, Ayaz himself had a crush on his uncle's daughter.

Ayaz and I attended the same intermediate college and later graduated from the same engineering school. We remained good

friends despite our religious and cultural dissimilarities. Later I moved to the United States and lost all contacts with Ayaz.

A few years later I visited my hometown in India and tried to locate Ayaz. Our common friends didn't know where Ayaz was. I never cared to know where Ayaz lived, but I was

curious to know his whereabouts. I suddenly remembered that one of my class friends Anamullah, another Muslim boy had a cobbler shop in downtown Ranchi (my hometown in India). So, I went to see Anamullah in his shop. Anamullah was really happy to see me and gave me a hearty hug. Anamullah didn't keep in touch with Ayaz but told me that Ayaz committed suicide a few years back. The rumor was that Ayaz wanted to marry his cousin but she was already in love with someone else and got married to that other guy.

Ayaz's circumstances and death put a deep impact on my mind. I couldn't stop thinking about Ayaz and his mild mannerism for months. Later I forgot about Ayaz until today when he suddenly resurfaced from some corner of my cerebellum.

Many a time I look back fondly on past friendships and wish I could return in time to relive those moments. I don't know why these memories are so powerful. What is it about old friends that makes them so

unique? And when I think back on old friendships, I am reminded of how those connections shaped my life.

Imran, another Muslim boy and I lived in the same dorm during our high school years. Imran came from a poor family and had a meek personality. We became good friends. I don't exactly remember the circumstances but we had a serious fight one day. I beat him up badly. Imran told me that I beat him because he was poor and weak. That brought tears to my eyes. I apologized to Imran and asked him not to say such things again. We remained friends for many years after that.

Recently a Muslim businessman, Shafi in India has become a good friend of mine. On my visit to my home state Bihar last November, he took care of my transportation and accompanied me like a

shadow. I really don't know why he is so much attached to me. When I got sick in India, he brought a doctor to my hotel room and bought medicines for me. He also bought my return ticket to the U.S. (of course, I paid him back) and came to see me off at the airport.

Some times I wonder if Hobbes was correct in describing basic human nature which states, " the state of nature is characterized by the war of every man against every man, a constant and violent condition of competition in which each individual has a natural right to everything, regardless of the interests of others. Existence in the state of nature is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." I think it depends upon one's life's experience.

Current Affairs

A Good Ending Bollywood Style

by Anil Shrivastava 'Musafir'



They came from all walks of life, the hermit, the rich, businessmen, politicians, kings and king makers, dancers, actors, athletes, pontiffs and preachers They came from Hollywood, Bollywood, Kollywood (Chennai), Tollywood (Bengal) and Lollywood (Pakistan). They came from all the continents on earth. They had famous surnames such as Kapoors, Khans, Kardeshians, Gates, Musks, Modis, Adanis, Yadavs and Banerjees. No one was spared. All 17,000 from the list of world's who's who showed up for the occasion. Most of them

were paid millions of dollars to grace the event. The occasion was Mukesh's Ambani's (the richest man in India) son's marriage. Knowing the identity of the groom and the bride is not important. It was Mukesh Ambani's show of wealth and power in a country where an average family's income is \$1,600 per annum.

Not only has it brought the world's most famous celebrities, powerful politicians and business tycoons under one roof, it has also highlighted the immense clout of the Indian billionaire. Millions were spent on grand

jewels worn by the family's women, evoking memories of the long-gone era of Indian royalty. The wedding invitations were made of silver and gold. Private jets have been hired to fly in some of the guests. The total cost of all the events related to this grandiose show was in upwards of \$320 million not counting the pre-wedding events that included a European cruise featuring performances by the likes of Katy Perry and Andrea Bocelli, and a pre-wedding party with a rare appearance by Rihanna. The marriage celebration ended with Indian Prime Minister Narendra Modi blessing the newlyweds at a reception organized by the Ambanis, highlighting the billionaire's clout. Adding insult to injury, Reliance Jio (Ambani's cell phone service) increased the price of its telecoms service last week, which many Indians already struggle to afford.

The billionaires list in India is growing. In 2000, India had nine billionaires. Now, India has 200 billionaires, who collectively hold around \$1 trillion in wealth, according to Forbes which amounts to a quarter of the country's 2023 gross domestic product.

Their dizzying rise is stark in a land where many live below or just around the poverty line. Kavil Ramachandran, a professor of entrepreneurship at the Indian School of

Business, said, "there were more billionaires with fatter wallets because India has sustained a high growth rate for more than two decades. That's created a deep domestic market for goods and services, and pushed Indian companies to pursue new businesses, pairing opportunity with ambition. It's a consequence of rapid growth and entrepreneurial."

In 2017, the Marriages (Compulsory Registration and Prevention of Wasteful Expenditure) Bill was introduced in parliament, proposing that families who spend more than 5 lakh (about US\$7,000) on a wedding must donate 10 percent of the overall cost of the weddings to brides from poor families. As a result, the Ambani family hosted a mass wedding ceremony for the underprivileged section of society. The mass wedding, which took place at the Reliance Corporate Park (RCP) Navi Mumbai, saw 50 couples from the Palghar area tying the knot. The event was attended by the entire family, including Mukesh Ambani, Nita Ambani, Akash Ambani, Shloka Ambani, Isha Ambani and Anand Piramal. That was a good riddance.

HUMOR

Don't Worry, Get Inflated

by 'Musafir'



Do you feel that the current inflation is biting into your income more than before? This morning, I called to get the Blue Book value of my car. They asked if the gas tank was full or empty because the value of a full tank of gas may be more than the value of my 2010 Chevy. I perspire profusely when I fill my tank, and when I pay the bill, I feel the pain of Bidenomics.

Even the air is expensive. It now costs \$3 to pump air into your tires. It takes five apples a day to keep the doctor away. Did you

notice that Vin Diesel has changed its name to Vin Electric? Inflation is so rampant that parents in Beverly Hills have fired their nannies so now have to learn their children's names. The other day I was in San Diego, CA, and I saw the Americans trying to sneak into Mexico illegally.

Not only that, the oil companies are laying off congressmen. The Americans are receiving pre-declined credit cards in the mail. McDonald's is selling the quarter ounces instead of quarter pounders; a

picture is now worth only 200 words; cats are allotted only five lives; Netflix is screening “the Four Dwarfs,” “The Five Commandments,” “25 Shades of Gray,” and “51 Dalmatians.” it takes five apples a day to keep the doctor away,

That reminds me that many years ago, Victor Borge created the game of Inflationary Language. Since prices keep going up, he reasoned, why shouldn't language go up, too? In the English language, there are words that contain the sounds of numbers, such as wonder (one), before (four), and decorate (eight). If we inflate each sound by one number, we come up with puns — twoder, befive, and decornine (wonder, before and decorate).

Have you ever been shopping and noticing that the prices of things you typically buy have gone up? If the items in your shopping basket cost \$100 last year and now they cost \$105. The best way to bear the pain of inflation is not to remember what the prices were before. To tell the truth, inflation only

worries me when I read about that in newspapers or hear on television.

Prices are changing all the time so does household income. I remember the median income of households in the United States was \$11,100 in 1974 and it increased to \$26,000 in 2023. I don't hear anyone complaining about that.

Prices can change for different reasons and in different ways. The prices of individual goods and services can change because the supply or demand for the items has changed. For example, if Kim Kardashian reveals that the secret of her beauty was eating avocado, everyone will start eating that pushing the price of avocados up.

These higher prices are *not* examples of inflation. In the first place, these higher prices probably won't last for long. The prices of apples and avocados will return to where they were once the supply and demand conditions change again. So, eat, drink and inflate without worrying about it.

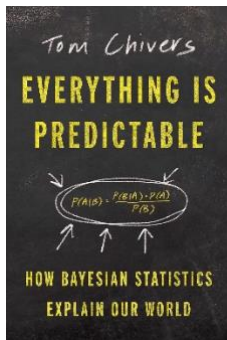


Everything Is Predictable: How Bayesian Statistics Explain Our World

Author: Tom Chivers

Publisher: Atria/One Signal

First Edition (May 2024), 384 pages



I must warn the readers that you need a good background in statistics to fully understand the content of *Everything Is Predictable* by Tom Chivers. The readers should be aware that Bayesian statistics provides a tool for making sense of data through probability.

Bayes' theorem helps explain such things as why highly accurate screening tests can lead to false positives, causing unnecessary anxiety for patients. A failure to account for it in court has put innocent people in jail. But its influence goes far beyond practical applications. Bayesian principles are used in modelling and forecasting.

The author explains that life is not a chess game. It's like poker, where we make decisions based on limited information. "The usual way to explain Bayes' theorem is with medical testing," writes the author. For example, does a woman with a positive mammogram have breast cancer? No test is perfect, but it must be nearly 100%, right? Wrong. Readers may be surprised to learn that a test that is 90% accurate (typical of a mammogram) isn't

the same as there being a 90% chance that it's correct.

Delving almost too deeply (for me at least), he delivers a history of scientific prediction as well as the ongoing controversy within the statistics community between pro- and anti-Bayesian factions. He also offers a marginally relevant but jaw-dropping account of the current state of science, where ignorance or deliberate manipulation of statistics by ambitious researchers has produced an epidemic of studies announcing results that often can't be reproduced.

The problem is that in science, we like to think that there is an objective truth out there, and the Bayesian model of perception is explicitly subjective. A probability estimate isn't some fact about the world, but my best guess of the world, given the information I have."

'Superforecasters', a group of expert predictors who outperform CIA analysts, use a Bayesian approach. And many argue that Bayes' theorem is not just a useful tool, but a description of almost everything – that it is the underlying architecture of rationality, and of the human brain.

Though I was not able to grasp everything in this book, I found it very intriguing and worth reading. -

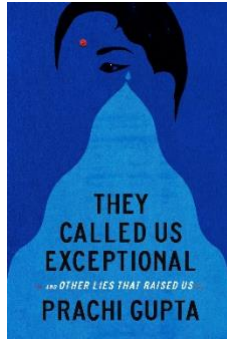
Reviewed by Anil Shrivastava 'Musafir'

They Called Us Exceptional: And Other Lies That Raised Us

Author: Prachi Gupta

Publisher: Crown Publishing, New York
First Edition (2023), 270 pages

In her memoir, *They Called Us Exceptional*, Prachi



Gupta depicts her life that is true of the most girls of Indian origin born to Indians emigrating to North America. Gupta always found herself torn between perfect minority image her father demanded of the family and the naturally messy behind-the-scenes family life shaped by

individuals with unique desires and troubles.

Gupta explores her Indian American culture, her parents' expectations, society's pressures, and the fiction that her family attempted to portray of being perfect despite conflict, messy moments, and Gupta's need to be seen for who she really was.

The book begins with Gupta's apology to her mother for airing the family's dirty laundry rather than writing the book as a novel. She explains that only by telling the truth in this way does she have any hope of allowing others to live their truths as well. The book itself is directed to Gupta's mother. Gupta explains to her mother the reality of past events, her points of view, and her reactions to various occurrences in a way that emphasizes her

estrangement from her parents--and her particular pain in being distant from her mother.

Gupta's father has volatile whims and desire for Prachi to adhere to his stringent model minority myth and his will in all things. Prachi goes through intense stress of being forced--through verbal abuse, violence, emotional blackmail to comply with her father's set ideas and hypocrisy.

Her father uses his mental illness to emotionally manipulate the family, then demands that no one outside the household know about it – false family prestige practiced by Indian parents. He lays out a history of familial depression and suicidal thoughts as though the occurrence is inevitable for his children, which haunts Prachi and seems to singularly take hold of her brother Yush who commits suicide.

Being a first generation Indian immigrant to this country myself, I could relate to many of the idiosyncrasies and dysfunctions depicted by the characters of this book. In my opinion, *They Called Us Exceptional* should be mandated to all Indians emigrating to read before coming to America. -

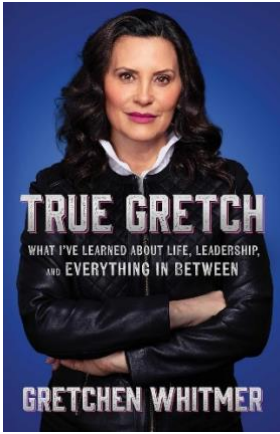
Reviewed by Anil Shrivastava 'Musafir'

True Gretch: What I've Learned About Life, Leadership, and Everything in Between.

Author: Gretchen Whitmer

Publisher: Simon & Schuster

First Edition (July 2024), 291 pages



I am a resident of Michigan and I have lived through Gretchen Whitmer's ordeal described very honestly in her memoir, *True Gretch*.

Gretchen is the third term governor of Michigan and a rising Democratic star. In her book Whitmer comes across as an unconventionally honest, personal, and funny personality full of insights

that guided her through a global pandemic, showdowns with high-profile bullies, and even a kidnapping and assassination plots.

When Gretchen Whitmer was growing up, her beloved grandmother Nino taught her that you can always find something good in other people. "Even the meanest person might have pretty eyes," she would say. Nino's words persuaded Whitmer to look for the good in any person or situation. Her grandmother also said, "never part your hair in the middle."

In this candid and inspiring book, Whitmer reveals the principles and instincts that have shaped her extraordinary career, from her early days as a lawyer

and legislator and her 2018 election as governor of Michigan, to her bold and innovative actions as she led the state through a series of unprecedented crises. Her motto in politics, she writes, is to "get shit done."

Whitmer shares the lessons in resilience that steered her through some of the most challenging events in Michigan's history, such as the Covid-19 pandemic, a five-hundred-year flood, the rise of domestic terrorism, and the fierce fight to protect reproductive rights.

Along the way, she tells stories about the outsize characters in her family, her lifelong clumsy streak, the wild comments she's heard on the campaign trail, her self-deprecating social media campaigns and funny tactics she deploys to neutralize her opponents.

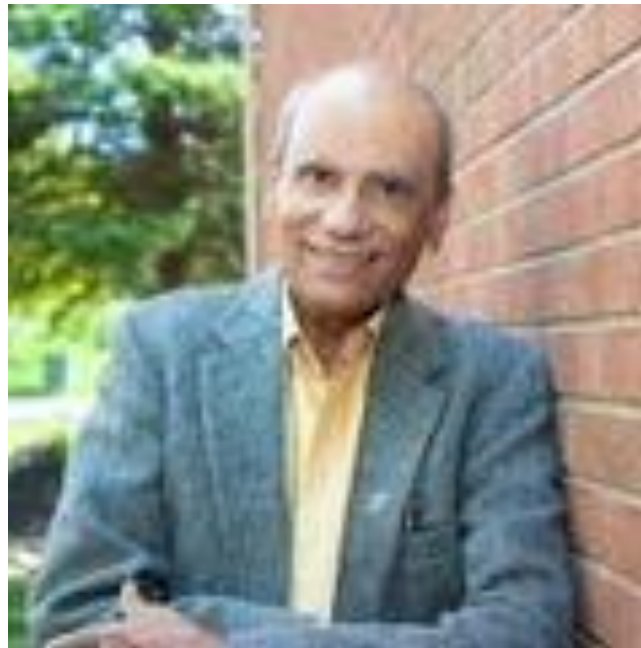
Written with Whitmer's trademark sense of humor and straight-shooting style, *True Gretch* is not only a compelling account of her remarkable journey, but also a blueprint for anyone who wants to make a difference in their community, their country, or the world. It's a very interesting book to read.



This Is My Life”

by Anil Shrivastava ‘Musafir’

I recently realized that I have been calling my friends and relatives and making an effort to keep in touch with them without much reciprocation. I stopped calling I I recently realized that I have been calling my friends and relatives and making an effort to keep in touch with them recently with no upshot as no one seemed to miss my presence, anyway. This is assuring because I don't want them grieving over my absence someday.



Recently I've started seeing my father in my dreams. He appears as a lonely man staying aloof from all of us. I feel very sad for him when I wake up. He selflessly paid for my education and provided for me until I got on my own feet. I wish I was closer to him when he was alive. I've really started missing him lately.

I don't miss my mother at all since she died when I was only six months old. I've overcome many obstacles in life without any maternal bond. I don't miss her at all, albeit, I keep

her photo in my study hardly thinking about her much.

In my opinion, I am just a transitory figure for them who may be here today and gone tomorrow. However, I miss my brothers and sometimes cry for them when I am alone. I've lost all of them. Many times, I feel lonely without them. They were very loving to me, and I loved them from the bottom of my heart. The biggest drawback of living long is that you have to witness your elders and contemporaries depart.

We can miss people for a multitude of reasons, but once that emotion arises, it can be hard to shake it. I miss them when I eat certain food, listen to particular songs, smell certain scents, and visit nostalgic places. Inevitably, these things lead me to reminisce.

Coming back to where I started from, knowing that someone doesn't miss you as much as you miss them is not a great

feeling. I left my old country 51 years ago. There have been social and cultural changes in me that separate me from my folks in the old country causing feelings of isolation and loneliness especially because I am viewed as an "other." That is, I am not accepted wholly by the group.

I've my own nuclear family here consisting of my wife, two sons, their wives and our grandson. Even my siblings' families are busy with their own lives. In any case, we shouldn't allow people to control our life and affect it in such a way that it consumes us. After all, I've my own life and they have their own.

"I don't care what you say anymore, this is my life
Go ahead with your own life, leave me alone." (Billy Joel)

Memoir

In Sunshine And Shadow



Chapter 2: Success At Last

I came to spend summer in the village in 1962 after taking the final high school exam. High school exams were very important as that determined whether one will follow a prestigious career (such as doctor and engineer) or will become a clerical staff in government offices. No one had high hopes for me. I could feel nervousness in my uncle who hoped for the best but was prepared for the worst.

The school board exam results were published in newspapers. One day someone appeared at our front door waving the newspaper and shouting, "The results are in."

My uncle shouted from a distance, "Did Anil pass the exam?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Did he get a third division?"

"No"

"A second division?"

"No, Anil got first division and he is ranked 47th in the entire state of Bihar (among thousands of students).

My uncle and aunt were almost delirious. I just thanked God for his mercy. My uncle took me on a kind of victory tour to my father's home and my mother's side of relatives. My stepmom presented me an expensive terylene shirt and a watch.

Soon I was admitted into prestigious St. Xavier's college for an undergraduate degree in science. The top scholars of the state used to go to either Science College, Patna or to St. Xavier's, Ranchi. The competition was tough as I was seated among the cream of the crop.

St. Xavier's was a co-ed college. I had never been with girls before. As a matter of fact, it was supposed to be immoral to have a girlfriend. I was seated with two Bengali sisters, Nandita and Bandita. They had no inhibition about boys and talked to me freely. I felt ill-at-ease and shied away from them. The two sisters would talk about me in Bengali and laugh.

I did quite well and completed my intermediate degree in first division again. Soon I was selected by Bihar Institute of Technology in Sindri, Bihar (BIT). I didn't apply anywhere else and joined BIT for a 4-year degree in engineering in 1964. For me, it was only three years as I did complete Bachelors of Science degree before joining BIT.

I soon found out that engineering was not of my interest, however, I completed my degree in engineering because the alternative was to become a clerk in some government office.

My father knew that the engineering was not my preferred profession. Since my father and everyone in my mother's side of the family were administrators, he asked me to prepare for civil service rather than pursuing a career in engineering. I was relieved at my father's suggestion and took the administrative service exam opting for political science and history.

My father always used to say that exams were meant to hide one's ignorance rather than showing one's knowledge. With that in mind, I prepared answers for three or four topics that were always covered in competitive exams. I qualified in the written portion of the competition but was rejected during the interview. I decided not to compete again and, at last, reluctantly chose to follow the engineering profession.

Chapter 2: Moving Out

I got several job offers from the government of Bihar. I rejected them all because the salaries were low. People joined those jobs mostly for generous bribe money. That idea was no palatable to me, however. I wanted to work for one of the big corporate conglomerates where the salaries were high and life was more glamorous. One such company was Delhi based Escorts Ltd. I wrote a personal letter to its Managing Director, Mr. Rajan Nanda who was a handsome and dashing young man. He was in news as he married the daughter of the most admired actor, director and producer of Bollywood, Raj Kapoor. Bollywood is in Mumbai which is equivalent to America's Hollywood.

To my surprise, Mr. Nanda answered my letter asking me to come to Delhi for a job interview in his company. Escorts Ltd was starting a new company called Escorts Tractors Ltd in collaboration with Ford Motor Company. Mr. Nanda personally interviewed me and immediately offered a job as an Engineer in Training in his new venture.

The experience at Escorts Tractors was invaluable. I was lucky to observe and participate in all aspects of manufacturing starting from greenfield (empty site and ground-breaking) to a full-fledged production of tractors. It was hard work but I enjoyed that.

Soon, my parents started getting marriage proposals from the parents of girls. My parents chose the wife for me because she was beautiful and belonged to a compatible and prestigious family. I

obeyed my parents and got married. I am married to the same woman for the last 51 years.

I have been extravagant by nature from the very beginning. Spending more than my means is one of my character flaws (it evens out in the long run of life). I splurged on entertainment during my honeymoon year that put me in a financial strain. I needed more income to maintain my lifestyle. That was the reason I decided to migrate to the United States. Honestly, improving my finance was the sole reason for my coming to America.

I remember landing in Cleveland, Ohio in a dreary and cold evening on St. Patrick's Day in 1974. My brother-in-law and his wife were just starting their life here and lived in a one-bedroom apartment in Euclid, Ohio, a poorer section of Cleveland. The ride from Cleveland's Hopkin's International Airport to Euclid seemed deserted. My brother-in-law was trying to familiarize me with the ways and practices of this country. I was remembering my old country with tears in my eyes. **(To be continued)**

QUIZ

1. What is the longest word that can be written using only the letters of the top row of a keyboard?

Typewriter

2. Who is the founding father of the Republic of Turkey?

Mustafa Kemal Ataturk

3. Who was the British **monarch** when Charles Dickens died?

Queen Victoria

4. What was the name of Christopher Columbus' ship when he discovered the New World?

Santa Maria

5. In which country was Beethoven born?

Germany

6. Which author wrote Frankenstein?

Mary Shelley

7. Which two countries play in the Ashes?

England and Australia

8. Which company operated the HMS Titanic?

White Star Line

9. Which two planets in the solar system have no moons?

Mercury and Venus

10. Which airport's code is CDG?

Charles de Gaulle Airport Paris