

WE CARE FOR MADRAS THAT IS CHENNAI

MADRAS

MUSINGS

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FREE ISSUE

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"One kilo of Pill Chips, two kilos of Internet ready keyboards and 500 grams of floppies."

Hitech at ground level?

A photograph of a quintessential street vendor in a certain newspaper earlier this month. With a difference.

The enterprising street-vendor was selling... no, not vegetables... but keyboards.

Question is: Will this change street-shopping?

After all, both buyers and sellers know that there are certain rules to the process in this city. If its spirit stays the same, the following scene will be the norm.

You (with ill-assumed nonchalance, casting a quick eye over the key-boards): How much?

The seller answers.

You (with horror): That much? For those? So dried up and old. Give me a good price.

Seller goes into long, loud defence of quoted price.

You shrug and pretend to walk away to the next vendor.

Seller hastily quotes a slightly lesser price, loudly claiming that injustice is being done.

You bear in mind that street-side bargaining in this fair, but outspoken, city can get rough. There have been instances when buyers have been told some rather unpalatable home truths about their appearance, speech, even lineage — all these facts being delivered in frank street language... to the amusement of passers-by and the red-faced discomfiture of the hapless buyer.

You (deciding to compromise): Tell me the final price.

The seller answers.

You (sighing): Okay, I'll take 1½ kilos; and throw in a handful of cordless telephones too.

And you add one more facet to the ever-growing "we-are-like-this-only" image here in Chennai.

Ranjitha Ashok

Hands that heal, often hands that harm

Another look at medical waste handling

There has been a considerably marked improvement in the management and handling of biomedical waste in the city since a survey by Consumer Action Group (in 2000).

In the May-June 2000 study, it became apparent that of the 17 hospitals and 2 laboratories surveyed, a very large number did not follow even basic waste management practices like segregation. Very few of the institutions even knew about the existence of the Bio Medical Waste (Handling and Management) Rules, 1998, that stated that the authorities could shut down the healthcare facility for non-compliance with the rules.

CAG forwarded a copy of the findings of the preliminary survey to the hospitals and laboratories and offered assistance to upgrade their biomedical waste management practices. Some did seek such assistance, while most took their own steps to upgrade their waste management practices in their premises and the improvement was noticeable in 2001.

Encouraged by the findings of the preliminary survey, it conducted a wider study in 2001 — at 40 hospitals (including 1 veterinary hospital), 2 blood banks and 3 laboratories. Several others approached by CAG either declined to let CAG study their biomedical waste management systems or were only willing to give information on the system but not let CAG see the hospital or talk to their staff. Of the 19 healthcare institutions surveyed in Phase-1, 18 responded positively, in 2001.

Nine of the 17 hospitals surveyed last year have shown considerable improvements in implementing the systems — and these include hospitals which had very poor systems of

biomedical waste management last year but which have since initiated systems in their hospitals. Hospitals like Madras Medical Mission and Sankara Nethralaya have made a number of small, but significant, changes in their systems to further improve waste management.

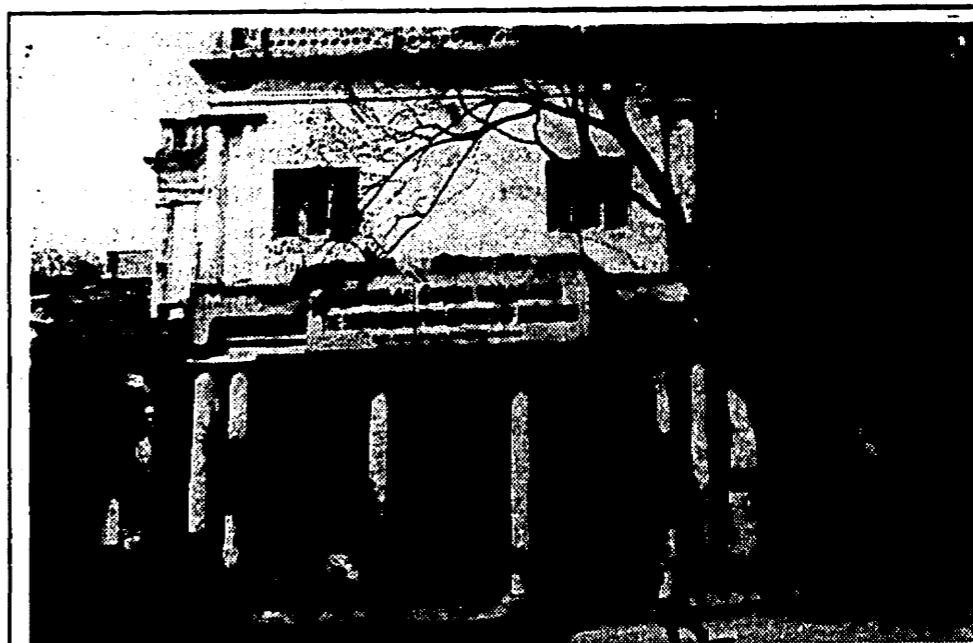
(Continued on page 8)

Another building to go under

Yet another landmark building in the city is under threat. It is the HMV recording studio on Sundaram Avenue, next to the Rani Seethai Hall at Gemini Circle, and also the home of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce and the South Indian Film Federation. The Film Institute also occupied this building once. It is intended to move these offices to the Chamber's preview theatre building within the campus and build a new highrise on the site of the old bungalow, once a garden house.

The South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce, the first in South India, was inaugurated in 1939 and its first premises were in Woods Road. The inaugural function was chaired by Pammal Sambandam Mudaliar and its first president was the Mayor of Madras, S. Satya-murthy.

Concerted efforts of filmmakers like K. Subramaniam, S. Soundararajan, A. Ramiah, who founded the first studio in Kodambakkam, B. Nagi Reddi, A.L. Srinivasan and T.R. Sundaram succeeded in getting the Chamber a home in the HMV building. When the Chamber felt the need for a preview theatre, attempts were made from 1943 to raise the funds needed, but the dream materialised only in 1959.



Front view of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce and the HMV Recording Studio.



The South Indian Film Chamber: a view of the area on the left of the main entrance.



The South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce: Entrance to HMV Recording Studio, to the left of the main entrance.



The splendid pillared vestibule, leading to the entrance of the South Indian Film Chamber.

Building national wealth

L & T—ECC's commitment

Chennai-based ECC, the construction division of Larsen & Toubro, is a company of 7,600 people working at 250 locations, including 20 sites abroad. A builder of national assets, it is well on its way to making a mark as a global player as well.

With road construction in the country in full swing, ECC established a joint venture with the Kolas of France, realising that such joint ventures are essential in the construction business, especially for technology transfers, spread of risk and for future business. The company has also created a separate business unit for development projects.

to be completed in phases over 10 years, covering over 150 acres of land. The first phase — with a built-up space of five million sq.ft. over 20 acres — was completed in record time.

The company participated in constructing some major water supply systems in Bangalore and Indore in 1975. But it was the Sri Sathya Sai Water Supply Project — a Rs. 300 crore rural project for water supply to 750 villages in the Anantapur District of Andhra Pradesh — that opened up the water and effluent treatment (WET) market for ECC.

ECC was nominated for the Tirumala Water Transmission Project and completed it in a

record 77 days. The effluent disposal project of Gujarat Industrial Development Corporation and the Delhi Jal Board project are other important milestones. The company successfully bid for the 600 MW Sawalkot hydro power project in Kashmir, as part of a consortium with well-known European companies. And it is set to commence work on the Rs. 163 crore, 250 MW project in Purulia in West Bengal teaming with its long-time competitor Hindustan Construction Company.

Super-speciality hospitals have become another important area of business for ECC. A beginning was made with the hospital at Puttaparthi in Andhra Pradesh, which was completed in less than a year. A repeat performance was made at Whitefield near Bangalore.

Today, the company has nine ongoing hospital projects in India and three in Saudi Arabia. One of the projects is the Rs. 100-crore speciality hospital being built at earthquake-ravaged Bhuj in Gujarat.

ECC is also setting up the Bangalore International Airport in partnership with Siemens and the Zurich Airport Authority. For the Delhi Metro Rail project, in which ECC's work is valued at Rs. 500 crore, the company has entered into JVs with Dywidag, Samsung, Shimizu and IRCON. And it is working on a substantial extent of the Golden Quad-



Our OLD this time (above) is the Central Station, designed by Robert Chisholm and built by George Hardinge between 1873 and 1878, and its extension built by Southern Railways, both reflecting Chisholm's 'County Cabs' tops, characteristic of combined western country and Kerala architecture that Chisholm used in many of his buildings in the Madras Presidency.

Our NEW (below) shows the same 'County Cabs' tops used in the Arihant Majestic Towers, standing tall on the Ring Road. The complex, constructed by Larsen and Toubro, is a picture of larger-than-life living built on a 65-ground area. The 17-storey building also offers the visitor and the resident a swimming pool, landscaping, play areas for children, besides a community auditorium and meditation hall. A high speed lift and a stretcher lift are also provided in the complex.



lateral road network linking the four metros.

L & T pioneered execution of construction jobs outside India 20 years ago when it built a fertilizer plant in Qatar. Later, ECC became the nominated contractor for the construction of the Abu Dhabi airport.

Exposure to practices and technologies of its foreign partners has helped ECC adopt many modern construction practices in India. Ready-mix concrete (RMC) is one such concept. The company has four RMC plants in Bangalore, three in Chennai, two each in Mumbai and Hyderabad and one in Coimbatore.

ECC has the largest design office in India. Its design team consists of 400 engineers from various disciplines. The company believes that one division better controls design and engineering functions. The result is the Engineering Design and

Research Centre. The company's Construction Worker Training Institute in Chennai offers training programmes for plumbers, masons, electricians and others. ITI boys are trained and given a three-month orientation on concreting, plumbing and electrical work.

ECC contributes about 50 per cent of the total turnover of L&T, the largest single contribution. It is professionalism of a model order, that few other companies can emulate, that has made it possible. (Based on an article in *Industrial Economist*.)

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If you would like to be put on *Madras Musings'* mailing list, just fill in the form below (use block letters/type) and post it to M/s. Lokavani Hall-Mark Press Pvt Ltd, 62/63 Greames Road, CHENNAI-600 006.

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Fiction is so tame...

(Continued from last fortnight)

Let's look at today, you suggest to Anita Pratap. She regrets the fact that journalism is becoming a little too glamorised.

Is TV responsible?

Yes, and the fact that with India's changing face there came a whole set of consumerist and materialist values that are not necessarily positive.

News today appears to be getting more fleeting and what she calls 'now-oriented' and also a little too 'appearance-oriented'.

Knowledge seems to be taking second place. It is like knowing too much is a disadvantage, she grins. How much knowledge can you dispense, or even need to, in 20 seconds?

Investigative journalism is mostly about hard work, drudgery and risk and that's hardly glamorous. Most people shy away from this now.

TV reporting is undeniably attention-getting with a vast reach, leading to instant fame.

But its transient nature is its disadvantage. People later recall images, but they forget the content, and they almost never know who did the reporting. It is the camera that is the star, she points out.

Print, on the other hand, has depth and is longer lasting. She truly believes that the word is more enduring than the image.

In her book, in what is probably one of the most horrible stories I will ever read, she describes seeing seven young men lying on the road, tied together, each wearing burning car tyres around their necks.

They had been 'necklaced', and their bodies were torn and mutilated.

How did she react to this horrific event? When she saw this sight, did the first line of her report start forming in her head?

"Oh, no," she gasps. "It was so ghastly. And, you are first and foremost a human being." Yes, your instinct as a reporter does kick in...later. Even in the worst of circumstances, you start taking in every detail. And being observant by nature helps as there is almost total recall years

later, and when she began to write her book, the stories and images just began to pour out.

What, then, frightens Anita? "Death or loss of my loved ones," she answers, subdued.

She knows her own vulner-

abilities, and is sure that she'll never be able to cope with personal loss. Her own mortality does not frighten her as much as the thought of being left behind to go on when those she loves have been taken away.

Through the conversation there is one name that recurs constantly... that of her son, Zubin, mentioned frequently in her book.

Here was a single mother who, by dint of her profession, was away for long periods of time and who, by her own admission, was a dedicated professional with all the implications of career involvement that go with that image. In a

situation that invariably affects most working mothers, how did she manage to keep the channels of communication open between her son and herself?

Her face lights up. "Oh, you should see us together," she answers.

Her priorities have always been clear. Her child and her career.

But did her child understand her need to be away so very often?

"Yes, and why not? If you take the trouble to invest both time and emotion in your relationships with your children, there's no reason why they won't understand. In fact, your children become sources of support and encouragement. The

... compared to real-life drama

same qualities of upfront honesty, truth and integrity that you apply to your work ought to be part of your relationship with your child. This attitude has to spring out of the fact that you recognise your child as an indi-

● by Ranjitha Ashok

vidual who is entitled to expect nothing less from you. You cannot merely see him as 'your child' and therefore "your responsibility". He is a person. And your actions have to prove to him that he is important, not out of a sense of duty or obligation, but because of who he is.

What sort of books does she like to read?

Interestingly, she says her life experiences have spoilt her for fiction.

"Fiction is so tame compared to the drama real life has to offer you," she says.

Movies are no different. "No Hollywood or Bollywood creation can ever match

reality," she states, and then adds, with a twinkle, "God is the best scriptwriter ever".

"Titanic was nothing but a swimming-pool party that went wrong," she laughs. But would she have liked to have been there, covering the incident, you ask deliberately?

She agrees fervently that she'd have loved to have done that story!

Does humour play a role in her life?

"A big one," she says, because it is only humour that keeps everything in perspective. While she takes her work very seriously, she does not take herself that seriously, she says.

"People expect to meet a pompous, arrogant, preachy kind of person, and then are shocked when they actually meet me," she bursts out laughing.

"I make no bones of the fact that I enjoy life. I am no Spartan ascetic. I can enjoy rare wine and cheese one moment, and sleep on a dirty floor in

some jungle dwelling the next."

All her experiences have reinforced her belief to live life to the full.

She has been urged to write down her experiences as a frontline reporter for more than 15 years. Why did she decide to do the book now?

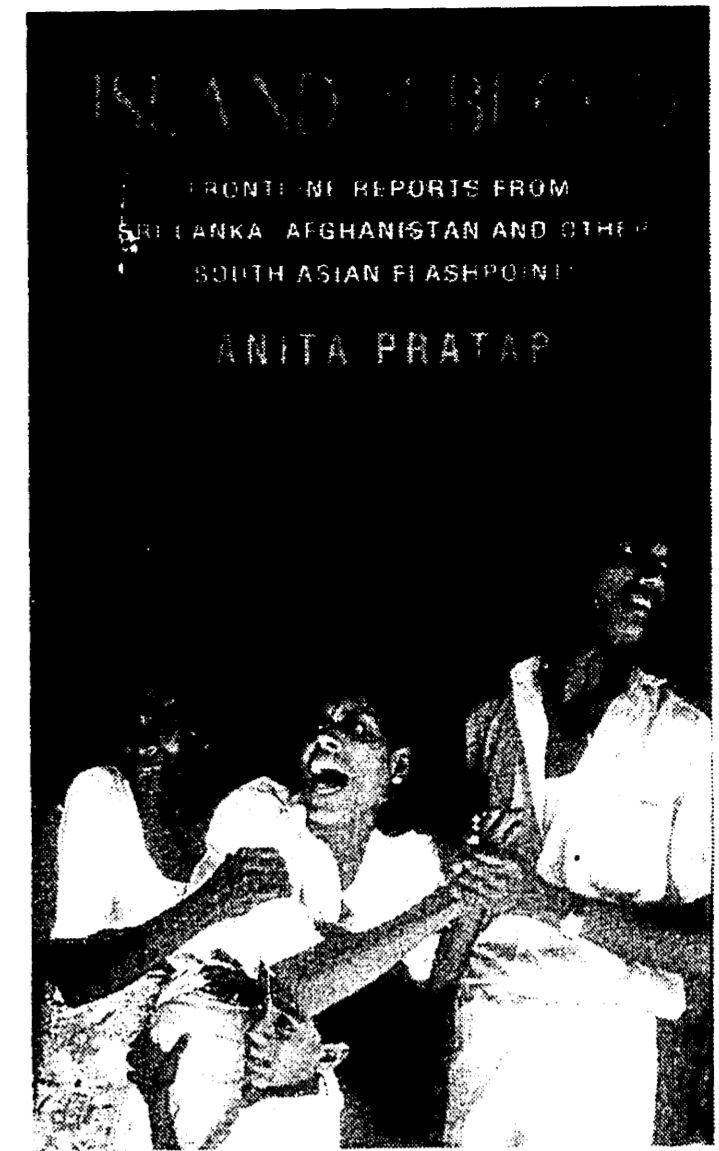
The timing was right, one main reason being that her son grew up, and moved away to college. She also received the gift of quiet time during her sojourns in Norway after her recent marriage. There were few distractions, "and the phone didn't keep ringing".

"I can't do several things well at the same time," she confesses. "And I cannot write for more than two hours at a stretch."

Another reason for the book is "to tell people to celebrate the ordinary in their lives." Value the very "normalcy" of your life, never take it for granted, and do everything you can to protect it, for it is so easy to lose it all. The people in all the conflict zones she has reported on learnt this lesson in the worst possible way. Like those mothers who in the melee of fleeing let go of their children's hands, and will live forever with the knowledge that their children are out there somewhere, but know they'll never see them again. The world had to be told these stories. Their significance has increased after the events of September 11th.

So live life to the full. Looking back on her years in Madras, 1981 to 1987, the biggest change she sees is the MRT and, as she breaks into laughter, she adds, "And then the flyovers". The clutter on the roads, has also increased dramatically. Unchanged, however, is that 'Madras-smell', which she says no other city can

(Continued on page 9)



The cover of Anita Pratap's book reflecting her Sri Lankan experience.

India's first private sector food park

Work on Indian Food Park, Virudhunagar, the country's first private sector food park, is progressing apace. The 150-acre food park coming up in the food-processing belt of Tamil Nadu is promoted by the Rs. 500 crore V.P.S Ayyemperumal Nadar and Sons group. The group, with around 30 companies, has interests in spinning, a cold chain, edible oils, spices, oleoresins and other agro products.

"The park will be developed in two phases. The first phase involves development of 68 acres to accommodate 42 units," says project consultant M. Kaja Hussain of the Madurai-based City Freezers. "The first phase involves construction of cold storage facilities, warehouses

and basic infrastructure like roads and lighting."

The Rs. 12-crore project outlay will be met by a promoter contribution of Rs. 4 crore and an equal amount from the Central Government as a grant. "Financial institutions will provide the remaining Rs. 4 crore as a loan," says Indian Food Park director A.V.S. Dilipan.

Promotion of food processing parks and agro export zones are two concepts advocated by the Union Ministry of Food Processing Industries. The Ministry also gives Rs. 4 crore as grant for approved food parks.

Detailing the facilities Indian Food Park will provide, Hussain says: "The park will have its own accredited food-testing labora-

tory so that food companies need not have to go to CFTRI, Mysore, to test their products. In addition, there will be a common effluent treatment plant, a cold storage facility and weighing facilities. There will be a single-window facility for licence procurement." A 2-mw captive power plant fired by agro waste is also planned. "For units that are season-based, we can supply labour in times of need. Individual units need not employ a large labour force for the whole year," he says.

As the park is also expected to attract packaging units, small food processing units need not have a separate packaging line. "They can subcontract the work to a full-fledged packaging unit,"

Hussain says. Currently, several pickle-makers in the Virudhunagar belt are transporting their bulk product to Chennai for retail packing.

Hussain says food processing units in south Kerala are keen on shifting their operations to Indian Food Park to take advantage of the low labour cost and a peaceful working atmosphere. "Cashew, dates and gherkin processing involves a high labour content and, hence, Kerala units are showing a keen interest in what we can offer," says Hussain. "We have sold space for seven units and we expect to attract at least 20 units before starting to function from next year." (Courtesy: www.domain-b.com)

V. Jagannathan

Bird watching in Chennai

Birds in the Estuary

● The old Adyar bridge, now lying in disuse, would be an excellent platform to view the birds. Several organisations have made proposals to the Government and the Corporation to renovate the Adyar Bridge and set up telescopes to watch birds here. But the efforts have failed to get the necessary response.

Migrant birds have begun to flock to the Adyar Estuary again. The ideal time for bird-watching here is from 6 am to 8 am and 4.30 pm to 7 pm. The ideal places for bird-watching are the junction of San Thome High Road and Foreshore Estate, the mud path leading into the Adyar Creek from MRC Nagar, and the broken bridge in Urur Olcott Kuppam.

Birds which can be seen in the Adyar Estuary between November and March include the Little Egret, Cattle Egret, Large

Egret, Little Stint, Black Winged Stilt, Pond Heron, Sandpiper, Little Ringed Plover, White Breasted Kingfisher.

The Little Stint and Sandpiper are migratory birds, while the Black Winged Stilts and Little Ringed Plovers are local migratory birds.

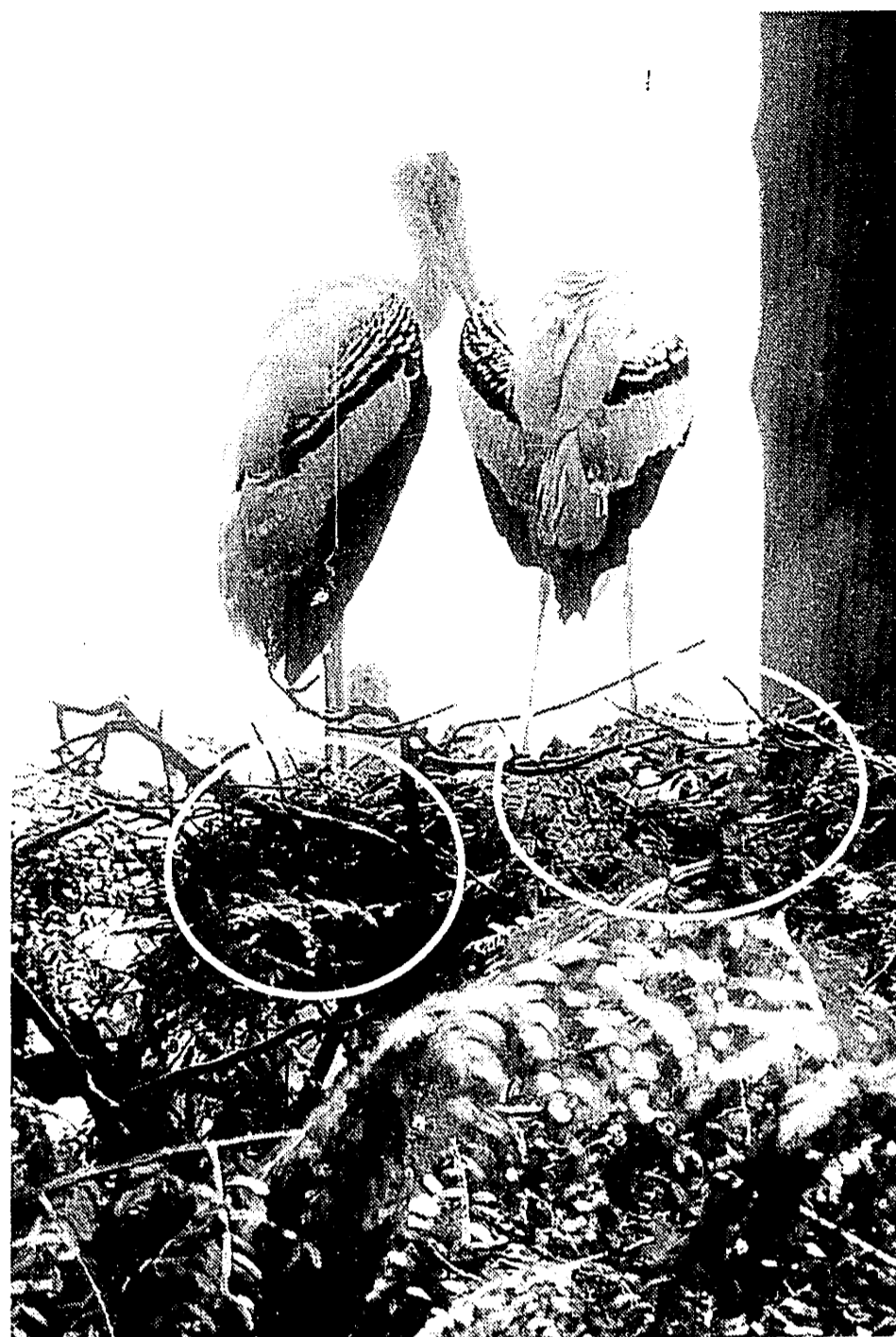
The Common Sandpiper is a small bird with greyish olive brown colour above and white below with pale dusky breast and a few dark streaks on the foreneck. In flight, the brown rump and the tail distinguish it from the spotted Sandpiper. Also a prominent wing bar is usually present. One of the earliest migrants, it arrives in August and leaves in May.

The Little Stint is a diminutive wader, mottled greyish brown or dusky above and white below. It has blackish legs and bills. Its rump and middle tail feathers are dark brown in colour. The outer tail feathers are smoky brown. In flight, a faint narrow whitish bar can be noticed on the wings. Summer plumage is richer as it becomes more black and rufous. It is a winter visitor commonly found in flocks.

The Black Winged Stilt is a local migrant and a good swimmer with bare, slender legs about 10 inches long. It is a lanky, black, greyish brown and white wading bird with straight, slender black bill and enormously long thin reddish legs. The sexes differ in details of coloration and also in summer and winter plumages. It is generally found in pairs or in flocks.

The Little Ringed Plovers are small birds with thick head, bare yellow legs and short pigeon-like bill. It is sandy brown above and white below. It has a white forehead, a black fore crown and ear coverts and round eyes. A complete black band around the neck separates the white hind neck collar from the back.

The Little Egret is of the size of a village hen with long neck and legs. It is a lanky, snow-



Nests (circled) in the grounds of park aviary.

Living and breeding in a park aviary

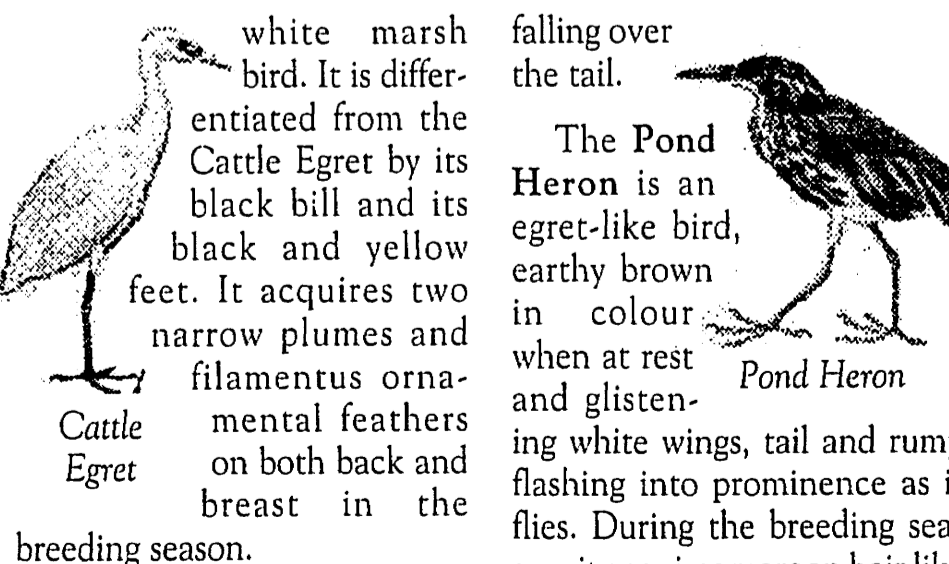
Rain always brings life – not only to human beings but also to other creations. Especially to birds which wait for the monsoons, to nest and raise offspring. This applies not only to the birds in the wild, but also to the birds in captivity. For instance, the Grey Pelicans at the Children's Park, Chennai, have started their courtship and nesting rituals which actually synchronise with their counterparts' activities at Vedanthangal, Nalappattu and similar wetlands near Chennai.

An enclosed area, with a few small trees and shrubs in it and a reasonably large pool, houses a good number of water birds at the Park. The nylon mesh over the top of the enclosure allows sunlight and fresh air and helps simulate a natural atmosphere. The birds here appear quite comfortable and healthy in these surroundings. According to G. Kamaraj, the biologist of the Park, "In order to ensure proper health of these birds, their fecal samples are periodically examined for infection and other disorders. In case of any disorder, the birds are treated with medicines mixed with their feed". The feed, he says, comprises "Fish, grains and greens. The tender shoots of greens and cereals (ragi, millet) are favourite items for a pair of Demoiselle Cranes, as fish is not part of their menu."

Apart from the Grey Pelicans and Demoiselle Cranes, there are 11 Grey Herons, 3 Rosy Pelicans, 20 Painted Storks, 15 Spoonbills, 75 Night Herons, 10 Cormorants, 20 Cattle Egrets, 15 White Ibis and a few Manila Goose, a hybrid. But it is the nests of the Grey Pelicans and Painted Storks that attract attention. The medium-sized tree situated in the middle of the aviary acts as the nesting site.

The breeding is fairly successful, I learn; the number of Grey Pelicans has grown from 8 to 13. But it is only after this breeding season we can really say how successful the season has been.

T. Murugavel



Cattle Egret

The Large Egret is generally seen solitary. It has flimsy ornamental feather dorsal plumes

falling over the tail. The Pond Heron is an egret-like bird, earthy brown in colour when at rest and glistening white wings, tail and rump flashing into prominence as it flies. During the breeding season, it acquires maroon hair like plumes on back and long white oxypteral crest. — (Courtesy: Adyar Times.)

Pond Heron

Quizzin' with Ram'nan

(Questions 1 to 10 are from the period January 1 to 15. Questions 11 to 20 pertain to Chennai and Tamil Nadu.)

1. How many countries adopted the Euro as their National currency on January 1st?
2. India's largest District was bifurcated on January 1st to facilitate easy administration. Name it.
3. Name the media mogul who has taken over as the new Mayor of New York.
4. Where was the SAARC summit held recently?
5. Name the longest serving director of IISc and one of the pioneers of Indian space programme who passed away recently.
6. Which country's Premier inaugurated the prestigious Partnership Summit in Bangalore on January 5th?
7. Whom did Leander Paes & Mahesh Bhupathi beat to win the doubles crown at the Tata Open on January 6th?
8. Which globally famous fashion house, known by the initials of its founder, closed shop recently?
9. Name the concept device that puts a home PC onto a mobile platform unveiled by Bill Gates recently.
10. Who was voted the 'Artist of the Century' at the American Music Awards recently?

* * *

11. Name the historic bungalow of John Sullivan, the founder of Ooty, which has been restored.
12. Where is Chennai's biggest water treatment plant supposed to come up?
13. Who is Mrutunjay Sarangi?
14. What is the mouthpiece publication of DMK called?
15. Who is the new Governor of Tamil Nadu?
16. Who was elected to the Rajya Sabha on an AIADMK ticket on January 10?
17. Who is considered by all accounts as the 'Father of Modern Tamil Theatre'?
18. Who are the new GMs for Southern Railway and ICF?
19. Approximately, how much percentage of the State Government's revenue goes towards salaries?
20. Who won the 'Best Publisher in English' award at this year's Chennai Book Fair?

(Answers on Page 10)

2 pages of NOSTALGIA

Ah, for yesteryears' bonda-sambhar

In the early 1940s the young men who could not get admission into anyone of the four colleges in Madras (Presidency, Loyola, Christian and Pachaiyappas) would opt for articleship with firms of Registered Accountants hoping to qualify as Auditors for banks, insurance companies etc. This was a sunrise profession of those days. The R.A. itself was an upgradation from the GDA, or the Government Diploma Accountant; today it has been renamed as Chartered Accountant. The article clerks had to pay a lump sum to the firm to be enrolled as Article Clerks. Those who could not afford to do so, joined as unpaid assis-

ants and had to serve double the article time before they qualified to write the final examination. Many Indians who had qualified as Chartered Accountants from England had set up practices. British firms with established names, such as Parry & Co., Burmah Shell and others, including British plantations, had their statutory audit done by British-linked companies such as Fraser and Ross and Lovelock and Lewis. However, a number of Indian commercial enterprises had sprung up and provided a level playing field for totally Indian audit firms. The Indian Bank, the Indo-Commercial Bank, the Indian Overseas Bank, the Hanuman Bank, the United India Life Insurance Co., the United India Fire and General Insurance Co., the A.V. Thomas group of companies, cinema studios and theatres gave their work to Indian audit companies. In retrospect, these companies must be thanked for encouraging the development of the indigenous profession. The predominantly Indian audit firms of those days were Sastry and Shah, Brahmaya and Co., Dandekar and Co., P.S. Subramania Iyer and Co., P.N.S. Ayyar (with practice in the then Ceylon) and a few others I cannot recall.

Most of the article apprentices were from the forward communities and had either Tamil or Telugu as their mother tongue. They could generally claim a good lineage or joint family background. Their parsimonious ancestors would give them pocket money of Rs.10 a month for their lunch and travelling expenses. Parsimony could sometimes take the form of a daily dole of four or six

Gastronomical reminiscences by Raghu Tagat

annas, out of which a return ticket to Parry's Corner could be bought for two annas and the balance spent on lunch. This should not be mistaken for miserliness as families depending on agricultural income had to resort to this measure when cash flow became low. On the whole, this meant that the young apprentices had to devise ways to cut their expenses well within this limit and yet have fun.

For some reason or other, the interval between 1 and 2 p.m. was the lunch time for the High Court, banks and all offices in the George Town area. The 'tiffin' hotels would be more crowded than the 'meals' hotels in the streets around the YMCA. Among the 'tiffin' hotels Ramakrishna Lunch Home, Ambi's Café, Ranga Vilas, Hari Nivas and Sri Rama Vilas (whose coconut chutney was so famous that it was adopted as its telegraphic address as well) would be thronged with regular patrons. For the audit apprentices, however, it was fun to go in groups to different tiffin rooms and be refreshed with different permutations of the same dishes.

What were these dishes? One day it would be two idlis + sambhar and half-a-cup coffee. Another day it would be two bondas + sambhar and half-a-cup coffee. In the RKLH the combination would be dosai and coffee. In Hari Nivas it would be *bisi bele baath* and in Sri Rama Vilas it would be *idli-chutney*. The server would shout to the

Having a baby on a 'dream diet'

Does anyone remember the Eskimo restaurant in Dhun building, Mount Road? It was very small, perhaps not more than ten tables, and served wonderful sandwiches, cutlets and fried fish and a few what could be euphemistically called "Continental dishes". It was very popular with office staff and shoppers in the Round Tana area and though it closed down a few years ago, it holds a special place in my memories of my first years in India.

I was 23 years old when I boarded the s.s. Chusan in Southampton, on the 23rd December 1961, leaving grieving parents and younger brother behind in a small, village in the north of England. The journey ahead would take me to join my Indian fiancé in Bombay and even now, 40 years later, I can still feel the pain of parting, the fear of the unknown.

Surely love is the most protective armour... or I might have lost courage. The two-week journey began as a nightmare, I lay on my berth, crying and then sleeping exhausted by the tears. But with the resilience of youth I recovered and by the time the ship reached Bombay my mind conveniently closed itself to fears and doubts. HE was there at the dock and all would be moonlight and roses for the rest of my life!

We were married a month later and started life in a small rented apartment. We had a maid to clean the house and even a cook, an elderly one, retired from the Army... and great... if you liked Indian food only. On my very first date with my husband, in an Indian restaurant in Manchester, I had asked for chips and eggs!!! That was four years earlier. Nothing much had changed since then. Well, potatoes and eggs were freely available, but can't be counted on to nourish and sustain you very long. Cooking was done on a kerosene stove... rather like camping out! Bottled gas came to Madras much later and the electric cooking range I'd brought from England as part of my dowry had to remain in its packing – the wiring in the apartment couldn't take the load and so we sold it rather than let it rust away.

The cook tried to tempt me with his culinary skills, but it seemed to me that I might never enjoy food ever again. I don't really remember being bothered by this at the time, for food had never been a very important part of my 'thinking'. But things were to change. I found I was pregnant in April, when we were on our first visit to my husband's family in Kerala. By the time we returned to Madras I felt so sick... and this was to continue with alarming frequency almost till the day our son was born.

I began to long for the taste of a simple English meal. roast chicken, roast potatoes, the traditional vegetables, gravy, I would close my eyes and I could taste, smell, feel! Madras had maybe one restaurant serving food approximating my dream and we could not afford it, on a salary of Rs.800/-. Kvality, was it? But there was Eskimo and when things got really bad for me, my husband would take a tiffin carrier and buy a meal for me. I was far too sick to go there myself. He would bring it home and Raman Nair would heat it up as well as he could manage. I would sit at the table with great anticipation, eat it all up... and flee to the bathroom to throw up! Poor Krishnan, he suffered as much as I did. This happened time and again till the expense and the effort were just too much for both of us.

Weeks and months went by... the doctor's explanation was "heat, change of diet, homesickness, pregnancy", too much, too soon. I missed my family, my friends... and food. My husband would go to work in the morning and I would creep back to bed with the cook-book my Mum had given me. I would slowly turn the pages, look at the pictures, read the recipes and cry my eyes out. I'd have eaten the pictures if I knew I wouldn't have brought those up too. So what was nourishing me? A fried egg now and again, bread, fruit and vitamin pills! But most of all my imagination... I would dream up my next meal. Sit with my Mother and Father and eat well... all in my dream.

January 11, 1963 at 4.15 a.m. our beautiful son was born... healthy and bonny and so good-natured I have to believe that my 'dream' diet worked. Since then I have learned to love Indian food, prepare it reasonably well and things have changed so much in Madras... I can, if I choose, make a meal as near to the ones I had as a child that my parents would recognise. I look back, sometimes, at those early days, remember the efforts our old cook would make, the worry on my husband's face, the warm and familiar Eskimo... and my dreams of a cold bacon sandwich... and laugh... for I'm a vegetarian now!

Radha G.

cashier one-and-three-fourth annas if the fare was *idli* or *bonda* and coffee or three annas if it was any other combination. In any case, care would be taken to see that the tiffin expense did not exceed 12 annas in a week, in order to save nine annas for a matinee film show on Saturdays.

Why and how the ball-shaped *vadais* came to be called 'bonda' and 'Mysore bonda' is for a food historian (if any) to chronicle. In fact, customers would ask the server what was available only to hear him rattle in rapid fire *Bombay Halva*,

(Continued on page 9)

A tale of three species

One day, sitting at my first floor office window on TTK Road, in the heart of the city, I heard a loud screaming sound from the next door garden. Looking into the spacious garden down below — I saw an amazing sight. A shikra had latched onto a golden-backed (now flame-back, courtesy Inskipp, et al) woodpecker and was trying to carry it off, whilst the woodpecker was clinging to the ground and screaming loudly.

What happened next was even more amazing. Two white capped babblers flew in from the neighbourhood and harried the shikra, until it unlocked its talons from the woodpecker and flew away. The babblers left, but the woodpecker remained on the ground, looking none the worse for wear and feeling secure enough to stop screaming. Its contentment was short lived. The shikra, which had not flown away but had only been temporarily chased off, returned to do exactly what it had tried before — latch its claws onto the woodpecker, which went through exactly the same performance it did before, screaming bloody murder. And this had exactly the same effect as before — bringing back the two do-gooder babblers to the rescue. As before, the shikra disengaged itself and flew off, the babblers flew off and the woodpecker stopped screaming and stayed put on the ground, evidently not having learned a lesson or being eager for more excitement.

It was not to be disappointed. Back came the shikra from nowhere for the third time, and the entire sequence of events was repeated like a well-rehearsed play — the screeching, the rescue operation, the retreat of the villain and the refusal of the victim to fly off.

Just as I was beginning to suspect the woodpecker's physical (and mental) condition, it shuffled up to a nearby cottage and climbed up the masonry wall, stopping two feet off the ground. I was getting ready to witness the shikra attempting to pluck the screaming woodpecker off the wall, when a gardener came by and, lo and behold, the woodpecker flew off, straight and swift as an arrow! It was not hurt, injured or handicapped in any way!

Why had this perfectly healthy and capable woodpecker not flown away after the first attack but stayed put, and that too on the ground? Why did the babblers, a totally different, unrelated species, bother to come to the woodpecker's rescue? And why did the shikra not simply carry off the woodpecker, but did return to try the same thing repeatedly? These are questions that nag me.

The ways of nature are sometimes strange, but that is what makes it so wondrous, intriguing and magnetic. It also makes it all the more imperative for us to conserve nature so that we can learn from it, enjoy it and benefit from it. — (Courtesy: Blackbuck)

Preston Alimaz

When movie-going was fashionable

It is perhaps no longer fashionable to go to the movies as it used to be. These days, there are so many other attractions. Certainly the queues outside cinema theatres are no longer the kind that waited for hours to get a ticket for *Sholay* at the Sathyam Theatre in the 70s. That movie scene in the city leaves me with a blur of memories.

● by Partab Ramchand

I have always been fond of films and my earliest recollections were sitting on my father's lap in the Fifties and crying through *Goonj Uthi Shehnaï*, the Rajendra Kumar-Ameeta starrer with melodious music by Vasant Desai. I was not crying because it was a sad movie, but because I was hungry or bored, I forget which. Through the

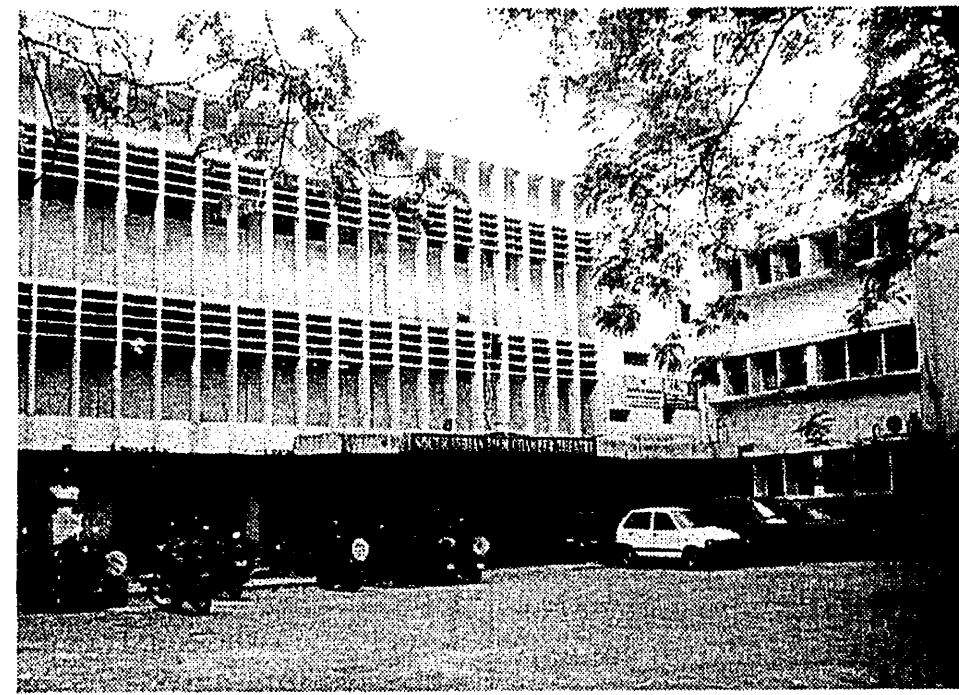
Sixties I never missed a popular English or Hindi movie, heading for the evening show or the Saturday matinee with my friends at school. And, of course, I always kept a check on the theatres that had regular Sunday morning shows — alas, no more a feature of the city cinema theatre scenario these days.

In 1968, I joined the *Indian Express* as a sports reporter. The person in charge of the cinema page, learning of my interest in films, asked me whether I would review movies for the paper. I jumped at the opportunity and for many years I doubled up as sports reporter and film critic. Covering my two favourite beats and getting paid for it —

there certainly was no luckier journalist in the city.

I began to take a deeper interest in movies, came to recognise films by the director rather than the stars, familiarised myself with cinematic techniques and phrases, and by the early 70s, became a keen student of the movies. That brought me closer to film distributors, theatre owners and film-makers. It also opened a whole new avenue of preview theatres wherein we film critics were privileged to watch the movies before they were screened for the general audience. The Film Chamber theatre, the mini theatre in the same premises, Suprageet, Mena and other such compact theatres became a part of my life.

Through the 70s, 80s and 90s, my love affair with the cinema continued and I never missed a film festival organised



Previews remembered... at the Film Chamber Theatre.

by the American Centre, the British Council, the Russian Cultural Center, Alliance Francaise or Max Mueller Bhavan. I still treasure memories of the Frank Capra film festival and the Oscar films festival held at the American Centre, the early Hitchcock films shown at the British Council and the classic Kurosawa movies, which I saw at the Russian Cultural Centre.

Covering the movie scene brought me into contact with a number of eminent personalities of the celluloid world, and interviewing Roman Polanski during Filmotsav 80 in Bangalore takes pride of place in the

memory list. He answered the questions disarmingly in his halting English, but was able to get his ideas across in no uncertain terms while also displaying an impish sense of humour. A short chat with Sharmila Tagore at the same festival was something else I will never forget, even if it was only for a few minutes and I remember thinking that she was even prettier in person than on celluloid — and this when it was well past her *Evening in Paris* days.

In the Eighties, I had a long interview with the British director Christopher Miles who came across as a well-informed personality, exuding charm and typical British humour. I always carry vivid memories of a long informal chat with Jag Mundhra at the coffee shop at the Chola Sheraton in the mid 90s when he was already well-known in India for making slick commercial thrillers with more than a tinge of sex under the Amritraj Productions banner. Ashok Amritraj, of course, I met a number of times, right from the days Amritraj Productions was launched in the late 70s. The former tennis star made a name for himself as one of the top independent producers in Hollywood and so popular was he as a personality that I remember film-makers from the movie capital flying down to Madras for his wedding in 1991. Talking to Feroz Khan in 1998 was another experience that will not be erased from memory easily. The showman in him came right through in the interview. And, of course, there was dear old Mr. Umapathy, owner of Anand theatre, for whom my wife, even though she was 40, was always 'papa' (baby).

In the last couple of years, I have ceased reviewing films, but my love affair with the movies has never stopped. I still read Pauline Kael and Stanley Kauffmann, have many film books in my library at home, make it a point to watch old films on the various movie channels (with Halliwell's Film Guide always by my side) and, once in a way, still take in a movie at a theatre in the old-fashioned way. It serves as another trip down memory lane.

Divya Mohan

An ophthalmic journey

10 a.m. on a normal weekday at the Regional Institute of Ophthalmology, Egmore, and the hospital teems with patients. But few of them know that they are on the campus of the second oldest eye hospital in the world, established as the Madras Eye Infirmary in 1819 and second only (younger by a year) to Moorefields, London. Even fewer know that this sylvan campus also houses another landmark, the Elliot's Museum attached to the Elliot School of Ophthalmology, named after Col. H.R. Elliot, FRCS, IMS, Superintendent from 1904-1913. The School was opened on February 7, 1920, and its name recalled Dr. Elliot's stewardship when the hospital was greatly expanded. The Museum in it, acclaimed by distinguished ophthalmologists, as one of the very best in the world owes its conception and institution to the tireless endeavour of Lt. Col. R.E. Wright, M.D., C.I.E., IMS, Superintendent from 1929-1938.

My guided tour around the museum was all the more fascinating because of the keen enthusiasm of Dr. V. Velayutham, Senior Civil Surgeon, Additional Professor of Ophthalmology and an avid heritage fan who has been associated with the Regional Institute of Ophthalmology for the last 25 years. One highlight he showed me was the exceptionally beautiful

hemispherical wooden-tiered gallery that is still being used as a lecture hall for undergraduates, nurses and optometry students, its acoustics so well designed that no echo is heard anywhere in it.

Yellowed records in the museum reveal interesting notes on Col. Elliot (1864-1936) who, after an unusually brilliant academic career and a stint at the St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, joined the Indian Medical Service in 1892. His introduction of the innovative operation procedure, known as

● by Shobha Menon

Corneo-scleral Trephining, has been acclaimed the world over. His textbook on Tropical Ophthalmology was the first to be published on the subject and was translated into many languages. Curiously, his first work in India was on snake venoms. One snippet also mentions his expertise as a first class conjurer and refers to him as the Chairman of 'the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle'.

One-hundred-year-old plastic models of the eye from Germany, a double optometer from the early 19th Century, and ophthalmometers and clinoscopes from the 1900s are other exhibits. There are also giant magnets that were once used to remove magnetable steel foreign bodies. Three hundred ac-

tual eye specimens of the early 20th Century are preserved in formalin. About 25 medical textbooks (each more than 200 years old) have been given for repair and treatment to the Government Museum. The restoration is a tedious process that could take at least 4-6 months. Even more fascinating is the 'artist's corner' — a collection of 14 life-like portraits of patients with minute depiction of their specific eye ailments. Says Dr. Velayudham, "In fact, I actually picked these off a pile of junk early in 1977 when I was a student at the Institute. In those days, the artist was a sort of permanent assistant for the surgeon. You'll notice that whichever picture was okayed had a conspicuous tick mark by the surgeon. Otherwise, the artist probably repeated the whole drawing process. We have another hundred of these impressions in separate albums."

In one quaint corner, the Museum recreates history — Dr. Elliot's own office desk and chair, along with the high surgeon's chair of the late 1900s, and the podium used by his assistant to read out case sheet. You actually feel like a patient in the renowned surgeon's room.

"In 1980, the then Superintendent E.T. Selvam initiated this attempt at preserving heritage. That this museum can be incorporated and recognised as part of the Government



A glimpse of Elliot's Museum

Museum has been suggested to the authorities recently. We also need to have an inventory for such a museum. Restoration work that was done about a year and a half ago, around the time an All India Conference was held, was hurried and shoddy. Though the then Museum Commissioner and Secretary insisted that the PWD use only lime mortar, so that the ancient pillars could breathe, cement was nevertheless used. And while, naturally, 100-year-old pillars still refuse to crack, the more recently plastered ones have given way. And while the old hexagonal red tiles only needed to be cleaned and polished with a new coat of red oxide, they were removed to make way for supposedly 'better' flooring. Understanding heritage is a skill that is beyond many", an anguished Dr. Velayutham feels.

There is also rampant misuse of property and space by unsocial elements from the area around the campus. In the last year, all the new window panes that were re-fitted were broken, and the authorities have now decided to fix a wire mesh outside windows to prevent further mishaps. There is still a lot of work to be done, involving a 17-lakh projection, without taking

into account the civil or the electrical work. But once work on restoration of the museum's building and the precious possessions is complete, it will be worthy of a connoisseur's attention.

"A few years ago we had a foreign visitor, the 70-year-old son of P. Verdon, Superintendent between 1938-1940, who is believed to have set apart some money in his will (currently under dispute) for the maintenance of this hospital. While on a tour of the hospital and its campus, he assured us of his wholehearted support. Hopefully, something will materialise. Like the 12 acres donated by a grateful patient early in the 19th Century for the land on which the Eye Hospital itself stands," says Dr. Velayutham.

FICTION IS SO TAME...

(Continued from page 5)

lay claim to. Thankfully, the city has still retained it despite all the changes. Indeed, the essence of the city has stayed the same, which means even the changes are, after all, superficial, she says.

Today, Anita Pratap freelances, writes columns, and is involved with the making of TV documentaries. Reporting and writing are the twin passions of her life. And she loves the process of re-visiting her pieces after they are written and "tinkering" with them, before the final draft is all set. She believes in keeping her writing lean, to the point, and shorn of all verbosity, and attributes this to her work experience in magazines like *Time*.

She will begin work on her second book soon.

Does she view life's progress as a series of homecomings and departures?

"Absolutely". For it is in the constant movements of leaving and returning that all life is played out.

"I see an image of restless waves, flowing in and out, recording new visions and new experiences each time, taking stories, both sad and happy, back and forth, yet staying unchanged in spirit..."

And that's a fairly close description of Anita Pratap herself.

THE HANDS THAT HEAL, OFTEN HARM

(Continued from page 1)

Unfortunately, no government hospital appears to have shown any real improvement in the way it manages waste. No changes have been implemented to handle and dispose the waste and the awareness levels among the staff of these hospitals, especially the waste handlers, remain extremely low.

Of the two laboratories surveyed last year, one has since implemented a good system but is still grappling with monitoring problems. As a result, there still remain certain inadequate practices in handling biomedical waste.

In 22 hospitals being surveyed for the first time, it was found that more than 75% of them did not carry out basic segregation of their waste, while others followed a system of partial segregation. This was perhaps due to the inadequate training of staff or the lax monitoring by the hospital management or both.

Sharps, which are a small proportion of the waste but a highly hazardous category are being dealt with in a variety of methods. A few hospitals, like Sri Ramachandra Medical College and Hospital, Madras Medical Mission and Sundaram Medical Foundation, used needle cutters or destroyers for the needles and syringes and then disinfected them in hy-

pochlorite. Other hospitals, including government hospitals, disposed these sharps directly with their general waste without disinfection or mutilation. These sharps have been proven to be the cause of fatal diseases like HIV in many countries and, as reporting of these injuries in most hospitals is almost nil, there are a large number of cases that remain uncoun-tered. This non-reporting of cases in many hospitals is due to inadequate education by the hospital to their staff on the hazards of improper handling of the waste.

Most hospitals have a system of transporting the waste manually from the wards and the operation theatres to the main collection area, where the waste is deposited in a single bin. Spillages and accidents while transporting waste and contamination were common and not accounted for in most hospitals. This drew CAG's attention to the lack of emergency protocol in these hospitals. Almost none of the hospitals has provided its staff with protective gear that should be compulsory while handling and transporting waste.

Of the 45 institutions in the Phase-2 survey, ten had double-chambered incinerators and twelve, single-chambered incinerators. Only three of the double-chambered incinerators complied with the standards. It

was found that in some hospitals, unsegregated waste and even plastic waste were being incinerated. This is a very dangerous practice as, often, plastic waste, like gloves, remains unburnt and could contain a number of harmful microorganisms and pathogens. The burning of plastics can also lead to the emission of dioxins and furans which are serious health hazards even when inhaled in small quantities.

A few healthcare providers have discontinued the use of their incinerators following complaints from the residents in the area of a bad smell. Others, like Sundaram Medical Foundation, have increased the height of their chimneys to ensure against this problem.

Training, which is a vital part of the success of any system, was found to be the most widely neglected factor. The lack of formal training of the housekeeping staff and nursing staff and inadequate monitoring and supervision of the practices being followed were in many cases found to be the main obstacles to successfully implementing any system adopted by the hospitals.

Vaccination of staff, especially those who handle waste, is another aspect that is not given importance in the context of waste management system. Only a few hospitals, like the Communicable Diseases Hospi-

tal, which deal with highly infectious diseases, have a system of regular vaccination of their staff. By not carrying out regular vaccination, the healthcare service providers expose their staff to a high risk of contracting diseases and also inadequate healthcare, given the nature of their job. This increases the occupational hazard factor manifold and could be the cause of rampant spread of any disease.

CAG also found that the delay in setting up a common facility to treat waste generated — especially by the several small healthcare service providers, including diagnostic centres and clinics — was a major stumbling block towards managing the biomedical waste problems of the city. The delay appears to be due to the non-availability of suitable land for the setting up of such a facility, though the Indian Medical Association (IMA) has shortlisted the candidates who will be asked to set up the facility and run it.

The earlier these issues are tackled, the sooner our communities will become safe. Today, the hands that heal are also hands that harm and the government, communities and the healthcare service providers need to work together to ensure that this does not continue. (Courtesy: CAG Reports)

Some jolly old cricket in T. Nagar

The article "Jolly good show by Rovers" in *Madras Musings* some months ago (May 1, 2001) was brought to my notice only recently by M. Ekambaram, a childhood playmate. And it brought back memories of a forgotten part of the Club's story.

A few of us who lived around or near the Corporation Playground in Somasundaram Street in North Thyagarayanagar and who were daily frequenters of the ground felt a cricket club using the ground as its base would be a fruitful and workable proposition. The idea of starting the club came when Madras League announced its plans to run a Second Division from the 1946-47 season.

K. Shanmughanathan, who had completed Geology Hons. at Presidency, R. Srinivasan, who had graduated from Loyola, M. Ekambaram, who was pursuing a diploma in Electrical Engineering at the Central Polytechnic, N. Narayanaswami and I — I had just finished B.Sc. at Loyola — were the original group who discussed the idea and then, after much deliberation, decided to call the club The Jolly Rovers

Cricket Club. In the end, we did not play league cricket in 1946-47. We contented ourselves with circulating among ourselves a handwritten magazine, *The Jolly Rovers*, modelled on Charles Lamb's *The Essays of Elia*. Shanmughanathan appeared for the competitive examination and was selected for the Madras Forest Service. Srinivasan became Assistant to K.S. Ranga Rao, Secretary, Madras Cricket Association, while Ekambaram and I decided to focus on our studies.

We did not sit idle during the year. We sought permission from the Corporation of Madras — and obtained it — to use the ground for league matches once we entered the league. We undertook preparation of a matting wicket and its maintenance. We also set about assembling players to enable us to field a full team every week we had a match. All these efforts achieved a relative measure of success. We were admitted in 1947 to the Third Division 'B' Zone and were successful in remaining unbeaten winning the zone championship in our maiden attempt. Our most spirited opponents were our

T'Nagar (North) rivals — United Friends Cricket Club. Just a point separated us.

Seven of those of that team in the photograph alongside are no more. All achieved success in their lives, with K.V. Ranganathan becoming a World Bank Consultant in the medical field, T. Bhaskaran, Chief Engineer, Madras Port Trust, and T.V. Girish played for Madras in the Ranji Trophy and against a touring team.

From 1948 to 1951, Jolly Rovers figured in the Second Division. They did not repeat their initial success, but did well enough to retain their place in the division.

A number of fine players turned out for the team. Mention must be made of C.S. Seshadri (later Dr., head of the Murugappa Agri Foundation), a dashing opening batsman, the brothers S.B. Mani and S.V. Mani who were a pair of good pace bowlers, S.S. Iyer an opening batsman and right-arm spin bowler, S. Natarajan a steady medium pacer and reliable middle order bat, and N. Balasubramaniam, N. Narayanaswami's brother and a fine batsman who later played in the Ranji Trophy for Madras.

When Rajaji became Governor-General, we summoned courage and sought a donation and his patronage for the team set up in his backyard. His response was prompt. A donation cheque arrived and he graciously became our Patron.

In between, quite a few members of the Club moved away from T'Nagar or left Madras. I joined service in Bombay State. The team was moribund for a few years. In 1955, the Secretary, N. Narayanaswami, transferred the Secretaryship to our longtime friend and fellow cricket enthusiast V.A. Parthasarathi. He ran the Club for a few years before it came to



Jolly Rovers Cricket Club: III Division Zone 'B' Champions — 1947-48. Sitting L.R.: S. Krishnan, R. Santhanakrishnan, V. Prabhakar, R. Srinivasan, (Capt.), M. Ekambaram, (Vice-Capt.), T. Bhaskar, P.M. Venkatraman. Standing L.R.: K.V. Ranganathan, N. Narayanaswamy, M. Sundaram, D. Sadagopan, T.V. Girish, K.V. Ramanan, R. Jayaram.

be run by *The Hindu* management. The rest of the story was narrated in V. Ramnarayan's article. Original members may have no connection with the Club today, but we continue to be proud of it.

In the immediate post World War II years, there were three cricket clubs which were prominent in T. Nagar. The best known of them was the South T. Nagar club, the Mambalam Mosquitoes. It was only last year that they attained First Division status. The North T. Nagar team, United Friends Cricket Club, reached the same status that very year too. Jolly Rovers, however, got there much earlier, being absorbed in the set-up of sponsored clubs.

In the early years, all the T. Nagar clubs had a great supporter in the publisher of *Picture Post* magazine. The performances of these clubs were highlighted and their players given recognition. This used to be a great morale booster.

The Somasundaram playground had even earlier hosted a cricket club — the Mambalam Cricket Club. Among its stalwarts was S. Krishnamurthy, a left arm fast bowler with a graceful action. He played for Mysore, but unfortunately died

young. Another member of this team was S.S. Mani, a first class leg spinner who captained Engineering College, Guindy, and played for the University of Madras. They even staged a musical play at the Victoria Public Hall to raise funds for the Club.

The Mambalam Rockets used the ground for hockey. An active member, V.A. Visvanathan, moved to Bombay on getting employment there and became an umpire at State and National levels. In the late '40s, the Mambalam Football Club played at this ground. They had good footballers in Gangadharan, Balan, Jagannathan and Padmanabhan. Dr. B. Ramamurthi, the celebrated neuro-surgeon, was at the ground every evening to play volleyball.

The existence of the ground enabled several generations of youth to enjoy sport and get exercise. Facilities available at the ground were a sand pit, a football ground, an almost 440 yards running track, two tenniquoit courts, a ball badminton court which we also used as a tennis court, a basketball court, swings, parallel bars, rings, kho-kho and chedu-gudu pitches. What glorious times every one of us had!

V. Prabhakar

Answers to Quiz

- 12 countries; 2. Midnapore; 3. Michael Bloomberg; 4. Kathmandu; 5. Prof. Satish Dhawan; 6. The British PM, Tony Blair; 7. The Czech pair of Tomas Cibulec and Ota Fukarek; 8. Yves Saint Laurent; 9. Mira; 10. Michael Jackson.
11. Pethakkal Bungalow; 12. Chembarampakkam; 13. The Chief Electoral Officer of Tamil Nadu; 14. Murasoli; 15. P.S. Ramamohan Rao; 16. V. Maitreyan; 17. Pammal Sambandam Mudaliar; 18. V. Anand and M.V. Ramani respectively; 19. 94 per cent; 20. East West Books.

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