



SABHA NEWS

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EDITORS SPEAK:

The 42nd edition of the Newsletter should have been in your hands in July 2013. It was held back as we in the Sabha were very busy bringing out a richly illustrated book covering the Centenary Celebrations. This, we understand, has been well appreciated by our members. After the new Managing Committee took over in Sept. 2013, one of the changes made was to expand the editorial group with more women members. The effect is visible in this 42nd edition of the Newsletter now in your hands. A very welcome thing is the response from new contributors with articles covering a variety of subjects from cookery, travels, sociology, humour etc. We are looking forward to more new contributions.

Happy Reading

DR. (MRS.) VIDYA NAYAK HONOURED

Dr. (Mrs.) Vidya Nayak, M.D. D.G.O, a Life Member of the Sabha, joined Tamil Nadu Medical Service in 1962 and served in various Government Hospitals till her retirement in 1993 as Deputy Director of Women and Children Hospital, Egmore. While serving in the Chengalpet Medical College for 6 years, she conducted several laparoscopic sterilisation and cancer screening camps in several districts of Tamil Nadu. She had performed a record number of over 50,000 laparoscopic sterilisations over these six years.

Posted as Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Women and Children Hospital in 1983 she took keen interest in teaching and training undergraduate and postgraduate students. She is a past President and an active member of The Obstetric and Gynaecological Society of South India.

After retirement, she is busy in private practice as well as teaching P.G. students.



Dr. (Mrs.) Vidya Nayak, a Life Member of our Sabha, receiving the "LIFE TIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD" from the Dean, Madras Medical College on Doctors Day on 1st July 2013 for 50 years of meritorious service in the field of Obstetrics and Gynaecology

Editors' Note: To the best of our knowledge this is the first time Sabha's Newsletter has covered the life time achievements of a doctor couple.

WORDS OF WISDOM TO THE WED

- K.R. Baliga

Swami Chinmayananda was a teacher par excellence of Upanishads and other scriptures. He was equally adept in advising his disciples on other social matters too. We give below two excerpts from Tapovan Prasad, May 2011 where he gave wholesome advice to two couples who were to be married in a few days. That advice is valid even now not only to people who are about to get married but also to those who have been married for many years.

(1) Contributed by Bharati Sukhatankar

Gurudev's kutia in the Powai Ashram is a well-spring of memories for many of us. On a recent visit to Gurudev's Kutia, when we were there for the Sevaks' Camp in mid February, I stood there in his study and looked at his table, his chair. A train of thoughts transfixed me and for a few moments I was lost. Like a flat stone skipping over the waters of a placid lake, my mind skipped back to an afternoon in early March, 39 years ago. March 1972. Ajit and I had gone to invite Swamiji for our wedding. He looked at the invitation card and joked, "My girl is getting married - she thrusts a knife in my heart, she gives me a card and even twists the knife! Oooh! ." Then he turned sober and said to the 15 - 20 people who were sitting there, "Now, will you all please leave? I would like to talk to them alone.

He got up and closed the door gently. Settling back into his swivel chair, he said, "I will not be able to come in person, but on that day, when you become man and wife, my thoughts will be with you. And these are my special words for you - carry them in your heart."

"Marriage is serious business. It is not child's play. It comes with responsibilities. Putting it quite simply, it is a lot of give and take - more give than take". He looked keenly at us and continued, "That goes for both."

"Build your partnership on the firm foundation of friendship. Who is a friend? According to the Sastras, he who encourages you to perform noble deeds, leads you away from the path of

unrighteousness, who highlights your positive qualities and under-plays your negative qualities, who rejoices in your good fortune and stands by you in times of adversity - he is a friend. Be each other's best friend."

"Okay, Friendship can only be between equals, where there is mutual love, warmth and respect. No one is superior or inferior. Understand that husband and wife both have a role to play. Their roles are not interchangeable. A woman must not try to become a man and vice versa. There must be total loyalty, trust and confidence in each other. No selfishness and petty ego issues here. Remember, the other must come first - always and every time."

"Yes, Swamiji", we nodded respectfully.

"Haanh. One more thing. Learn to cheerfully bear the pinpricks that your respective family members may give you from time to time. Learn to be patient with all. Learn to be tolerant and forgiving."

"Always keep in mind the noble duties of your grihastha ashrama. You are entering an important phase in your life. Use it for seva - of the young and old in your family, in the community and society at large. Perform your religious duties diligently. Keep up your sadhana. Always keep the Lord - and Truth - on your side."

"Don't turn away anyone from your doorstep. Feed whoever comes to your house - human, animal, bird or insect."

All this Swamiji said slowly, with emphasis and deliberation.

"There is no easy way out of difficulties. Face the challenges of life with maturity and dignity. Look at Sita and Savitri, they were devoted to their husbands. Mind you, their husbands were equally devoted to them. That is why, my dears these examples are held up to us as epitomes and not just good marriages, but great marriages. Successful marriages are based on mutual love and understanding. Lots of it. May yours be a truly successful marriage."

"One last word, Never go to sleep on a quarrel!"

With that he rose from his chair, opened the drawer of his desk and brought out a gold chain with a cameo pendant of Tapovan Maharaj. He put it round my neck with the words, "What can I give you on this auspicious occasion, except my own Guru Maharaj?"

My eyes were wet with tears. "Captain!" he addressed Ajit with a smart salute, "The army is always in the front!"

And now, 39 years have flown past. Through all our ups and downs, our joys and sorrows, our hopes and aspirations, Gurudev has always been with us. Down the years, he must have spoken to many young couples on the threshold of marriage, but this might be a rare chronicled account of his words. For, that evening, while chaotic wedding preparations involving guests and food, clothes and jewellery, merriment and laughter were going on, the bride-to-be locked herself quietly in a room and wrote down the words of the Master.

(2) Contributed by Shubhalaxmi Salvi-Naik

I went with my parents to seek Swamiji's blessings for my wedding to take place a month later. When I pleaded "Please, Please do come for my wedding". Swamiji, holding my hand, very gently, said "Beti, I cannot. If I attend your wedding then I will have to attend every other wedding. Then where will I find the time to do my work?"

Seeing my disappointment, he suddenly said, "Just wait". And then, looking into his diary, he exclaimed, "Hey, your wedding date is 14th March, and I am going to be at the ashram again on the 11th, just for a day. Then, turning to my parents, Gurudev said, "I have an idea. On the 11th, all of you come here in the evening. Bring the bridegroom, get two malas (flower garlands), two rings and some sweets. We will have a small wedding here, in the Jagadeeshwara Temple.

And on the evening of 11th March, we were back at the ashram with the bridegroom, his parents, two malas, two rings and the sweets! Soon the temple was filled with 80

Brahamacharis in their white attire and the Mission members whom we loved. The malas, rings and sweets were put in the sanctum sanctorum. Then there was a 45 minutes bhajan session.

At the end of the 45 minutes, the temple still echoed and resounded with the bhajans. Gurudev then applied tilakam to me and the bridegroom. We exchanged rings and the malas. He then secretly placed something in the bridegroom's hand, asked him to look at it, without allowing him to show it to anybody and then asked him to place it secretly in my hand. I was also told to look at it secretly and not show it to anybody! Looking at what Gurudev had put in our palm, we both smiled. It was a guinea (gold coin).

Gurudev said, addressing the groom, "Hey don't just smile. This is what you have to bring into the family, and not just put it into your pocket or squander it away! You have to give it all - all of it to her". And then, turning to me, he said, with a smile, "Beti, you have to take what he is giving. Then use it carefully, and save some, not squander it away!"

And then Gurudev launched into a powerful talk on marriage, its significance and the responsibilities it entailed. To be very honest, I do not remember what he said verbatim. However, most of the points he made are etched in my memory even today.

Gurudev cast a penetrating glance at the two of us and then exclaimed. "So, are you married? And then, with his characteristic loud laugh continued, "NO! You have just come together. Now both of you have to make the marriage happen!" He paused to look at us again, "Hmm...how?"

"A question people often ask me is - Swamiji, which is better, an arranged marriage or a love marriage?. Whether it be 'love' or 'arranged' - I would say that a successful marriage is the best! A marriage has to be built on the foundation of understanding."

"Understand why you have entered into marriage. Understand where each of you comes from. Understand each other. Understand that

each of you is different. You may think differently, feel differently, act differently. But understand that in and through these differences, you have to search and find your similarities, your common goals. As days glide past, you will soon learn about each other's strengths and weaknesses. Try to understand each other's strengths and weaknesses. Be aware and alert to build on your strengths, rather than keep pointing fingers at each other's weaknesses."

"Both of you will have to work towards making each other happy. Instead of making demands on each other, make attempts to adjust and co-operate. Marriage is a co-operative institution. Remember, the grihastha stage of life is considered to be the best among all the stages of life. Make your married life meaningful."

"Let there be mutual affection, respect towards all and readiness to adjust and sacrifice. 'I' must dissolve. It will bring about auspiciousness in the family. Give birth to a generation that is noble and expand your vision of life. In all daily duties and responsibilities, entertainment and enjoyment, work and satsang, interactions, travels, meetings, visits, caring and looking after the welfare of others in the family and society, live healthily - physically, mentally, intellectually and spiritually - balancing all the four."

Thus, holding on to our motto to give maximum happiness to the maximum number of people, for the maximum time, nurture each other in the individual journey towards the peaks of spiritual growth.

As always there was pin drop silence for a few minutes after Gurudev's talk. Then Gurudev broke the silence in a jovial tone: "Hey, where are the sweets? Come on, distribute!"

Slowly people came towards Gurudev to offer their prostrations, and I heard many telling him and each other, "This is the first time we heard such a beautiful talk on marriage", and "Now I understand what marriage is!"

My mind kept saying, "I have to make it happen!"

NEW OFFICE BEARERS

At the Annual General Meeting held on 29th September 2013 the following were elected for a fresh term running up to September 2016 (The Managing Committee of the Sabha is elected for a three year term):

Mr. A. Arjuna Pai ... President
Dr. H.R. Shanbhogue ... Vice-President
Mr. C.J. Nayak ... Hon. Secretary
Mr. Vasant M. Shanbhag ... Joint Secretary
Mr. K.P. Lakshmana Rao ... Hon. Treasurer

Members

Mr. V. Mohandass
Mr. V. Muralidhara Rao
Mr. H. Mohandas Pai
Mr. Suresh A. Pai
Mrs. Vijayalakshmi R. Pai
Mrs. Vijayalakshmi R. Prabhu
Mrs. R. Jyothy Baliga

Just Luck? Or, Just One of Those Things That Happen?

---- Indukanth Ragade

I move about a lot on the roads in the course of my activities and travel frequently by bus. When I crossed 70, my good partner started worrying about my safety and to ease her tension, my daughter pushed a mobile into my pocket so that she can call me whenever I am unduly delayed and track me. I started keeping it in my shirt pocket along with the pouch for my specs. One fine day, some months later, I missed it. I felt it had not been taken out of the house and searched all over with no luck. We tried calling that number but got no response. I decided I had lost it and was planning to buy another one. We have some plants in our balcony and also a shoe-rack. A week later, I wanted to remove a shoe in order to polish it and found the mobile in it with no power!

Just Luck? Ordained by God? Or just one of those things that happen? You decide.

Soon thereafter, I read that keeping the mobile close to the heart was not good for the heart and so started keeping it in my trouser pocket along with my purse. Sometime later, I and my wife took a taxi to the airport and while taking out the purse to pay the taxi, the mobile must have fallen down. Waiting to board the plane, I thought of ringing up my son but my mobile was missing. I borrowed a neighbour's mobile and reported the loss and asked my son to check with the taxi company. It was on the taxi seat and I got it back!

Just Luck? Ordained by God? Or just one of those things that happen? You decide.

Two years later, I went to the Vijaya Health Centre for a check-up after which I had some snacks at a hotel across the road. Thereafter, I took a bus back and from the bus stop took a share auto to reach home. The next morning, I missed my mobile *again!* I called up the Health Centre and was told that it was not there. I next planned to ring up the hotel and if it was not there, decided to go to the T.Nagar Bus Terminus and meet every blue-and -yellow share auto driver and ask whether they had found any mobile. Of course, if I had lost it in the bus, there was no chance of getting it back. When I called up the hotel, the cashier asked me what make it was and when I gave the make, he said it was with him and I could come and collect it. When I went to the hotel, the cashier told me that the person, who cleaned the table, where I had sat, had seen it lying on the floor, picked it up and given it to the cashier. It had apparently fallen (again) when I took out the purse to pay the bill. I asked for him (an elderly person), hugged him and gave him a 100 rupee note. He beamed with joy.

Just Luck? Ordained by God? Or just that the cleaner realised that its resale value was too small and not worth keeping? You decide!

If it was luck, luck, by definition, does not keep on recurring in this manner. If the mobile were pre-ordained by God to be with me anyway, why in the world should He make me lose it again and again? As far as I am concerned, what I realized was that I need to be really much more careful in future. Additionally, the behaviour of the hotel employee reinforced my basic belief that there are still good and honest

people around, especially at the level of those who are not very affluent.

When I carry larger amounts of money, I usually keep it in a small plastic cover and tuck it into the pocket attached to the inside of the waistband of the trousers. Two years back, I had been to a Railway Booking Office, cancelled some tickets and (*apparently*) put the refund amount (₹2,500) into this pocket along with the cancellation receipt which indicated that it was cancellation money in my name. Once home, I found the plastic cover missing. Hoping against hope, I rushed back to the booking office counter and enquired whether any good Samaritan had found it and given it to the railway staff because the packet contained my address and phone number. Hopes dashed, I retraced my original path all the way head down to see whether I had dropped it on the way. No luck. Did God ordain that I should lose that because of my carelessness? *You decide.*

Just two months back, the drama repeated again! I was in Kodaikanal for a short holiday with my family. All of us had our food at one particular very very busy hotel which had to be reached from our hotel by a rather steep climb. On the penultimate night of our stay, only I and my son went to the hotel. We were initially directed to a table in the middle of the dining hall but were then shifted to a corner where I sat on the chair closest to the corner. When the time came to pay the bill, I took out my pouch, paid the bill and (*supposedly*) put it back safely in its place. Returning from the hotel, I missed the pouch. It had more than 5000 rupees in it. Panicking, I asked the receptionist whether he had the phone number of the hotel. "No," he said. I rushed out and blindly started running in the wrong direction, down the slope. Suddenly realizing this stupidity, I cursed myself and ran a much longer distance up the slope panting and gasping and reached the hotel with trepidation. I went straight to the table where we had sat. The *dear pouch* (literally and figuratively) was lying safely and snugly in the corner!

Look at the sequence of events: We were to sit originally in the centre of the dining hall. If we had sat there, the pouch would have fallen in the aisle between the tables where it would be clearly visible, and any one might have picked

it up and taken it away. But we were shifted to the corner. Even here, if I had sat on the aisle side, my pouch would again have fallen in the aisle space and been noticed easily. But I sat on the side which made my pouch fall in the corner which was comparatively dark and not very visible. All these cannot be explained by "Just Luck". Ordained by God? If it were so, why did He make me lose those 2500 rupees earlier but get back 5000 now?

I leave such philosophic analyses to those more learned than me. I only decided that henceforth, whenever I insert my pouch into the waistband pocket, I will slightly loosen my belt so that I can feel the bottom of that pocket and thereby be sure that the money is indeed going into the pocket and not down to the floor!

**MARRIAGES CAN BE MADE IN
COLLEGE AND NOT
NECESSARILY IN HEAVEN**

--- K.P.D. Rao

(Retd. Chief Conservator of Forests, T.N.)

In March 1947 I got engaged to my wife and shortly afterwards left Madras for Dehradun for the 1947-49 Indian Forest College Course. Soon after joining the college, my future father-in-law, Dr. M.B. Prabhu, wanted me to apply to the Principal for permission to get married which I did. Mr. Bhadrans, the Principal a stickler for rules, sent for me and ticked me off and firmly told me to forget about my wedding while in college. The poor father-of-the-bride, my future father-in-law, like any one else in his place was anxious that his daughter's alliance to me should not slip between the cup and lip. So he burnt midnight oil to explore ways and means to try and avoid this. Finally, he got through to the Ministry of Agriculture in the Government of India, which controlled the Indian Forest College to grant this request. Mr. Bhadrans refused to forward my application and told me that in the annals of the college there had been no marriage and he would not be party to one during his tenure.

My father-in-law, was not the one to give up easily, and pressed further. So the file eventually reached the table of the then Minister for Agriculture (Babu Rajendra Prasad) who, after seeing the file felt that five years of University

Education followed by five more years as probationer in the Service is indeed hard on any young man in a set up of this kind. Accordingly orders followed permitting my application.

We were then camping in Jammu and Kashmir State (summer tour in mid April to May). I sent a reply-paid telegram to the Principal in Dehradun for grant of leave. I got back a sharp reply, rather a verbose one for a telegram, saying in substance that I can get married only during the college vacation and I was also told to reimburse the Principal the amount involved in excess of reply paid value, on return to Dehradun from this forest tour.

My batch mates wanted me to celebrate this unique feat of bagging the Government Order permitting me to marry. I gave a party to 60 students of my batch. The Church in Baramula in Kashmir run by nuns provided tea and simple snacks at just one rupee per head costing me the princely sum of ` 60 for a poorly paid Probationer.

I managed to return to Dehradun from Baramula in Kashmir on the last day of the tour, to pack my things and rush to Madras, flying from Delhi for the wedding in June, after repaying to Mr. Bhadrans the few rupees he had spent on the verbose telegraphic reply.

PETTY TYRANNIES OF LIFE

-- K.P. Ramesh Rao, Bangalore

The title is self-explanatory. I propose to describe a few situations which we face in our daily lives. Human as we are, we get irritated easily (if not upset) and when we find ourselves unable to tackle such irritations properly and overcome them, we call such situations the 'petty tyrannies of life'. In short, we call the people who commit such acts or create such situations in our lives as petty tyrants and their activities as petty tyrannies. A few illustrations would help. It must be pointed out that a petty irritation to one may not be so for another. The instances stated below are based on my personal experiences and those of my wife. It may be noted that what starts as a petty irritation becomes a petty tyranny when it persists and cannot be overcome despite our efforts.

The other day, my P & T phone went out of order and I sought my neighbour's help to lodge a complaint using their phone. In the good old days, the complaint number was a simple three digit number, viz., 198. It was recently changed over to an eight digit number consisting of the exchange number followed by 2198. I dialed the appropriate number only to be rebuffed that it was a non-existent number. After much thought and discussion with my neighbour, I dialed the original number 198 and there was an immediate automated response asking me a number of questions with 'yes' or 'no' answers. Thereafter, I was given an eleven digit docket number (required for follow-up) which could only be noted down with the assistance of my neighbour. This did irritate me a bit, as I was now forced to keep a proper record of the docket number for following up the complaint. As my phone service was not restored, I had to follow up my complaint. As you have rightly guessed, I mislaid the slip of paper on which I had noted the docket number. It was, however, traced out, and after a follow-up, I was told that the complaint was not registered. The suggested solution was to 'rebook the complaint'.

I now come to my parking problem, not on the roads of Bangalore, but within my apartment complex, where I have a separate garage. Recently, in the open space in front of my garage, a small car was being parked hitherto. Its owner sold the car and bought a Limousine-like car and started parking it in front of my garage. This new development considerably reduced the vacant space in front of my garage. So every time I take out my car from the garage, I have quite a problem to face. I have to drive back and forth several times to avoid scratching the posh car. It is likewise when I bring back my car to park it in the garage. As my appeal to the posh car owner has had no effect, my parking problem has become more or less a permanent one. The only solution for me is to improve my driving skills.

In my wife's case, I felt such problems faced by her were much simpler. I assume every husband has the same feeling. Every time she invites guests for breakfast or tea, she prepares idlis, dosas, etc. The last item to be prepared on the list is chutney. Every time she makes an

attempt to prepare the chutney, there usually is a breakdown in the power supply and the mixer cannot be operated. We have to seek external assistance to tide over the problem. Whenever there is bright sunlight, she loads up the washing machine to the brim only to face power problems before she can switch on the machine. When she draws up a programme to go for a movie or for a shopping trip, the maid servant turns up very late, or takes French leave. When such petty irritations occur, they are perceived to be petty tyrannies, and the wives take their frustration out on their poor hapless husbands.

DUAL OPPORTUNITIES

--- Dr. (Mrs.) Vidya Nayak

They say opportunity knocks at your door once. But I had the good fortune to have it knocked on two occasions.

As I was entering the Kilpauk Medical College, a little boy got knocked down on the road by a vehicle. He was the son of a labourer. That day we the members of the Women Doctors Association, were to decide on a project for social work and in a flash it struck me that we would start a creche for the children of labourers. The Dean of the Hospital gave us a spare cottage with all facilities. From our funds, donations and the kindness of the College Dean we acquired toys, books, blackboard etc. A retired teacher and a maid servant were employed to look after the children. With elder kids going to the adjoining government school, the midday meal was a blessing for these children also. Slowly but steadily we succeeded in our social work project.

The second time opportunity knocked was in my private medical practice. Working women, bank workers, computer engineers etc. were happy when they conceived but were worried as to how they would cope when they got back to work after delivery. Problems galore indeed when trying to do the balancing act between the home and career. A family lived across the road from my hospital, in a big house. The daughters-in-law were qualified but not allowed to take up jobs. Their children had grown up and were at school all day. A bright idea struck me, I asked them to convert a big room in front

for day care. We got an artist to draw Disney characters on the walls. Pamphlets about the day care were printed and distributed. Initially they were a bit worried about looking after other babies should they be ill while in their care. A neighbouring paediatrician and I offered our services as the hospital was right across the road. It was the happiest moment of my life. The new mothers were happy, babies' contented and a useful job found for the bored housewives!!

Do not let any opportunity go by - make the best of it.

RAM SETU; HEY RAM

--- P.R. Shenoy

The Lord surveyed the Ram Setu and said "Hanuman, how diligently and strenuously you and your Vanara Sena built this bridge several centuries back. It is remarkable that it has withstood the ravages of the climatic and geographical changes over centuries. It is indeed an amazing feat especially considering the fact that a bridge in Hyderabad built by Gammon using the latest technology collapsed the other day even before they could stick posters on its pillars."

Hanuman with all humility replied "Jai Sri Ram. It is all because of your grace. We just scribbled your name on the bricks and threw them in the sea and they held. No steel from TISCO or cement from Ambuja or Binani was ever used. But Lord, why rake up the old issue now?"

Ram spoke, "Well, Hanuman some people down there want to demolish the bridge and construct a canal. The contract involves a lot of money. They will make money on demolition and even more on construction.

Hanuman humbly bowed down and said "Why not we go down and present our case?"

Ram said "Times have changed since we were down there. They will ask us to submit proof of age and we don't have either a birth certificate or school leaving certificate. We travelled mainly on foot and sometimes in bullock carts

and so we don't have a driving license either. As far as the proof of address is concerned, the fact that I was born in Ayodhya is itself under litigation for over half a century. If I go in my traditional attire with bow and arrow, the ordinary folks will recognize me but Sibal may take me to be some tribal and admit me in an IIT under the reserved category for learning how to construct a bridge. Also, a God cannot walk in, dressed in a three-piece suit and announce his arrival. It would make even the devotees suspicious. So it is a dilemma so to say."

Hanuman said, "I can vouch for you by saying that I personally built the bridge."

"My dear, Anjaniputra, it will not work. They will ask you to produce the layout plan, the project details, approved plans, Municipal Building Permit, excavation permit, the name of the contractor who built it, his financial status, how the project cost was met and its completion certificate. And who inaugurated it? Nothing is accepted now by these people in India without a certificate or documentary evidence. You may cough but unless a doctor certifies it, you have no cough. A pensioner may present himself personally but the authorities do not take it as proof. He has to produce a life-certificate to prove that he is alive. It is that complicated."

"Lord, I can't understand these historians. Over the years you have given darshan once every hundred years to saints like Surdas, Tulsidas, Saint Thyagaraja, Jayadeva, Bhadrachala Ramdas and even Sant Tukaram and still they disbelieve your existence and say Ramayana is a myth. The only option, I see, is to re-enact Ramayana on earth and set the government records straight once for all."

The Lord smiled. "It isn't that easy today. Ravan himself is apprehensive that he may look like a saint in front of today's politicians. I also spoke to his mama Mareecha, who appeared as a golden deer to tempt Sita maiyya when I was in the forest and he said that he won't take a chance of stepping on earth as long as Salman Khan is around.

MUSINGS OF A COMMUTER

Vidhya R. Prabhu
(Working in Infosys, Mahindra City)

Whoever thought that one day the good people of the city would go to countryside to find work and make a living? Yet that's what is happening today.

I'm not saying that farming has suddenly become the most sought after career or that the hustle and bustle of the city has lost its appeal to the good old idyllic charm of the countryside. Much as I wish that were true, I am referring to the two hour drive my colleagues and I willingly take every day from the heart of the city to today's most well connected taluk near Chennai, the Chengalpet Taluk. This is where the swanky Mahindra World City is located, home to a motley group of multinational companies ranging from the car-makers to the code breakers. Ironic isn't it, that they built a whole city in a tiny taluk!

The little towns and villages surrounding Mahindra city are now experiencing a mini retail boom! Residential "get aways" built for those employed at Mahindra City have cropped up in and around the place with promises of upcoming world class schools - that will charge fees that envies their International rivals - to educate your child and the allure of living so close to work that you're no longer that shameless family member who shows up at home only just in time for dinner every day.

Also some of them offer the opportunity of a life time - A chance to live next door to the handsome South Indian (occasionally North Indian) actor Madhavan. One often sees Madhavan himself on TV promising you the unique opportunity to own the piece of land that your house is built on. It sure seems as if the marketing gurus have run out of ideas!

On a holier note, the nearest little town is one that is named after its resident deity - Singaperumal Kovil, a land of dreams where one can find affordable residences that are not quite world class and not unlike the apartment shared by the protagonists of the hit Bollywood film 'Delhi Belly'.

I must have travelled past this town at least two hundred times and not once have I managed to catch a glimpse of this temple. Lord Perumal has probably written me off as a blaspheming atheist but I must respectfully disagree. You see I suffer from the fast spreading ailment called travel-dozeittis. It's quite common and rather incurable. I doze while I travel and only a really good book or the appearance of a shining blue moon can get me to keep my eyes open.

So as you have probably guessed by now, I don't have the world's most exciting commute to get to work. And the horrendous evening traffic just adds a very sour cherry to an already bitter cake. The first time I took that journey, I swore to myself that I would give in my resignation the very next day and find a job that wouldn't require me to get out of bed before the sun rises. Two years on, I am still on the lookout for such a privileged employment. But there is one thing that I have finally learnt from all this -

If you want something very much then you have to work hard to try and get it. Life can be one long and endless commute or several jet pack joy rides. Choose wisely and enjoy the ride.

SHHH!....HERE'S THE SECRET OF WINNING!

-Vimalesh R Mallya
(Final Year Mechanical Engg.)

Have you ever wondered why a small percentage of people always make it to the top no matter what? Why is it that only a select group of people always achieve what they want? If you look at wealth distribution in a society, a major part of it lies in the hands of a few. Similarly, toppers in all walks of life, be it academics, writers, athletes, musicians, artists, are consistent achievers.

Only a select few seem to have an edge over the others. Can this be attributed to "fluke" or sheer "luck"? Luck or fluke doesn't work all the time. There must be something else. These people must have understood something that others have not. People who have such special understanding about things turn out to be "WINNERS". Here is a list of three major features that would define them:

SPECIAL INGREDIENTS:

Winners look at things from a different perspective. They inherently convert their setbacks into strengths. Their recipe for success consists of essential ingredients like *HOPE, PATIENCE, PERSEVERANCE, POSITIVE ATTITUDE* and above all the *UNQUENCHABLE THIRST TO WIN*. So, they are always ready to sweat it out and extract the best out of themselves.

WINNERS DECIDE TO WIN:

There is a fine line between "*preferring to win*" and "*deciding to win*", which often goes unnoticed. Just "preferring to win" can cause slackening in the long run and can make one settle for alternatives. But, Winners are people who have decided to win. They don't accept anything but success. By nature, they do not frown, fumble or complain about things, which come in their way. Their temperament shows resilience and resourcefulness.

NO WIZARDS:

Sometimes, it may appear to us that these people have a "magic touch" or they possess some "Inborn Super Human Ability". These are mostly misconceptions. The 'magic' lies in the way they carry on with their work. *They don't make miracles overnight. Everything comes as a result of consistent effort on a daily basis, with a subtle touch of humility.*

These are the certain dominant traits that winners possess. Now that you have learnt the recipe, what are you waiting for? Just start trying the "success" dish! Once you taste it, you will get "ADDICTED" and eventually be a part of that 'ELITE' group of people, *Good Luck!*

ACCIDENTAL MUSING

--- K.P. Ramesh Rao, Bangalore

The Oxford Dictionary describes an accident as 1) an event that is without apparent cause or is unexpected e.g. their early arrival was just an accident. 2) An unfortunate event especially one causing physical harm or damage brought

about unintentionally. 3) Occurrence of things by chance - the working of fortune. 4) An irregularity in structure - accident prone - of a person subject to frequent accidents. In essence, it is without an apparent cause and is unintentional. It can also lead to serious physical injuries and can at times, be fatal.

Accidents are avoidable by the exercise of human foresight or reasonable care and caution. Accidents which cannot be so avoided may be called inevitable accidents. There is also another category of accidents which may be described as 'Act of God' which consists of accidents arising out of natural causes sans human intervention. Generally, such accidents are fatal.

Many years ago, I read about a unique accident. A car and a two wheeler were moving one behind the other on a highway at high speed. The car driver had to apply brakes suddenly to negotiate a speed breaker. The resultant violent jerk caused a sharp object kept in the trunk of the car to fly out and cut off the head of the bike rider who was following close behind. Seeing the bike being driven by a headless human in his rear view mirror, the car driver had a heart attack and collapsed on the wheel. The two wheeler crashed into the car killing the pillion rider instantly. How can one explain such a ghastly chain of events? Human negligence and recklessness brought about the death of three people in a single accident.

Another similar freak accident I heard about in the 1970s was about three children of a Mumbai based surgeon passing away on the same day. The surgeon used to describe the surgeries he performed when he returned home in the evenings. This was within his children's hearing. One morning, while the mother was busy bathing the youngest, a baby, the eldest son asked his younger brother to lie down on the table as he would do a 'surgery'. The younger one complied while the elder brother made a gash on his abdomen with a kitchen knife. As the 'patient' screamed in agony and blood spouted out, the 'surgeon' ran to the balcony and jumped off, in terror of his parent's wrath. Hearing the screams of her son, the mother ran out to see what the matter was, leaving the baby in the tub. She returned to the bathroom after providing first aid to the child in

pain and calling her husband at the hospital for help. When she came to the bath room she found the youngest drowned in the tub, lifeless. In one stroke of tragedy, the parents lost all three children on what started out as an ordinary morning.

It is difficult for anybody to go through life without facing an accident at some time or other. A problem arises only when one narrates it to others. For one thing, no two narratives will be identical. When one narrates an account of the accident to others, it does tend to get exaggerated. One rarely gets a chance to narrate it as it happened, as the listeners invariably trend to interject with a narration of some other accident that they know of to be similar but more dangerous! Accident prone persons will have a string of such incidents to narrate.

Let me narrate a couple of incidents related to accidents. Some years ago, my son in law, who is a doctor in the US had an accident. He called up the emergency number for help and they responded immediately. On reaching the accident site, they briefly questioned him to ensure he was okay. One of the questions was to the name the President of the U.S.A. to which he replied 'Mrs. Hillary Clinton'. That ended the questioning and he was told 'You are right and are doing fine. Please take our spare car and proceed to your workplace.'

I recently had an accident while attending a function organized at my relative's apartment. I was walking across the lobby towards the lift, not noticing a 'booby trap open tank' on the way. The poor lighting and the dusk hour, didn't help matters. Hop, step and plonk, I was lying flat inside the tank, as if measuring my height against the floor. Fortunately, there were none around to see my plight. I could get up on my own and proceed to the relative's flat. But I wanted to be sure that no bones had been broken.

Next morning, the orthopedic surgeon examined the X-Ray and confirmed that there was no bone injury and advised me to meet him after a week's rest. Another X-Ray re-confirmed

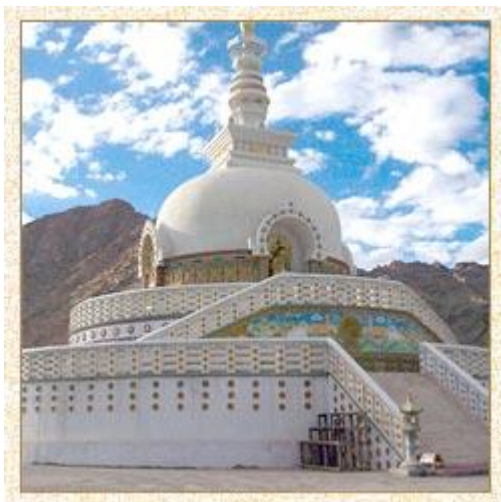
the absence of any bone injury and the doctor advised me to start walking and driving as usual. As I was already suffering from chronic back pain, I visited my neurologist the same evening to be sure that the fall had not aggravated my back problem. The neurologist asked me to walk some distance to observe my gait. He smiled and said "Your walk today is the best it has been in a long time. The fall seemed to have set right 50% of your back problem". I promptly asked him whether I could revisit the building to cure the remaining 50%!

ENCHANTING LEH

--- Mrs. Veena Sujer

They say the Himalayas beckon everyone. Be it the adventurous mountaineer, the spiritual seeker or ordinary tourists like us. For us the call came when Shalini (my Veni) showed me pictures of Leh sent by Mr. Sharma. He told her that he would be happy to make all arrangements if we choose to visit Leh. So all we had to do was to book our tickets and pack our bags. August is a good time to visit Leh. The climate is not so cold and all we needed were light woollens.

When the plane landed an announcement was made not to take photographs as the airport was also used by the Airforce. Once we landed we received a very warm welcome from Mr. Sharma. He took us to the Army Mess where we stayed for the next 5 days. It had a beautiful view of the mountains and was like a home away from home. Leh is situated at an altitude of 11,500 ft above sea level. Many people experience high altitude sickness because of the lack of oxygen in the air. Leh has sparse wooded areas and has a desert climate. October to March the temperature goes sub zero. The tourist season starts from July to Sep. Leh shares its border with China so the Army presence is felt everywhere. Our Defence forces work fearlessly here braving harsh climate and high altitudes for safeguarding our borders.



Shanthi Stupa, Leh

We were advised to take rest for a full day so that we could get acclimated. The next 2 days we set out for a local sight seeing. Some of the places to see are Shanthi Stupa, Leh Palace, Magnetic hill, Gurudwara Pathar Sahib etc. The Shanthi Stupa was built in 1991 with the help of the voluntary labour of the local Buddhists. It contains the relics of the Buddha at its base and was built to promote world peace and to commemorate 2,500 years of Buddhism.

The Leh Palace was built in the 17th century by King Singe. Now used as the headquarters of the Indian Government's Archeological conservation Organisation. But ironically it is very badly maintained.

Gurudwara Pathar Sahib is a holy place for the Sikhs because Guru Nanak Sahib stayed here in 1517 when he travelled to Nepal and Tibet. It has a sacred rock which has an impression of Gurunanak's head and back. Magnetic hill is located on the Leh Kargil Shrinagar highway 50 kms from Leh. It has magnetic properties and pulls a car uphill.

The next day we set out to visit Pangong Lake which is about 5 hours drive from Leh. The roads were very bad because of recent landslides. To reach the lake we have to cross Changla Pass which is at an height of 17,590 ft above sea level. It has the 3rd highest motorable road in the world. Here altitude sickness is very common and one can feel the lack of oxygen in the air. All our hardship was worth it when we reached Pangong lake. It is one of the most beautiful sights on earth. Many of our Bollywood

movies are shot here. Pangong Lake is at an height of 14,270 ft above sea level. It is 134 kms long and extends from India to China. In winter it freezes completely despite being saline. There are no fishes or aquatic life in the lake. It is surrounded by snow capped mountains and the colour of the lake keeps on changing with the movement of the sun. We reached the lake at the ideal time namely 3 p.m., so we could see the beautiful sun set.



Pangong lake, Leh

Our plan was to stay in Tangste which is the closest settlement but Shalini was very sick and we took her to the Army hospital in Tangste. Her oxygen saturation was 50% where as the normal is above 90%. The Doctors immediately put her on oxygen and advised us to lose altitude. They fitted an oxygen cylinder in the car and we drove back to Leh though it was late. It was one of the most beautiful and scariest ride of my life. It was a Full moon night and the mountains were soaked with the moonlight. Down was the deep valley. The soothing Ladakhi music in the car and the serene mountains kept us company. We reached Leh in a record 3 ½ hrs. Once we reached Leh and lower altitude Shalini felt better.

Along the Indus River you can see number of monasteries. Buddhists constitute 92% of the population. They are very peace loving people. There are many more places to see like the Numbra Valley. You have to drive through the Khardongla Pass which is about 18,379 feet above sea level and is the highest motorable road in the world. We could not go there due to lack of time.

All good things have to come to an end. So did our journey. We packed our bags for the next day early morning flight back to Delhi. JAI HIND!

WE REPEAT OUR REQUEST

Please inform Sabha Office as soon as there is any change in your address to avoid inconvenience or non-delivery of letters. We still receive quite a large number of communications addressed to our members returned undelivered for want of information of change of address. We appeal to members who have not furnished their email addresses to the Sabha to do so now as most of the members are yet to furnish their email addresses.

HEALTHY RECIPES

- Anitha Bharadwaj

1. Oats Dosa

Ingredients

Oats - 1 cup,
Wheat flour or multi grain flour - 2 cups
Green chilli- 2nos
Jeera/cumin -1tsp
Curry leaves - few
Onion- 1 no. (chopped)
Salt to taste

Method

Take wheat or multigrain flour in a vessel. Add water and mix well till it comes to dosa batter consistency. Now, in a mixer put green chillies, jeera, curry leaves, grind coarsely, add oats and grind. Add this ground mixture to the wheat flour batter and mix well. Finally add chopped onions coriander and salt to taste. Now the dosa batter is ready for use to make healthy oats dosas.

2. Red Chutney

Ingredients

Onion - 2 nos
Tomato- 1 no
Urad dal- 1 tsp
Asafoetida(hing)- 1/2 tsp
Red chilli- 4 nos
Curry leaves - few
Salt to taste

Method

Heat oil in a kadai, to this add urad dal and red chillies, fry till it becomes golden brown, Add sliced onion and saute till it becomes transparent, now add tomatoes saute till it cooks. Keep aside for few minutes. Grind the above mixture and season it with mustard, hing, and curry leaves.

3. Tomato Rice (without onion and garlic)

Ingredients

Tomato - 6nos
Rice - 1 cup
Jeera - 1 tsp
Oil - 3 tsp
Chilli powder - 1 tsp
Turmeric Powder - 1/2 tsp
Water - 2 cups

Method

In a pressure cooker add 3 tsp of oil and jeera, as jeera crackles add tomatoes. Saute for a while. Now add chilli powder and turmeric powder. Saute till cooks. Add washed rice, water and salt, stir it. When it starts boiling close the lid and cook for 10-15 minutes in a low/medium flame. Tomato rice is ready.

SCHOLAR'S GRATITUDE

I, Miss Shobhitha Bhat, Medical student studied in K.S. Hegde Medical Academy at Mangalore, am happy to inform you that I have completed my course successfully this year. I have been receiving scholarship from your Trust since 2009 and I am very thankful to you for all the financial support. I hope this Trust will reach great success and help more students like me every year.

From Dr. Shobhitha Bhat, Byndoor, Kundapur Taluk

I have received scholarship for my engineering education from the Trust during 1988-1992. It really helped me and I am grateful to the Trust. Please find attached cheque of amount `5,000/- for Vidya Nidhi/Education scholarship fund.

From: Sarvotham Prabhu, Nagarabavi, Bangalore.

SABHA'S RESPONSE

Many thanks for your letter of 5th inst. with cheque for ₹5,000 (Rupees five thousand only) on ICICI Bank being your contribution to our Free Scholarship Endowment Fund. We enclose our Receipt No.0789.

We are very glad to note that this contribution is coming from a past scholar in gratitude for the help received from the Sabha when in need. We have no doubt you must have settled well in life.

It is only if old scholars like you contribute to the scholarship fund the Sabha can give scholarships to more number of poor and deserving students.

We wish you all success in Life.

A PARENT'S RESPONSE

We received your cheque for ₹7,000/- and we are greatly thankful to all of you Sir. My son made 8.92% out of 10 in this semester (5th). Your donation helps us to make my son an engineer. If your Sabha and Konkani Language was not helping my son, it was very difficult to me to lead my life.

I am with my family greatly thankful to you for helping my son and wishing prosperous days for the donors who helped my son.

From: Gajanan Pandurang Hegde, Karwar.

SGS SABHA CHARITABLE TRUST

- U. Prabhakar Rao, Managing Trustee

We now have twelve residents in the Old Age Home, an increase of 5 residents since the last report. We hope to add two more in the near future and reach full capacity.

The hire charges received from the First Floor Hall at the Dr. K.P. Mahale Centre is on the increase. We hope that this trend will continue.

Mrs. Deepa Shenoy continues her good work of lecturing to the residents on religious matters. Bhajan classes are conducted by Mrs. Vijaya-lakshmi R. Pai. Dr. (Mrs.) Shantha Kamath has been advising the residents on health care

regularly. Our thanks to all of them for their excellent contribution. We would appreciate of some more could spare time to visit the Home and interact with the Residents.

We express our grateful thanks to the 105 persons who sponsored under "One Day Expense Scheme" so far during the year 2013-14, by paying ₹1,500/- each. Last year we had received such donations from 149 persons. We hope with your kind co-operation to exceed this during 2013-14. We appeal to our members to celebrate special occasions such as birthdays, wedding anniversary etc. by contributing ₹1,500/- under this scheme and help us to achieve the target of 365 sponsors.

We repeat that the donations to the Trust are eligible for Income Tax concession under sec.80G. Cheques drawn in favour of "SGS Sabha Charitable Trust" may kindly be sent to the Trust Office, Dr. K.P. Mahale Centre, New No.17, (Old No.3), Ujjini Devi Street, Ayanavaram, Chennai 600 023. Telephone: 2644 95 85

WE MISS THEM

Since the publication of the last Newsletter No.41 in January 2013 the Sabha has come to know about the sad demise of the following members:

Sudhakar P. Kamath, Bangalore	14.01.2013
Mrs. Poornima Ramanathan, Chennai	15.02.2013
A. Govinda Rao, Chennai	26.02.2013
Mrs. G. Saroja Bhat, Chennai	26.02.2013
B. Varadaraj Shenoy, Chennai	07.03.2013
Mrs. Ramabai Bhat, U.S.A.	17.03.2013
K. Madhusudhan Pai, Chennai	19.03.2013
Mrs. M. Shantha Bai, Chennai	07.04.2013
R. Ratnakar Shenoy, Chennai	30.04.2013
Mrs. Rekha Shenoy, Chennai	17.05.2013
Mr. J. Anirudhan, Chennai	16.06.2013
Mrs. Leela J. Nayak, Chennai	19.06.2013
Mrs. Uma R. Pai, Mysore	20.06.2013
Dr. U. Narasimha Achar, Chennai	22.06.2013
R. Gopinath Pai, Chennai	30.06.2013
Mrs. Lakshmi R. Pai, Chennai	02.07.2013
P. Srinivasa Pai, Chennai	12.11.2013
A.K. Kamath, Chennai	01.12.2013