A Dedicated Teacher and a Sincere Friend

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It does not seem like a distant past. On a fall evening in London in 1954, arriving after a long journey from Dhaka by a British Airways, noisy, not-so-fast propeller aircraft, I was looking through the window of the coach carrying us from the Heathrow airport to the Victoria terminal. Waiting there was Mosharraf Hossain, then a PhD candidate at the London School of Economics and a teacher of mine at the Dhaka University Economics Department. With a large, full-mouthed smile, he greeted me warmly and took charge of my welfare. He was four–years senior to me and became my teacher in 1950, when he had just passed his Master's examination. He worked hard, prepared himself well for the class and delivered in a soft and friendly manner. He was available to us after class and outside the campus. The memories of a good teacher and a man so full of life are fresh in my mind even after nearly 60 years. His recent passing away would only enhance his position in my regards and thoughts for him.

During the next few days in London, he gave a lot of his time and attention to set me up comfortably – finding me a place to stay and ensuring that I was fed and clothed in that unfamiliar city. He was particularly fond of me but would gladly do the same at some cost to his time and resources for other students of his and friends. Sincere, warm, and gregarious, he had a good sense of humour and heartily enjoyed life and companionship. He loved food and was a good cook who would regularly prepare large quantities of rice, curry and vegetable for his friends. When invited to dinners at other people's homes, he would frequently commandeer me to assist him to take over the duties of washing and drying the plates and the pots and pans. Despite the loud protestations of the lady of the house, he would energetically pursue his activities to relieve her of the large pile of dirty dishes.

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His other hobbies were serious reading, music and attending concerts. In all these, he was greatly influenced by his friend, Inari from Finland-later his wife. Like him, Inari was kind and helpful to younger friends, whom she treated as her brothers. He lived in the 47, Wiltshire Road