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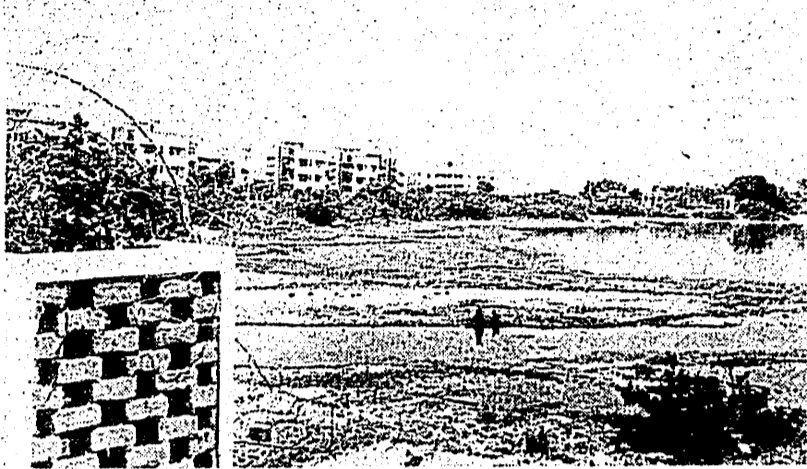
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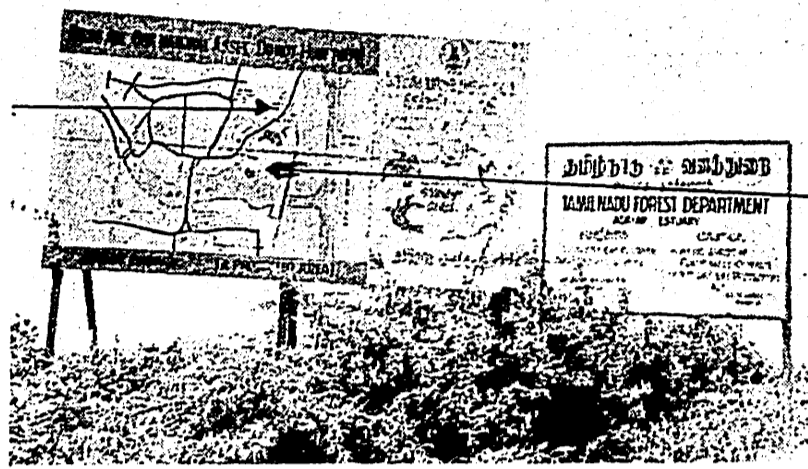
Vol. II. No. 11

FREE ISSUE — EVERY FORTNIGHT

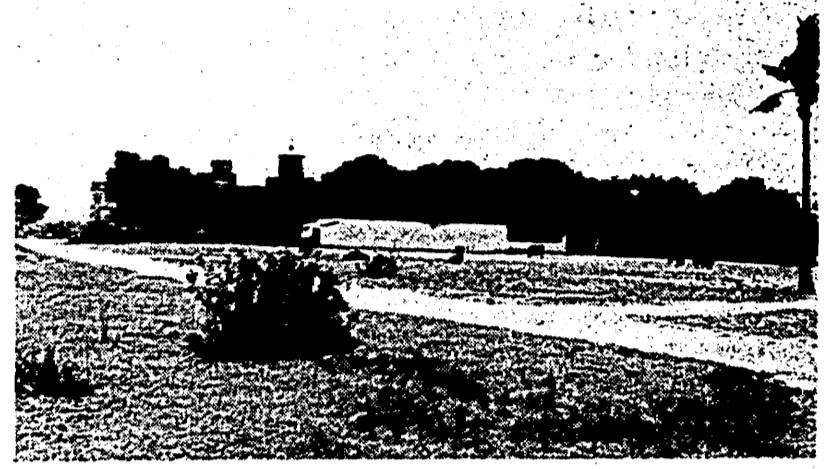
September 16 — 30, 1992



The Adyar Creek, which the MMDA wants to develop — into an amusement park, among other things!



The Forest Department notices by the Adyar Estuary. The map makes it clear the Creek too is part of the PROTECTED area.



The main Adyar Estuary, a sanctuary to which birds flock.

(All Photographs by V S RAGHAVAN)

Look what's planned for the Adyar Estuary

Sanctified amusement!

(By A Special Correspondent)

Is the Adyar Estuary Sanctuary being threatened by development? Madras Metropolitan Development Authority planners may quibble — how appropriate, seeing that Adyar Creek, which they're eyeing, and the main Adyar mouth are separated by what's, for some unknown reason, been known as Quibble Island! — that they have plans only for the creek and not the main estuary. Nevertheless, even the creek is protected area, as the map alongside shows, and any playing around with it will, in the view of natural scientists, affect the neighbouring ecosystem.

The Adyar Creek is that crescent-shaped backwater hemmed in by Foreshore Estate, Mandavellipakkam, Quibble Island Cemetery and MRC Nagar. Some of it now has been developed as fish ponds, and attempts were made — and then slowed down — to reclaim other parts of it with garbage filling. It is 45 acres of this area that the MMDA — which considers it a "prime location" — wants to develop at a cost of Rs. 40 crores.

The development plans envisage three office complexes, 100,000 sq m in all, spread over 17.25 acres, an indoor stadium, to take up 6.25 acres,

a 2.5 acre park and, believe it or not, a 3-acre amusement complex with play spaces, amusement centres and eating places. Ten acres are to be set apart for drainage and flood moderation and the rest will be taken up by roadways etc.

Such a centre is undoubtedly needed by the city, but does it have to be at the expense of part of a sanctuary and which will certainly affect the rest of the protected area? Don't government departments in the state talk to each other and find out what the plans of each are?

It was only about four years ago that, through the efforts of the

(Continued on P3)

Krish's Madras to Kaveri Delta

(By A Special Correspondent)

It's a bit late to be celebrating any significant anniversary connected with the founding of Madras. But better late than never. Which is reason enough to welcome the news that Doordarshan will shortly screen on its national network a two-part film on Madras.

The film, focussing on the city's historic buildings and on its pioneering contributions to the development of modern India, has been scripted, directed and narrated by veteran documentary film-maker S. Krishnaswamy for Krishnaswamy Associates. Doordarshan, it is understood, are looking for an appropriate occasion to release the film.

September 24th might be one such occasion — if it isn't already too late. It was on that day in 1641 that Andrew Cogan, chief of Britain's Coromandel factories and superior of city founder Francis Day, moved to Madras from Machilipatnam and established it as his headquarters. From that day 351 years ago, Fort St. George has continuously been a seat of governance of some sort or the other. By 1658, Bengal (Calcutta

was not even dreamed of) and Bantam in Sumatera were being supervised from Madras. Bombay had still not been thought of. The significant contribution Madras made to the India of today during the years that followed is clearly brought out in Krishnaswamy's film, which seeks to have honour paid where it is due.

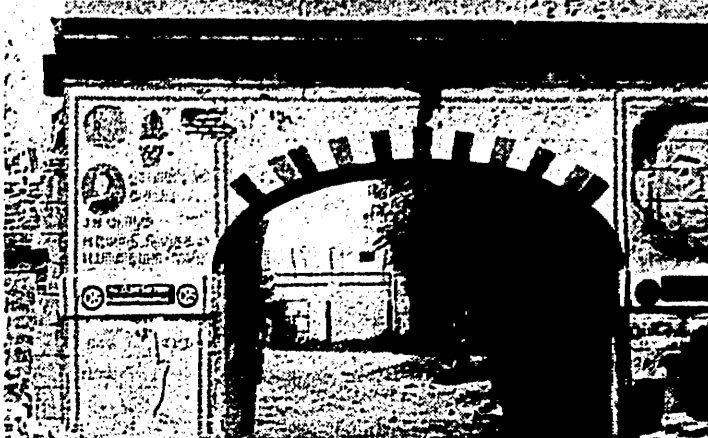
Krishnaswamy Associates are following this film with two other major projects. With Ma Po Sivagnanam advising, and with KA having won all court cases that had held the project up, Krishnaswamy is getting ready to shoot *Silappadikaram* and *Manimekalai*. Nine episodes for each is what Doordarshan has okayed of the Hindi version of the two Tamil epics, but KA are still trying for 13 episodes each to do better justice to the two classics.

A truly all-India cast from the four metros will feature in the serial, much of which will be shot before the end of the year. First rate acting talent and a knowledge of Hindi were expected of the actors and actresses being cast.

The second project Krishnaswamy is working on is a video magazine for

the Bharathiya Vidya Bhavan. "Values and culture" will be the monthly theme of this video magazine likely to be released in October. The main feature of the first issue will be a unique presentation of the views of religious leaders of India, including the Sankaracharya, Mother Teresa, the Dalai Lama and several others. Another part of the magazine, it is learnt, will feature M S singing.

Three different types of work, but all three with the potential to be among Krishnaswamy's most successful efforts.



Clive Battery... main gate still standing... but for how long?

Another landmark is down

(By A Staff Reporter)

The wreckers are at it again. Another landmark in the city is being battered down in the name of progress and development. By the time these lines and pictures appear, even the main gate of Clive Battery may have disappeared. And, perhaps, in a couple of years from now there will rise here an overbridge, flyover, call it what you will, dominating the historic walls of Madras.

North of George Town, in stretches of Ebrahim Sahib Street, Old Jail Road and Basin Bridge Road there are to be seen remnants of the protective North Wall Paul Benfield contracted to build for the Government in 1769-72 after Hyder Ali's raids had devastated this part of Old Madras. Though the Indian part of Madras was surrounded by protective walls as far back as the 1680s, these, when they fell into disrepair, were not replaced and it was only in the North that six blockhouses were built and linked by a bound-hedge in the 18th century. Hyder's raids in 1767 and 1769 had demonstrated how ineffective the bound hedge was and, so, the North Wall came up.

It was in 1798 that the second Lord Clive arrived in Madras. Edward Clive, the son of Robert, was Governor of Madras till 1803 and, during this

period, in a bid to strengthen the defences of Madras, at a time when Tippu Sultan was proving an even greater threat than his father, he had Clive Battery built to anchor the sea-end of the North Wall.

The Battery in more peaceful later years fell into disuse and gradually was absorbed as part of the Madras Harbour installations. In the early 20th Century, homes were built for Port officers in the Battery and that is what the redoubt has remained since. But along North Beach Road (Rajaji Salai), the main entrance to Clive Battery and parts of its solid walls have remained. And they are what have now been pulled down.

So another city landmark vanishes and a new pathway in the sky will replace it. Meanwhile, the thought occurs to conservationists, did anyone think of a traffic subway rather than a skyway at the traffic-blocking railway crossing by Clive Battery, which takes much of the traffic to Madras's northern industrial suburbs and beyond? It's to ease that block that the last remaining relics of Clive Battery are being sacrificed. How much more of Old Madras is to vanish so callously?

(Photographs by V.S. Raghavan) (Also see Page 4).



The walls on one side of Clive Battery's main gate... more rubble today. (Pictures by V.S. RAGHAVAN)

To fly high, here's advice, Chairman

L Vasudev, who turned round Madras Fertilizers Ltd, now faces an even bigger challenge. During his first few weeks at the helm of Indian Airlines, where he was determined to "make the traveller happy in the four or five hours he's our guest", he did meet with success as he introduced a trimmed schedule and found the flights keeping to them. And when there were the occasional flight delays, the Airlines did keep the passengers reasonably well informed, "thereby taking away a major complaint from the flying community".

But as *The Man From Madras Musings* writes this fortnight's column, he hears that things have slipped again and flight delays and lack of information are becoming common once more. It is in this context that he publishes this letter from an M.R. Pai of Bombay which first appeared in another journal. Pai's advice to the airline chairman and managing director who "welcomes competition" from the private sector (air-taxi operators) is:

●...in all decisions you take, keep the interests of the country first and foremost in your mind.

Convert this mammoth organisation from an employee-oriented to passenger-oriented airline. Passengers have so far meekly submitted to periodic and arbitrary fare increase and deteriorating service. Their patience is running thin. They demand a service which is safe and reliable (punctually run on the basis of a clock, not a calendar, reasonably priced and courteous to passengers).

Please keep an undated letter of resignation in your pocket. Take all decisions on a professional basis. The government has the right to give instructions, however unreasonable and non-professional such instructions are. But they should always be in writing. Please do not accept oral or telephonic instructions.

Please remember that politicians suffer from amnesia when there is public criticism and search for scapegoats. By nature, politicians appropriate credit for achievements of others, and when confronted with an ugly situation appear like Mary's little lamb whose wool was white as snow.

Your biggest challenge will be from the IA employees. Except for brief periods, such as Air Marshal P.C. Lal's post-lockout era, they have been a pampered and uncontrollable lot. They have not missed any opportunity to harass innocent passengers whenever they have had occasions to confront the management.

In order to succeed, keep ready a contingency plan to run a skeleton service or, if necessary, completely close down the air service with a lockout.

IAC, nearing 40, is obviously suffering psychologically from middle age blues, and needs strong medicine or even surgical operation. No lavender water solution will do.

That's advice which, sadly, says much about the state of the nation. It almost offers no hope!

Shobraj-like Sarcar

The recent arrest in Tirumala of Rajiv Sarcar, one of the most wanted criminals in the country, has laid bare a sordid

trail of crime that the alleged murderer claims was inspired by notorious international criminal Charles Shobraj, still in Tihar jail and still looking for a get out.

Sarcar, who was wanted in 13 states and one Union Territory, including Tamil Nadu, is said to have confessed to over 400 offences, including half a dozen murders, several rape cases and hundreds of robberies, most of them carried out by

SHORT 'N' SNAPPY

drugging the victims after they were snared by a prostitute Sarcar introduced as his "wife" — till he allegedly did away with her too. His booty over the last few years, he has stated, was over Rs. 1 crore!

Sarcar, a Bengali from Bombay, has operated under a dozen aliases, ranging from Ravi Chakravarty to Mohammed Yusuf. The Tamil Nadu Police have not been forthcoming about what he was known as here when he committed the crimes he was wanted for nor have they seen fit to announce Sarcar's crimes in this state. Or have there really been no Sarcar-crimes in Madras and elsewhere in the state and is Sarcar just hogging the headlines everywhere but here?

As she's spoke

This may not have anything to do with Madras, but it is too good to miss — and, given the situation in the state, could so easily have happened here.

A fellow columnist, the diarist of *The Telegraph*, Calcutta, first recorded this unedited essay. He claimed it had been written by a successful candidate who had appeared in an UPSC examination some weeks ago. A few days later, the UPSC, in high dudgeon, retorted that it couldn't have accepted anyone who had displayed SUCH talent; it HAD to be someone who had appeared for the PSC examinations of some state or the other.

Whatever be the truth of the matter — and even if it wasn't an answer in a PSC examination — it deserves reproduction, if only to remind us that such responses as this are unfortunately but hilariously, becoming more and more common:

● This cow is a successful animal. Also he is quadruped and because he is female, he give milk, but will do so when he is got child. He is same like God, sacred to Hindus and useful to man. But he has got four legs together. Two are forward and two are afterwards.

His whole body can be utilised for use. More so the milk. What can it do? Various ghee, butter, cream, curd, whey and the condensed milk and so forth. Also he is useful to cobbler, watermans and mankinds generally.

His motion is slow only because he is of asituidinous species. Also his other motion is much useful to trees, plants as well as making flat cakes in hand and drying in sun. Cow is the only animal that extricates his feeding after eating. Then afterward she chew with his teeth whom are situated in the inside of the mouth. He is incessantly in the meadows on the grass.

His only attacking and defending organ is the horn, specially so when he is got child. This is done by knowing his head whereby he causes the weapons to be paralleled to the ground to the earth and instantly proceed with great velocity forwards.

He has got tail also, but not like similar animals. It has hairs on the other end of the other side. This is done to frighten

away the flies which alight on his cochoa body whereupon he gives hit with it.

The palms of his feet are soft unto the touch. So the grasses heads would not get crushed. At night time have poses by giving down on the ground and he shouts his eyes like his relatives, the horses does not do so.

This is the cow. ☉
Holy cow! The less said the better after that.

In brief

★ Former President R. Venkataraman — with his unprecedented record of administering the oath of office to four Prime

Ministers in his five years as President — is writing his memoirs. And if he decides to tell all, they should make some of the most interesting reading in years. But the former President's writing style, while impeccably correct, was anything but light and frothy, to go by his once-regular contributions to the *Labour Law Journal* and the *Indian Review*, both of which he edited. It is, perhaps, to help with this, as well as the research, that he's brought in the loquaciously eloquent K. Venkatasubramanian, former Vice-Chancellor, Central University, Pondicherry. Venkatasubramanian is certainly capable of introducing substantial humour and anecdote into the narration, but the former President would have to watch out that his enthusiastic "honorary special assistant" does not run away with it.

★ With business becoming a subject of interest to even the lay reader, the dailies are paying a great deal of interest to reporting and analysis of this subject. Many now have special business pages and sections. The latest to jump on this bandwagon will be, *The Man From Madras Musings* hears, *The Hindu*. The Madras-headquartered daily is

expected to bring out an 8-page weekly broadsheet in colour called *Businessline*. But, interestingly, the Rs. 2 per copy publication will, it is understood, be purely optional to readers.

★ The first Palace on Wheels has lost its glamour. No longer do high-flying tourists do the Delhi-Agra-Rajasthan circuit in Maharajah splendour, using those same magnificent antique wooden coaches Indian royalty had once used. Nowadays, they still travel in five-star deluxe luxury — but the modern coaches with every comfort (including air-conditioning) have been made by the Integral Coach Factory, Madras. The Factory is now awaiting an order for a second Palace on Wheels which will take travellers through Karnataka and Goa. If this southern route is successful, a third Palace on Wheels, to travel through Tamil Nadu and Kerala, can be expected. Meanwhile, the upmarket tourist taking the Palace on Wheels in the North is all praise for the workmanship ICF have put into the coaches for this train. Luxury coaches, specially crafted, could become a lucrative export item for ICF.

MMM

Buyers already

When Mrs R Usha gets started on her 'Prawn Venture' and starts marketing her shrimps, a line in *MM* will help us to become her patrons.

Dr. (Mrs) Celine Koshy
5th Street
M K B Nagar, Madras-39

MM can help

Madras Musings is very informative for new Madrasites like me. The city is in no way poorer in its heritage than the other three metropolises. But this city's people are the least conscious about their city. I hope *MM* will help them to become more aware of Madras.

Mount Road or Anna Salai, which is said to be the most famous road in Madras, is still used as a public toilet in some parts, something that is rare in cities like Bombay, Delhi or Calcutta. Not only this, Madras is one of the noisiest cities in the world. *MM* can help improve these situations.

Manabendra Pathak
Warrier Colony
Adyar, Madras-20

Please, Mr. R.V.

Every issue of *MM* carries with it the warmth of a literary society. May we look forward to a column by Mr R V in your journal?

P Sundaresan
14 Visweswaran Street
Subhas Nagar
Madras-44.

Test of time

Traffic exiting Central Station intending to turn right, has to turn left and take a 'U' turn at some distance. This system has been in force for the past 40 years.

I recall that when Rajaji was Chief Minister of Madras in 1952-54, he was caught in a traffic jam when coming out of Central Station and posed a security headache (of course, nowhere near its present magnitude). Again I recollect it was Mr K. Radhakrishnan, IPS who introduced this traffic system. Remarkable that it has stood the test of time.

S. Rajagopalan
14 Anandam Street
T Nagar, Madras-17.

OUR READERS WRITE

Banding Notes

'Stapling Money' by Harry Miller is a point to ponder. The currency note bundles are stapled not once but many times. It was started first by the Reserve Bank of India and followed later by other banks.

The stapling is done in an area in which the National Emblem appears as a watermark. We are supposed to respect it rather than obliterate or damage it with staple pricks. This can be avoided if currency notes are printed with an inch of blank space left on their edge. The bank staff may staple at one edge and scribble away their counts to their hearts' content on the other.

The method of packing them tight with bands of paper is not likely to work in our country.

M Sethuraman
8 Second Cross Road
Mahalakshmi Nagar
Adambakkam
Madras-600 088.

Banished to Siberia

This is with reference to Short 'N' Snappy (*MM* Aug 16-31 '92). I contributed my "two cents", as *MMM* so inelegantly puts it, not only because I wanted to cite an example of plagiarism in M.Phil dissertations, but also to point out that the system was not corrupt but the individual. You will recall readers were getting quite hysterical about fake Ph.D's etc.

I wanted mostly to call attention to the fate of Dr R Raphael, a brilliant former senior Professor at Presidency College, Madras, who, because he would not act against his conscience, was transferred to a mofussil college — Udumalpet. Obviously that was not the reason given for transferring a Professor who had been in Presidency for less than three years. You can always label a Professor difficult and banish him to outer Siberia.

I wish the people in authority (and cranky journalists) had listened to what I was really trying to say.

Dr Beatrix D'Souza, MIA
MIG-P3, Foreshore Estate
Madras-600 028.

Likes and dislikes

I want to begin by congratulating you on the meaningful completion of your first year as a free magazine, but at the same time I am disappointed at the sudden drop in the quality of the paper. Why the coarser paper? Since a good number of your respondents are willing to pay, why not introduce a nominal price for your fortnightly? I for one am willing to pay to get my copy of *MM*. Sadly, apart from *MM* of course, the best things in life seldom came free nowadays.

My favourite is your Old & New column. It is really quaint and I'm sure a good number of the 'Old' photos can be compiled to form a book at a later date as they may be the only running record of monuments since ground to the ground.

My pet peeve is the way the names of roads are recharged with scant respect for the persons they were named after. It is all very good to have roads named after great national leaders, but the city loses its identity because of it. Every city has its M.G., Nehru, Sastri Road/Colonies. Where is the singular identity that the road had? I am not against roads being named after R.G., I.G., J.N etc., but why not give these names to roads in NEW colonies. All cities, and Madras in particular, are growing at a rapid pace, and there is ample scope for such glorification. Please run a campaign on this. Keep up the good work.

Raju Chari
84 Luz Avenue
Mylapore-600 004.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The glazed newsprint is difficult to come by. We use it whenever it is available. When it is not, we appeal to readers to bear with us.

Née nay, né ya!

I was too busy all this time admiring my name in print; that's why I've only just noticed Mr. J.S. Raghavan's letter in your 'Reader Write' column.

Née (pronounced nay) is the feminine of the word né. So I would say *Musings* has mis-spell the word but used it basically correctly. Merriam-Webster (as in Dictionary) will bear me out.

Mrs E Khurshid
7 Dhanaxmi Ave.
Kasturba Nagar,
Madras-600 020.

Service with a smile

As they integrate with society

If you are yet to visit the recently renovated and airconditioned Avin milk parlour inside Dr. Muthulakshmi Park in Adyar, do so, for here you are bound to get service of quite a different kind — from what started as a public sector undertaking.

Here are young adults bubbling with gratitude for being given the chance to serve you. "Make courtesy a way of life," may have been the slogan used by former Singapore Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, but the young employees of this parlour seem to be saying, "We've made courtesy our way of life".

Avin and the Spastics Society of India have joined hands here to launch a programme to provide employment to the Society's 'young adults'. These boys and girls need no sympathy; they are just happy to be given the chance to contribute their mite to the community. This is rehabilitation and mainstreaming of the highest order.

You only have to enter the main door to see this at work. There, right by the side of the door, is a wheelchair, but its occupant is not in it; he is sitting in front of a desk busy taking orders and billing customers. At the service counter, there is a young girl, around 20, to whom customers hand their bills and soon she's using her faltering fingers to pick out the correct items from the deep freeze. This done, she places them in front of you with a smile, the more appealing for its difference. Yet another young adult, who is also a past of the spastics team, goes about arranging the shelves and re-filling the empty cardboard boxes. There is simply no time for laziness, for these youth are

eager to pack in as much work as they can.

The timings of the parlour are almost round the clock, excepting for a small break between midnight and 6 in the morning. How do they manage?

• by DHANYA GOPINATH

"We have worked out a three shift system, starting at 6 in the morning. With 13 young adults selected for mainstreaming, it is possible to have three of them on each shift. It is also possible to give each of them a day off every week," explains a teacher closely associated with the working of this parlour. Besides her, there are two other volunteers assisting the young employees.

All the teachers have known these youth for a number of years and hence, in a position to provide whatever support systems are necessary. As these young adults have short memory spans, they are given lecture-demonstrations once or twice a week. Care is also taken to provide reinforcements wherever necessary, as for example in the case of cardboard containers which are soon to be replaced by aluminium ones as they have been found to stand wear



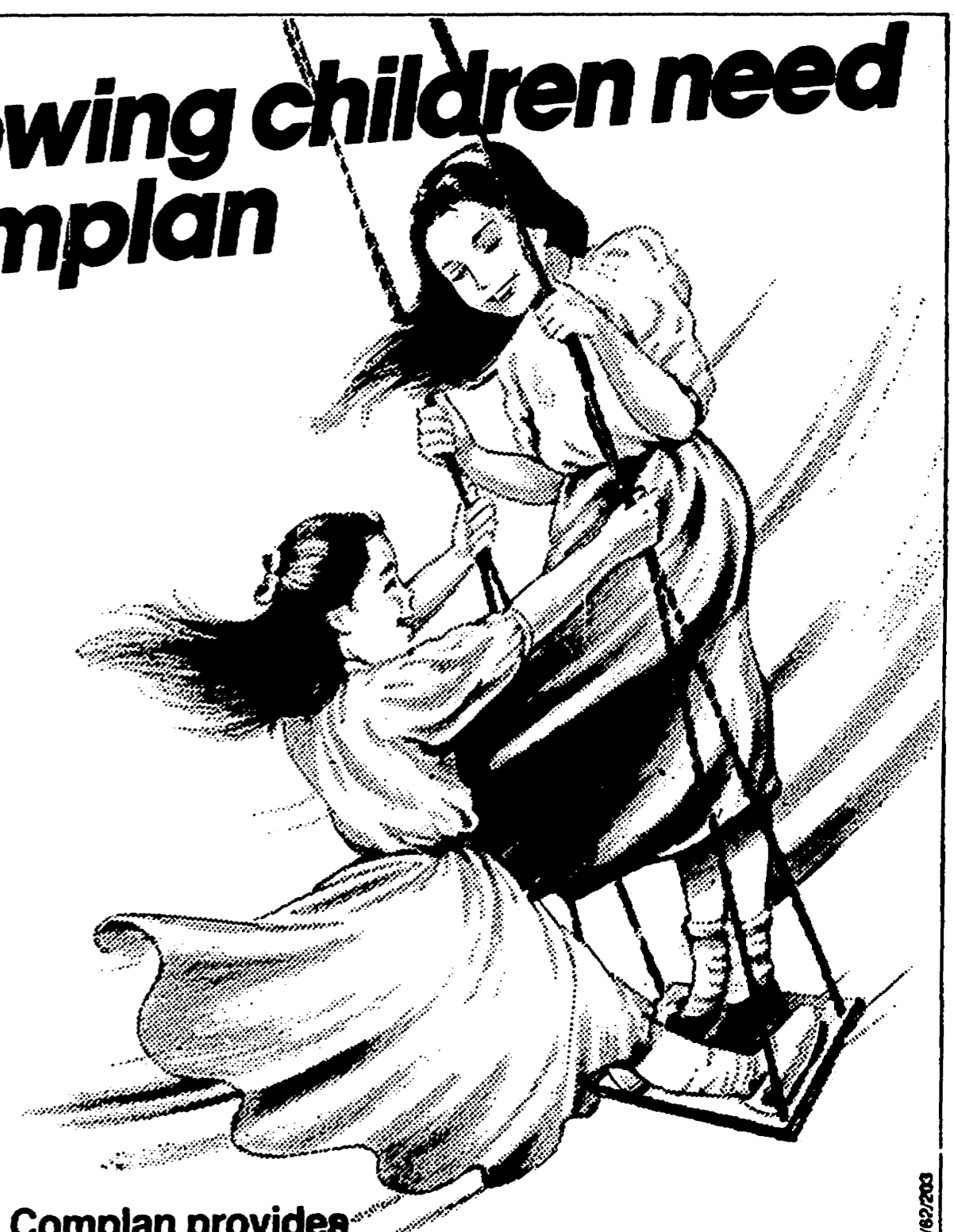
The Avin Milk Bar in Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddy Park, Adyar, is now being run by the Spastics Society of India (Tamil Nadu Chapter) as part of its training programme for the handicapped. And a very successful experiment it is proving, with the handicapped facing no difficulties — and even enjoying the contact — with the hundreds who use the milk bar every day.

This Avin Parlour in Adyar, taken over by the Spastics Society of India on a franchise basis, is the first attempt at creating a model for vocational rehabilitation. The Society wants the spastics to stop being restricted to a sheltered world and start being mainstreamed in society.

To my query as to whether these youngsters are being compensated in monetary terms, Mrs. Natarajan said that they received a salary from the

SSOI which was around Rs. 400 in some cases and around Rs. 600 in others. It was the earnest wish of Society to see that these youngsters became so independent that they would one day have the courage to venture out into the world and form groups of their own with little or no support from the *alma mater*. Most of them were either children of working class parents or were the children of retired lower division clerks etc.

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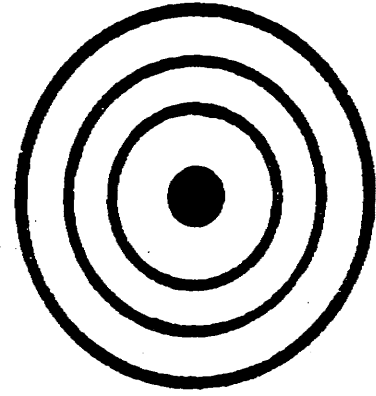
He's no marketplace mercenary

A sigh of relief may safely be heaved, now that the market is bristling with activity again. However, beyond blaming diverse quarters and thrusting half-hearted suggestions little else has been accomplished. The crux of the stock scam remains unsolved, shuffled between a police enquiry, a tax investigation, judicial notice and a parliamentary pursuit of causes. The issue has so blinded the country of reason, that not much has been emphasised beyond the ridiculous litany of "a bad broker". And this sham appears to go on and on.

The compulsions of the capital market are such that it cannot exist

The stock scam has made it clear that all is not well with the finance market, where unscrupulous operators have a freedom of action to which the government appears to have only now become wise. The much publicised "failure of the system", the ineptitude of the government, the bungling of the bureaucracy or the apathy of the public could all have made the scam possible. Yet when gaping discrepancies are nurtured in an environment ridden with malpractices such as insider trading, rigging of prices, cornering of shares, it becomes only too convenient to make the broker the scapegoat for such misdemeanours. In reaction to this, SEBI has come down hard on brokers and stock exchanges, concluding that brokers are diabolical, pillaging a market that has no need for them. Reform cannot originate on such a premise, for healthy broking houses are as important as investors themselves.

On that thought, here are some recommendations to work with your broker on for the coming fortnight:



BULL'S EYE

without the broker. He is the prime mover in the structure and acts as an intermediary between the vast ocean of investors and the ever-expanding corporate sector, who are as avaricious for money as the broker is said to be. Especially when the activity involves money, the number who like its colour are certainly not limited. The bad and the good are in it, whether they figure as greedy investors, consummate companywallahs or brokers bent on making a quick gain. Although there is no statistical evidence, we would suggest that more money has been lost by brokers and sub-brokers due to investor misdoings than by investors through brokers' default. And for such arduous labour, there is only his brokerage which is far too meagre to cover the losses he can be vulnerable to, let alone yield him a profit.

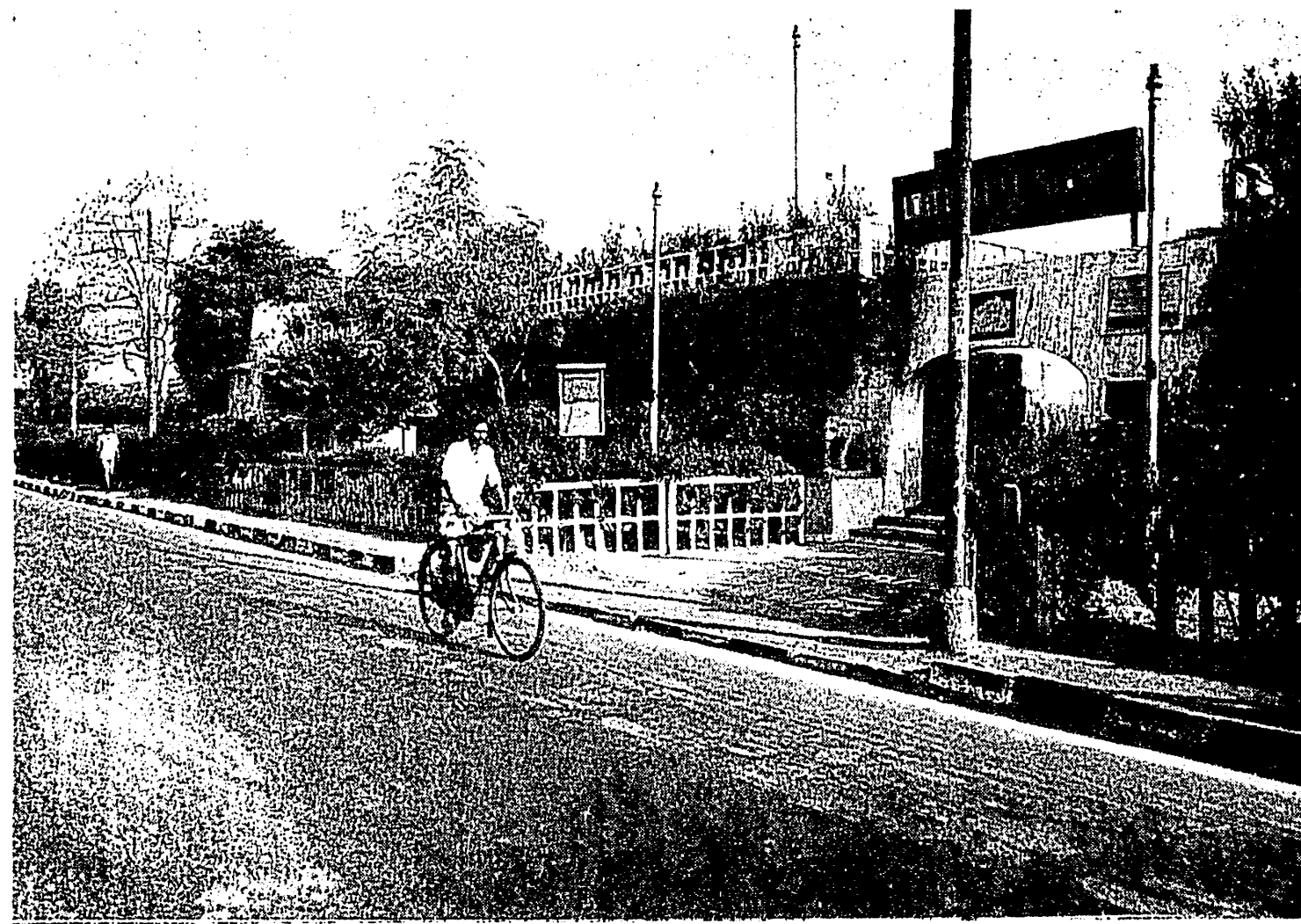
Tamilnadu Telecommunications Ltd (CMP Rs. 46.25): Tamil Nadu Telecommunications is jointly promoted by the Central Government-owned Telecommunications Consultants India Ltd and the state-owned TIDCO. It is a wholly-owned entity of the Government of India, Department of Telecommunications (DOT).

After initial teething problems, the company was able to achieve a capacity utilisation of 25% in February 1992 and 30% in March 1992. A capacity utilisation of 60% and 80% is expected for 1992-93 and 1993-94 respectively. Within three months of its commercial operations, the company bagged its first export order, worth Rs. 25 lakhs, for despatch of its entire lot of cables to Oman. This scrip is a good buy for long-term gains.

S&S Industries and Enterprises Ltd (CMP Rs. 48.25): This Madras-based company, which entered the capital market in February 1992, has announced a maiden dividend of 10% at the close of its 18 months results ended March 1992. The Aquaculture division, engaged in rearing shrimp, had exports to the tune of Rs. 1.51 cr during the previous accounting period. The agrotech division, engaged in the production and supply of quality refined edible oil, is expected to commence commercial operation by the end of this month. This year, the company has an effluent control order worth Rs. 10 cr from a Karnataka-based distillery project. On an equity capital of Rs. 5.30 cr, the estimated EPS works out to Rs. 4, supporting a price of Rs. 65 for March 1993 results. Purchases can be considered at current levels for medium and long-term gains.

Godavari Fertilisers and Chemicals Ltd (CMP Rs. 52.25): Godavari Fertilisers and Chemicals is jointly promoted by the Andhra Pradesh Government and Indian Farmers and Fertilisers Cooperative (IFFCO) for the manufacture of DAP. It has an installed capacity of 3 million tonnes. For the year ended March 1992, the company recorded a turnover of Rs. 445 cr and a net profit of Rs. 10.09 cr. EPS amounted to Rs. 3.15. Following the decontrol of fertiliser prices, DAP prices are expected to shoot up to Rs. 8500/mt. from the present Rs. 4680/mt. This will substantially improve the sales and the bottomline of the company. A price of at least Rs. 75 appears possible for the next year results. A good buy at current levels for medium term gains.

K. Gopalakrishnan



The NEW is not new at all. It is a part of the Old North Wall, in Ebrahim Sahib Street near Popham's Broadway in Muthialpet. But some time after Independence it was integrated into an elevated park and declared a protected monument. Maadippoonga, or 'upper storey park', is what it is called now. Still reasonably well maintained, it is quite a contrast to nearby "unprotected" stretches of this historic wall, in some of which may still be seen the blocked-in 'cells' of the 'Old Jail' that were parts of the Ben Field-built walls.

An even sordid contrast is our OLD this fortnight. The stretch of wall on the left is near Leith Castle in San Thomé. There are claims that it was part of the San Thomé Redoubt on which what became known as Parry's Castle was built. The Redoubt was built by fortifying Moore's Bungalow in 1751, but by 1794 it was in ruins. These walls are, thus, more likely to be those built in 1794 by Col Braithwaite, when he brought the property and developed it as a 'garden house'. Or they could even be part of the work Thomas Parry did on the property after acquiring it in 1796. Not only did he make Braithwaite's home Parry Castle, a name that survived till 1836, but he also established near it Madras's first modern industrial unit, a leather goods factory. This could have been the dividing wall. Does anyone have an answer to the poser?

(Photographs by SUSHEELA NAIR).



The lure of politics

Young women coming to the metropolis in search of fame and fortune in the glitzy world of lens and lights and coming to grief, ending up in brothels or city morgues, are not uncommon. But a young woman coming to Madras to look for gold and glamour in the world of politics and ending up on a slab in the city morgue is more unusual. Kamaraj Colony, Madras, is a middle-class neighbourhood. On a hot day in July, in a garbage-strewn street there, there was found the body of a young woman. She was quickly identified as Devi, a resident of the area. An attractive young woman of twenty, she had been set up in a comfortable house in the colony by a political bigwig.

Severe injuries on her head, which had led to her death, immediately indicated it was a case of murder. The Kodambakkam police were soon on to a woman who ran a real estate company in the area. They soon

discovered that it was really a front for flesh peddling and was frequented by politicians of a particular party.

Grilled by the police, the women had a harrowing tale to tell of exploiting a naive young woman coming to Madras in search of fame and fortune.

Devi, she narrated, was from Andhra Pradesh and nurtured ambitions

by
Randor Guy

of becoming, no, not a movie star, but a politician. Some months after arriving in Madras she began knocking at the doors of many active and noted political figures. Many gave her more than a second glance, for she was attractive, but no one gave her any hope of achieving her dreams. Meanwhile, life was tough in a friendless city and she

had to find a way to live. She took up a job in a so-called beauty parlour in Kodambakkam. It was there that she came into contact with the real estate company owner. Soon, Devi was a daily visitor to the company, and, there, one night she became the mistress of the political big shot who set her up in the house in Kamaraj Colony.

Soon, he began to ask her to entertain his friends and well-wishers. The ill-fated Devi found herself in a role she had no wish to play. So, one day, she ran away from the house and sought refuge again with her real estate friend. But the politician would not give her up so easily. Nor would the spunky Devi give in. One day, the heated exchanges were particularly bitter and the politician and his henchmen are alleged to have assaulted her. A blow on her head, it is alleged, may have led to her death. Arrests have followed. What will be the verdict?

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Coast-to-coast romance

It was an unlikely match; Malabar — proud, loyal, honourable, Malayalam-speaking hill-people — and Madras — honest, humble, God-fearing, Tamil-speaking plains people. But when the East India Company brought them together under the Madras Presidency, the recipe was set for the perfect romance. The two got on like a house on fire and the importance and recognition the then government gave to Madras-Malabar links can be gauged by the fact that the Number One Mail train of the Southern Railway used to be the Madras-Mangalore Mail linking Madras and Malabar.

and paler on the hostel fare, he decided it was time to act. In those days of rationing and food scarcity, the Army stores were guarded more zealously than ammunition depots. But Uncle was unfazed; he loaded up a Jeep with bread, sugar, milkpowder, eggs, jam... In the evenings his C.O., an English Colonel, used to dine at the club. Uncle, an exasperated colonel found that his car would not start. Uncle drove up — "by sheer coincidence" — jumped down, saluted smartly, and offered to give him a lift. With a grateful Colonel sitting by his side, Uncle drove out, booty and

College and Dr. T.M. Nair of the Madras Medical College were Malabar-Madras. On the political front, Madhava Menon, Raman Menon and Raghava Menon served as Ministers from 1937-39. In the post-Independence era, Krishnankutty Nair served in the Prakasam Ministry and C.K. Govindan Nair, the Congress leader, was a powerful force in Madras politics. By the Seventies the fusion of Malabar-Madras was so perfect that one could not tell the two apart; the legendary MGR is a classic example — by nature Malabari, but by nurture Madras.

Besides such high profile presence, Malabar is a palpable part of the everyday life of Madras. Take bakeries. The art of baking, brought by the Basel Mission to Malabar, was faithfully passed on to Madras by the Malabari immigrants; today, soft white bread and delicious cakes are an integral part of Madras bakery products. The tea-shop business, acknowledged worldwide as a Malayali franchise, also began two centuries ago in Madras. Today, they have diversified into fast food joints, lassi stalls, fruit stalls etc. Small-time traders, pavement sellers, shopkeepers... Malabar in these enterprises dot Burma Bazaar, Parry's Corner, T. Nagar etc. and contribute to the tapestry of life in Madras.

In 1956, in an ill-advised move, Malabar was wrenched from Madras and joined in a marriage of convenience to fellow Malayalam-speaking Travancore-Cochin and Kerala was created. But it has been an unhappy and unequal partnership, with Malabar being the neglected ill treated wife. Worldly-wise survivor, Travancore, has never been able to win the heart of Malabar in a manner that Madras so overwhelmingly did. So it goes on... the love affair between Malabar and Madras. And long may it last!

The Madras-Malabar link is remembered here by HIRAMALINI SESHADRI on the occasion of Onam

At the turn of the century, 'Madirashi' was the dream destination of every Malabari youngster who dared to strike out on his own abandoning the security of his *tharavaad*, i.e. ancestral home. Many are the rays to riches tales of such lads who began as stowaways on the Madras Mail with nothing but hope in their hearts and guts in their pockets. A granduncle of mine is a typical example.

He landed at Madras in the Forties and eventually was put in charge of the Army stores. At this point, my mother and aunt joined Presidency College. In true matriarchal tradition, Uncle was to keep an eye on his nieces' welfare. When after a couple of visits, he found them becoming progressively thinner

all, acknowledging salutes from sentries snapping to attention at every gate. You can well imagine the celebration that ensued later that night at the Presidency Women's Hostel!

Besides such swashbuckling heroes, Madras was also the destination of the more cerebral types. They came in droves — to Loyola, Law College, Presidency College, Medical College — and, in due course, made their impact in various fields. Sir C. Shankaran Nair of Jallianwalla Bagh case fame was one such redoubtable Malabari. Among the ICS stalwarts, Balachandra Koman, C.K. Vijayaraghavan, S.K. Chettoor and K. Ramunni Menon made indelible impressions. Educationists such as Professor Candeth, Professor Kausalya who headed Queen Mary's

AUSTRALIAN CLONES OF DICK TURPIN

(By A Sports Reporter)

This bit of news is strictly non-Madras, but so passionate is the city's commitment to cricket that I can't resist narrating Robin Marlar's views on the fate India suffered in Australia and his concern about the English tour of India next year. Writing in the *Sunday Times*, London, this Oxbridge scholar-turned-journalist says of the Australian tour:

"At present there is an unpleasant mood abroad, and not just in England, which dismisses any point of view presented by India or Pakistan as something to be listened to politely, put on the back burner or taken off the stove altogether. This surfaced in a particularly ugly form in Australia, where the Indian tourists found that Australian clones of Dick Turpin were standing as umpires in every city to which their airborne carriage took them.

One after another the Tests were stolen from the Indians. Perhaps, they were not good enough to win them, but robbery affects the weak as well as the strong. Shamefully, the two referees

who witnessed this disgrace to Test cricket were Mike Smith and Peter May, two eminent former England Test captains. When I last checked they had filed no report to the ICC on the wickedly low standard of Australian umpiring.

There was, however, an official protest by the Indians which, not surprisingly, fell on deaf Australian ears. In Australia it was reported to me that one of the referees commented on this rejection as "putting the Indians back in their box". Tut tut!

Then, looking into the future, he comments:

"The prospect of an England party travelling to India with Keith Fletcher and Graham Gooch... is an unquestioned victory for Essex men... The prospect may, however, send a shudder through the Indian cricket establishment. Fletcher, it will be recalled, considered himself so put upon by Indian umpires during his unsuccessful captaincy there, that he smashed down his wicket after being given out during a Test in Bangalore.

On the next tour Gooch gave way to the temptation to put his name down for the first party of rebels who set out to destroy England's cricket by touring South Africa. He openly expressed his dislike of many aspects of life in India both on and off the cricket field.

India is a country of massive sensitivity... where memories are long and where members of the establishment shuffle portfolios rather than disappear...

This is hardly an adequate background to handle a tour to India with Fletcher and Gooch as the operational duo. There is no doubt in my mind that only by appointing a luminary of massive status as manager can the TCCB hope to mollify Indian opinion sufficiently so that they can overlook the previous transgressions of the Essex men."

Madras cricket is not free of such stories. But will the India-England Test in Madras next January be free of them?

Suburban slumber

Few things push senior Madras citizens more into the pillow arms of Morpheus than an afternoon ride by the trains between Tambaram and Beach. One such patriot of the Land of Nod had just boarded a train at Tambaram. The conditions for Rapid Eye Movement are ideal. No sooner the EMU pulls out than his eyelids close. His siesta passes through three stages.

INFANT STAGE: He is a baby now. The metamorphosed infant has had a hypanagogic oil-bath and a soporiferous brunch to boot. The aromatic *sambhani* smoke and a spoon of syrupy gripe water have put the baby to sleep. The world is at peace. Slowly he assumes a pseudo-foetal posture, clutching his jute bags, as if clutching his mother's saree for protection. A dribble trickles down from the corner of his mouth. He dozes fitfully, oblivious to the cares and snares of this wicked world. In his sleep he smiles. Perhaps the playful God has waved a bright flower in his dream. Soon his sleep matures and slips into the next stage.

PANTHER STAGE: A new dimension is added to his sleep. It can be seen as well as heard now. He is a panther now. A mild growl starts, ebbs but re-starts. It soon picks up pitch and vigour. The jungle cat is on the prowl now. A deep rumble soon reverberates through the compartment. As if in challenge another rumble answers. This goes on for a while, like a *sawal-jawab* segment of a spirited *jugal-*

bandhi. The snoring panther is 'spotted' now by commuters around. His neighbour moves away in a marked manner, rattled by the sawing noise. The support withdrawn, the panther's upper frame oscillates but only for a while.

MYSTIC STAGE: The noises die down. Presently, he is sitting ramrod straight, the bag forgotten. He is now soundless, motionless, breathless and lifeless in a state of *samadhi*. The soul is craving for release from its human jail. His face is serene his body poised for levitation and release from its earthly moorings. His fellow passengers are awe-struck at this reverent spectacle. He begins to look like a sage who has completed one thousand years of penance standing on one leg and is raring to do the second thousand standing on the other.

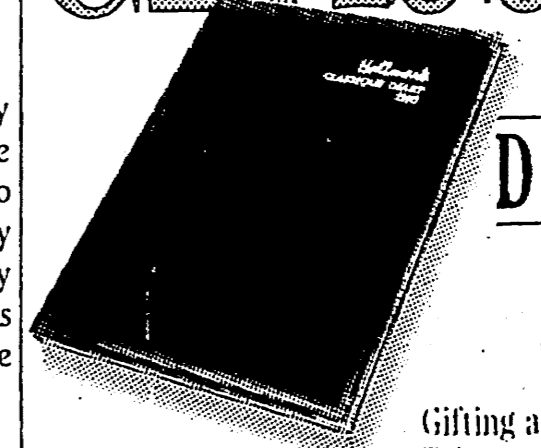
But he is rudely shaken from his *tapas*. A girl in rags begins her dance, her instrumentalist betting out a tune from a battered harmonium. She raises her raucous voice as she approaches him.

His penance is aborted. He opens his eyes and comes down to terra firma. Blinks owlishly at the 'Menaka' who had put paid to his 'spirit's' airy rounds. The train is at Mambalam! Sivasival! The 'ex-sage' hurriedly detains, not forgetting his jute bags — for the banal business of buying bananas for his brother-in-law's betrothal!

J.S. Raghavan.

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Usha aims at a comeback



P. T. Usha

The word is that India's best woman athlete ever, P.T. Usha is planning on making a comeback. Twentyeight old Usha, after marriage, a baby and two years off the track, plans to do her training in Kerala and, then, in Bangalore, NOT in Madras where the Railways had posted her and where she found inadequate training facilities.

Husband Srinivasan is supervising the first stages of her training, which involves losing about 15 kilos to get down to her running weight of around 62 kg. Thereafter, they'll together chalk out her training programme to make what Srinivasan describes as "a memorable comeback".

ing our chickens too early? She still has to get in shape. And that can be cruel. But if anyone can do it, it's the determined Usha. Go to it, girl, India, in the dumps at present, could do with another champion!

Wanted: Affiliation

The country's pioneering College of Physical Education was what Harry Crowe Buck founded at the YMCA campus in Saidapet. It was a college that was to produce many of the country's best physical education trainers. But recently it has come on bad times. So bad that its Bachelor of Physical Education

and Sport course has been dis-affiliated by the Madras University Syndicate!

The University's stand was that the College lacked adequate teaching staff. The College says, it has, since this issue was first raised, acquired the additional staff, even though Government sanction for the staff was not given. It appears strange to *The Corner Flag* that on the one hand the University acts because the College has inadequate staff while at the same time Government does not sanction the staff sought. When the left hand doesn't know what the right is doing, only the students suffer — and an international reputation gets tarnished.

It is to be hoped that the University changes its mind and hears favourably the appeal of this Sports Authority of India-recognised institution, which virtually pioneered such sports as athletics, swimming, basketball, boxing and volleyball in this country.

Interestingly, her comeback will be not in the 400m hurdles in which she fared best internationally, but in the 400m and the 800m. For years this writer has been saying that the 800m would prove to be her best event, but Coach Nambiar gambled on the 400m hurdles, because at the time Usha took to it, it was a new event for women and there was only moderate competition. That competition is much greater now.

The 800m is even more competitive, but the long-striding Usha who had the stamina for the gruelling hurdles will find it an event in which she will be more naturally comfortable — having stride, strength, stamina and finishing kick — than the hurdles which she had to LEARN and never mastered.

When back in shape, Usha, *The Corner Flag* feels, has the beating of Shiny Wilson in both events — and don't be surprised if she goes on to set a new Asian mark in the 800m at the next Asian Games. But are we count-

Will Raman now get his chance?

The Charminar Challenge Duleep Trophy championship has just ended, and it is now the turn of the national cricket selectors to enter the scene. The tournament may have been good for the statistician, but whether the latest edition of the 30-year-old annual inter-zone knock-out tournament, labelled the curtain-raiser for the cricket season, provided the selectors with sufficient data about the current form and worth of the aspirants for the 1992-93 India cap is a matter for speculation. Instead of clues, a couple of the duels would have given the selectors a veritable headache on the eve of picking the team for the South African tour in October, which will be followed by a home series against England.

There was, for instance, at Chepauk, the West v. Central semi-final, in which piping hot favourites West, who have won the trophy more often than any other zone, were humbled as never before. Not even Sachin Tendulkar, who cut short his contract with Yorkshire and flew home to assist West, raising a controversy in the process, could avert the former champions' abject surrender. His scores of 11 and 10 in his first official match at historic Chepauk tell their own tale of the sorry figure Ravi Shastri and his star-studded team cut against off-spinners Rajesh Chouhan and Pritham



W. V. Raman

Gandhe. Both were reported to have caught the eye of National selector and former India skipper S. Venkatraghavan, who was himself a world-class off-spinner in his playing days.

It is not known if Venkatraghavan, who recently did his all-India umpires' panel examination at Nagpur, will be in the new selection committee to be set up shortly, for there is a move to have him replaced by G.R. Viswanath. That is a different story. But with North's Maninder Singh and South's Venkatapathy Raju also in the running, 25-year-old Chouhan and 21-year-old Gandhe perhaps hit the headlines in vain.

Apart from the problem spun by the spinners, the selectors appear to have a fairly easy task, for they don't have to look beyond the established stars like Mohammed Azharuddin, Kapil Dev, Ravi Shastri, Krish Srikkanth, Sanjay Manjrekar, Sachin Tendulkar, Vinod Kambli, W.V. Raman, Praveen Amre and Manoj Prabhakar, even if some of

them flopped in the Duleep Trophy competition, which was generally given the status of a trial tournament.

Though Tamil Nadu and India opener Srikkanth disappointed in both his innings in the South v. North semi-final at Bangalore, his chances cannot altogether be ruled out, for, if in form, he can maul any attack and give India a scintillating start. Whatever is in store for him, Woorkeri Venkat (W.V.) Raman, who did not have a fair deal from previous selection committees, would seem to have made his place certain, either as an opener or as a middle-order batsman. There is not a more accomplished left-hander in the country, and there can be no doubt whatsoever that Raman, an unassuming Triplicane lad, will keep the Tamil Nadu flag flying during the entire 1992-93 season.

Perhaps the selectors' only other problem concerns the choice of the pace contingent. It is not going to be easy to decide who among the trio of medium-pacers, Bombay's Abey Kuruvilla and Karnataka's pair of J. Srinath and Venkatesh Prasad should be given a berth to assist Kapil Dev and Prabhakar. But whatever may be the team's final shape, Madras city fans can look forward to the exploits of Raman, who looks a certainty if only for the fact the country has never had a more gifted left-hander.

AJAX

The rebel who became a model administrator

Bharat Reddy, the new secretary of the Tamil Nadu Cricket Association, recently called on S Sriraman, veteran cricket administrator and former secretary of the Association, and sought his co-operation and guidance in helping him to do his new job.

Bharat Reddy had to overcome some embarrassment in the wake of his election at the last annual general meeting of the TNCA in June, when the president, Balu Alaganan, and four vice-presidents, also chosen at the same general body meeting, resigned *en bloc*. But they were persuaded to return to their posts by a delegation of executive committee members headed by the secretary.

Sriraman, in a chat with me, said that the whole episode was a sad affair and had no precedent in the sixty years of the TNCA, though there was a minor crisis in 1950, when the late K S Ranga Rao was the secretary. Sriraman knew what he was talking about as he had been associated closely with the TNCA ever since its inauguration. He was in a nostalgic mood as he recalled the first general meeting of the Association held under the shade of a sprawling banyan tree on the Marina (Presidency College) ground, and when the meeting prolonged beyond sunset they had to procure oil lanterns as no power lighting had been provided. Dr. P. Subbaroyan chaired that meeting.

In the early years, Sriraman, representing the Young Men's Association, was a vociferous member of the 'opposition' and in an effort to curb him, secretary Ranga Rao enlisted M A

Chidambaram as an office-bearer. However M.A.C. and Sriraman took to each other and developed a partnership, which, in the years to follow, proved very beneficial to the Association. After holding minor posts, including that of a joint secretary, Sriraman became secretary in 1955, and held the post for an unbroken 30 years. He gave it up only when he was elected president of the Indian Cricket Board in 1985. Earlier, he had been secretary and vice-

TNCA when their lease with the Madras Cricket Club expired, the creation of a reserve fund of Rs. 50 lakhs, out of the earnings from test and other first class matches, after wiping out the large borrowings for raising the stadium, and the building up of the TNCA as a high-profile sports body. In Sriraman's view the TNCA must now manage its affairs pragmatically, without eating into the reserve fund — and that means ensuring continued sponsorship.

• by P N SUNDARESAN

president of the Board. This record brings to mind Tiger Pataudi's reaction more than two decades back when I suggested to him that the cricket affairs of the nation could possibly be better managed by the players themselves. His cryptic comment was that a good player need not necessarily be a good administrator; the two jobs were entirely different.

Apart from 17 Test matches he organised in Madras during his tenure, Sriraman's major achievements as secretary were the role he played in building the Rs. 3 crore M.A.C. Stadium at Chepauk, after M.A.C. had successively persuaded the then Chief Minister, Kamaraj, to grant a lease of the Chepauk ground in favour of the

Not many know that Sriraman is a qualified umpire and that he even officiated in a Ranji Trophy match, between Hyderabad and Madhya Bharat at Nagpur in 1944, but had to give up the white coat when he became an administrator. Even as he rose to high administrative position, Sriraman remained loyal to the Young Men's Association and never failed to attend its fixtures whenever he was in Madras. It continues to be a strong link with the game for Sriraman.

In recognition of his services to cricket, particularly the TNCA, Sriraman was invited to be its patron in June last. It was in this new role that he inaugurated the Buchi Babu tournament this year.

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