

Code No. **03 X (C)**

COMMERCE EXAMINATIONS
ENGLISH TYPEWRITING
SENIOR GRADE – I PAPER (Speed)

July, 2015

{ Time : 15 minutes
{ Max. Marks : 100

Instructions to the Candidates :

1. Type the following passage in DOUBLE LINE spacing.
2. Use only ONE SIDE of the paper.
3. Set the margins at 10 and 75 degrees.
4. Special attention should be paid to accuracy and neatness of execution.

That was the year when I first saw Gandhiji, and an age has gone by since then. Inevitably one looks back and memories crowd in. What a strange period this has been in Nation's history, and the story, with all its ups and downs and triumphs and defects, has the quality of a ballad and a romance. Even our trivial lives were touched by a halo of romance, because we lived through this period and were actors, in greater or lesser degree, in the great drama of the country. This period has been fully of wars and upheavals and stirring events all over the world. Yet events in the country stand out in distinctive outline because they were

on an entirely different plane. If a person studied this period without knowing much of his great man, he would wonder how and why all this happened. The surprising thing during this period was not only that the country as a whole functioned on a high plane, but also that it functioned more or less continuously for a long period on that plane. That indeed was a remarkable achievement.

The little man of poor physique had something of steel in him, something rock like which did not yield to physical powers, however great they might be. And in spite of his unimpressive features, his loin

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cloth and bare body, there was a royalty and a kingliness in him which compelled a willing obeisance from others. He is meek and humble, yet he was full of power and authority, and he knew it, and at times he was imperious enough, ensuing commands which had to be obeyed. His calm, deep eyes would hold one and gently probe into the depths, his voice clear and limpid, would purr its way into the heart and evoke an emotional response.

Whether his audience consisted of one person or a lakh, the charm of the man passed on to it, and each one had a feeling of communion with the speaker. This feeling had little to do with the mind, though the appeal to the mind was not wholly ignored. But mind and reason had only a second place. This process of spellbinding, was not brought about by oratory. The language was always simple and to the point and seldom a word that was not necessary was used. Was it the utter sincerity of the man that gripped ? A stranger would not have been touched by that spell, or at any rate, not to the same extent.

And yet one of the most remarkable things about him was his capacity to win over, or at least to disarm, his opponents. His voice was quiet and low, and yet it could be heard above the shouting of a multitude. It was soft and gentle, and yet there was something grim in it. Every word used was full of meaning and seemed to carry unique things. We are familiar with that voice even now. We have heard it often enough during the last several years. We did not quite know what to make of it, but we were thrilled.

Perhaps in every other country he would be out of place today but his country still seems to understand, or at least appreciate, the type of man, talking of sin and salvation and non-violence. Surely to very very few human beings in history could it have been given to find much fulfilment in their own lives. He was sad for our failures and unhappy at not having raised the country to greater heights. He lived and died leaving a picture in our minds and in the mind of the age that we live in that can never fade away.
