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1st December, 1936.

Ramgiri Bua (styled by Sai Baba Babugir), disciple of Gangagir of Sada (4 miles off Shirdi), age 76, Shirdi, says:

As a young boy, I studied in the school at Shirdi. (This house in which I have been and am residing is the house of my mother's grand-mother). I was a student when Sai Baba came first to Shirdi. He was then accompanied by one Patel of Dhupkheda, who came to settle the marriage of a girl with Hamid, the son of Aminbhai of Shirdi. Baba appeared to be 25 or 30 years old, at that time. He stayed then as a guest of Aminbai. In a very short time (i.e.) after a few days, Baba and Patel went back. Two months latter, he returned to Shirdi. He returned alone and since that date made Shirdi his permanent residence.

That Dhupkeda Patel was giving an account of his missing horse and how Baba helped him in tracing it. I heard the account myself. This is the account- Patel went about in search of his missing animal, and then he came across Sai baba. Baba asked him what he was searching for? 'My horse' was Patel's reply. Then Baba, pointing in one direction, said 'See there, near the streamlet, is your horse'. Patel went as

directed and found his horse. Patel told us that he found Baba with a dhuni or fire in front of him. Ramagir Bua does not recollect if there was any other miracle except the tracing of the lost horse.

When Baba came, he had long hair flowing down to his buttocks. He wore a green kupni, a skull cap next his hair and over it a Bagawi (i.e. ochre-coloured) topi with a chilm and match-box. He did not wrestle. He got his bread by begging. Yamunabai's mother-in-law (i.e. the Teli Narayan's wife), next door to the Mosque give him half a roti. He was giving medicines to people.

Moidinbhai's son-in-law was mantrika (i.e. a magician) living at Belapur. That man came to Shirdi. Baba and he had a quarrel. Then Baba left the village and lived in the jungles 1 or 2 miles away from Shirdi. He frequently starved there. If people went to him he would beat them.

Gangagir Bua of Vanjargaon came to Shirdi. He spoke to Nana Saheb Dingle of Nimgaon and to other in high praise of Sai Baba, and said "This (Baba) is a Chintamani". Therefore, Nana Saheb Dingle went to Sai Baba and bowed at his feet, while he was seated at the foot of a Babul tree. Later on, Baba came to Shirdi and was living at the foot of a Margosa tree. Once, Baba himself spoke of that tree, that under it (i.e. its shade) was a tomb. Baba was living under that tree for 4 or 5 years. From the neem tree foot, he moved to the Mosque and made that his residence ever afterwards. Baba lived about 50 years here (i.e.) after his arrival.

Baba did not do any wrestling. But Gangagir was first a wrestler, and he wrestled with Dondalgaon Patel, a Mahratta. In that engagement, he came off second best. He then gave up wrestling and became a Bua (i.e.) an ascetic. This was approximately about the time of Baba's first arrival at Shirdi. Baba and Gangir recognized each other.

I was throughout my life a wanderer. But every now and then I would return to Shirdi. So I know much of what I said above by hearing from others and verifying myself. I know a few remarkable facts about Baba. When Baba got inflammation of his eyes, and they were looking red, he pounded pepper into paste and applied that pepper poultice over his eyelids and he was cured.

Once a Moslem boy, who was up on neem tree behind the Mosque, fell down and died. At that very instant, Baba from within the Mosque was sounding a note of distress and cried out: mulla jore marila and blowing Shankha vadyam (i.e.) on the back of his palm. The Margosa tree is not visible from inside the Mosque. As he spoke these words, the boy fell down and died. I was seated at no great distance and I heard his words and went up to see the fallen boy and the people crowding there.

I knew the fire in the village stacks. Baba asked Bagchand Marvadi to run up there as a stack had caught fire. It was his stack that was on fire. Baba came up and made some signs. The fire cooled down.

One day, Baba called me to him and gave me a packet of udhi and a copy of Baba's arati. I had to go to Khandesh at the time. Baba directed me to go to Jamnare (which is 36 miles off by cart route from the station Bhusaval) and told me to deliver the udhi and arati to Nana Saheb Chandorkar, Deputy collector at Jamner. I said to baba that all I had was Rs.2 and asked how that could take me by train from Kopergaon to Jalgaon and next by cart from Jalgaon to Jamner. Baba said 'God will give'. That was a Friday and I started at once. I reached Manmad at 7.30 p.m. and Jalgaon at 2.45 a.m. At that station, plague regulations were enforced and I had much trouble. I was to discover what I should do to get to Jamner. At about 3 a.m. a peon in boots, turban well equipped with other details of good dress, came to me and took me to a tonga and drove me on. I was in terror. On the way at Baghoor, I took refreshments. We reached Jamner early morning and by the time, I attended my call of nature, the tonga and its driver disappeared.