

That accidental detective

Elan

RAMESH CHAND Madan may be easily mistaken for an executive of some multinational company.

Although his looks are deceptive but his work is to unearth the deceptives. He is not only proud of Delhites' but of country too, as at the recently held 39th annual convention of the Council of International Investigators, at Delhi, he has been nominated president of the council.

It was the year 1958 when Madan had entered in this profession by sheer accident and his first client was himself. The story begins with his approach to an advocate for fighting out his own case of property which was grabbed by his relatives. Since he had no documentary proofs of his claims, he was asked by his advocate to complete the file before the matter could be taken to court. So did he. And since then Madan has never looked back.

On his way of becoming the president of the Council of International Detectives he has won many national and international awards. In the year 1989 he was honoured with the "International Investigator of year, 1989", at Toronto, Canada and this honour came to him for reversing the death sentences of 26 people by proving them innocent of murder charges. And this number of lives saved by him is also a world record.

With a banal beginning of his agency "The Indian Detective", in 1961 which was later changed to "Goliath Detective Pvt. Ltd.", today with more than two dozen branches spread all over the country and a strong sleuth of 600 people including 150 women, Madan claims to be the head of the largest detective agency in the country which is involved purely in the detective work.

Although about his education Madan says that he is a graduate from the university of circumstances but for the future aspirants of this profession Madan has started course of Private Detective and Related studies, at Indore Christian College, of which he is the chief patron and visiting professor too.

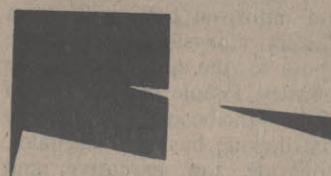
At the age of 9 he lost his mother and at 11, his father during the 1947 partition riots. It was this year only when with others Madan was also brought to Delhi by the Indian Army. Most of the people who came with Madan from Pakistan were all accompanied with their relatives but it was only Madan who came with the responsibilities of his two younger brothers and a sister.

No doubt his success is full of miseries. At boorish age of 11 Madan was forced to earn the living for four people. Before his entry in the detective's profession, Madan had earned his

vants. Her husband was the Vice-Chancellor of Aligarh University, where she would sometimes go for a few days to join him. Her living expenses were high and she did not know how to economise.

"Why do you need seven servants"? I suggested. "Cut down their number."

"I can't", she said. "All of them are essential. The cook, old but-



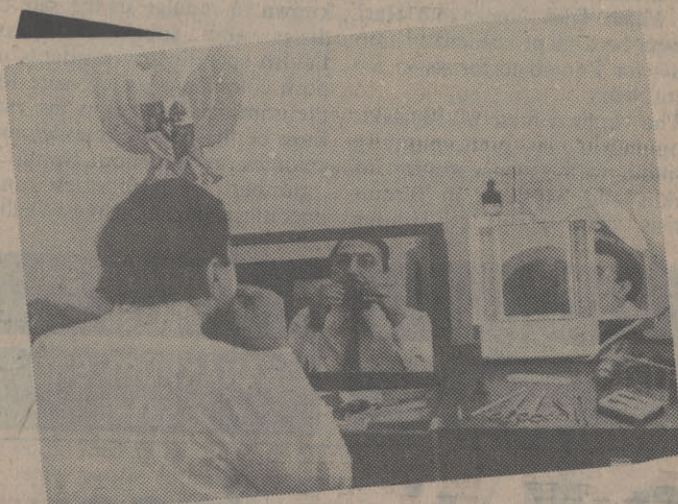
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iving with 22 different professions, including a short stint as painter, as singer, as cinema gate-keeper and a rickshaw-puller too.

Madan confirms that his profession is full of risks but adventures too. Three life attempts have already been made on him. But he thanks God for proving him smarter than his opponent on all the three occasions.

As the president of Council of International Detectives he has big plans and foremost of which is setting up of an International Information Network on the lines of Interpol, so that better coordination can be sought within the council members.



When Mitti ki Gaddi opened at the Fine Arts Theatre, Pandit Nehru came to see the performance. He sat in the third row with the Begum. A few of us sat behind them in the fourth row. When the play stretched beyond three hours, Nehru looked restlessly at his radium watch. Begum Zaidi nudged him, "Wah, Panditji! You are not bored by the long-winded

ki Gaddi and Shakuntala under great financial stress because the theatre had eaten up her personal reserves. Travelling in the heat and dust, in a congested third class compartment, her delicate temperament could not bear the strain. While camping in a small town for the night during the tour, she had a heart attack and collapsed before her loving husband could reach her.

Pulling at the silver stem of her hookah she would say "I'll build the best theatre in Delhi... productions of Brecht Shaw Kalidasa Agha Hashr Kashmiri. I will teach Delhiwallas what good theatre is, and whip them into shape." She spoke in impeccable, sparkling Urdu. Very few people knew that she was a Punjabi from Amritsar. Her courtly grace and