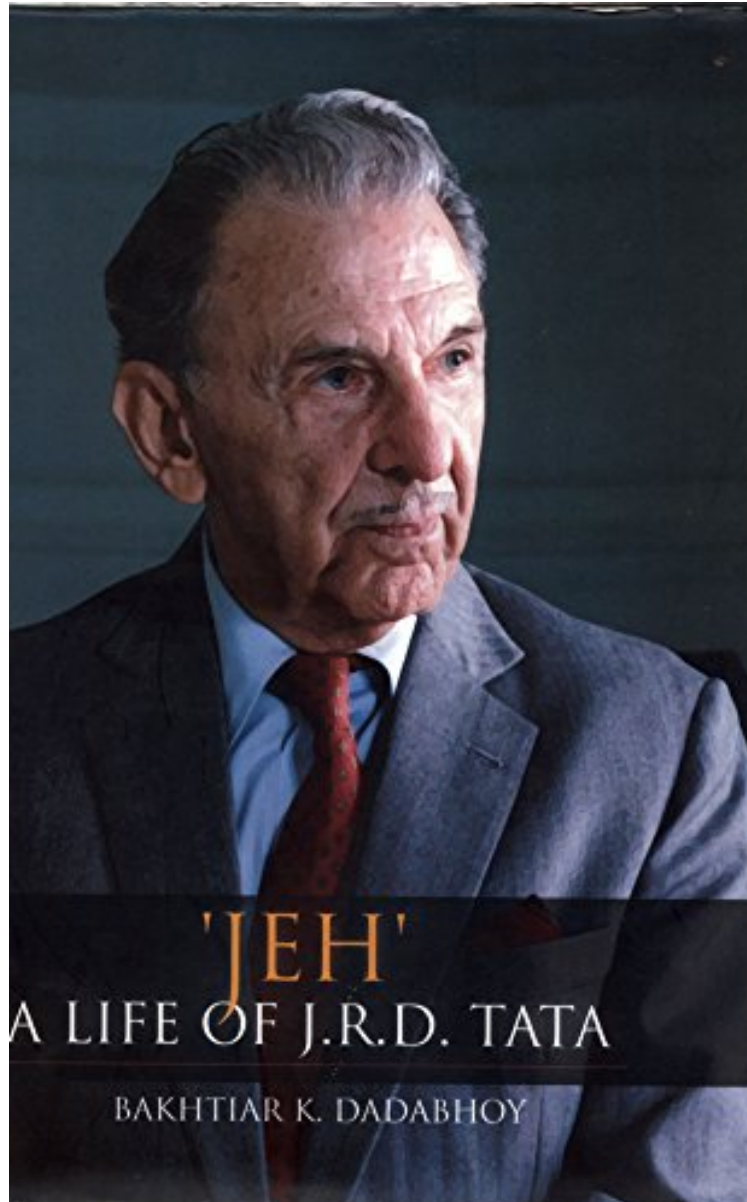


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## JEH' A Life Of J.R.D.Tata

*Bakhtiar K. Dadabhoy*  
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**Bakhtiar K. Dadabhoy : JEH' A Life Of J.R.D.Tata** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised JEH' A Life Of J.R.D.Tata:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Nice BookBy AmeyaNice book ,which explores the life of JRD in phases1 of 7 people found the following review helpful. Book reviewBy Saad BhamlaI've reviewed the book on my blog here bhamla.com/2012/02/jeh-a-life-of-j-r-d-tata-book-review/Excerpt below..This is the worst biography I've

ever read. First of all, I prefer autobiographies to biographies because it gives you a glimpse of a great person. The only reason I had this in my possession, is because AKL gave it to me as a gift before I left for the US. At that time I was reading Richard Branson's, *Losing My Virginity* (this is a wonderful autobiography) and AKL wanted me to read about Indian businessmen and visionaries. I have a couple of observations to make. You know how, once you have been through the system, and are reasonably ingrained in the system, you can see how connections are made and how the underlying politics of the system work. Money pretty much governs and influences the majority of the decisions, (assuming basic criteria are met) in both industry and academia. Not to mention connections. I say that with a certain amount of conviction, because I have had the privilege of experiencing it first-hand. So, to put it crudely, that's what this is all about. Rich guy. Born in affluent family. Parents name him Jehangir or 'Conqueror of the World'. Reasonably well-educated. Experiences various positions in father's empire. Father has a stroke. The boy steps up and becomes THE MAN a.k.a. J.R.D. TATA. And then smartly leverages existing steel empire, political connections and vision to create an empire (basically his dad left him with 14 enterprises and he upped the ante to 95 enterprises under the Tata Group conglomerate). In comparison, Richard Branson, or Steve Jobs, started from scratch and made it equally big if not bigger. Secondly, there is one cool thing that I realize. What you do is an outcome of your experiences. Let me explain what I mean. So, while JRD is a kid, the family spends their holidays on the coast of France, in a place called Hardelet. They have a villa there which they call 'La Mascotte' and guess who's their neighbor? None other than Louis Blériot himself. Now, here is where it gets super interesting. Louis Blériot is a French aviator and inventor who was the first person to go across the English Channel in an aircraft and successfully build a monoplane (one set of wings compared to a biplane). Now, assume, you are fifteen years old, back in 1919, and lived next to a villa, in whose beach hangar, planes landed and took off. This is 1919, remember. Barely after the First World War. Where flying was the luxury of a few. (It's like living next door to Steve Jobs in 1970's in the Silicon Valley. And playing with Macintosh's when you were 15.) And then you come to India (where people have just heard of planes and seen them in pictures), as the big boss of the largest steel conglomerate. Why should it surprise me that you'd be the first ever person to be issued a flying license in India, first ever to own a plane in pre-Independent India and then start India's first airline (Air India). I'm not trying to downplay the great man's achievement. Hey, I would've been the happiest guy in the world if my dad was a billionaire. I just feel that it's unfair to compare with these people. Look at the head-start he's got. Plus he's smart and surrounded by smart people. How in the world would you compete with a guy like him. So, if I dream of becoming the next Tata or Birla, then I know that it's just realistically not possible. Not at least in one generation. There's only one name that comes to mind when I think of this - Dhirubhai Ambani. I guess, his autobiography is the next I should read. The most inspiring part in this book was his solo flight in a single engined Puss Moth from Karachi to Bombay in 1932. This is pretty much India's first flight. That is the single most kick ass thing I've heard of. Interesting and a very nice read, but, I would have still loved to read his autobiography. The biography just seems like one big schmooze-orgy to JRD Tata. Not a single mention of his failures or mistakes. It's like eating rice with salt. Bland.

New illustrated biography of one of India's great entrepreneurs, industrialists. Also useful on the evolution of Indian business and the modern economy.