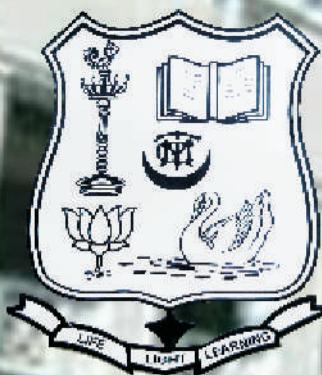


Golden Jubilee பொன் விழா

1965 Alumni - 26th Dec 2015



Nostalgia

நெஞ்சம் மறப்பதில்லை

Sir Mct. Muthiah Chettiar High School
Raja Annamalai Road, Purasawalkam, Chennai - 600084

Sir M.Ct.M. High School : The Emblem

From a recent handbook

We might have missed to appreciate fully the Emblem of our school and what it conveys. Some of us felt Goosebumps when we chanced upon a recent handbook of the school lent to us by the school AHM Dr. V. Mohan. Sharing the meaning of the emblem from that book :



The **lamp** destroys darkness and sheds light

Education removes ignorance and bestows knowledge

Swan drinks milk and rejects water

Education shows the path to of goodness.

The height of the **lotus** depends on the level of water

One's greatness depends upon one's mind and thoughts

Book contains the essence of knowledge and virtue.

இருள் நக்கி ஒளிதந்து
உலகைக் காட்டுவது விளக்கு

அகவிருமை அகற்றி
அறிவொனி வீசுவது கல்வி.
நீரை விலக்கி பாலைமட்டும் பருகிப்
பயன்பெறுகிறது அன்னம்.

தீமையை விலக்கி நன்மையை உணர்த்தித்
துணை நிற்பது கல்வி.

வெள்ளத் தனையது மலர் நிட்டம்
உள்ளத் தனையது உயர்வு.
கற்பவரின் கோணலை நியிர்த்திக்
குணம் பறப்புவது நால்.

M.Ct.M. - 1965 Batch Alumni

Core Committee

Arumugam J 94440 52379 jarumugam.j@gmail.com		Chidambaram KR 94440 22393 chembasiv@yahoo.co.in		
Lakshmanan T 98845 53260 tlakshman2015@gmail.com		Noorullah MS 93821 04988 nooru_mn@yahoo.com		
Padmanabhan S 72008 35676 spadhu2012@gmail.com		Ramaswamy P V 98408 55944 pvramaswamy@gmail.com		
Santhana Krishnan S 99413 73795 iob.santhan@gmail.com		Srinivasan R 98406 48388 srinivasaeng@hotmail.com		
Syed Ibrahim SMU 99624 54644		Convenor & School Pupil Leader of 1965 syedibrahim.smu@gmail.com		

Souvenir Committee

Dilip Kumar K.N. 80566 73306 dilip49kumar@gmail.com	
--	--

Publicity and Media Relations Committee

Alagappan S.P. 98410 15300 alagappansp.31@gmail.com	
Karunakaran U. 98410 15500 karunakaranu@yahoo.com	
Lenin - Lajapathi B. 80562 03694 filmmakerlenin@yahoo.com	
Venugopal C.N. 99406 56315 venugopal48@gmail.com	
Ramaswamy P.V. - Editor	Santhana Krishnan S.
Syed Ibrahim (Co-ordinator)	Syed Ibrahim (Co-ordinator)



Welcome to this special edition. You will cherish it.

P.V. Ramaswamy

This special edition started with a simple suggestion from TSR – and it was a spark that mobilized so many brains and hands to put together this work, now in your hands. There are contents, both in English and Tamil, rich in context around the central theme 'Nostalgia' and also to the contemporary.



Raman shares the great traits of our star Teachers Muthu Iyengar and Venkatrama Iyer in great detail; awesome! I really envy him for his memory and also for his command over the language. There are tributes to the teachers from Ramki, TSR and Shivaji also. Radhu brings back the great Purasawalkam temple tank and leaves us with our own imaginations by leaving out some essentials! Read how he cleared the exams too. Paddhu records very nicely about sports. My School days are also there, without a word on syllabus or teachers!

As for the contemporary, Ibrahim writes on the genesis of an idea that culminated in this event. Dr Murali tells us how to stay fit and lead a joyful life even after 65+ years! And a 'Must Read' article is on entrepreneurship by our Srini. Don't miss it. Tamil section has interesting contributions from Ibrahim, Santhan, Karuna and Jayasimhan. Did I mention about the commemorative stamp...? Search the pages, please.

I must thank Mr.Tarun Ghai for his enthusiastic encouragement and active support throughout; Ms. Jayalakshmi and Mr. Sundararajan for full support and messages.

Advertisers have made this book really colourful – in more than one way! My sincere thanks to them, and special kudos to our Rangan-B Ranga Rajan.

Enthrall Communications' help is great and brilliant. Wherever you see nice designs – the book wrapper, badges, banners, mementos - all from Enthrall. And all done without charging us even a single rupee!! Special thanks to their Managing Director Mr. Thanigachalam and thank you Venu.

Welcome to the book. Enjoy!! You will love it, and it's a promise!

P.V. Ramaswamy

Editor

Contents

How and Why of 1965 Alumni Meet	<i>Er.Syed Ibrahim SMU</i>	07
Downtown Article on Golden Jubilee dt. 20-12-15 in The Hindu		11
Down the memory lane	<i>A. Raman</i>	17
Eulogy to M.Ct.M. Teachers	<i>T. Srinivasa Ragavan</i>	20
On the 50+ years' memory lane	<i>V Ramakrishnan</i>	23
My Reminiscences of Sir M.Ct. Muthiah Chettiar High School	<i>E R Shivaji</i>	28
Lawder's Gate in Purasawalkam and James Lawder	<i>A. Raman</i>	33
My Sweet Memories of School Days	<i>R. Radhakrishnan</i>	35
My Pre M.Ct.M. School Days : I was totally unprepared!	<i>P V Ramaswamy</i>	38
A Sportsman's Joyful Memories of the School	<i>S. Padmanabhan</i>	44
Healthy Eating as You Age: Feeding Your Body, Mind and Soul	<i>Dr. Murali</i>	45
What is Entrepreneurship?	<i>R Srinivasan</i>	48
My M.Ct.M. School Days	<i>P V Ramaswamy</i>	52
Role of the Teacher	<i>Dr. VN Bhatt</i>	60
Welcome Aboard	<i>T.Srinivasa Ragavan</i>	65
Prevent Bore Well Accidents	<i>P V Ramaswamy</i>	67
Our Crafts Master Mr. P.K. Chitti Babu		68
பள்ளிப் பருவ காலம்	வி. ஜெயசீம்மன்	69
பள்ளியால் நான் பெருமையற்றேன்	<i>Er. செய்யது இப்ராஹிம்</i>	70
இதுயத்தில் இணைந்த தாமரை மொட்டுகள்	எஸ். சந்தானகிருஷ்ணன்	72
துள்ளித் திரிந்த காலம்	உ. மாபதி கருணாகரன்	76
Dr. A.P.J. அப்துல் கலாம் - நினைவுவைகள்	<i>Er. செய்யது இப்ராஹிம்</i>	80
Data Base of M.Ct.M. 1965 Batch Alumni		81

Message
from
Ms. Jayalakshmi

Ms. Jayalakshmi, is the daughter of Sri. S Narasimhan, our Head Master who was the legendary icon of the teaching community.

Ms. Jayalakshmi recently retired after an impressive career with Indian Overseas Bank, where she held important responsibilities in very Senior Positions.



It is very kind of you to have asked me to send a message for the souvenir to be brought out on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the 1965 Batch of Sir M.Ct.M.Boys' High School. I have no doubt this souvenir will be a wonderful collection of interesting anecdotes and a treasure trove of students' day experiences of the group. My father played an active part by helping every youngster he came across to shape his future.

As a teacher, he loved every one of his students. He was very keen to be ready with a story of value education to be shared with his students in the daily prayer meeting. The most striking memory for me is Deepavali . Every year all the Hostel boys visited and celebrated Deepavali at our residence. Imagine nearly a hundred boys sharing breakfast and firing crackers with Headmaster looking after them!

Many a times, I have heard students fondly recall his special grammar classes.

I am fortunate to learn about your initiative and the enormous efforts of Shri P.V.Ramaswamy, Mr.Ibrahim and Mr. Santhanakrishnan. All my sisters and the grand children of the family wish the meet a resounding success.



Sri S. Narasimhan receiving National Award for the Best Teachers from the then President of India Dr. S. Radhakrishnan



Message

It is a proud moment in the Glorious History of the Great Temple of Learning, Sir Mct Muthiah Chettiar Higher Secondary School, Purasalwalkam, even as a congregation of illustrious alumni with their footprints in 1965 are celebrating the GOLDEN JUBILEE of their memorable and fruitful stay under the tutelage of a dedicated band of teachers.

Like a Light House forever offering kindly light to wind-tossed vessels, this institution with its hoary past dating back to 1891 started by four teachers of Purasalwalkam, even today speaks the glory of the founding fathers.

Captivated by the dedication and the zeal of the FOUR savants, Sir MCt Muthiah Chettiar, the unparalleled Visionary undertook to run the school himself. He was a philanthropist, humanist, an educationist, an industrialist - all in one. No wonder that the institution was on sound footing with worthy goals and in 1929 the mantle fell on Sri. MCt M Chidambaram Chettiar, the worthy son of the worthy father who took over the responsibility of promoting the great cause of education, of moulding the youth with a keen sense of discipline, responsibility, initiative, self-reliance, integrity and loyalty. It is a continuous story of the school being run of the same philosophy and practice as our school registered more and more glorious achievements all around - academic results reached the pinnacle, in sports and games we not only excelled at state-level but also at All-India level and in co-curricular arena our students' performance proved right the dreams and the lofty goals of the founding fathers of this citadel of education.

It will gladden your hearts to know that even today we are engaged in giving quality education to more than 1500 students mostly drawn from under-privileged and economically backward society, first generation too, with creditable academic results and remarkable achievements in sports and games in the midst of odds.

Gentlemen, Alumni Glorious 1965, by virtue of my position I can assure you on behalf of my community of teachers that we will strive our utmost to keep aloft the noble cause of your alma mater, we shall not let go the dreams of our founding predecessors and of the illustrious Mct M family.

Let me conclude with our warm wishes to every one of you and for your golden jubilee function a great and fruitful success that it richly deserves.

N. Sundararajan
N. SUNDARARAJAN
Headmaster

How and Why of 1965 Alumni Meet

Er.Syed Ibrahim SMU

I have great pleasure in writing about the **How and Why of 1965 Alumni Meet**; in fact, it can **even** be called as "**How and Why of this Golden Jubilee Celebration**". We left this meritorious institution (Sir MCtMHS) 50 years ago. We were just 16 or 17 years old then. Now in our mid sixties, as senior citizens, we are celebrating this Golden Jubilee. What was the genesis, how this thought came about? What triggered the actions for celebrating Golden Jubilee and who are all responsible for this occasion? Let us see now.



It came up in a group meet of 9 people - Arumugam J, Chidambaram K.R., Lakshmikanthan, Lakshmi Narayan, Lakshmanan, Noorullah M.S, Padmanabhan S, Santhana Krishnan S and Srinivasan R. - at Suguna Vilas Sabha in Anna Salai, in June 2013. It was Noorullah who informed the group about the news reports that Ethiraj College Alumni had celebrated their Silver Jubilee meet. This sparked a thought, having completed 50 years (1965 to 2015) "Why not we Celebrate Our Golden Jubilee?" The message of Noorullah set everyone contemplating.

***"Mind is not a vessel to be filled
It's a fire to be kindled"***

Outcome of that kindled fire was a larger group meeting at Hotel Raaj Bhavan, Purasawalkam on 21-3-2015. By then the strength had grown from 9 to 20. That group unanimously decided to go ahead with action for celebrating Golden Jubilee at Sir M.Ct.M High School itself. Thereafter a small group of four - Arumugam J, Chidambaram K.R., Padmanabhan S. and myself - met at Anna Salai near Shanthi Theatre and discussed on the means of spreading the information and reaching out to all the 1965 batch mates. It was decided to advertise in Tamil and English Media and an advertisement was released in The Hindu and Daily Thanthi. It was a disappointing experience; we found no response, except a junior school mate contacting Chidambaram.

Then a Core Committee of 8 was formed in a subsequent meeting at Nungambakkam. Its' members are: Arumugam J, Chidambaram KR, Noorullah MS, Padmanabhan S, Ramaswamy PV, Santhana Krishnan S, Srinivaan R. and myself. Names and Mobile numbers of (then) known batch mates were shared in the Core Committee and four persons – Chidambaram, Noorullah, Santhan, and myself - took the responsibility for gathering further information about our classmates, contacting them and apprising them of the GJC and requesting them for their participation in the function.

I have great pleasure in writing about the **How and Why of 1965 Alumni Meet**; in fact, it can even be called as "**How and Why of this Golden Jubilee Celebration**". We left this meritorious institution (Sir MCTMHS) 50 years ago. We were just 16 or 17 years old then. Now in our mid sixties, as senior citizens, we are celebrating this Golden Jubilee. What was the genesis, how this thought came about? What triggered the actions for celebrating Golden Jubilee and who are all responsible for this occasion? Let us see now.

It came up in a group meet of 9 people - Arumugam J, Chidambaram K.R., Lakshmikanthan, Lakshmi Narayan, Lakshmanan, Noorullah M.S, Padmanabhan S, Santhana Krishnan S and Srinivasan R. - at Suguna Vilas Sabha in Anna Salai, in June 2013. It was Noorullah who informed the group about the news reports that Ethiraj College Alumni had celebrated their Silver Jubilee meet. This sparked a thought, having completed 50 years (1965 to 2015) "Why not we Celebrate Our Golden Jubilee?" The message of Noorullah set everyone contemplating.

**"Mind is not a vessel to be filled
It's a fire to be kindled"**

Outcome of that kindled fire was a larger group meeting at Hotel Raaj Bhavan,

The same meeting saw the formation of two committees for specific focus on two thrust areas:

Souvenir Committee Members	Publicity and Media Relations Committee Members
1. Dilip Kumar K.N.	1. Alagappan S.P
2. Ramaswamy P.V.	2. Karunakaran. U
3. Ramesh.S (Ramachandran)	3. Lenin - Lajapathy B
4. Srinivasa Raghavan.T	4. Santhana Krishnan. S
5. Syed Ibrahim. (Co-ordinator)	5. Syed Ibrahim (Co-ordinator)
6. Venugopal. C.N	6. Venugopal C.N

Significant efforts were put in by all. We were approached by some juniors and seniors also seeking enrollment; we then decided to admit willing seniors and juniors of our school to participate in the function. To ensure good bonding and smooth flow of communications with senior and junior school mates, it was decided to bring on board an additional member to the Core Committee. With the unanimous approval of the Core Committee, Lakshman.T (1966 Batch) became the 9th member of the Core Committee. During the Core Committee Meeting held on 06.11.2015, Lakshman was introduced to all by PVR.

Significant efforts were put in by all. We were approached by some juniors and seniors also seeking enrollment; we then decided to admit willing seniors and juniors of our school to participate in the function. To ensure good bonding and smooth flow of communications with senior and junior school mates, it was decided to bring on board an additional member to the Core Committee. With the unanimous approval of the Core Committee, Lakshman.T (1966 Batch) became the 9th member of the Core Committee. During the Core Committee Meeting held on 06.11.2015, Lakshman was introduced to all by PVR.

Santhana Krishnan S. (Santhan, as he is popularly known is playing a phenomenal role by inducting more and more Schoolmates for attending the Golden Jubilee Celebration. In a way, he has taken the role of being my Director; he never bothers about time and tide. He establishes a contact, and then immediately calls me to give names, mobile numbers of School mates; and his parting message is always the same - that I must talk to them and report to him immediately. I happily acted as per his directions. I have spoken to over 50 persons till the time of writing this (11.11.2015). Santhan, I presume never sleeps; He once said that he is getting dreams of mobile numbers and names of school mates.

Srinivasa Raghavan.T is another enthusiastic personality to link me with our overseas friends also. He used to contact me time and again and ascertain developments. He reminds me about the activities to be attended to. It is not fair on my part to miss mentioning about TSR's contribution for the Golden Jubilee Celebration.

PVR, my close classmate with an impressive professional experience from M/s.Godrej, Viveks, and HCL Technologies, plays a crucial role in all our activities. Apart from contributing in multiple ways to make the Golden Jubilee Celebrations a success, he focused in some key areas such as the of Souvenir, designing of Banner, preparing of Invitation, etc., and also co-ordinating the meetings with the Secretary of Management, Headmaster, AHM and others.

Shri Tarun Ghai, the Secretary is a very vibrant and competent gentleman with a vision for the School. When PVR, Srini and I met him on 7th October, he received us courteously, assured us about the commitment of the Trust Board to continue the School. He instantly gave permission for us to celebrate our Golden Jubilee at the School itself and assured his readiness to help us in all respects for conducting the function. He also expressed a desire to revive Sir MCt.M.H.S Alumni.

It was also our desire to honour the then School Teachers. We met our beloved Shri. K.T.Govindarajan at his residence who is ailing. We enquired about his health and

Significant efforts were put in by all. We were approached by some juniors and seniors also seeking enrollment; we then decided to admit willing seniors and juniors of our school to participate in the function. To ensure good bonding and smooth flow of communications with senior and junior school mates, it was decided to bring on board an additional member to the Core Committee. With the unanimous approval of the Core Committee, Lakshman.T (1966 Batch) became the

"Hard work will never go unrewarded"

My whole hearted thanks to :

M/s. Ramachandran T., Narayanan V., Ramakrishnan, Ramachandran B., for their generous contribution for the Golden Jubilee Celebration. Without their support and that of the advertisers, this Souvenir would not be in your hands now.

I thank each and everyone, who made this function possible. Let us all look forward to a grand, gala function on 26-12-2015 at our esteemed Sir M.Ct.M. High School, Purasawalkam, Chennai.



Invitation

*We cordially invite you to participate in
the Golden Jubilee Celebration
of 1965 Alumni of Sir M.Ct.M.H.S.*

Venue :

*Sir M.Ct. Muthiah Chettiar Higher Secondary School,
Raja Annamalai Road, Purasawalkam, Chennai-600 084.*

Date :

Saturday, 26th December 2015

Time :

9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Followed by networking lunch.

*SMU. Syed Ibrahim. Convenor (Mob : 9962454644)
and the Core Committee Members of Golden Jubilee Celebrations*

70 past students of M.Ct.M School plan a grand fiftieth-year reunion

LIFFY THOMAS

For the 1965 SSLC batch of Sir M.C.L. Muthiah Chettiar High School in Purasawalkam, it is time for reminiscences. Around 70 of them will meet in the school on December 26 after 50 years.

A small group of classmates understood the spirit of reunions and for the last six months, they have been leaving no stone unturned in tracing old batchmates.

"We were only 10 of us when we first met. It slowly increased to 25 and today, we have the contact details of nearly 120 people," says Padmanabhan Sivaprakasam, retired banker, who helped locate six friends.

A core committee was formed and four classmates were given the task of identifying other friends.

"Because of the Hindi agitations of 1965, our school examinations got postponed and many of us did not even stay in touch. I don't remember a group photo being taken of our section, so the task of locating friends is one of the toughest," says P.V. Ramaswamy, managing director of a company, who is now editor of the souvenir committee.

They next started a Facebook and Twitter page to get in touch with other classmates. The batch had around 250 boys.

Syed Ibrahim, who was the school pupil leader and now convener of the meet, says he is excited as the batch is meeting after 50 years.

"We searched our library for old photographs but we were not successful. So we went in search of our late headmaster S. Narasimhan's house where his daughter Jayalakshmi helped us locate a picture of him being honoured by Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan," says M.S. Mo-



A group photo of one of the sections and former headmaster S. Narasimhan honoured by Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan.

PHOTOS: SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

hamed Noorullah.

A souvenir containing articles and photographs will also be released on the occasion. Retired teachers such as KT Govindaran and PK Chitti Babu will be honoured.

For details, call Mohamed Noorullah at 9382104988, Syed Ibrahim at 9962454644 or write to pyramaswamy@gmail.com



வாழ்க்கை பலவிதம்

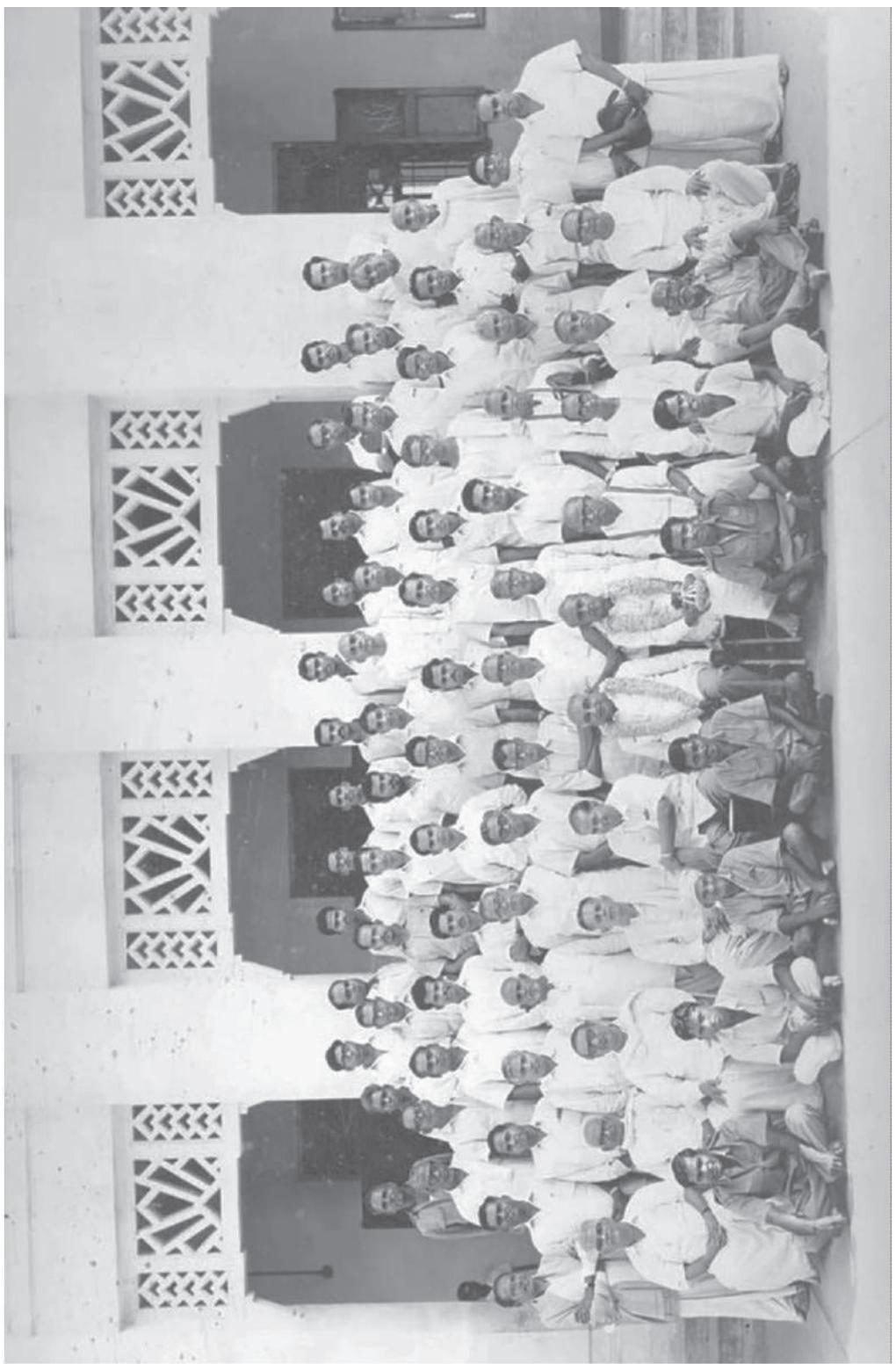
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு சவால்
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு வெகுமதி
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு சோகம்
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு போராட்டம்
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு கடமை
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு விளையாட்டு
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு சந்தர்ப்பம்
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு புதிர்
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு பயணம்
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு அழகு
- வாழ்க்கை ஒரு ஸ்ட்ரியம்

- சமாளியுங்கள்
- ஏற்றுக்கொள்ளுங்கள்
- தாங்கிக் கொள்ளுங்கள்
- வென்று காட்டுங்கள்
- நிறைவேற்றுங்கள்
- ஈடுபெடுங்கள்
- நழுவ விடாதீர்கள்
- விடுவியுங்கள்
- நடத்தி முடியுங்கள்
- அனுபவியுங்கள்
- சாதித்துக்காட்டுங்கள்

Students' Cabinet of 1964 - 65



*Sitting L or R : V.T. Rajamani, SMU. Syed Ibrahim, K. Venkateswaran-Teacher, S. Narasimhan-HM,
S.K. Ramachandran-AHM, S.M. Yakub-Teacher, M. Hariharan-Teacher,
Standing L to R : Chockalingam, Venkatesan, R. Ethiraj, Iqbal.*



Group Photo of Sir M.Ct.M Teachers during our school days

Our Teachers

<i>Names</i>	<i>Subjects of specialization</i>
S.Narasimhan	Head Master - English and Social studies
S.K.Ramachandran	Asst.Head Master - Science
K.Venkateswaran	English, Maths
M.Hariharan	English, Maths
S.Ramachandran	Mathematics
S.Muthu Iyengar	Science
K.T.Govinda Rajan	English, Social Studies
SM Yakub	Maths, English
G.Kannan	Maths
W.Santhana Gopalan	Science
C.Mallikarjuna Rao	Secretarial Course
V.Seshadri Iyengar	Social Studies and English
M.P.Rajagopal	Social Studies
V.Gopalan	Engg.Science
R.Krishnamurthy	Social Studies
A.V.Rangachary	Science
K.S. Chengalvarayan	Science
Poornachandara Rao	Science
S.Venkatraman	Mathematics
Ramanujam	Mathematics
P.S. Kailasam Iyer	English, Science
P.S. Shanmugam Pillai	Tamil
T.A.Venkatrama Iyer	Tamil
R.Thiru Gnanasambandam	Tamil
Muruga Rathina Velan	Tamil
Gnana Praksa Desikar	Tamil
K.Thiagarajan	Tamil
M.P. Shanmugam Pillai	Tamil
K.Viswanatha Sarma	Sanskrit
Vasoji Rao	Hindi
Ragavendara Rao	Hindi
S.R. Parthasarathy	Science
Narasimhacharya	Social Studies
B.Radha Krishnan	English
S.Sattanathan	Mathematics
T. Kuppuswamy	Mathematics
V.Raghavacharya	Mathematics, Science

Names

S.Rajaram
 P.S. Venkatesan
 P. Subramania Iyer
 Ramachandara Rao
 B.Padmanabhan
 M. Bashyam Iyengar
 C.K.Margabandhu
 P.M.Rajendran
 John.Samuel
 S.Selvaraj
 R.Krishnan
 K.Srinivasa Murthy
 T. Narayana Murthy
 Thanu Pillai
 Vageesan
 P.K.Chittibabu
 Munuswamy
 Arokya Das
 Dharumaiyan

Subjects of specialization

Social Studies
 Social Studies
 Mathematics
 Social Studies
 English
 Social Studies
 Mathematics
 Applied Mechanics
 Physical Education
 Physical Education
 Physical Education
 Physical Education
 Physical Education
 Physical Education
 Crafts
 Crafts
 Drawing
 Drawing

பயனுள்ள ஏழு

**பேசும் முன் கேளுங்கள் !
 எழுதும் முன் யோசியுங்கள் !
 செலவழிக்கும் முன் சம்பாதியுங்கள் !
 முதலீடு செய்யும் முன் விசாரியுங்கள் !
 குற்றம் செய்யும் முன் நிதானியுங்கள் !
 ஒய்வுபெறும் முன் சேமியுங்கள் !
 இறப்பதற்கு முன் தர்மம் செய்யுங்கள் !**



Shri M. Bakthavatchalam former CM of TN accepting Guard of Honour of N.C.C. (1965)



Our Schoolmates acted in a Drama on the Annual Day (1964)

Release of Commemorative Stamp to mark the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Sir MCt M H School - 1965 Alumni



Lakshman

Considering the aura and the stature that our Sir MCtMHS commands in the minds of the public and educationists, we the Golden Jubilee celebrating Alumni have planned to release a very special stamp as a part of several events on 26th December 2015.

It is our young and energetic Lakshman who came out with the brilliant idea. He also took it forward to the Indian Posts under the Ministry of Communication & IT – Government of India and made the Stamp release possible. Lakshman deserves all the appreciation for this significant event. As you may be aware he is also in charge of chronicling all the events on 26th at our celebrations.

The stamp will be in two parts. There will be an engine along with the special logo created. Why an engine?

Engine delivers power – the empowerment; it delivers energy and eagerness to keep moving forward and equips one with enthusiasm and extreme joy.

All these essentials and in addition, we received Education also from Sir MCtM School till 1965; hundreds and thousands of young students continue to receive now and will receive in the years to come too.

Shown below is an artistic impression. Real image of the stamp may vary.





Group Photo of XI Std 'B' Section (1964-65).

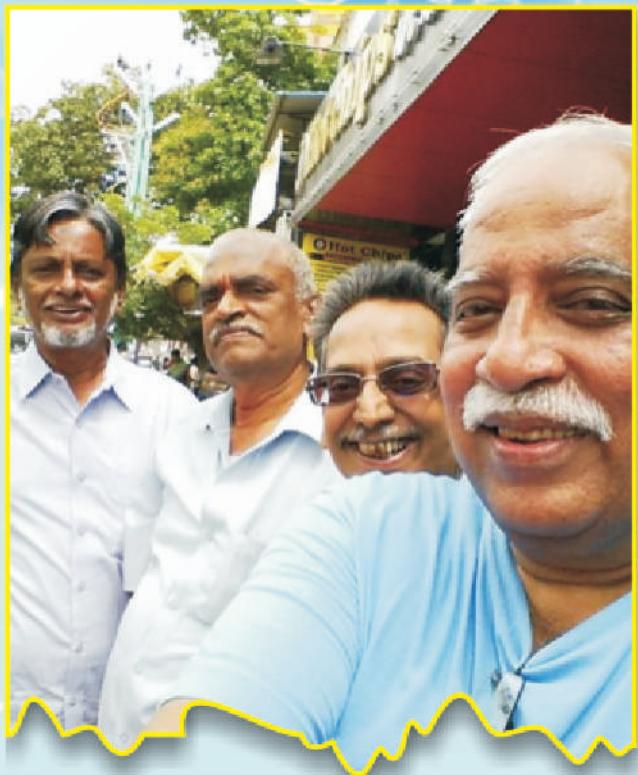


Group Photo of XI Std 'F' Section (1964-65).

Few of our friends met in March 2015 and visited the school



1. Jayaseelan	2. Lakshminarayanan	3. Lakshmikantham	4. Venugopal	5. Santhanam
6. Subas Chandra Bose	7. Syed Ibrahim	8. K.R. Chidambaram - Chamba	9. Dr. Ratnavelu	10. Md. Imail
11. Dr. Ashok Kumar	12. R. Srinivasan	13. Munusami	14. Lakshmanan	15. T S Ragavan



On 10th Sep '15,
we called on our KTG
sir, at his residence.
For obvious reasons,
we did not take any
photograph there.
Santhan was very
disappointed
and hence we did a
'selfie'



On 7 Oct. 2015, at the Office of Mr. Tarun Ghai, the Secretary & Correspondent



Core Committee Members in front of Sir M.Ct. Muthiah Chettiar's Statue



Students at Games in the School Ground



Core Committee Meeting in Session



**Golden Jubilee Celebrations Venue - Inspection & Arrangements
are being discussed by C.C. Members and Spl. Invitees**



Group Photo taken on 4th Oct 2015 at Umapathi Auditorium

Down the memory lane : S Muthu Iyengar and S Venkatarama Iyer

A. Raman

I remember S Sattanathan (class teacher Form I), P S Kailasam Iyer (class teacher Form II), S Venkatarama Iyer (class teacher Form III), G Kannan (class teacher Standard 8), W S Santhanagopala Iyengar (class teacher Standard 10), and S Muthu Iyengar (class teacher Standard 11) teacher.



The jump from Standard 8 to 10 was not due to my super-intelligence and thus double promoted; it was but due to the mess created by the Government of Madras in thinking whether 10 year or 11 year education would be appropriate for high-school education then. And mind you, I was not the only chosen beneficiary; all our batch mates enjoyed this special privilege!

I attempted to list in my mind other subject teachers. In my recap, I feel that every one of them had contributed in some way or another in making me what I am today. It will be wonderful to reflect on each of them, but I guess I would need more time and another platform.

Every teacher had played a positive role in my formative years. For instance, I always admired K T Govindarajan for the dignity and style he maintained in the class. In the days when a school teacher always believed in the dictum that sparing the rod is spoiling the child, Govindarajan never wielded one. He commanded respect by his etiquette. He taught me Extensive English in Standard 8 (when I was in Kannan's class), and Social Studies in classes 10 and 11 (when I was in Santhanagopala Iyengar and Muthu Iyengar's classes).

In this short memoire, I will recall and narrate my specific thoughts of S Muthu Iyengar and S Venkatarama Iyer, who were my class teachers in Standard 11 and Form III, respectively, with a deep sense of gratitude.

I have studied in some of the best colleges and universities in India and abroad and have listened to lectures by the best scientists. Yet, I have never seen persons of the teaching calibre and motivation, which both Venkatarama Iyer and Muthu Iyengar radiated. These men inspired me by their deeds and actions. In my later days at the

I remember S Sattanathan (class teacher Form I), P S Kailasam Iyer (class teacher Form II), S Venkatarama Iyer (class teacher Form III), G Kannan (class teacher Standard 8), W S Santhanagopala Iyengar (class teacher Standard 10), and S Muthu Iyengar (class teacher Standard 11) teacher.

The jump from Standard 8 to 10 was not due to my super-intelligence and thus double promoted; it was but due to the mess created by the Government of Madras in thinking whether 10 year or 11 year education would be appropriate for high-school education then. And mind you, I was not the only chosen beneficiary; all our batch mates enjoyed this special privilege!

I attempted to list in my mind other subject teachers. In my recap, I feel that every one of them had contributed in some way or another in making me what I am today. It will be wonderful to reflect on each of them, but I guess I would need more time and another platform.

Every teacher had played a positive role in my formative years. For instance, I always admired K T Govindarajan for the dignity and style he maintained in the class. In the days when a school teacher always believed in the dictum that sparing the rod is spoiling the child, Govindarajan never wielded one. He commanded respect by his etiquette. He taught me Extensive English in Standard 8 (when I was in Kannan's class), and Social Studies in classes 10 and 11 (when I was in Santhanagopala Iyengar and Muthu Iyengar's classes).

In this short memoire, I will recall and narrate my specific thoughts of S Muthu Iyengar and S Venkatarama Iyer, who were my class teachers in Standard 11 and Form III, respectively, with a deep sense of gratitude.

I have studied in some of the best colleges and universities in India and abroad and have listened to lectures by the best scientists. Yet, I have never seen persons of the teaching calibre and motivation, which both Venkatarama Iyer and Muthu Iyengar radiated. These men inspired me by their deeds and actions. In my later days at the High School, I got to know K Venkateswaran (Venku), rather closely, because of my father's friendship with him. Venku used to tell me about Muthu Iyengar. Before I talk of Muthu Iyengar, I will briefly touch on Venkatarama Iyer's impact on me.

I remember S Sattanathan (class teacher Form I), P S Kailasam Iyer (class teacher Form II), S Venkatarama Iyer (class teacher Form III), G Kannan (class teacher Standard 8), W S Santhanagopala Iyengar (class teacher Standard 10), and S Muthu Iyengar (class teacher Standard 11) teacher.

The jump from Standard 8 to 10 was not due to my super-intelligence and thus double promoted; it was but due to the mess created by the Government of Madras in thinking whether 10 year or 11 year education would be appropriate for high-school education then. And mind you, I was not the only chosen beneficiary; all our batch mates enjoyed this special privilege!

I attempted to list in my mind other subject teachers. In my recap, I feel that every one of them had contributed in some way or another in making me what I am today. It will be wonderful to reflect on each of them, but I guess I would need more time and another platform.

Every teacher had played a positive role in my formative years. For instance, I always admired K T Govindarajan for the dignity and style he maintained in the class. In the days when a school teacher always believed in the dictum that sparing the rod is spoiling the child, Govindarajan never wielded one. He commanded respect by his etiquette. He taught me Extensive English in Standard 8 (when I was in Kannan's class), and Social Studies in classes 10 and 11 (when I was in Santhanagopala Iyengar and Muthu Iyengar's classes).

In this short memoire, I will recall and narrate my specific thoughts of S Muthu Iyengar and S Venkatarama Iyer, who were my class teachers in Standard 11 and Form III, respectively, with a deep sense of gratitude.

I have studied in some of the best colleges and universities in India and abroad and have listened to lectures by the best scientists. Yet, I have never seen persons of the teaching calibre and motivation, which both Venkatarama Iyer and Muthu Iyengar radiated. These men inspired me by their deeds and actions. In my later days at the High School, I got to know K Venkateswaran (Venku), rather closely, because of my father's friendship with him. Venku used to tell me about Muthu Iyengar. Before I talk of Muthu Iyengar, I will briefly touch on Venkatarama Iyer's impact on me.



Eulogy to M.Ct.M. Teachers

T. Srinivasa Ragavan

Attempting to pen an Eulogy to our beloved teachers of MctM high school during the period 1959 -1965.



Our Alma mater deserves kudos from all of us for shaping our lives in our formative years and laying foundation for our careers as well as our overall development.

Sir M.Ct.M.H.S, in the prime area of Madras – as Chennai was known then - is a high school of gigantic proportion in Purasawalkam, with students coming from neighbouring areas like, Egmore, Kellys, Doveton and Ayanavaram. Founder was a visionary having planned a sprawling area for spacious class rooms, play ground, Assembly hall for prayer etc. A tall mast for flag hoisting, greenery with gardening facility etc. are added charm of the school. Fee collected was a meager Rs 10 per month which also got waived off by Late Kamaraj, the then Chief Minister of Madras (as TN was called then).

It was pioneering to start a separate Engineering Section, and secretarial section. Due emphasis was given for extra curricular activities like Scout, NCC, and Sports activities in the additional grounds attached to Nehru park. Craft classes of spinning, weaving and drawing were liked by students. Even canteen facility was created. The aroma of masala vadai, bajji etc., was a treat for the taste buds. Hostel facility within a short distance from school was a boon to outstation pupils seeking quality education. Gardening facility was a novel idea. Craft teacher Munuswamy sir was training boys in kitchen gardening. I still remember Keerai thandu and mulaikerei, the produce from such efforts were sold to students also.

Fine arts were encouraged, and "Therotti Magan", were enacted to the enjoyment of students. Thevaram class conducted by Tamil teacher T.A. Venkatrama Iyer was popular with religious minded pupils. Ayah Kadai Stall outside school premises was so popular with students with sales of variety of items like kodukapulika, manga bathai, naval pazham, cumercuts, toy watches etc. Only grouse being no credit facility and strict ayah with stick to wade off mischievous students intending malpractices.

Our beloved teachers were not only great academicians but also good in developing us to be good human beings. Value based education was the hallmark of them. They inculcated discipline, moral ethics, and innovative skills in various subjects they taught. Head master Sri.S. Narasimhan was a fabulous administrator, strict disciplinarian and a passionate teacher excelling in English subject. His non detailed classes were eagerly awaited by all students.

Attempting to pen an Eulogy to our beloved teachers of MctM high school during the period 1959 -1965.

Our Alma mater deserves kudos from all of us for shaping our lives in our formative years and laying foundation for our careers as well as our overall development.

Sir M.Ct.M.H.S, in the prime area of Madras – as Chennai was known then - is a high school of gigantic proportion in Purasawalkam, with students coming from neighbouring areas like, Egmore, Kellys, Doveton and Ayanavaram. Founder was a visionary having planned a sprawling area for spacious class rooms, play ground, Assembly hall for prayer etc. A tall mast for flag hoisting, greenery with gardening facility etc. are added charm of the school. Fee collected was a meager Rs 10 per month which also got waived off by Late Kamaraj, the then Chief Minister of Madras (as TN was called then).

It was pioneering to start a separate Engineering Section, and secretarial section. Due emphasis was given for extra curricular activities like Scout, NCC, and Sports activities in the additional grounds attached to Nehru park. Craft classes of spinning, weaving and drawing were liked by students. Even canteen facility was created. The aroma of masala vadai, bajji etc., was a treat for the taste buds. Hostel facility within a short distance from school was a boon to outstation pupils seeking quality education. Gardening facility was a novel idea. Craft teacher Munuswamy sir was training boys in kitchen gardening. I still remember Keerai thandu and mulaikerei, the produce from such efforts were sold to students also.

Fine arts were encouraged, and "Therotti Magan", were enacted to the enjoyment of students. Thevaram class conducted by Tamil teacher T.A. Venkatrama Iyer was popular with religious minded pupils. Ayah Kadai Stall outside school premises was so popular with students with sales of variety of items like kodukapulika, manga bathai, naval pazham, cumercuts, toy watches etc. Only grouse being no credit facility and strict ayah with stick to wade off mischievous students intending malpractices.

Our beloved teachers were not only great academicians but also good in developing us to be good human beings. Value based education was the hallmark of them. They inculcated discipline, moral ethics, and innovative skills in various subjects they taught. Head master Sri.S. Narasimhan was a fabulous administrator, strict disciplinarian and a passionate teacher excelling in English subject. His non detailed classes were eagerly awaited by all students.

He took special interest to highlight the achievements of boys in various fields like Basketball (Our school being in top notch among state schools), Manavar Manram, and academic excellence, during the Morning Prayer assembly.

Asst. Head Master S.K. Ramachandra Iyer used to take science subject joyfully in

Attempting to pen an Eulogy to our beloved teachers of MctM high school during the period 1959 -1965.

Our Alma mater deserves kudos from all of us for shaping our lives in our formative years and laying foundation for our careers as well as our overall development.

Sir M.Ct.M.H.S, in the prime area of Madras – as Chennai was known then - is a high school of gigantic proportion in Purasawalkam, with students coming from neighbouring areas like, Egmore, Kellys, Doveton and Ayanavaram. Founder was a visionary having planned a sprawling area for spacious class rooms, play ground, Assembly hall for prayer etc. A tall mast for flag hoisting, greenery with gardening facility etc. are added charm of the school. Fee collected was a meager Rs 10 per month which also got waived off by Late Kamaraj, the then Chief Minister of Madras (as TN was called then).

It was pioneering to start a separate Engineering Section, and secretarial section. Due emphasis was given for extra curricular activities like Scout, NCC, and Sports activities in the additional grounds attached to Nehru park. Craft classes of spinning, weaving and drawing were liked by students. Even canteen facility was created. The aroma of masala vadai, bajji etc., was a treat for the taste buds. Hostel facility within a short distance from school was a boon to outstation pupils seeking quality education. Gardening facility was a novel idea. Craft teacher Munuswamy sir was training boys in kitchen gardening. I still remember Keerai thandu and mulaikeerai, the produce from such efforts were sold to students also.

Fine arts were encouraged, and "Therotti Magan", were enacted to the enjoyment of students. Thevaram class conducted by Tamil teacher T.A. Venkatrama Iyer was popular with religious minded pupils. Ayah Kadai Stall outside school premises was so popular with students with sales of variety of items like kodukapulika, manga bathai, naval pazham, cumercuts, toy watches etc. Only grouse being no credit facility and strict ayah with stick to wade off mischievous students intending malpractices.

Our beloved teachers were not only great academicians but also good in developing us to be good human beings. Value based education was the hallmark of them. They inculcated discipline, moral ethics, and innovative skills in various subjects they taught. Head master Sri.S. Narasimhan was a fabulous administrator, strict disciplinarian and a passionate teacher excelling in English subject. His non detailed classes were eagerly awaited by all students.

He took special interest to highlight the achievements of boys in various fields like Basketball (Our school being in top notch among state schools), Manavar Manram, and academic excellence, during the Morning Prayer assembly.

Asst. Head Master S.K. Ramachandra Iyer used to take science subject joyfully in

On the 50+ years' memory lane

V Ramakrishnan

Sir M.CT.M High school – the name itself brings nostalgic memories. It looks like only a couple of years have passed since I completed my Secondary School Leaving Certificate Examination (SSLC) from the School. Yet, the reality is that more than 50 years have passed since the 1965 batch students completed their school year at the revered educational institution.



J.R. Moehringer once wrote that everyone has a holy place; a refuge where their heart is purer, their mind clearer, and their doubts quieter. For many 1965 batch M.CT.M. High School students the benches at the school was that place.

Everything. Happens. Here. Three of the most prophetic words of my years at the School. The school years were lively with anecdotes, making it difficult to identify which was the best year of all the six years of middle and higher secondary school education that I had there. In the following lines I attempt to travel in my memory lane and bring out events and incidents that are still vivid to me, which I cherish. Some of them may sound kid stuff to many, but they continue to amuse me and I enjoy those memories also from time to time.

Year 1: Form I – Class Teacher: B. Radhakrishnan

On my first school day I felt a bit overwhelmed. I had not seen such big school buildings till then. Being an introvert myself, I always avoided the spot light and did not mingle easily with others.

P.K.Sampath Kumar and U.Karunakaran tried to engage in conversation with me for different reasons. Sampath Kumar was a lively character. It is a pity that he is no more. In his company one would always been laughing and cheerful. He hated dull moments. In the company of N.R.Sridharan, and P.S.Ramachandran he would attempt to cut jokes at my expense, much of which was very difficult for me even to understand. I escaped his attention only after another student stole the limelight. I am not sure of his name, but he looked messy, and his shirt always smelled a bit. Sampath used to make fun of him by singing the song “En piranthai natham En piranthayyo” a modification of “En piranthai magane” from the Tamil film “Baga Pirivinai”. It was fun to note that the other student always looked for cover. I was very scared of U.Karunakaran, who also teased me from time to time, at least so I felt.

Our class teacher, Mr. Radhakrishnan got married that year. It was a perfect joyful occasion not only for our class teacher but also to our class. Substitute teachers normally allowed the playful liberties taken by the students. Class boys had a full fun time. But I was in trouble. Karunakaran came and told me that he attended the

Sir M.CT.M High school – the name itself brings nostalgic memories. It looks like only a couple of years have passed since I completed my Secondary School Leaving Certificate Examination (SSLC) from the School. Yet, the reality is that more than 50 years have passed since the 1965 batch students completed their school year at the revered educational institution.

J.R. Moehringer once wrote that everyone has a holy place; a refuge where their heart is purer, their mind clearer, and their doubts quieter. For many 1965 batch M.CT.M. High School students the benches at the school was that place.

Everything. Happens. Here. Three of the most prophetic words of my years at the School. The school years were lively with anecdotes, making it difficult to identify which was the best year of all the six years of middle and higher secondary school education that I had there. In the following lines I attempt to travel in my memory lane and bring out events and incidents that are still vivid to me, which I cherish. Some of them may sound kid stuff to many, but they continue to amuse me and I enjoy those memories also from time to time.

Year 1: Form I – Class Teacher: B. Radhakrishnan

On my first school day I felt a bit overwhelmed. I had not seen such big school buildings till then. Being an introvert myself, I always avoided the spot light and did not mingle easily with others.

P.K.Sampath Kumar and U.Karunakaran tried to engage in conversation with me for different reasons. Sampath Kumar was a lively character. It is a pity that he is no more. In his company one would always been laughing and cheerful. He hated dull moments. In the company of N.R.Sridharan, and P.S.Ramachandran he would attempt to cut jokes at my expense, much of which was very difficult for me even to understand. I escaped his attention only after another student stole the limelight. I am not sure of his name, but he looked messy, and his shirt always smelled a bit. Sampath used to make fun of him by singing the song “En piranthai natham En piranthayo” a modification of “En piranthai magane” from the Tamil film “Baga Pirivinalai”. It was fun to note that the other student always looked for cover. I was very scared of U.Karunakaran, who also teased me from time to time, at least so I felt.

Our class teacher, Mr. Radhakrishnan got married that year. It was a perfect joyful occasion not only for our class teacher but also to our class. Substitute teachers normally allowed the playful liberties taken by the students. Class boys had a full fun time. But I was in trouble. Karunakaran came and told me that he attended the marriage function. He added that another boy Kailasam, grandson of the MD of Andrew Yule &Co Ltd, also attended wedding, and that Kailasam presented the teacher with a golden cup or something like that. He started teasing me that I did not attend the wedding. Looking back I laugh out, but for a reticent boy in me, getting teased about itself was a new experience.

Sir M.CT.M High school – the name itself brings nostalgic memories. It looks like only a couple of years have passed since I completed my Secondary School Leaving Certificate Examination (SSLC) from the School. Yet, the reality is that more than 50 years have passed since the 1965 batch students completed their school year at the revered educational institution.

J.R. Moehringer once wrote that everyone has a holy place; a refuge where their heart is purer, their mind clearer, and their doubts quieter. For many 1965 batch M.CT.M. High School students the benches at the school was that place.

Everything. Happens. Here. Three of the most prophetic words of my years at the School. The school years were lively with anecdotes, making it difficult to identify which was the best year of all the six years of middle and higher secondary school education that I had there. In the following lines I attempt to travel in my memory lane and bring out events and incidents that are still vivid to me, which I cherish. Some of them may sound kid stuff to many, but they continue to amuse me and I enjoy those memories also from time to time.

Year 1: Form I – Class Teacher: B. Radhakrishnan

On my first school day I felt a bit overwhelmed. I had not seen such big school buildings till then. Being an introvert myself, I always avoided the spot light and did not mingle easily with others.

P.K.Sampath Kumar and U.Karunakaran tried to engage in conversation with me for different reasons. Sampath Kumar was a lively character. It is a pity that he is no more. In his company one would always been laughing and cheerful. He hated dull moments. In the company of N.R.Sridharan, and P.S.Ramachandran he would attempt to cut jokes at my expense, much of which was very difficult for me even to understand. I escaped his attention only after another student stole the limelight. I am not sure of his name, but he looked messy, and his shirt always smelled a bit. Sampath used to make fun of him by singing the song “En piranthai natham En piranthayo” a modification of “En piranthai magane” from the Tamil film “Baga Pirivinai”. It was fun to note that the other student always looked for cover. I was very scared of U.Karunakaran, who also teased me from time to time, at least so I felt.

Our class teacher, Mr. Radhakrishnan got married that year. It was a perfect joyful occasion not only for our class teacher but also to our class. Substitute teachers normally allowed the playful liberties taken by the students. Class boys had a full fun time. But I was in trouble. Karunakaran came and told me that he attended the marriage function. He added that another boy Kailasam, grandson of the MD of Andrew Yule &Co Ltd, also attended wedding, and that Kailasam presented the teacher with a golden cup or something like that. He started teasing me that I did not attend the wedding. Looking back I laugh out, but for a reticent boy in me, getting

Sir M.CT.M High school – the name itself brings nostalgic memories. It looks like only a couple of years have passed since I completed my Secondary School Leaving Certificate Examination (SSLC) from the School. Yet, the reality is that more than 50 years have passed since the 1965 batch students completed their school year at the revered educational institution.

J.R. Moehringer once wrote that everyone has a holy place; a refuge where their heart is purer, their mind clearer, and their doubts quieter. For many 1965 batch M.CT.M. High School students the benches at the school was that place.

Everything. Happens. Here. Three of the most prophetic words of my years at the School. The school years were lively with anecdotes, making it difficult to identify which was the best year of all the six years of middle and higher secondary school education that I had there. In the following lines I attempt to travel in my memory lane and bring out events and incidents that are still vivid to me, which I cherish. Some of them may sound kid stuff to many, but they continue to amuse me and I enjoy those memories also from time to time.

Year 1: Form I – Class Teacher: B. Radhakrishnan

On my first school day I felt a bit overwhelmed. I had not seen such big school buildings till then. Being an introvert myself, I always avoided the spot light and did not mingle easily with others.

P.K.Sampath Kumar and U.Karunakaran tried to engage in conversation with me for different reasons. Sampath Kumar was a lively character. It is a pity that he is no more. In his company one would always been laughing and cheerful. He hated dull moments. In the company of N.R.Sridharan, and P.S.Ramachandran he would attempt to cut jokes at my expense, much of which was very difficult for me even to understand. I escaped his attention only after another student stole the limelight. I am not sure of his name, but he looked messy, and his shirt always smelled a bit. Sampath used to make fun of him by singing the song “En piranthai natham En piranthayo” a modification of “En piranthai magane” from the Tamil film “Baga Pirivinalai”. It was fun to note that the other student always looked for cover. I was very scared of U.Karunakaran, who also teased me from time to time, at least so I felt.

Our class teacher, Mr. Radhakrishnan got married that year. It was a perfect joyful occasion not only for our class teacher but also to our class. Substitute teachers normally allowed the playful liberties taken by the students. Class boys had a full fun time. But I was in trouble. Karunakaran came and told me that he attended the marriage function. He added that another boy Kailasam, grandson of the MD of Andrew Yule &Co Ltd, also attended wedding, and that Kailasam presented the teacher with a golden cup or something like that. He started teasing me that I did not attend the wedding. Looking back I laugh out, but for a reticent boy in me, getting

Sir M.CT.M High school – the name itself brings nostalgic memories. It looks like only a couple of years have passed since I completed my Secondary School Leaving Certificate Examination (SSLC) from the School. Yet, the reality is that more than 50 years have passed since the 1965 batch students completed their school year at the revered educational institution.

J.R. Moehringer once wrote that everyone has a holy place; a refuge where their heart is purer, their mind clearer, and their doubts quieter. For many 1965 batch M.CT.M. High School students the benches at the school was that place.

Everything. Happens. Here. Three of the most prophetic words of my years at the School. The school years were lively with anecdotes, making it difficult to identify which was the best year of all the six years of middle and higher secondary school education that I had there. In the following lines I attempt to travel in my memory lane and bring out events and incidents that are still vivid to me, which I cherish. Some of them may sound kid stuff to many, but they continue to amuse me and I enjoy those memories also from time to time.

Year 1: Form I – Class Teacher: B. Radhakrishnan

On my first school day I felt a bit overwhelmed. I had not seen such big school buildings till then. Being an introvert myself, I always avoided the spot light and did not mingle easily with others.

P.K.Sampath Kumar and U.Karunakaran tried to engage in conversation with me for different reasons. Sampath Kumar was a lively character. It is a pity that he is no more. In his company one would always been laughing and cheerful. He hated dull moments. In the company of N.R.Sridharan, and P.S.Ramachandran he would attempt to cut jokes at my expense, much of which was very difficult for me even to understand. I escaped his attention only after another student stole the limelight. I am not sure of his name, but he looked messy, and his shirt always smelled a bit. Sampath used to make fun of him by singing the song “En piranthai natham En piranthayo” a modification of “En piranthai magane” from the Tamil film “Baga Pirivinai”. It was fun to note that the other student always looked for cover. I was very scared of U.Karunakaran, who also teased me from time to time, at least so I felt.

Our class teacher, Mr. Radhakrishnan got married that year. It was a perfect joyful occasion not only for our class teacher but also to our class. Substitute teachers normally allowed the playful liberties taken by the students. Class boys had a full fun time. But I was in trouble. Karunakaran came and told me that he attended the marriage function. He added that another boy Kailasam, grandson of the MD of



My Reminiscences Of Sir M.Ct. Muthiah Chettiar High School

E R Shivaji

I passed out of the 5th standard in Corporation School, Egmore in 1959. Following the footsteps of my elder brother who was studying in MCtM, my father wanted me to apply for this school. At that time, I was required to take an entrance test for admission. This was required for all students coming from Corporation schools or after private study. This way, the school was maintaining academic standards.



My brother and I bought the application form for 5 Paise (!). I had already got my TC (Transfer Certificate) from the Corporation School. Some people were telling my brother that this was not correct, because the admission test is hard. They were saying "If you don't get selected, you can't go back to the same School". My brother was however positive that I would get admission because I had very good marks in my 5th class public exam. I remember taking this test. It was a big class room and several students were taking it. The test was in 2 parts, each of one hour; Maths and a general test in Tamil. It was fairly difficult. This was the first time, I saw during the exam, an old man with a pot of drinking water and giving water to those who were thirsty. I concluded that the school is very considerate.

After a few days, the results were announced. I was in the selected list. My roll number was 170 and I remember that the next person selected was 201; quite a gap.

The next day, my brother brought me to the school with my progress report and TC for admission. It was the first time I met the Headmaster Narasimhan. He was signing admission cards. He glanced at my marks sheet, patted me on my back and said "Good boy". Then we took the admission slip to the School Cashier, paid the fees and got admitted to this great school in I Form.

The opening day was another memorable day. I remember that vividly. I think it was 15th June, 1959. As I entered the school, I met some of my friends who studied with me in Egmore: Ramakrishnan and Ramachandran. We went to the school quadrangle for prayer. At that time, Gopalakrishna Iyer appeared on the balcony along with Narasimhan and announced that he was retiring and handing over to Narasimhan.

From 1959 till 1965, I studied in this great school. I am recording some of my great moments and experiences in these 6 years.

I passed out of the 5th standard in Corporation School, Egmore in 1959. Following the footsteps of my elder brother who was studying in MCtM, my father wanted me to apply for this school. At that time, I was required to take an entrance test for admission. This was required for all students coming from Corporation schools or after private study. This way, the school was maintaining academic standards.

My brother and I bought the application form for 5 Paise (!). I had already got my TC (Transfer Certificate) from the Corporation School. Some people were telling my brother that this was not correct, because the admission test is hard. They were saying "If you don't get selected, you can't go back to the same School". My brother was however positive that I would get admission because I had very good marks in my 5th class public exam. I remember taking this test. It was a big class room and several students were taking it. The test was in 2 parts, each of one hour; Maths and a general test in Tamil. It was fairly difficult. This was the first time, I saw during the exam, an old man with a pot of drinking water and giving water to those who were thirsty. I concluded that the school is very considerate.

After a few days, the results were announced. I was in the selected list. My roll number was 170 and I remember that the next person selected was 201; quite a gap.

The next day, my brother brought me to the school with my progress report and TC for admission. It was the first time I met the Headmaster Narasimhan. He was signing admission cards. He glanced at my marks sheet, patted me on my back and said "Good boy". Then we took the admission slip to the School Cashier, paid the fees and got admitted to this great school in I Form.

The opening day was another memorable day. I remember that vividly. I think it was 15th June, 1959. As I entered the school, I met some of my friends who studied with me in Egmore: Ramakrishnan and Ramachandran. We went to the school quadrangle for prayer. At that time, Gopalakrishna Iyer appeared on the balcony along with Narasimhan and announced that he was retiring and handing over to Narasimhan.

From 1959 till 1965, I studied in this great school. I am recording some of my great moments and experiences in these 6 years.

My first teacher was B. Radhakrishnan. His approach to teaching English was great. He did not start with alphabet or grammar. For a month or so, he introduced simple conversations in English Eg. What is your name? Who is there? Etc. That helped us to get over our fear of English. I made several friends there: Murali Manoharan, Karuna, Srinivasan, Aruljothi, NR Sridharan, PVR, TSR, and others.

I passed out of the 5th standard in Corporation School, Egmore in 1959. Following the footsteps of my elder brother who was studying in MCTM, my father wanted me to apply for this school. At that time, I was required to take an entrance test for admission. This was required for all students coming from Corporation schools or after private study. This way, the school was maintaining academic standards.

My brother and I bought the application form for 5 Paise (!). I had already got my TC (Transfer Certificate) from the Corporation School. Some people were telling my brother that this was not correct, because the admission test is hard. They were saying "If you don't get selected, you can't go back to the same School". My brother was however positive that I would get admission because I had very good marks in my 5th class public exam. I remember taking this test. It was a big class room and several students were taking it. The test was in 2 parts, each of one hour; Maths and a general test in Tamil. It was fairly difficult. This was the first time, I saw during the exam, an old man with a pot of drinking water and giving water to those who were thirsty. I concluded that the school is very considerate.

After a few days, the results were announced. I was in the selected list. My roll number was 170 and I remember that the next person selected was 201; quite a gap.

The next day, my brother brought me to the school with my progress report and TC for admission. It was the first time I met the Headmaster Narasimhan. He was signing admission cards. He glanced at my marks sheet, patted me on my back and said "Good boy". Then we took the admission slip to the School Cashier, paid the fees and got admitted to this great school in I Form.

The opening day was another memorable day. I remember that vividly. I think it was 15th June, 1959. As I entered the school, I met some of my friends who studied with me in Egmore: Ramakrishnan and Ramachandran. We went to the school quadrangle for prayer. At that time, Gopalakrishna Iyer appeared on the balcony along with Narasimhan and announced that he was retiring and handing over to Narasimhan.

From 1959 till 1965, I studied in this great school. I am recording some of my great moments and experiences in these 6 years.

My first teacher was B. Radhakrishnan. His approach to teaching English was great. He did not start with alphabet or grammar. For a month or so, he introduced simple conversations in English Eg. What is your name? Who is there? Etc. That helped us to get over our fear of English. I made several friends there: Murali Manoharan, Karuna, Srinivasan, Aruljothi, NR Sridharan, PVR, TSR, and others.

I passed out of the 5th standard in Corporation School, Egmore in 1959. Following the footsteps of my elder brother who was studying in MCtM, my father wanted me to apply for this school. At that time, I was required to take an entrance test for admission. This was required for all students coming from Corporation schools or after private study. This way, the school was maintaining academic standards.

My brother and I bought the application form for 5 Paise (!). I had already got my TC (Transfer Certificate) from the Corporation School. Some people were telling my brother that this was not correct, because the admission test is hard. They were saying "If you don't get selected, you can't go back to the same School". My brother was however positive that I would get admission because I had very good marks in my 5th class public exam. I remember taking this test. It was a big class room and several students were taking it. The test was in 2 parts, each of one hour; Maths and a general test in Tamil. It was fairly difficult. This was the first time, I saw during the exam, an old man with a pot of drinking water and giving water to those who were thirsty. I concluded that the school is very considerate.

After a few days, the results were announced. I was in the selected list. My roll number was 170 and I remember that the next person selected was 201; quite a gap.

The next day, my brother brought me to the school with my progress report and TC for admission. It was the first time I met the Headmaster Narasimhan. He was signing admission cards. He glanced at my marks sheet, patted me on my back and said "Good boy". Then we took the admission slip to the School Cashier, paid the fees and got admitted to this great school in I Form.

The opening day was another memorable day. I remember that vividly. I think it was 15th June, 1959. As I entered the school, I met some of my friends who studied with me in Egmore: Ramakrishnan and Ramachandran. We went to the school quadrangle for prayer. At that time, Gopalakrishna Iyer appeared on the balcony along with Narasimhan and announced that he was retiring and handing over to Narasimhan.

From 1959 till 1965, I studied in this great school. I am recording some of my great moments and experiences in these 6 years.

My first teacher was B. Radhakrishnan. His approach to teaching English was great. He did not start with alphabet or grammar. For a month or so, he introduced simple conversations in English Eg. What is your name? Who is there? Etc. That helped us





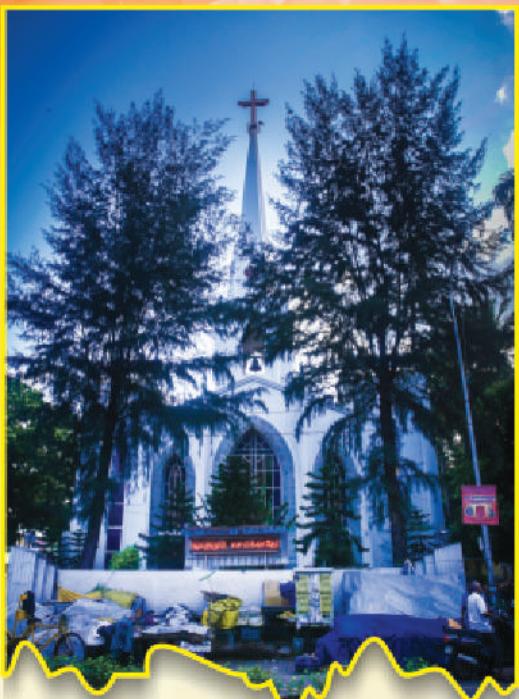
தேடிச் சோறுநிதந் தின்று - பல
 சின்னஞ் சிறுக்கைகள் பேசி மனம் -
 வாடித் துன்பமிக உழன்று பிறர் -
 வாடப் பலசெய்யல்கள் செய்து நடை -
 காடிக் கிழப்பறவ மெய்தி கொடுங் -
 கூற்றுக் கிரையெனப் பின்மாயும் பல -
 வேடிக்கை மனிதரைப் போலே நான் -
 வீழ்வேணன்று நினைத் தாயோ?

எல்லாம் இரண்டு

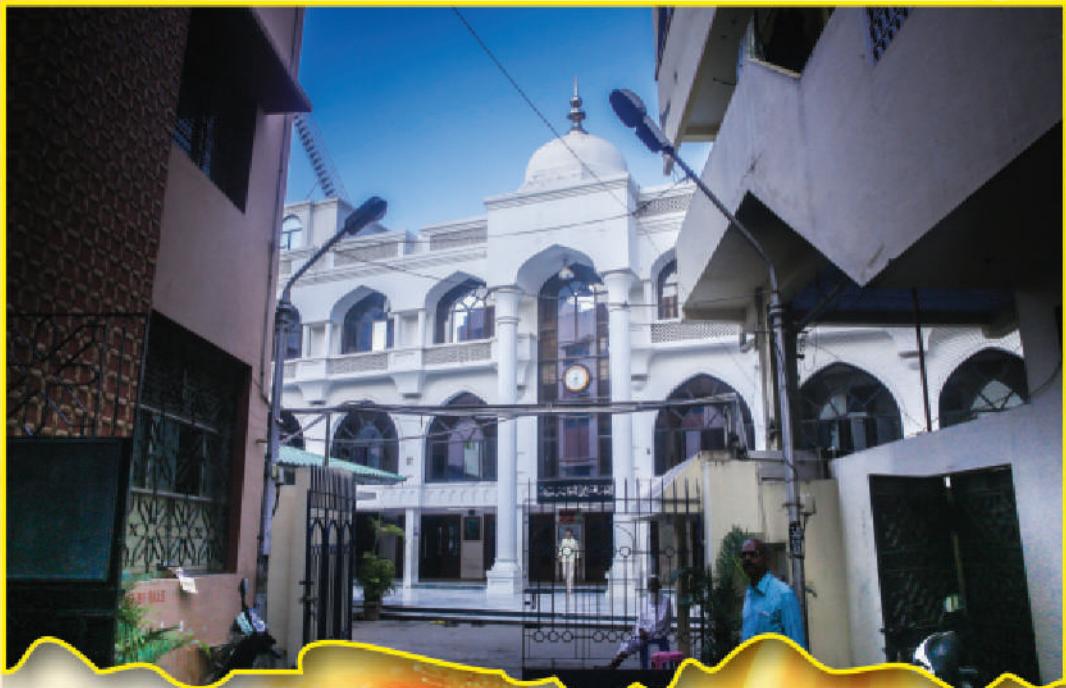
வருவதும் போவதும் இரண்டு	- இன்பம், துன்பம்
வந்தால் போகாதது இரண்டு	- புகழ், பழி
போனால் வராதது இரண்டு	- மானம், உயிர்
தானாக வருவது இரண்டு	- இளமை, முதுமை
நம்முடன் வருவது இரண்டு	- பாவம், புண்ணியம்
அடக்க முடியாதது இரண்டு	- ஆசை, துக்கம்
தவிர்க்க முடியாதது இரண்டு	- பசி, தாகம்
பிரிக்க முடியாதது இரண்டு	- பந்தம், பாசம்
அழிவை தருவது இரண்டு	- பொறாமை, கோபம்
எல்லோருக்கும் சமம் இரண்டு	- பிறப்பு, இறப்பு



**Arul Migu Sumuga Vinayagar Thirukoil
Gangadeeswarar Koil Street**



**Luthern Adaikalanathar Church,
Tana Street**



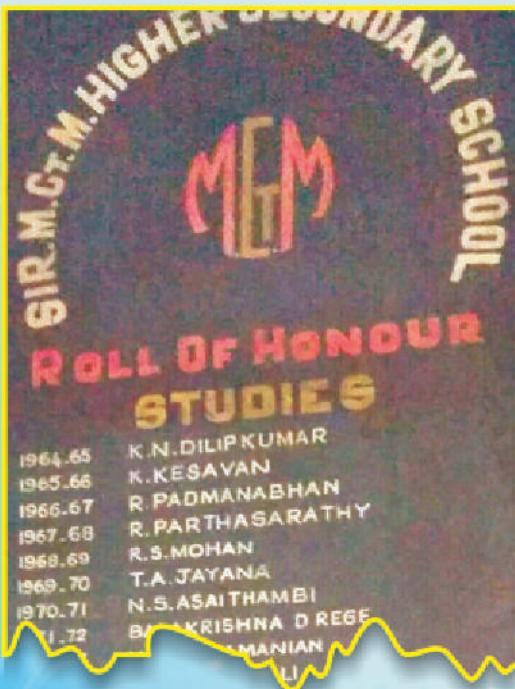
Grand Mosque, Ponnappa Mudali Street



Statue of Founder
M.Ct.M. Chidambaram Chettiar



Statue of
Sir M.Ct.M. Muthiah Chettiar



Rolls of Honour for Studies & Sports





School Building Front View



School Prayer Hall with Podium



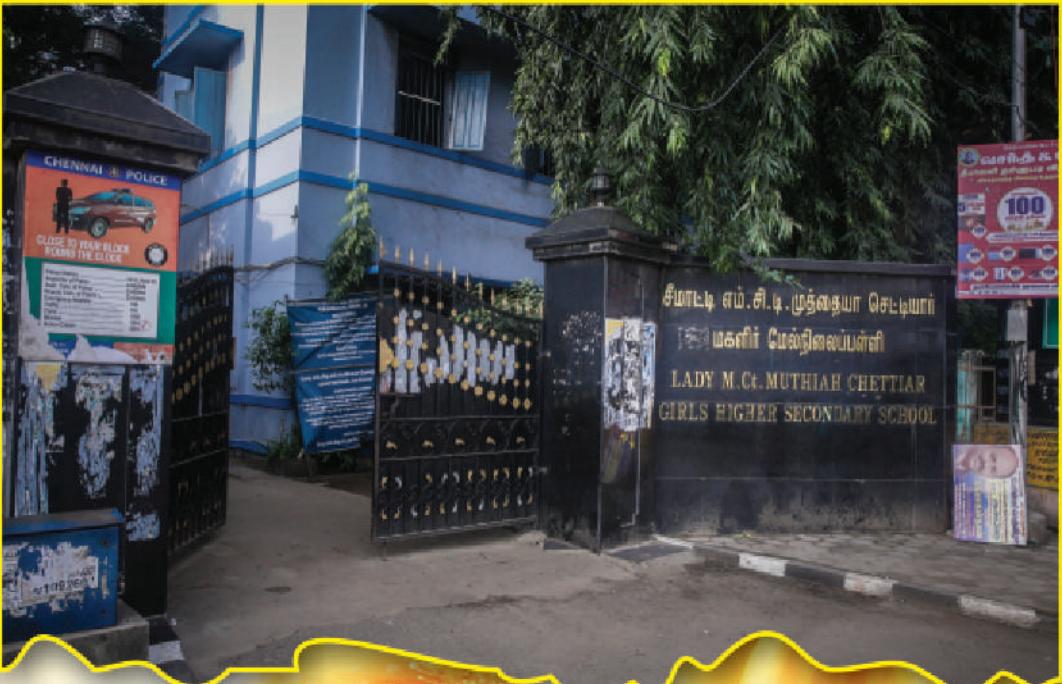
Shields of Merit given to School



A view of Chemistry Lab



Landmark of the School – Dharmaprakash



Lady M.Ct.M. Girls Higher Secondary School

Lawder's Gate in Purasawalkam and James Lawder

(Published in the *New Indian Express*, Madras Edition, 28 December 2009)

A. Raman

A majority of Purasawalkam residents would be familiar with the Lawder's Gate bus stop between the-now-defunct Bank *Manickam Mudaliar* Park and *Gangadaréswarar* Temple on *Gangadaréswarar Koil* Street. Who was this Lawder, after whom this bus stop is named?



James Lawder was a medical doctor, in charge of the native infirmary attached to the *Monégar Choultry* (*Kanji Tōtti* Hospital, later renamed the Stanley Medical College & Hospital). Leprosy was a major problem in the XVIII century Madras. Because of high numbers of leprosy patients, the Government was under pressure to expand the *Monégar Choultry* facility. The native infirmary at *Purasawalkam*, established in 1809, was annexed to the *Monégar Choultry* in July 1840 to serve in the context of treating patients of leprosy.

James Lawder was born on 9 March 1788, qualified as a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons (MRCS) of England on 17 January 1812₁. He joined Madras Medical Service (notated in the directory of Royal College of Surgeons of England; page 687) as an assistant surgeon on 13 July 1822, elevated to the status of a full Surgeon on 1 February 1835_{1,2}, and was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons (FRCS) of England on 26 August 1844₃. He retired from active service on 15 February 1848 and died in UK on 21 February 1860. Earlier to his commission in Madras, he had served in the Peninsular War and in the United States in 1814₁. He was one of the 29 officers of the Indian Medical Service to be elected as a Fellow of the English Royal College of Surgeons in 1844₂. He married Anna Maria in 1820 and they had two sons, Edward and William.

The Directory of the English Royal College of Surgeons says (page 687): "He (Lawder) retired on half pay on 22 June 1820." Implications of this statement are unclear.

Jane Buckingham₄ refers to Lawder's contributions to public health in Madras in the following contexts:

- ♦ In ventilating appropriately the hospital newly constructed in 1840, because at that time King's *Madras Manual of Hygiene* emphasized good ventilation in hospitals.
- ♦ In the construction of a 10' (ca. 3 m) tall compound wall to the Leper Asylum, whereas the government preferred a 7' (ca. 2 m) tall compound wall.

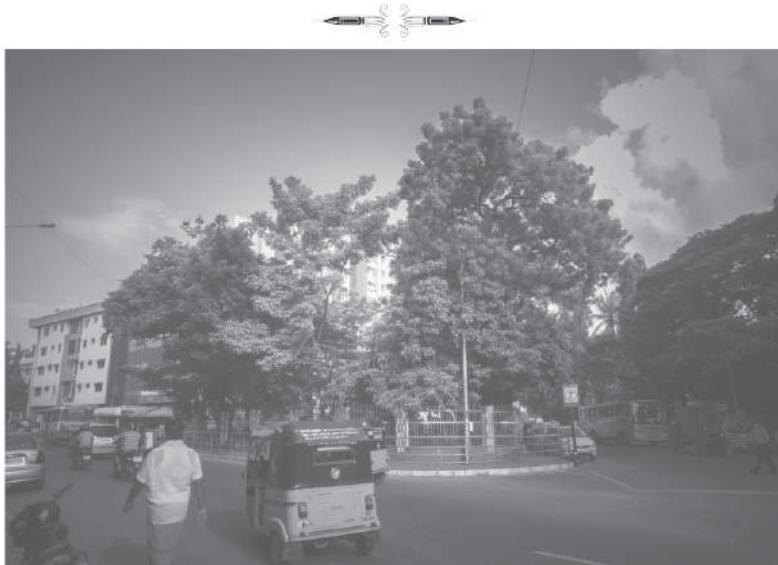
Lawder believed in clamping strong restraints on patients of leprosy, principally for restricting the spread of the 'dreaded' disease. In effect, Lawder seems to have

A majority of Purasawalkam residents would be familiar with the *Lawder's Gate* bus stop between the now-defunct Bank *Manickam Mudaliar* Park and *Gangadaréswarar* Temple on *Gangadaréswarar Koil* Street. Who was this Lawder, after whom this bus stop is named?

James Lawder was a medical doctor, in charge of the native infirmary attached to the *Monégar Choultry* (*Kanji Totti* Hospital, later re-named the Stanley Medical College & Hospital). Leprosy was a major problem in the XVIII century Madras. Because of high numbers of leprosy patients, the Government was under pressure to expand the *Monégar Choultry* facility. The native infirmary at *Purasawalkam*, established in 1809, was annexed to the *Monégar Choultry* in July 1840 to serve in the context of treating patients of leprosy.

James Lawder was born on 9 March 1788, qualified as a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons (MRCS) of England on 17 January 1812₁. He joined Madras Medical Service (notated in the directory of Royal College of Surgeons of England; page 687) as an assistant surgeon on 13 July 1822, elevated to the status of a full Surgeon on 1 February 1835_{1,2}, and was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons (FRCS) of England on 26 August 1844₃. He retired from active service on 15 February 1848 and died in UK on 21 February 1860. Earlier to his commission in Madras, he had served in the Peninsular War and in the United States in 1814₁. He was one of the 29 officers of the Indian Medical Service to be elected as a Fellow of the English Royal College of Surgeons in 1844₂. He married Anna Maria in 1820 and they had two sons, Edward and William.

The Directory of the English Royal College of Surgeons says (page 687): "He (Lawder) retired on half pay on 22 June 1820." Implications of this statement are unclear.



Manickka Mudaliar Park near Lawder's Gate Bus Stop

My Sweet Memories of School Days

R. Radhakrishnan

I joined in M.Ct.M.Boys Hr. Sc.School in 8th std during 1960/61. Shri.Chengalvarayan was my class teacher and I got admission in this school with the recommendation of Tamil Teacher Thiru P.S.Shanmugam Pillai, a nice and gentle human being.



From my area (Jamalia/Perambur) many boys and girls were studying at both Sir and Lady M.Ct.M. High School, Purasawalkam. We, the boys and girls used to gather at B & C Mills' Bus stop and proceed as a group to School. The route through the Bricklin Road, or E.L.M. School Road, Gangadhareswarar Koil Road gave us all enough time to mingle with each other and laugh over several things.

While going through these roads, some boys would make naughty comments to girls. Some girls returned it in the same coin. It was all fun with laughter and innocent smiles. Some of those jokes and laughter still remain etched in my memory. Recollecting those incidents gives me a nostalgia and joy which is very easy to experience but difficult to explain.

I too made friendship with a girl studying class 7, at Lady MCtM. I gave her a nice sounding pet name and she liked it very much. In return, she started calling me as "Radhu". This pleased me immensely, as till then only my mother called me as "Radhu" and all others used to call me as "Radha".

Those days Gangadhareswarar Kovil Tank was easily accessible, clean and very inviting. Many days we sat on the steps of the temple tank and kept talking about so

many things. Sometimes we bought sliced mango smeared with salt and chilli powder (maangaa bathai), and ate happily. On such days we used to avoid our classmates. Our friendship continued till my 11th std. Then I joined D.Com. at Tharamani, Adayar. The frequency of our meetings came down drastically. Yet, we managed to meet once in a while at – yes, the same Gangadhareswarar Koil Tank steps.



Gangadhareswarar Kovil

I joined in M.Ct.M.Boys Hr. Sc.School in 8th std during 1960/61. Shri.Chengalvarayan was my class teacher and I got admission in this school with the recommendation of Tamil Teacher Thiru P.S.Shanmugam Pillai, a nice and gentle human being.

From my area (Jamalia/Perambur) many boys and girls were studying at both Sir and Lady M.Ct.M. High School, Purasawalkam. We, the boys and girls used to gather at B & C Mills' Bus stop and proceed as a group to School. The route through the Bricklin Road, or E.L.M. School Road, Gangadhareswarar Koil Road gave us all enough time to mingle with each other and laugh over several things.



While going through these roads, some boys would make naughty comments to girls. Some girls returned it in the same coin. It was all fun with laughter and innocent smiles. Some of those jokes and laughter still remain etched in my memory. Recollecting those incidents gives me a nostalgia and joy which is very easy to experience but difficult to explain.

I too made friendship with a girl studying class 7, at Lady MCtM. I gave her a nice sounding pet name and she liked it very much. In return, she started calling me as "Radhu". This pleased me immensely, as till then only my mother called me as "Radhu" and all others used to call me as "Radha".

Those days Gangadhareswarar Kovil Tank was easily accessible, clean and very inviting. Many days we sat on the steps of the temple tank and kept talking about so many things. Sometimes we bought sliced mango smeared with salt and chilli powder (maangaa bathai), and ate happily. On such days we used to avoid our classmates. Our friendship continued till my 11th std. Then I joined D.Com. at Tharamani, Adayar. The frequency of our meetings came down drastically. Yet, we managed to meet once in a while at – yes, the same Gangadhareswarar Koil Tank steps.

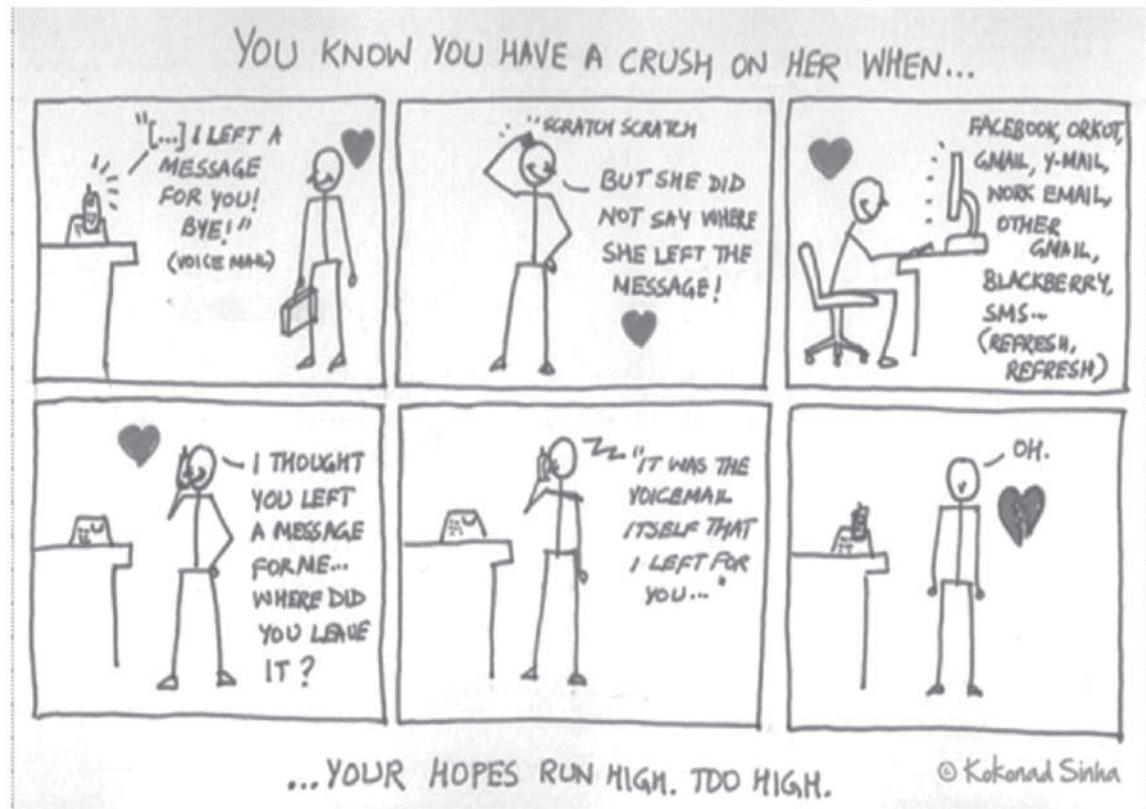
Then in 1969 I joined Army and left her, promising that I would meet her on my coming back on annual leave. After completing my basic training I came on one month leave and tried to meet her, only to learn that they had vacated their house and shifted to a new place. I felt very sad and horrible pain in my heart. Days, months and years passed away, but the memories refused to fade away. Not even after twenty long years.

I joined in M.Ct.M.Boys Hr. Sc.School in 8th std during 1960/61. Shri.Chengalvarayan was my class teacher and I got admission in this school with the recommendation of Tamil Teacher Thiru P.S.Shanmugam Pillai, a nice and gentle human being.

From my area (Jamalia/Perambur) many boys and girls were studying at both Sir and Lady M.Ct.M. High School, Purasawalkam. We, the boys and girls used to gather at B & C Mills' Bus stop and proceed as a group to School. The route through the Bricklin Road, or E.L.M. School Road, Gangadhareswarar Koil Road gave us all



"I know, I know, it's romantic. But we must move on... else.... " - pvr



My Pre M.Ct.M. School Days : I was totally unprepared!

P V Ramaswamy

Even now any educational institution makes me shiver a little; the word teacher sends a shudder down my spine. For some strange reason, I feel I am in the 'class' of the great and favorite writer RK Narayan. No, not in the same class room – but in looking at all school buildings with awe and timidity! There is a PVR in his most admired book Swami and Friends. Not read yet? Go ahead and read.

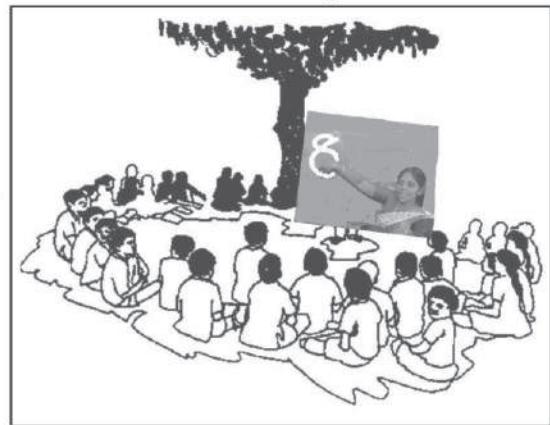


Do you know what is common between a 20kg rice sack, an elevator and my brain? I know. It is known as limitation. I don't know what the UoM (Unit of Measurement) is for human memory is. So, I relate it to known objects and compare mine. To a 20 Kg rice sack, if one adds another 5 kg of whatever, the excess will flow down or the sack will open out and leak. Into an elevator of 8 adults capacity, even if just seven men of my size try it get in, the lift would groan in pain, raise an alarm siren and refuse even to close the door until one of us opts out or gets pushed out. So you get the picture... right? My brain also, is of low capacity. If new 5 Mb of data has to be absorbed, I have to delete some old data of 7 to 8 Mb from my memory. Why delete more than what is to be absorbed? I guess it is designed that way. Plus my age also actively co-operates with any opportunity to delete from memory. In short, most of my school day memories have vanished, and what remains is mere trivia. Still it will amuse you. I can guarantee you that it will amuse. Because I have nothing to share of any great things that I rememb – sorry, don't remember.

I am the eldest boy to my simple, God fearing parents with four children. I am not sure if it would qualify to be called a poor family, even though during rains we experienced leaking roofs and sleepless nights; from the country tiled roof, at least 4 times in a year, some scorpion had fallen on my thin fragile looking mother and stung her; and our groceries were from ration stores. I remember my parents worrying about any function or celebration that would demand sudden expenses. However, they never borrowed. Never. This is one of the important lessons I learnt from parents. We would rather miss a proper meal, than borrowing even a small change. I also learnt from them to live happily with dignity and integrity. I used to think those days, that every man, by default, was honest, and made a living by ethical practices only. I have to go back a few years, in order to explain the innocent world from which i come to join MCtM., and how i paid a price for that innocence.

Even now any educational institution makes me shiver a little; the word teacher sends a shudder down my spine. For some strange reason, I feel I am in the 'class' of the great and favorite writer RK Narayan. No, not in the same class room – but in looking at all school buildings with awe and timidity! There is a PVR in his most admired book Swami and Friends. Not read yet? Go ahead and read.

Do you know what is common between a 20kg rice sack, an elevator and my brain? I know. It is known as limitation. I don't know what the UoM (Unit of Measurement) is for human memory is. So, I relate it to known objects and compare mine. To a 20 Kg rice sack, if one adds another 5 kg of whatever, the excess will flow down or the sack will open out and leak. Into an elevator of 8 adults capacity, even if just seven men of my size try to get in, the lift would groan in pain, raise an alarm siren and refuse even to close the door until one of us opts out or gets pushed out. So you get the picture... right? My brain also, is of low capacity. If new 5 Mb of data has to be absorbed, I have to delete some old data of 7 to 8 Mb from my memory. Why delete more than what is to be absorbed? I guess it is designed that way. Plus my age also actively co-operates with any opportunity to delete from memory. In short, most of my school day memories have vanished, and what remains is mere trivia. Still it will amuse you. I can guarantee you that it will amuse. Because I have nothing to share of any great things that I rememb – sorry, don't remember.

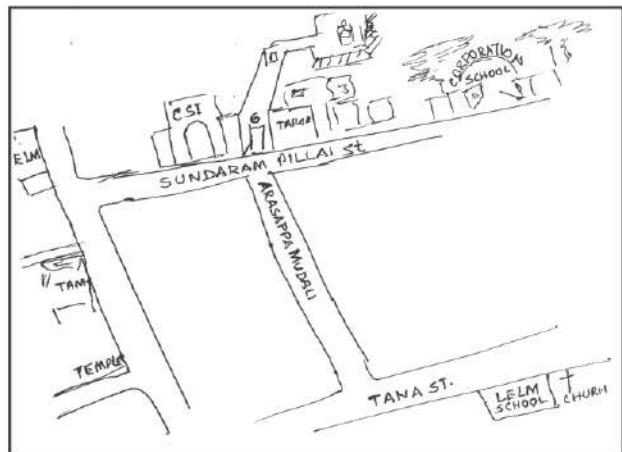


I am the eldest boy to my simple, God fearing parents with four children. I am not sure if it would qualify to be called a poor family, even though during rains we experienced leaking roofs and sleepless nights; from the country tiled roof, at least 4 times in a year, some scorpion had fallen on my thin fragile looking mother and stung her; and our groceries were from ration stores. I remember my parents worrying about any function or celebration that would demand sudden expenses. However, they never borrowed. Never. This is one of the important lessons I learnt from parents. We would rather miss a proper meal, than borrowing even a small change. I also learnt from them to live happily with dignity and integrity. I used to think those days, that every man, by default, was honest, and made a living by ethical practices only. I have to go back a few years, in order to explain the innocent world from which i come to join MCtM., and how i paid a price for that innocence.

Throughout my school days, I remained a Purasawalkam boy. Yet I saw two Corporation Schools and one LELM before joining MCtM for my 5th standard.

Even now any educational institution makes me shiver a little; the word teacher sends a shudder down my spine. For some strange reason, I feel I am in the 'class' of the great and favorite writer RK Narayan. No, not in the same class room – but in looking at all school buildings with awe and timidity! There is a PVR in his most admired book Swami and Friends. Not read yet? Go ahead and read.

Do you know what is common between a 20kg rice sack, an elevator and my brain? I know. It is known as limitation. I don't know what the UoM (Unit of Measurement) is for human memory is. So, I relate it to known objects and compare mine. To a 20 Kg rice sack, if one adds another 5 kg of whatever, the excess will flow down or the sack will open out and leak. Into an elevator of 8 adults capacity, even if just seven men of my size try to get in, the lift would groan in pain, raise an alarm siren and refuse even to close the door until one of us opts out or gets pushed out. So you get the picture... right? My brain also, is of low capacity. If new 5 Mb of data has to be absorbed, I have to delete some old data of 7 to 8 Mb from my memory. Why delete more than what is to be absorbed? I guess it is designed that way. Plus my age also actively co-operates with any opportunity to delete from memory. In short, most of my school day memories have vanished, and what remains is mere trivia. Still it will amuse you. I can guarantee you that it will amuse. Because I have nothing to share of any great things that I remember – sorry, don't remember.



I am the eldest boy to my simple, God fearing parents with four children. I am not sure if it would qualify to be called a poor family, even though during rains we experienced leaking roofs and sleepless nights; from the country tiled roof, at least 4 times in a year, some scorpion had fallen on my thin fragile looking mother and stung her; and our groceries were from ration stores. I remember my parents worrying about any function or celebration that would demand sudden expenses. However, they never borrowed. Never. This is one of the important lessons I learnt from parents. We would rather miss a proper meal, than borrowing even a small change. I also learnt from them to live happily with dignity and integrity. I used to think those days, that every man, by default, was honest, and made a living by ethical practices only. I have to go back a few years, in order to explain the innocent world from which I come to join MCtM., and how I paid a price for that innocence.

Even now any educational institution makes me shiver a little; the word teacher sends a shudder down my spine. For some strange reason, I feel I am in the 'class' of the great and favorite writer RK Narayan. No, not in the same class room – but in looking at all school buildings with awe and timidity! There is a PVR in his most admired book Swami and Friends. Not read yet? Go ahead and read.

Do you know what is common between a 20kg rice sack, an elevator and my brain? I know. It is known as limitation. I don't know what the UoM (Unit of Measurement) is for human memory is. So, I relate it to known objects and compare mine. To a 20 Kg rice sack, if one adds another 5 kg of whatever, the excess will flow down or the sack will open out and leak. Into an elevator of 8 adults capacity, even if just seven men of my size try to get in, the lift would groan in pain, raise an alarm siren and refuse even to close the door until one of us opts out or gets pushed out. So you get the picture... right? My brain also, is of low capacity. If new 5 Mb of data has to be absorbed, I have to delete some old data of 7 to 8 Mb from my memory. Why delete more than what is to be absorbed? I guess it is designed that way. Plus my age also actively co-operates with any opportunity to delete from memory. In short, most of my school day memories have vanished, and what remains is mere trivia. Still it will amuse you. I can guarantee you that it will amuse. Because I have nothing to share of any great things that I rememb – sorry, don't remember.

I am the eldest boy to my simple, God fearing parents with four children. I am not sure if it would qualify to be called a poor family, even though during rains we experienced leaking roofs and sleepless nights; from the country tiled roof, at least 4 times in a year, some scorpion had fallen on my thin fragile looking mother and stung her; and our groceries were from ration stores. I remember my parents worrying about any function or celebration that would demand sudden expenses. However, they never borrowed. Never. This is one of the important lessons I learnt from parents. We would rather miss a proper meal, than borrowing even a small change. I also learnt from them to live happily with dignity and integrity. I used to think those days, that every man, by default, was honest, and made a living by ethical practices only. I have to go back a few years, in order to explain the innocent world from which i come to join MCtM., and how i paid a price for that innocence.

Throughout my school days, I remained a Purasawalkam boy. Yet I saw two Corporation Schools and one LELM before joining MCtM for my 5th standard. Initially we used to live in Muthu Mudhali St. (connecting Perambur Barracks Road and Vaikkakaran Street). It had an adjacent, lengthier Kariappa Mudhali Street, connecting Tana St. and the Perambur Barracks Rd. This Kariappa Mudhali St. had a nice Corporation School where I was admitted. I was so happy to see large open spaces, and large trees there. And it was so close to my house in Muthu Mudhali St. I

Even now any educational institution makes me shiver a little; the word teacher sends a shudder down my spine. For some strange reason, I feel I am in the 'class' of the great and favorite writer RK Narayan. No, not in the same class room – but in looking at all school buildings with awe and timidity! There is a PVR in his most admired book Swami and Friends. Not read yet? Go ahead and read.

Do you know what is common between a 20kg rice sack, an elevator and my brain? I know. It is known as limitation. I don't know what the UoM (Unit of Measurement) is for human memory is. So, I relate it to known objects and compare mine. To a 20 Kg rice sack, if one adds another 5 kg of whatever, the excess will flow down or the sack will open out and leak. Into an elevator of 8 adults capacity, even if just seven men of my size try to get in, the lift would groan in pain, raise an alarm siren and refuse even to close the door until one of us opts out or gets pushed out. So you get the picture... right? My brain also, is of low capacity. If new 5 Mb of data has to be absorbed, I have to delete some old data of 7 to 8 Mb from my memory. Why delete more than what is to be absorbed? I guess it is designed that way. Plus my age also actively co-operates with any opportunity to delete from memory. In short, most of my school day memories have vanished, and what remains is mere trivia. Still it will amuse you. I can guarantee you that it will amuse. Because I have nothing to share of any great things that I remember – sorry, don't remember.

I am the eldest boy to my simple, God fearing parents with four children. I am not sure if it would qualify to be called a poor family, even though during rains we experienced leaking roofs and sleepless nights; from the country tiled roof, at least 4 times in a year, some scorpion had fallen on my thin fragile looking mother and stung her; and our groceries were from ration stores. I remember my parents worrying about any function or celebration that would demand sudden expenses. However, they never borrowed. Never. This is one of the important lessons I learnt from parents. We would rather miss a proper meal, than borrowing even a small change. I also learnt from them to live happily with dignity and integrity. I used to think those days, that every man, by default, was honest, and made a living by ethical practices only. I have to go back a few years, in order to explain the innocent world from which I come to join MCtM., and how I paid a price for that innocence.

Throughout my school days, I remained a Purasawalkam boy. Yet I saw two Corporation Schools and one LELM before joining MCtM for my 5th standard. Initially we used to live in Muthu Mudhal St. (connecting Perambur Barracks Road and Vaikkakaran Street). It had an adjacent, lengthier Kariappa Mudhal Street, connecting Tana St. and the Perambur Barracks Rd. This Kariappa Mudhal St. had a nice Corporation School where I was admitted. I was so happy to see large open spaces, and large trees there. And it was so close to my house in Muthu Mudhal St. I

Even now any educational institution makes me shiver a little; the word teacher sends a shudder down my spine. For some strange reason, I feel I am in the 'class' of the great and favorite writer RK Narayan. No, not in the same class room – but in looking at all school buildings with awe and timidity! There is a PVR in his most admired book Swami and Friends. Not read yet? Go ahead and read.

Do you know what is common between a 20kg rice sack, an elevator and my brain? I know. It is known as limitation. I don't know what the UoM (Unit of Measurement) is for human memory is. So, I relate it to known objects and compare mine. To a 20 Kg rice sack, if one adds another 5 kg of whatever, the excess will flow down or the sack will open out and leak. Into an elevator of 8 adults capacity, even if just seven men of my size try to get in, the lift would groan in pain, raise an alarm siren and refuse even to close the door until one of us opts out or gets pushed out. So you get the picture... right? My brain also, is of low capacity. If new 5 Mb of data has to be absorbed, I have to delete some old data of 7 to 8 Mb from my memory. Why delete more than what is to be absorbed? I guess it is designed that way. Plus my age also actively co-operates with any opportunity to delete from memory. In short, most of my school day memories have vanished, and what remains is mere trivia. Still it will amuse you. I can guarantee you that it will amuse. Because I have nothing to share of any great things that I rememb – sorry, don't remember.

I am the eldest boy to my simple, God fearing parents with four children. I am not sure if it would qualify to be called a poor family, even though during rains we experienced leaking roofs and sleepless nights; from the country tiled roof, at least 4 times in a year, some scorpion had fallen on my thin fragile looking mother and stung her; and our groceries were from ration stores. I remember my parents worrying about any function or celebration that would demand sudden expenses. However, they never borrowed. Never. This is one of the important lessons I learnt from parents. We would rather miss a proper meal, than borrowing even a small change. I also learnt from them to live happily with dignity and integrity. I used to think those days, that every man, by default, was honest, and made a living by ethical practices only. I have to go back a few years, in order to explain the innocent world from which i come to join MCtM., and how i paid a price for that innocence.

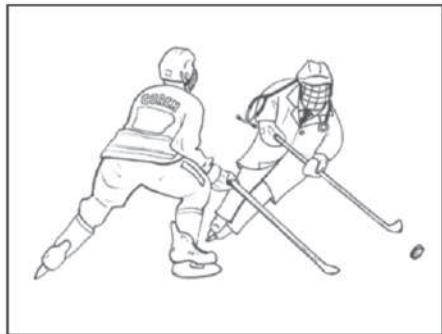
Throughout my school days, I remained a Purasawalkam boy. Yet I saw two Corporation Schools and one LELM before joining MCtM for my 5th standard. Initially we used to live in Muthu Mudhal St. (connecting Perambur Barracks Road



A Sportsman's Joyful Memories of the School

S. Padmanabhan

As I reminisce upon our school days, events from the years 1963, 1964 and 1965 come to my mind. Since I was in the sports team as an athlete and a hockey player, most of my school days were spent at the stadium and other grounds. The PT master at that time was Mr. Selvaraj. He was my guru and my well-wisher. At that time, the sports team captain was Mr. Vasanthkumar, and needless to mention, he too was an athlete. He won so many trophies and medals for our school. Our team was the champion of 'D' zone and also at district levels. Another athlete who comes to mind was Mr. Chandramohan who also was the champion in a multitude of events. Sadly, he is no more with us today, and I wish his soul eternal peace.



My contribution to the school was in being a good hockey player and a good athlete. All credit to my hockey playing skills goes to our hockey coach, Mr. Krishnamoorthy, who later became the national coach for the India hockey team. Towards the later part of our school days, we used to train at the Lake Area grounds behind Nehru Park. Every day, we used to assemble at this ground by 5am early in the morning, and train until 7am. And in the evening, we used to go there again to play hockey. Our PT master, Mr. Selvaraj used to be there for us and helped us all along. Those were indeed memorable times!

I also cannot forget our H.M. Mr. Narasimhan who used to help us a lot and encouraged us at every step to win prizes at state and district level events. His tireless and dedicated efforts were remarkable and stay in our mind even after all these years! Of course, the flip side of all this was how our studies were affected! Owing to our participation in so many events throughout the year, we were not able to concentrate much on our studies and ended up getting low marks in our Half Yearly exams during the 11th standard (S.S.L.C.). Seeing this, our H.M immediately made arrangements for special classes in all the subjects exclusively for us. Due to his efforts and the cooperation of our teachers, all the sports team members passed S.S.L.C. with very good marks and joined very good colleges.

We should always remember our school and our teachers. They gave us solid foundation for our life and made several sacrifices for us. We are indebted to them and must salute them.



Healthy Eating as You Age: Feeding Your Body, Mind and Soul

Dr. Murali

As people age, their diets may need to change, especially if their diets are not well balanced. Generally, doctors will recommend a well balanced diet for older adults, meaning that they should eat a variety of fruits, vegetables, proteins and whole grains to maintain and improve overall health. Remember the old adage, ***you are what you eat?*** Make it your motto, you'll feel vibrant and healthy, inside and out.



Live longer and stronger – Good nutrition keeps muscles, bones, organs, and other body parts strong for the long haul. Eating vitamin rich food boosts immunity and fights illness causing toxins. A proper diet reduces the risk of heart disease, stroke, high blood pressure, type2 diabetes, bone loss, cancer, and anaemia. Also, eating sensibly means consuming fewer calories and more nutrient dense foods, keeping weight in check.

Sharpen the mind – Key nutrients are essential for the brain to do its job. People who eat a selection of brightly coloured fruit, leafy veggies, and fish and nuts packed with omega3 fatty acids can improve focus and decrease their risk of Alzheimer's disease. Regular consumption of antioxidant rich green tea may also enhance memory and mental alertness as you age.

Feel better – Wholesome meals give you more energy and help you look better, resulting in a boost of self esteem. It's all connected—when your body feels good you feel happier inside and out.

How many calories do adults over 50 need? Use the following as a guideline:

- 1. Choosing Healthy Food:** Balanced nutrition is more than calorie counting. There are many other aspects to creating a nutritious lifestyle. Adults over 50 can feel better immediately and stay healthy for the future by choosing healthy foods. A balanced diet and physical activity contribute to a higher quality of life and enhanced independence as you age.

As people age, their diets may need to change, especially if their diets are not well balanced. Generally, doctors will recommend a well balanced diet for older adults, meaning that they should eat a variety of fruits, vegetables, proteins and whole grains to maintain and improve overall health. Remember the old adage, ***you are what you eat?*** Make it your motto, you'll feel vibrant and healthy, inside and out.

Live longer and stronger – Good nutrition keeps muscles, bones, organs, and other body parts strong for the long haul. Eating vitamin rich food boosts immunity and fights illness causing toxins. A proper diet reduces the risk of heart disease, stroke, high blood pressure, type2 diabetes, bone loss, cancer, and anaemia. Also, eating sensibly means consuming fewer calories and more nutrient dense foods, keeping weight in check.

Sharpen the mind – Key nutrients are essential for the brain to do its job. People who eat a selection of brightly coloured fruit, leafy veggies, and fish and nuts packed with omega3 fatty acids can improve focus and decrease their risk of Alzheimer's disease. Regular consumption of antioxidant rich green tea may also enhance memory and mental alertness as you age.

Feel better – Wholesome meals give you more energy and help you look better, resulting in a boost of self esteem. It's all connected—when your body feels good you feel happier inside and out.

How many calories do adults over 50 need? Use the following as a guideline:

1. **Choosing Healthy Food:** Balanced nutrition is more than calorie counting. There are many other aspects to creating a nutritious lifestyle. Adults over 50 can feel better immediately and stay healthy for the future by choosing healthy foods. A balanced diet and physical activity contribute to a higher quality of life and enhanced independence as you age.
2. **Food Your Body Needs As You Age :**
 - ♦ **Fruit** – Focus on whole fruits rather than juices for more fibre and vitamins and aim for 1½ to 2 servings or more each day. Break the apple and banana rut and go for colour rich pickings like berries or melons.

As people age, their diets may need to change, especially if their diets are not well balanced. Generally, doctors will recommend a well balanced diet for older adults, meaning that they should eat a variety of fruits, vegetables, proteins and whole grains to maintain and improve overall health. Remember the old adage, ***you are what you eat?*** Make it your motto, you'll feel vibrant and healthy, inside and out.

Live longer and stronger – Good nutrition keeps muscles, bones, organs, and other body parts strong for the long haul. Eating vitamin rich food boosts immunity and fights illness causing toxins. A proper diet reduces the risk of heart disease, stroke, high blood pressure, type2 diabetes, bone loss, cancer, and anaemia. Also, eating sensibly means consuming fewer calories and more nutrient dense foods, keeping weight in check.

Sharpen the mind – Key nutrients are essential for the brain to do its job. People who eat a selection of brightly coloured fruit, leafy veggies, and fish and nuts packed with omega3 fatty acids can improve focus and decrease their risk of Alzheimer's disease. Regular consumption of antioxidant rich green tea may also enhance



I have two doctors in my family and also one in pharma industry. I know doctors are the best in enjoying jokes. So, here we go... pvr.

Patient: "Doctor, I am scared. Is my heart so bad? What is the guarantee that this surgery will be successful? I want to live"

The surgeon: "I give you 100% guarantee. As long as you live, your heart will function nicely. It's my responsibility and promise"

This is Festival Season and also time for New Year. Therefore, in jokes also, here is an offer. 'Buy one, Get one Free'.



What is Entrepreneurship?

R Srinivasan

One fine evening when I was in the core committee meeting, I was asked by my close friends Santhanam and PVR to write an article on entrepreneurship. I really wondered why they gave me this topic; however I realized that the reason could be due to the fact that I had resigned within seven years of my joining a secure Government Job, to start my own enterprises in 1982.



I was a project officer appraising the projects during my service at Tamil Nadu Industrial investment corporation Ltd (TIIC), which I joined after my graduation in engineering. TIIC is a premier State Financial Corporation established in the year 1949 itself, to provide financial assistance to industries for purchase of land, machinery and construction of buildings for setting up of new industrial units or for expansion / modernisation / diversification of existing industries in Tamilnadu. It also caters to service sector projects such as hotels, hospitals and tourism related projects. Due to the nature of my responsibilities, I happened to meet hundreds of entrepreneurs who were approaching TIIC for financial help.



From experience I can confidently state that everyone at every stage has entrepreneurship. It is nothing but an inherent quality in every person. Pity is, many do not recognize their own strengths and are not even aware that. You would have noticed every child has an urge to do something new, create and seek appreciation for its creation. Not just once a day, but repeatedly. However, As one grows into adulthood,

many inborn traits are either lost or forgotten or ignored. Sadly, entrepreneurship also!

Yes, entrepreneurship differs from person to person and also depends on the background of one's family, the society one frequently interacts with, and circumstances and opportunities that one comes across in life. During the student years, if one develops self confidence, then the quality of entrepreneurship will

One fine evening when I was in the core committee meeting, I was asked by my close friends Santhanam and PVR to write an article on entrepreneurship. I really wondered why they gave me this topic; however I realized that the reason could be due to the fact that I had resigned within seven years of my joining a secure Government Job, to start my own enterprises in 1982.

I was a project officer appraising the projects during my service at Tamil Nadu Industrial investment corporation Ltd (TIIC), which I joined after my graduation in engineering. TIIC is a premier State Financial Corporation established in the year 1949 itself, to provide financial assistance to industries for purchase of land, machinery and construction of buildings for setting up of new industrial units or for expansion / modernisation / diversification of existing industries in Tamilnadu. It also caters to service sector projects such as hotels, hospitals and tourism related projects. Due to the nature of my responsibilities, I happened to meet hundreds of entrepreneurs who were approaching TIIC for financial help.

From experience I can confidently state that everyone at every stage has entrepreneurship. It is nothing but an inherent quality in every person. Pity is, many do not recognize their own strengths and are not even aware that. You would have noticed every child has an urge to do something new, create and seek appreciation for its creation. Not just once a day, but repeatedly. However, As one grows into adulthood, many inborn traits are either lost or forgotten or ignored. Sadly, entrepreneurship also!

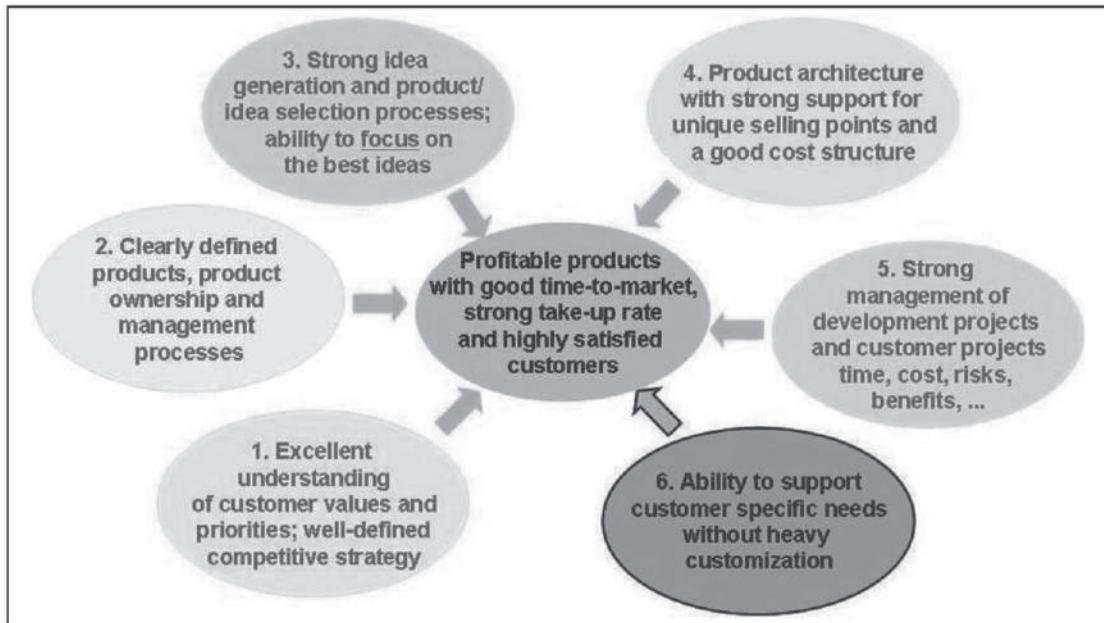
Yes, entrepreneurship differs from person to person and also depends on the background of one's family, the society one frequently interacts with, and circumstances and opportunities that one comes across in life. During the student years, if one develops self confidence, then the quality of entrepreneurship will nurture well and manifest in better performance in studies and exams. Ultimately he will start setting his own goals and achieve every single goal; he will also realize that goals are not static; they are very dynamic and keep changing. The bar would keep rising. He will continue to scale newer and taller peaks!

In the next stage, let us assume he takes up a job. If he desires to be one among the good performers in his work place, he would bring out his entrepreneurship traits; and not only work hard, but also 'think' like a owner, and work 'smart'. He would take 'ownership' of the tasks assigned to him, including the 'risk' factors. His self set goals will be higher than what his superiors set for him to achieve.

He would correctly identify who his internal customers and who his external

One fine evening when I was in the core committee meeting, I was asked by my close friends Santhanam and PVR to write an article on entrepreneurship. I really wondered why they gave me this topic; however I realized that the reason could be due to the fact that I had resigned within seven years of my joining a secure Government Job, to start my own enterprises in 1982.

I was a project officer appraising the projects during my service at Tamil Nadu Industrial investment corporation Ltd (TIIC), which I joined after my graduation in engineering. TIIC is a premier State Financial Corporation established in the year



1949 itself, to provide financial assistance to industries for purchase of land, machinery and construction of buildings for setting up of new industrial units or for expansion / modernisation / diversification of existing industries in Tamilnadu. It also caters to service sector projects such as hotels, hospitals and tourism related projects. Due to the nature of my responsibilities, I happened to meet hundreds of entrepreneurs who were approaching TIIC for financial help.

From experience I can confidently state that everyone at every stage has entrepreneurship. It is nothing but an inherent quality in every person. Pity is, many do not recognize their own strengths and are not even aware that. You would have noticed every child has an urge to do something new, create and seek appreciation for its creation. Not just once a day, but repeatedly. However, As one

One fine evening when I was in the core committee meeting, I was asked by my close friends Santhanam and PVR to write an article on entrepreneurship. I really wondered why they gave me this topic; however I realized that the reason could be due to the fact that I had resigned within seven years of my joining a secure Government Job, to start my own enterprises in 1982.

I was a project officer appraising the projects during my service at Tamil Nadu Industrial investment corporation Ltd (TIIC), which I joined after my graduation in engineering. TIIC is a premier State Financial Corporation established in the year 1949 itself, to provide financial assistance to industries for purchase of land, machinery and construction of buildings for setting up of new industrial units or for expansion / modernisation / diversification of existing industries in Tamilnadu. It also caters to service sector projects such as hotels, hospitals and tourism related projects. Due to the nature of my responsibilities, I happened to meet hundreds of



How to select or hire the right person to assist you? As an employee or as business partner any such needs? I developed this matrix to coach/ mentor my Managers. See if it helps. – pvr

I
N
T
E
G
R
I
T
Y

Hi Integrity but Lo Intelligence Can Train and develop. Bring him.	Hi Integrity & Hi Intelligence Best. Pay any cost. Get Him.
No Integrity & Lo Intelligence Never work with an idiotic crook.	No Integrity and Hi Intelligence Danger. Stay away!

INTELLIGENCE →

My M.Ct.M. School Days

P V Ramaswamy

Prologue:

In case you have not read the part 1 of my innocent days prior to my joining Sir Muthiah Chettiar High School - yes, that was the simple name it carried then - my suggestion is that you should read that Part 1 first. That will help in a better understanding of what is published here.



My Days at Sir MCtM High School:

I now realize with a glee, wherever I entered, a transformation was happening or took place. It happened in MCtM also. I entered 5th Class, passed 5th class, and bboom! There was no more 5th class in the school. That was the last batch of admissions to 5th. The school suddenly became a 1st Form to 6th Form (SSLC) School. When I moved up to 3rd form, there was another transformation. After passing 3rd Form or 8th, I was moved to 8th Standard; and when I passed that too, I was moved to 10th Std. Classes' numbering system changed. It became a 6th to 11th Standard school. Funny that I was the change agent!!

But first things first, and I must record here that Sri Narasimhan called me a 'Thrisanku' even before I joined the school. I did not know what Thrisanku meant also! I learnt later. Thrisanku is a character in Ramayana. According to the ithihasa, Thrisanku did *thapas*, the penance to reach swarga; saint Viswamithra was very pleased and blessed him with a boon to reach swarga. As Thrisanku was moving up and up nearing the heavens, Lord Indhira there, was determined not to let him in. So Indhira told him that he was not welcome and that Thrisanku should go back. Knowing this and getting angry, Viswamithra ordered Thrisanku to stay there, neither on the earth nor on the heavens but mid way, and created a new heaven for him. The word Thrisanku has come to denote a middle ground or limbo between one's goals or desires and one's current state or possessions.

After I passed out of LELM 4th class, I was taken to MCtM. When size of the building itself was intimidating, they asked my father to wait outside and asked me to enter some big room with big tables, big benches and big, very big men ordering timid boys like me to sit in some numbered desk. It was for admission tests. Really speaking, I should have breezed through that easily. But one specific question stumped me. I thought the teachers made a mistake. I stared at the question, and it glared back at me! I vividly remember it, and I have shared it with my family including the latest addition to it. The question was in Tamil, **kannanathu vannam enna?** கண்ணானது வரண்ணம் என்ன? Question remained the same, despite my rereading it multiple times.

Prologue:

In case you have not read the part 1 of my innocent days prior to my joining Sir Muthiah Chettiar High School - yes, that was the simple name it carried then – my suggestion is that you should read that Part 1 first. That will help in a better understanding of what is published here.

My Days at Sir MCtM High School:

I now realize with a glee, wherever I entered, a transformation was happening or took place. It happened in MCtM also. I entered 5th Class, passed 5th class, and bboom! There was no more 5th class in the school. That was the last batch of admissions to 5th. The school suddenly became a 1st Form to 6th Form (SSLC) School. When I moved up to 3rd form, there was another transformation. After passing 3rd Form or 8th, I was moved to 8th Standard; and when I passed that too, I was moved to 10th Std. Classes' numbering system changed. It became a 6th to 11th Standard school. Funny that I was the change agent!!

But first things first, and I must record here that Sri Narasimhan called me a 'Thrisanku' even before I joined the school. I did not know what Thrisanku meant also! I learnt later. Thrisanku is a character in Ramayana. According to the ithihasa, Thrisanku did *thapas*, the penance to reach swarga; saint Viswamithra was very pleased and blessed him with a boon to reach swarga. As Thrisanku was moving up and up nearing the heavens, Lord Indhira there, was determined not to let him in. So Indhira told him that he was not welcome and that Thrisanku should go back. Knowing this and getting angry, Viswamithra ordered Thrisanku to stay there, neither on the earth nor on the heavens but mid way, and created a new heaven for him. The word Thrisanku has come to denote a middle ground or limbo between one's goals or desires and one's current state or possessions.



After I passed out of LELM 4th class, I was taken to MCtM. When size of the building itself was intimidating, they asked my father to wait outside and asked me to enter some big room with big tables, big benches and big, very big men ordering timid boys like me to sit in some numbered desk. It was for admission tests. Really speaking, I should have breezed through that easily. But one specific question stumped me. I thought the teachers made a mistake. I stared at the question, and it

Prologue:

In case you have not read the part 1 of my innocent days prior to my joining Sir Muthiah Chettiar High School - yes, that was the simple name it carried then - my suggestion is that you should read that Part 1 first. That will help in a better understanding of what is published here.

My Days at Sir MCtM High School:

I now realize with a glee, wherever I entered, a transformation was happening or took place. It happened in MCtM also. I entered 5th Class, passed 5th class, and bboom! There was no more 5th class in the school. That was the last batch of admissions to 5th. The school suddenly became a 1st Form to 6th Form (SSLC) School. When I moved up to 3rd form, there was another transformation. After passing 3rd Form or 8th, I was moved to 8th Standard; and when I passed that too, I was moved to 10th Std. Classes' numbering system changed. It became a 6th to 11th Standard school. Funny that I was the change agent!!

But first things first, and I must record here that Sri Narasimhan called me a 'Thrisanku' even before I joined the school. I did not know what Thrisanku meant also! I learnt later. Thrisanku is a character in Ramayana. According to the ithihasa, Thrisanku did *thapas*, the penance to reach swarga; saint Viswamithra was very pleased and blessed him with a boon to reach swarga. As Thrisanku was moving up and up nearing the heavens, Lord Indhira there, was determined not to let him in. So Indhira told him that he was not welcome and that Thrisanku should go back. Knowing this and getting angry, Viswamithra ordered Thrisanku to stay there, neither on the earth nor on the heavens but mid way, and created a new heaven for him. The word Thrisanku has come to denote a middle ground or limbo between one's goals or desires and one's current state or possessions.

After I passed out of LELM 4th class, I was taken to MCtM. When size of the building itself was intimidating, they asked my father to wait outside and asked me to enter some big room with big tables, big benches and big, very big men ordering timid boys like me to sit in some numbered desk. It was for admission tests. Really speaking, I should have breezed through that easily. But one specific question stumped me. I thought the teachers made a mistake. I stared at the question, and it glared back at me! I vividly remember it, and I have shared it with my family including the latest addition to it. The question was in Tamil, ***kannanathu vannam enna?*** கண்ணன்து வண்ணம் என்ன? Question remained the same, despite my rereading it multiple times.

I hail from a family with origins in Palghat - Kerala. I had already described how I got into troubles in my previous schools, because of my innocence, because of my unfamiliarity with Tamil, my funny pronunciation etc. I am used to Palghat Tamil,

Prologue:

In case you have not read the part 1 of my innocent days prior to my joining Sir Muthiah Chettiar High School - yes, that was the simple name it carried then – my suggestion is that you should read that Part 1 first. That will help in a better understanding of what is published here.

My Days at Sir MCtM High School:

I now realize with a glee, wherever I entered, a transformation was happening or took place. It happened in MCtM also. I entered 5th Class, passed 5th class, and bboom! There was no more 5th class in the school. That was the last batch of admissions to 5th. The school suddenly became a 1st Form to 6th Form (SSLC) School. When I moved up to 3rd form, there was another transformation. After passing 3rd Form or 8th, I was moved to 8th Standard; and when I passed that too, I was moved to 10th Std. Classes' numbering system changed. It became a 6th to 11th Standard school. Funny that I was the change agent!!

But first things first, and I must record here that Sri Narasimhan called me a 'Thrisanku' even before I joined the school. I did not know what Thrisanku meant also! I learnt later. Thrisanku is a character in Ramayana. According to the ithihasa, Thrisanku did *thapas*, the penance to reach swarga; saint Viswamithra was very

pleased and blessed him with a boon to reach swarga. As Thrisanku was moving up and up nearing the heavens, Lord Indhira there, was determined not to let him in. So Indhira told him that he was not welcome and that Thrisanku should go back. Knowing this and getting angry, Viswamithra ordered Thrisanku to stay there, neither on the earth nor on the heavens but mid way, and created a new heaven for him. The word Thrisanku has come to denote a middle ground or limbo between one's goals or desires and one's current state or possessions.



© Ron Leishman * www.ClipartOf.com/440922

After I passed out of LELM 4th class, I was taken to MCtM. When size of the building itself was intimidating, they asked my father to wait outside and asked me to enter some big room with big tables, big benches and big, very big men ordering timid boys like me to sit in some numbered desk. It was for admission tests. Really speaking, I should have breezed through that easily. But one specific question stumped me. I thought the teachers made a mistake. I stared at the question, and it glared back at me! I vividly remember it, and I have shared it with my family including the latest addition to it. The question was in Tamil, ***kannanathu vannam enna?***

Prologue:

In case you have not read the part 1 of my innocent days prior to my joining Sir Muthiah Chettiar High School - yes, that was the simple name it carried then - my suggestion is that you should read that Part 1 first. That will help in a better understanding of what is published here.

My Days at Sir MCtM High School:

I now realize with a glee, wherever I entered, a transformation was happening or took place. It happened in MCtM also. I entered 5th Class, passed 5th class, and bboom! There was no more 5th class in the school. That was the last batch of admissions to 5th. The school suddenly became a 1st Form to 6th Form (SSLC) School. When I moved up to 3rd form, there was another transformation. After passing 3rd Form or 8th, I was moved to 8th Standard; and when I passed that too, I was moved to 10th Std. Classes' numbering system changed. It became a 6th to 11th Standard school. Funny that I was the change agent!!

But first things first, and I must record here that Sri Narasimhan called me a 'Thrisanku' even before I joined the school. I did not know what Thrisanku meant also! I learnt later. Thrisanku is a character in Ramayana. According to the ithihasa, Thrisanku did *thapas*, the penance to reach swarga; saint Viswamithra was very pleased and blessed him with a boon to reach swarga. As Thrisanku was moving up and up nearing the heavens, Lord Indhira there, was determined not to let him in. So Indhira told him that he was not welcome and that Thrisanku should go back. Knowing this and getting angry, Viswamithra ordered Thrisanku to stay there, neither on the earth nor on the heavens but mid way, and created a new heaven for him. The word Thrisanku has come to denote a middle ground or limbo between one's goals or desires and one's current state or possessions.

After I passed out of LELM 4th class, I was taken to MCtM. When size of the building itself was intimidating, they asked my father to wait outside and asked me to enter some big room with big tables, big benches and big, very big men ordering timid boys like me to sit in some numbered desk. It was for admission tests. Really speaking, I should have breezed through that easily. But one specific question stumped me. I thought the teachers made a mistake. I stared at the question, and it glared back at me! I vividly remember it, and I have shared it with my family including the latest addition to it. The question was in Tamil, ***kannanathu vannam enna?*** கணனானது வன்னம் என்ன? Question remained the same, despite my rereading it multiple times.

I hail from a family with origins in Palghat - Kerala. I had already described how I got into troubles in my previous schools, because of my innocence, because of my

Prologue:

In case you have not read the part 1 of my innocent days prior to my joining Sir Muthiah Chettiar High School - yes, that was the simple name it carried then - my suggestion is that you should read that Part 1 first.

That will help in a better understanding of what is published here.

My Days at Sir MCtM High School:

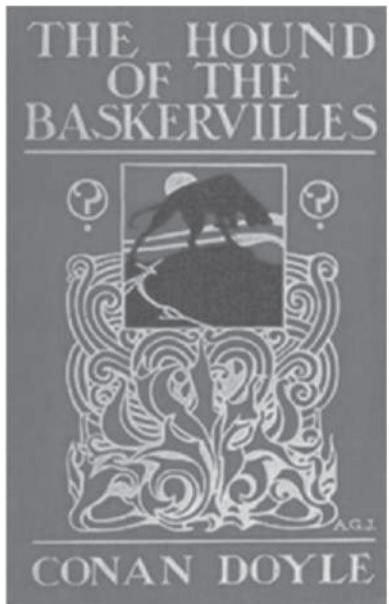
I now realize with a glee, wherever I entered, a transformation was happening or took place. It happened in MCtM also. I entered 5th Class, passed 5th class, and bboom! There was no more 5th class in the school. That was the last batch of admissions to 5th. The school suddenly became a 1st Form to 6th Form (SSLC) School. When I moved up to 3rd form, there was another transformation.

After passing 3rd Form or 8th, I was moved to 8th Standard; and when I passed that too, I was moved to 10th Std. Classes' numbering system changed. It became a 6th to 11th Standard school. Funny that I was the change agent!!

But first things first, and I must record here that Sri Narasimhan called me a 'Thrisanku' even before I joined the school. I did not know what Thrisanku meant also! I learnt later. Thrisanku is a character in Ramayana. According to the ithihasa, Thrisanku did *thapas*, the penance to reach swarga; saint Viswamithra was very pleased and blessed him with a boon to reach swarga. As Thrisanku was moving up and up nearing the heavens, Lord Indhira there, was determined not to let him in. So Indhira told him that he was not welcome and that Thrisanku should go back. Knowing this and getting angry, Viswamithra ordered Thrisanku to stay there, neither on the earth nor on the heavens but mid way, and created a new heaven for him. The word Thrisanku has come to denote a middle ground or limbo between one's goals or desires and one's current state or possessions.

After I passed out of LELM 4th class, I was taken to MCtM. When size of the building itself was intimidating, they asked my father to wait outside and asked me to enter some big room with big tables, big benches and big, very big men ordering timid boys like me to sit in some numbered desk. It was for admission tests. Really speaking, I should have breezed through that easily. But one specific question stumped me. I thought the teachers made a mistake. I stared at the question, and it glared back at me! I vividly remember it, and I have shared it with my family including the latest addition to it. The question was in Tamil, ***kannanathu vannam enna?*** கண்ணன் து வண்ணம் என்ன? Question remained the same, despite my rereading it





Prologue:

In case you have not read the part 1 of my innocent days prior to my joining Sir Muthiah Chettiar High School - yes, that was the simple name it carried then – my suggestion is that you should read that Part 1 first. That will help in a better understanding of what is published here.

My Days at Sir MCtM High School:

I now realize with a glee, wherever I entered, a transformation was happening or took place. It happened in MCtM also. I entered 5th Class, passed 5th class, and bboom! There was no more 5th class in the school. That was the last batch of admissions to 5th. The school suddenly became a 1st Form to 6th Form (SSLC) School. When I moved up to 3rd form, there was another transformation. After passing 3rd Form or 8th, I was moved to 8th Standard; and when I passed that too, I was moved to 10th Std. Classes' numbering system changed. It became a 6th to 11th Standard school. Funny that I was the change agent!!

But first things first, and I must record here that Sri Narasimhan called me a 'Thrisanku' even before I joined the school. I did not know what Thrisanku meant also! I learnt later. Thrisanku is a character in Ramayana. According to the ithihasa, Thrisanku did *thapas*, the penance to reach swarga; saint Viswamithra was very pleased and blessed him with a boon to reach swarga. As Thrisanku was moving up and up nearing the heavens, Lord Indhira there, was determined not to let him in. So Indhira told him that he was not welcome and that Thrisanku should go back. Knowing this and getting angry, Viswamithra ordered Thrisanku to stay there, neither on the earth nor on the heavens but mid way, and created a new heaven for him. The word Thrisanku has come to denote a middle ground or limbo between one's goals or desires and one's current state or possessions.

After I passed out of LELM 4th class, I was taken to MCtM. When size of the building itself was intimidating, they asked my father to wait outside and asked me to enter



Prologue:

In case you have not read the part 1 of my innocent days prior to my joining Sir Muthiah Chettiar High School - yes, that was the simple name it carried then – my suggestion is that you should read that Part 1 first. That will help in a better understanding of what is published here.

My Days at Sir MCtM High School:

I now realize with a glee, wherever I entered, a transformation was happening or took place. It happened in MCtM also. I entered 5th Class, passed 5th class, and bboom! There was no more 5th class in the school. That was the last batch of admissions to 5th. The school suddenly became a 1st Form to 6th Form (SSLC) School. When I moved up to 3rd form, there was another transformation. After passing 3rd Form or 8th, I was moved to 8th Standard; and when I passed that too, I was moved to 10th Std. Classes'



Role of the Teacher

Dr. VN Bhatt with a foreword by V. Narayanan

Foreword :

When we look back and remember the teachers who have taught us, we feel very blessed. There is an unexplainable feeling of gratitude and respect at the very thought of any one of our teachers. It is not because we have all become old and wise enough to realise the importance of the education we received. It is the love, affection and dedication of the teachers who taught us much more than the academics. The reproduced article written by Dr.VN Bhatt gives us idea of an ideal teacher as per our ancient scriptures and everything that is said applies to our noble M.Ct.M High School teachers. I thank Dr.VN Bhatt for allowing us to reproduce his article in our souvenir. Dr. VN Bhatt is a retired Professor of English and Hon. Director, Sukrtindra Oriental Research Institute, Cochin.

-*Narayanan V*

A good teacher is like a candle – it consumes itself to light the way for others.

The role of *Guru* (teacher) is of supreme importance in India. For everything we want a *Guru*. Books are only outlines. The *Guru* handed down to disciples living secrets in every art, science and religion. The *acharya* (teacher) of the Vedic age was responsible not only for imparting knowledge, but also in moulding the character and personality of the pupils. The *acharya* was an affectionate father, an effective teacher, and a person of high moral and spiritual qualities. He taught with his heart and soul. According to Sri Aurobindo, a teacher possesses three instruments – instruction, example, and influence. The good teacher will seek to awaken much more than to instruct; he will aim at the growth of the faculties and the experiences by a natural process and free expansion. He will not impose his opinions on the passive acceptance of the receptive mind; . . . He will know that the example is more powerful than instruction. Actually, the example is not that of the outward acts but of the inner motivation of life and the inner states and inner activities. Finally, he will also acknowledge that influence is more important than example. For influence proceeds from the power of contact of the teacher with his pupil, from the nearness of his soul to the soul of another, infusing into the pupil, even though in silence, all that which the teacher himself is or possesses (Kireet Joshi, “Educational Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo,” *Philosophy and Yoga of Sri Aurobindo and Other*

Foreword :

When we look back and remember the teachers who have taught us, we feel very blessed. There is an unexplainable feeling of gratitude and respect at the very thought of any one of our teachers. It is not because we have all become old and wise enough to realise the importance of the education we received. It is the love, affection and dedication of the teachers who taught us much more than the academics. The reproduced article written by Dr.VN Bhatt gives us idea of an ideal teacher as per our ancient scriptures and everything that is said applies to our noble M.Ct.M High School teachers. I thank Dr.VN Bhatt for allowing us to reproduce his article in our souvenir. Dr. VN Bhatt is a retired Professor of English and Hon. Director, Sukrtindra Oriental Research Institute, Cochin.

- Narayanan V

A good teacher is like a candle – it consumes itself to light the way for others.

The role of *Guru* (teacher) is of supreme importance in India. For everything we want a *Guru*. Books are only outlines. The *Guru* handed down to disciples living secrets in every art, science and religion. The *acharya* (teacher) of the Vedic age was responsible not only for imparting knowledge, but also in moulding the character and personality of the pupils. The *acharya* was an affectionate father, an effective teacher, and a person of high moral and spiritual qualities. He taught with his heart and soul. According to Sri Aurobindo, a teacher possesses three instruments – instruction, example, and influence. The good teacher will seek to awaken much more than to instruct; he will aim at the growth of the faculties and the experiences by a natural process and free expansion. He will not impose his opinions on the passive acceptance of the receptive mind; . . . He will know that the example is more powerful than instruction. Actually, the example is not that of the outward acts but of the inner motivation of life and the inner states and inner activities. Finally, he will also acknowledge that influence is more important than example. For influence proceeds from the power of contact of the teacher with his pupil, from the nearness of his soul to the soul of another, infusing into the pupil, even though in silence, all that which the teacher himself is or possesses (Kireet Joshi, “Educational Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo,” *Philosophy and Yoga of Sri Aurobindo and Other Essays* (New Delhi: The Mother’s Institute of Research & Mira Aditi, Mysore, 2003) p.141).

In his discourse on “The Ideal Teacher”, Sri Sathya Sai Baba tells teachers that they

Foreword :

When we look back and remember the teachers who have taught us, we feel very blessed. There is an unexplainable feeling of gratitude and respect at the very thought of any one of our teachers. It is not because we have all become old and wise enough to realise the importance of the education we received. It is the love, affection and dedication of the teachers who taught us much more than the academics. The reproduced article written by Dr.VN Bhatt gives us idea of an ideal teacher as per our ancient scriptures and everything that is said applies to our noble M.Ct.M High School teachers. I thank Dr.VN Bhatt for allowing us to reproduce his article in our souvenir. Dr. VN Bhatt is a retired Professor of English and Hon. Director, Sukrtindra Oriental Research Institute, Cochin.

- Narayanan V

A good teacher is like a candle – it consumes itself to light the way for others.

The role of *Guru* (teacher) is of supreme importance in India. For everything we want a *Guru*. Books are only outlines. The *Guru* handed down to disciples living secrets in every art, science and religion. The *acharya* (teacher) of the Vedic age was responsible not only for imparting knowledge, but also in moulding the character and personality of the pupils. The *acharya* was an affectionate father, an effective teacher, and a person of high moral and spiritual qualities. He taught with his heart and soul. According to Sri Aurobindo, a teacher possesses three instruments – instruction, example, and influence. The good teacher will seek to awaken much more than to instruct; he will aim at the growth of the faculties and the experiences by a natural process and free expansion. He will not impose his opinions on the passive acceptance of the receptive mind; . . . He will know that the example is more powerful than instruction. Actually, the example is not that of the outward acts but of the inner motivation of life and the inner states and inner activities. Finally, he will also acknowledge that influence is more important than example. For influence proceeds from the power of contact of the teacher with his pupil, from the nearness of his soul to the soul of another, infusing into the pupil, even though in silence, all that which the teacher himself is or possesses (Kireet Joshi, “Educational Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo,” *Philosophy and Yoga of Sri Aurobindo and Other Essays* (New Delhi: The Mother’s Institute of Research & Mira Aditi, Mysore, 2003) p.141).

In his discourse on “The Ideal Teacher”, Sri Sathya Sai Baba tells teachers that they

Foreword :

When we look back and remember the teachers who have taught us, we feel very blessed. There is an unexplainable feeling of gratitude and respect at the very thought of any one of our teachers. It is not because we have all become old and wise enough to realise the importance of the education we received. It is the love, affection and dedication of the teachers who taught us much more than the academics. The reproduced article written by Dr.VN Bhatt gives us idea of an ideal teacher as per our ancient scriptures and everything that is said applies to our noble M.Ct.M High School teachers. I thank Dr.VN Bhatt for allowing us to reproduce his article in our souvenir. Dr. VN Bhatt is a retired Professor of English and Hon. Director, Sukrtindra Oriental Research Institute, Cochin.

- Narayanan V

A good teacher is like a candle – it consumes itself to light the way for others.

The role of *Guru* (teacher) is of supreme importance in India. For everything we want a *Guru*. Books are only outlines. The *Guru* handed down to disciples living secrets in every art, science and religion. The *acharya* (teacher) of the Vedic age was responsible not only for imparting knowledge, but also in moulding the character and personality of the pupils. The *acharya* was an affectionate father, an effective teacher, and a person of high moral and spiritual qualities. He taught with his heart and soul. According to Sri Aurobindo, a teacher possesses three instruments – instruction, example, and influence. The good teacher will seek to awaken much more than to instruct; he will aim at the growth of the faculties and the experiences by a natural process and free expansion. He will not impose his opinions on the passive acceptance of the receptive mind; . . . He will know that the example is more powerful than instruction. Actually, the example is not that of the outward acts but of the inner motivation of life and the inner states and inner activities. Finally, he will also acknowledge that influence is more important than example. For influence proceeds from the power of contact of the teacher with his pupil, from the nearness of his soul to the soul of another, infusing into the pupil, even though in silence, all that which the teacher himself is or possesses (Kireet Joshi, “Educational Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo,” *Philosophy and Yoga of Sri Aurobindo and Other Essays* (New Delhi: The Mother’s Institute of Research & Mira Aditi, Mysore, 2003) p.141).

In his discourse on “The Ideal Teacher”, Sri Sathya Sai Baba tells teachers that they

Foreword :

When we look back and remember the teachers who have taught us, we feel very blessed. There is an unexplainable feeling of gratitude and respect at the very thought of any one of our teachers. It is not because we have all become old and wise enough to realise the importance of the education we received. It is the love, affection and dedication of the teachers who taught us much more than the academics. The reproduced article written by Dr.VN Bhatt gives us idea of an ideal teacher as per our ancient scriptures and everything that is said applies to our noble M.Ct.M High School teachers. I thank Dr.VN Bhatt for allowing us to reproduce his article in our souvenir. Dr. VN Bhatt is a retired Professor of English and Hon. Director, Sukrtindra Oriental Research Institute, Cochin.

-Narayanan V

A good teacher is like a candle – it consumes itself to light the way for others.

The role of *Guru* (teacher) is of supreme importance in India. For everything we want a *Guru*. Books are only outlines. The *Guru* handed down to disciples living secrets in every art, science and religion. The *acharya* (teacher) of the Vedic age was responsible not only for imparting knowledge, but also in moulding the character



Top 10 Signs That You Are a Great Teacher

1. You see each child as a child, and not a diagnosis.
2. You see your class as individuals, not as a drawer full of case files.
3. You keep your sense of humor against all odds.
4. You deal with upset kids, clueless administrators, and pushy parents with grace and dignity.
5. You're not afraid to be flexible and creative.
6. You know when to make a stand and when to choose your battles.
7. You see parents as allies, not enemies.
8. You never give anybody any doubts as to why you went into teaching.
9. You love your job, and it shows.
10. Your students love you, too.

Thank you for being a great teacher!



Meeting on 4.10.2015 at Umapathy Auditorium in Progress



Reception Counter at Umapathy Auditorium - 4.10.2015



Discussions at Umapathy Auditorium



Anxious Moments during the discussions



Participants keenly observing the Proceedings



An important point is being made



Friends meeting after a long gap, seen in a relaxed mood



A happy moment at the Meeting Hall

Welcome Aboard

T.Srinivasa Ragavan

Recently while passing through Purasawalkam, I decided to wander in the premises of our School. As I was approaching the playground, I met a smart student of sixth standard. Actually he was a kid, but dressed well in full trousers, with sparkling eyes and a charming smile. I started talking to him and learnt his name was Bharath. I was a bit dismayed when he addressed me as Thatha, shattering a self assumed image of evergreen hero. But I recovered quickly. I looked around. No, even the teachers in sight were very young. For some strange reason, the word *thatha* instantly made me bond with him.



When I told him that I did my schooling in the very same school, he gave out a happy laughter. He started describing me that he was new to the area and the school. Then he suddenly asked me for tips to come up in life, based upon my experiences in the school. As I contemplated over this surprising request, promptly came another one; he said he would prefer it be a well articulated one and wanted me to send my thoughts by email to him ! I collected his email id – yes, he had one, and just now sent him a mail. As I told him, I avoided the common narrative format and put everything in bullet points.

This was what I mailed to him:

Dear Bharath,

When I strolled into my old school, I did not expect to meet a bright boy like you. You made my day. I assured you that I would send a mail with a set of guidelines that you may find useful during your student days. A word given must be honored at any cost is one of the lessons I learnt from my teachers of this school. So I decided to first finish off this. I have gathered my views in bullet points. They are numbered just for convenience; they do not represent any ranking or priority. Wish you good luck. God Bless you.

1. Stay cheerful, energetic ever; even under adverse conditions. Not having a right answer is not an issue at all. If you retain the cheerfulness and willingness to learn, you can seek and get the correct answer. Never give up.
2. Do not get overwhelmed by the new atmosphere. You will like it as time passes, as we also got overawed initially on joining the school !
3. Treat the teachers as mentors, because they know more than you and can teach you. Give them due respect but do not be shy to clarify doubts. Have the courage to raise questions.

Recently while passing through Purasawalkam, I decided to wander in the premises of our School. As I was approaching the playground, I met a smart student of sixth standard. Actually he was a kid, but dressed well in full trousers, with sparkling eyes and a charming smile. I started talking to him and learnt his name was Bharath. I was a bit dismayed when he addressed me as Thatha, shattering a self assumed image of evergreen hero. But I recovered quickly. I looked around. No, even the teachers in sight were very young. For some strange reason, the word *thatha* instantly made me bond with him.

When I told him that I did my schooling in the very same school, he gave out a happy laughter. He started describing me that he was new to the area and the school. Then he suddenly asked me for tips to come up in life, based upon my experiences in the school. As I contemplated over this surprising request, promptly came another one; he said he would prefer it be a well articulated one and wanted me to send my thoughts by email to him ! I collected his email id – yes, he had one, and just now sent him a mail. As I told him, I avoided the common narrative format and put everything in bullet points.

This was what I mailed to him:

Dear Bharath,

When I strolled into my old school, I did not expect to meet a bright boy like you. You made my day. I assured you that I would send a mail with a set of guidelines that you may find useful during your student days. A word given must be honored at any cost is one of the lessons I learnt from my teachers of this school. So I decided to first finish off this. I have gathered my views in bullet points. They are numbered just for convenience; they do not represent any ranking or priority. Wish you good luck. God Bless you.

1. Stay cheerful, energetic ever; even under adverse conditions. Not having a right answer is not an issue at all. If you retain the cheerfulness and willingness to learn, you can seek and get the correct answer. Never give up.
2. Do not get overwhelmed by the new atmosphere. You will like it as time passes, as we also got overawed initially on joining the school !
3. Treat the teachers as mentors, because they know more than you and can teach you. Give them due respect but do not be shy to clarify doubts. Have the courage to raise questions.
4. Believe in the adage: “Honesty is the best policy” and if you made mistakes admit frankly and demonstrate your willingness and ability to correct

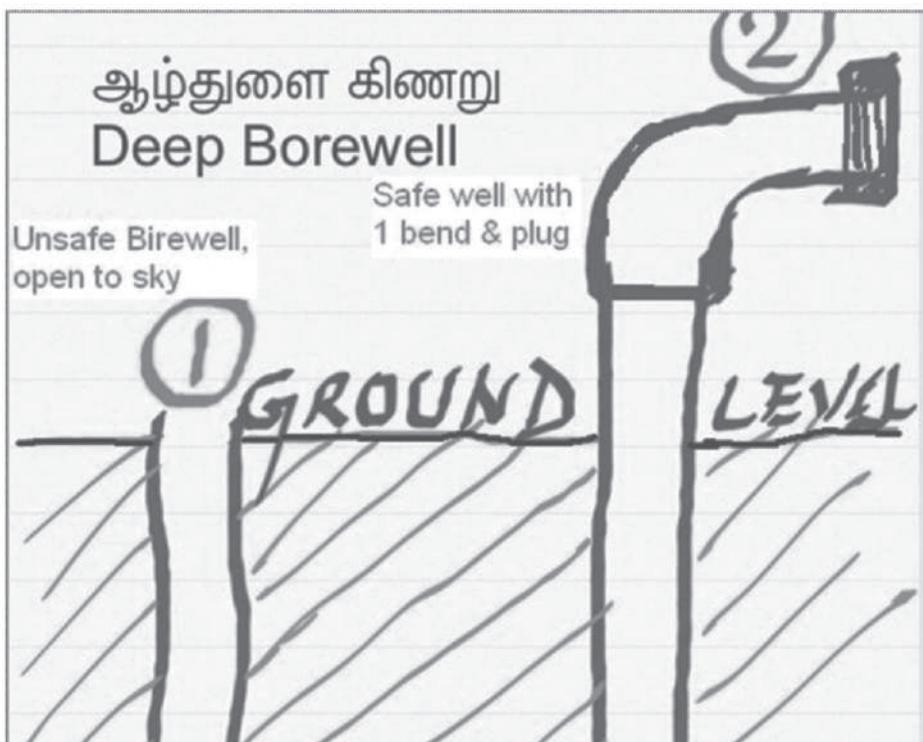


Prevent Bore Well Accidents

P V Ramaswamy

Making a bore well safer may cost max 300/- extra, for extending it to at least 3 feet higher than ground level, fixing one 'L-bow' and closing with a plug see pic marked 2). It must not be left open to sky, inviting accidents. Every time I read a news story about kids falling into open tub wells, I shiver. I get angry too.

Law must be enacted. Government must empower local panchayat/revenue officials and local police to plug it as per picture no (2). And also auction the full property; and, from the proceeds, Government must pay good compensation to the victim's family and then return the balance to the owner. Till then, both property owner and the contractor who drilled the well and left it open to sky (picture no 1), must be kept in the jail. Publicity to the law and also jailing and auctioning the property to pay compensation, will prevent future accidents. A central helpline number like 108 must be exclusively provided for public to call local police and revenue authorities to report such open wells, when they spot one.



Our Crafts Master Mr. P.K. Chitti Babu

News report in The Hindu - DOWNTOWN dated 29-11-2015 by Liffy Thomas

P.K. Chitti Babu's phone has got little rest after the rains. He has been getting a flood of monsoon-related complaints that he passes on to the local officials. "If *ayya* informs, work is done," says a resident who came with a complaint about sewage overflow.



As founder-general secretary of SIDCO Nagar Welfare Association, 85-year-old Chitti Babu is still the first point of contact for many residents.

Started in 1982, the Association played a crucial role in getting many amenities to the locality.

"This was a lake area before Tamil Nadu Housing Board built houses. Although we have waded through waist-deep water in the 80s and been ferried on boats, last week's floods was the worst and have devastated us. We least expected," he says.

Chitti Babu and other long-time residents fought for a host of amenities in the locality. The longest battle was for an entrance to SIDCO Nagar. "They gave us roads but there was no entrance, we fought for three years," says Chitti Babu, who retired as a school teacher from M.Ct.M. School, Purasawalkam.

Separate drainage and water supply for every house, post office, ration shops and a fire station are some amenities the association pursued.



Around 3,000 families are members of the Association.

"Even in the 90s, after heavy rains, we had people shifting to other neighbourhoods but many have returned. SIDCO Nagar is centrally located it is close to the railway station, bus stop and market what more do you need," he says.

He says SIDCO Nagar saw development as residents and officials worked together. "We will work together in the same spirit," he says.



பள்ளியால் நான் பெருமையற்றேன்...

Er. SMU. செய்யது இப்ராஹிம்



என் வாழ்நாளில் மறக்க முடியாத கால கட்டம் 1960 முதல் 1965 வரையிலான காலமாகும். நான் எனது ஆரம்பப்பள்ளி படிப்பை எழும்பூர் துவக்க பள்ளியில் பயின்தேன். நான்கு ஆண்டு கால (நேரிடையாக 2-ம் வகுப்பில் சேர்க்கப்பட்டதால்) ஆரம்பக் கல்வியை முடித்த என்னை “MCtM” யில் சேர்க்கவேண்டும் என்று என் தந்தை விரும்பினார். அதன்படி, நான் MCtM உயர்நிலை பள்ளியில் முதல் படிவம் (இப்போது 6-வது வகுப்பு) அனுமதிக்கு தேர்வு எழுதி, தேர்ச்சி பெற்று, 1960ல் சிறப்புமிக்க MCtM உயர்நிலை பள்ளியில் மாணவன் ஆனேன்.

பள்ளியில் சேர்ந்து படித்த காலத்தில் முதல் படிவத்தில் அணித் தலைவனாகவும், 2-ம் வகுப்பு முதல் 11ம் வகுப்பு வரை வகுப்பு மாணவர் தலைவனாகவும் தொடர்ந்து இருந்தேன். என்னை வகுப்பு மாணவர் தலைவனாக ஓவ்வொரு வகுப்பாசியியரும் அமர்த்தியதை எண்ணி எண்ணி உள்ளம் பூரிக்கிறேன், பெருமை அடைகிறேன். என்னுடைய பள்ளி இறுதி ஆண்டில் தலைமை ஆசிரியர் அவர்களின் சீரிய தலைமையிலான தேர்வுக்கும் என்னையே ஒருமித்த கருத்தோடு பள்ளி மாணவர் தலைவனாக தேர்வு செய்தது. அது மட்டுமன்றி பள்ளி மாணவ பாரானுமற்றிற்கு என்னையே முதல் அமைச்சராகவும் தேர்வு செய்தது. அந்த அறிவார்ந்த ஆசிரியர் பெருமக்கள் அடங்கிய தேர்வு குழு.

என் மீது ஆசிரியர்கள் கொண்ட நம்பிக்கை வீண் போகாத வகையில், நான் ஓவ்வொரு நாளும் என்னுடைய பணியை திறும்பட செய்த மன்றிறைவு எனக்கு உண்டு.

என்னுடைய பள்ளி மாணவர் தலைவன் காலத்தில், ஒரு முக்கிய காலகட்டம் 1965ஆம் ஆண்டு நடந்த இந்தி எதிர்ப்பு போராட்டக் காலம். எல்லா பள்ளிகளும், கல்லூரிகளும் போராட்டத்தில் இருங்கின. எங்கள் பள்ளியையும் போராட்டத்தில் கலந்து கொள்ள அழைக்க பெருந்திரளாய் வந்த ELM, St.Pauls மாணவர்கள் எங்களை அழைப்பதற்கு முன் அராஜகத்தில் ஈடுபட்டனர். பள்ளி சுவர் கடிகாரத்தை கல்லெறிந்து உடைத்தனர், பள்ளியின் மீதும் கல்லெறிந்து சேதப்படுத்தினர். என் மாணவ அன்பர்களை இரு கரம் விரித்து தடுத்து நிறுத்தி, நான் மட்டும் போராட்டத்திற்கு அழைக்க வந்தவர்களை சந்தித்தேன். நான் அவர்களிடம் சொன்னேன், “இந்தி எதிர்ப்பு போராட்டத்தில் கலந்துகொள்ள எங்களுக்கும் விருப்பம் உண்டு. ஆனால் நீங்கள் எங்களை முறையாக அழைப்பதற்கு முன் பள்ளி சுவர் கடிகாரத்தை கல் ஏறிந்து உடைத்தும், பள்ளியின் மீது சரமாரியாக கல் ஏறிந்தும் சேதப்படுத்தியுள்ளீர்கள். இந்த முறையற்ற செயலில் ஈடுபட்ட உங்களோடு நாங்கள் போராட்டத்தில் கலந்துகொள்ள முடியாது” என்று சொல்லி, அழைக்க வந்த போராட்டக் குழுவினரை திரும்பிச் செல்லச் செய்தேன். நிகழ்வுகள் அனைத்தையும் உற்று நோக்கி கவனித்த தலைமை ஆசிரியர் அவர்கள் என்னை வெகுவாக பாராட்டிப் புகழ்ந்ததை என்னால் என்றென்றும் மறக்க இயலாது.

கல்வித்தறத்திற்கும், பள்ளி ஒழுக்கத்திற்கும் பெயர் பெற்ற, அறிவார்ந்த தலைசிறந்த ஆசிரியர் பெருமக்களை கொண்டிருந்த இப்பள்ளியில் சேர்ந்து பயின்று, தொடர்ந்து வகுப்பு மாணவர் தலைவனாகவும், இறுதியாண்டில் பள்ளி மாணவர் தலைவனாகவும் ஆக்கப்பட்ட நான், இப்பள்ளியில்

என் வாழ்நாளில் மறக்க முடியாத கால கட்டம் 1960 முதல் 1965 வரையிலான காலமாகும். நான் எனது ஆரம்பப்பள்ளி படிப்பை எழும்பூர் துவக்க பள்ளியில் பயின்றேன். நான்கு ஆண்டு கால (நேரிடையாக 2-ம் வகுப்பில் சேர்க்கப்பட்டதால்) ஆரம்பக் கல்வியை முடித்த என்னை “MCtM” யில் சேர்க்கவேண்டும் என்று என் தந்தை விரும்பினார். அதன்படி, நான் MCtM உயர்நிலை பள்ளியில் முதல் படிவம் (இப்போது 6-வது வகுப்பு) அனுமதிக்கு தேர்வு எழுதி, தேர்ச்சி பெற்று. 1960ல் சிறப்புமிக்க MCtM உயர்நிலை பள்ளியின் மாணவன் ஆணேன்.

பள்ளியில் சேர்ந்து படித்த காலத்தில் முதல் படிவத்தில் அணித் தலைவனாகவும், 2-ம் வகுப்பு முதல் 11-ம் வகுப்பு வரை வகுப்பு மாணவர் தலைவனாகவும் தொடர்ந்து இருந்தேன். என்னை வகுப்பு மாணவர் தலைவனாக ஒவ்வொரு வகுப்பாசிரியரும் அமர்த்தியதை என்னி என்னி உள்ளம் பூரிக்கிறேன். பெருமை அடைகிறேன். என்னுடைய பள்ளி இறுதி ஆண்டில் தலைமை ஆசிரியர் அவர்களின் சீரிய தலைமையிலான தேர்வுக்கும் என்னையே ஒருமித்த கருத்தோடு பள்ளி மாணவர் தலைவனாக தேர்வு செய்தது. அது மட்டுமன்றி பள்ளி மாணவ பாராளுமன்றத்திற்கு என்னையே முதல் அமைச்சராகவும் தேர்வு செய்தது, அந்த அறிவார்ந்த ஆசிரியர் பெருமக்கள் அடங்கிய தேர்வு குழு.

என் மீது ஆசிரியர்கள் கொண்ட நம்பிக்கை வீண் போகாத வகையில், நான் ஒவ்வொரு நாளும் என்னுடைய பணியை திறம்பட செய்த மன்றிறைவு எனக்கு உண்டு.

என்னுடைய பள்ளி மாணவர் தலைவன் காலத்தில், ஒரு முக்கிய காலகட்டம் 1965ஆம் ஆண்டு நடந்த

S. NARASIMHAN, B.A., LL.B.
Headmaster & Correspondent

Phone: 6162
SIR M. CT. MUTHIAH CHETTIAR HIGH SCHOOL,
PURASAWAKAM, MADRAS-7.

22nd July, 1965.

I have known Syed Ibrahim, S.M.U. for the past six years. He has just passed out having been declared eligible for University courses of study.

As a student Syed Ibrahim was keen, alert, methodical, responsive and progressive. He undertook several responsibilities like class leadership, supervising night classes, guiding the volunteers, leading the school parliament etc. and fulfilled everyone of them with singular devotion and remarkable success. Last year, he was School-Pupil Leader and Chief Minister of the Students' Cabinet. In that capacity, he led the pupils properly and set a wonderful example of loyalty and implicit obedience to constituted authority. Always cheerful, he endeared himself to one and all by his resourcefulness, tact and maturity. In my career as Headmaster for over 18 years, I have not come across a more dependable, a more responsible, a more urbane student than he. It gives me great pleasure to testify that he is one of our finest students. I wish him Godspeed.

Narasimhan
HEADMASTER
SIR M. CT. MUTHIAH CHETTIAR HIGH SCHOOL,
PURASAWAKKAM, MADRAS-7.

இதயத்தில் இணைந்த தாமரை மொட்டுகள்

எஸ். சந்தானகிருஷ்ணன்

1965ஆம் வருடம் பள்ளிப்படிப்பை Sir MCTMHS பள்ளியில் முடித்தேன். பின் பச்சையப்பன் கல்லூரியில் B.Sc. Physics முடித்தேன். அதன்பின் நான் இந்தியன் ஓவர்ஸீஸ் வங்கியில் சேர்ந்தேன். 2001ம் வருடம் விருப்பு ஓய்வு பெற்றேன். இந்த வருடத்தோடு 50 வருடங்கள் ஒடோடிவிட்டது. என்னிடம் ஒரு அபூர்வமான தன்மை இருந்தது; அது நண்பர்கள், பள்ளியில் படித்தவர்கள், கல்லூரியில் என்னோடு படித்தவர்கள், வேலையில் என்னோடு பணியாற்றியவர்கள் என்று எல்லோரையும் மறக்காமல் இருந்தது. அதிலே எனக்கு ஒரு சுகமும் தெரிந்தது, பல பள்ளி மாணவர்கள் நட்பும் இறுதி வரை தொடர்ந்தது.



ஆறுமுகம் என்ற ஆரம்பகால நண்பன் Govt Childrens Hospital -ல் பணிபுரிந்தார். பின் இராயப்பேட்டை மருத்துவமனையில் அரசு பொது மருத்துவமனையில் ஊடுகத்ரி பகுதியில் பணிபுரிந்து பின் 2006 ம் ஆண்டு ஓய்வுப்பெற்றார். பல நாட்களில் நானும் அவரும் பேசும் பொழுது நம்மோடு படித்த பல பள்ளி மாணவர்கள் கூடி ஒரு சங்கம் தோற்றுவிக்கலாமா என கூடி யோசித்தோம். ‘இது முடியுமா? சாத்தியமா? கைகூடுமா?’என நீண்ட நேரம் சிந்தித்தோம். நானும் அவரும் ‘ஏன் முடியாது? முயன்று பார்ப்போம், முடிந்தால் தொடருவோம், இல்லையேல் விடுவோம்’ என்று விவாதித்து ஒரு முடிவுக்கு வந்தோம்.

எங்கள் கொள்கையில் உறுதி கொண்டோம். நான் ஜவர், அவர் ஜவர் என முதலில் சந்தித்தோம். பத்து இருபதானது. இப்படித்தான் இச்சங்கம் தோன்றியது. இன்று ஆலமரமாக நீண்டு நிற்கிறது. நூற்றுக்கு மேற்பட்ட தோழர்களாக உருமாறியது.

நம்மோடு படித்த மாணவர்கள், பல ஊர்களில் பல வெளிநாடுகளில், ஏன் சென்னையிலும் இருந்தனர். முயன்றால் முடியாதது எதுவும் இல்லை. முயற்சி திருவினையாக்கும், அது நம் நீண்டகால நண்பர்களை நிச்சயம் ஒன்று சேர்க்கும். உன்னால் முடியும் தம்பி - என்ன ஒரு அற்புதமான சொல்! நான் என் கொள்கையில், என்றும் தோற்றுதில்லை. அந்தக்கால ஆருயிர் நண்பர்களை ஒன்றாய் இணைக்கும் வரை ஓய்வுபோவதில்லை.

முதலில் என் முயற்சியை ஆரம்பித்தேன். அவர் யார் தெரியுமா? ராமசாமி என்னும் பள்ளித்தோழன். அவர் Godrej கம்பெனியில் Service Engineer-ஆக வேலையில் சேர்ந்து 20 ஆண்டுகளாக பணிபுரிந்து, மும்பைக்குச் சென்று அங்கிருந்து விலகி அதன்பின் சென்னையில் விவேக் கம்பெனியில் Vice President ஆகி, அதையும் விட்டு HCL கம்பெனியில் ஆறு ஆண்டுகள் பணிபுரிந்து அங்கிருந்து ஓய்வுபெற்றார்.

அவரைத்தொடர்ந்து, அலைபேசியில் இந்த நல்லதொரு எண்ணத்தைச் சொன்னேன். ஆகட்டும் பார்க்கலாம் என்றார். ஆறுமாதம் ஒரு வருடம், இரு வருடம், விடாமல் தூர்த்தினேன்.

அந்த மீன் கழுவுற மீனில் நழுவுற மீனாக இருந்தது. நான் விடவில்லை தொடர்ந்தேன். அவன் “எனக்கு நம் பழைய நண்பர்கள் யாரையும் தெரியாது, என் நினைவிலும் இல்லை” என்றான்.

1965ஆம் வருடம் பள்ளிப்படிப்பை Sir MCtMHS பள்ளியில் முடித்தேன். பின் பச்சையப்பன் கல்லூரியில் B.Sc. Physics முடித்தேன். அதன்பின் நான் இந்தியன் ஓவர்சீஸ் வங்கியில் சேர்ந்தேன். 2001ம் வருடம் விருப்பு ஓய்வு பெற்றேன். இந்த வருடத்தோடு 50 வருடங்கள் ஒடோடிவிட்டது. என்னிடம் ஒரு அழுர்வமான தன்மை இருந்தது; அது நண்பர்கள், பள்ளியில் படித்தவர்கள், கல்லூரியில் என்னோடு படித்தவர்கள், வேலையில் என்னோடு பணியாற்றியவர்கள் என்று எல்லோரையும் மறக்காமல் இருந்தது. அதிலே எனக்கு ஒரு சுகமும் தெரிந்தது, பல பள்ளி மாணவர்கள் நட்பும் இறுதி வரை தொடர்ந்தது.

ஆறுமுகம் என்ற ஆரம்பகால நண்பன் Govt Childrens Hospital -ல் பணிபுரிந்தார். பின் இராயப்பேட்டை மருத்துவமனையில் அரசு பொது மருத்துவமனையில் ஊடுகதீர் பகுதியில் பணிபுரிந்து பின் 2006 ம் ஆண்டு ஓய்வுப்பெற்றார். பல நாட்களில் நானும் அவரும் பேசும் பொழுது நம்மோடு படித்த பல பள்ளி மாணவர்கள் கூடி ஒரு சங்கம் தோற்றுவிக்கலாமா என கூடி யோசித்தோம். ‘இது முடியுமா? சாத்தியுமா? கைகூடுமா?’என நீண்ட நேரம் சிந்தித்தோம். நானும் அவரும் ‘ஏன் முடியாது? முயன்று பார்ப்போம், முடிந்தால் தொடருவோம், இல்லையேல் விடுவோம்’ என்று விவாதித்து ஒரு முடிவுக்கு வந்தோம்.

எங்கள் கொள்கையில் உறுதி கொண்டோம். நான் ஐவர், அவர் ஐவர் என முதலில் சந்தித்தோம், பத்து இருபதானது. இப்படித்தான் இச்சங்கம் தோன்றியது. இன்று ஆலமராமாக நீண்டு நிற்கிறது. நாற்றுக்கு மேற்பட்ட தோழர்களாக உருமாறியது.

நம்மோடு படித்த மாணவர்கள், பல ஊர்களில் பல வெளிநாடுகளில், ஏன் சென்னையிலும் இருந்தனர். முயன்றால் முடியாதது எதுவும் இல்லை. முயற்சி திருவினையாக்கும், அது நம் நீண்டகால நண்பர்களை நிச்சயம் ஒன்று சேர்க்கும். உன்னால் முடியும் தம்பி - என்ன ஒரு அற்புதமான சொல்! நான் என் கொள்கையில், என்றும் தோற்றுதில்லை. அந்தக்கால ஆருயிர் நண்பர்களை ஒன்றாய் இணைக்கும் வரை ஓயப்போவதில்லை.

முதலில் என் முயற்சியை ஆரம்பித்தேன். அவர் யார் தெரியுமா? ராமசாமி என்னும் பள்ளித்தோழன். அவர் Godrej கம்பெனியில் Service Engineer-ஆக வேலையில் சேர்ந்து 20 ஆண்டுகளாக பணிபுரிந்து, மும்பைக்குச் சென்று அங்கிருந்து விலகி அதன்பின் சென்னையில் விவேக் கம்பெனியில் Vice President ஆகி, அதையும் விட்டு HCL கம்பெனியில் ஆறு ஆண்டுகள் பணிபுரிந்து அங்கிருந்து ஓய்வுபெற்றார்.

அவரைத்தொடர்ந்து, அலைபேசியில் இந்த நல்லதொரு எண்ணத்தைச் சொன்னேன். ஆகட்டும் பார்க்கலாம் என்றார். ஆறுமாதம் ஒரு வருடம், இரு வருடம், விடாமல் தூரத்தினேன்.

அந்த மீன் கழுவுற மீனில் நழுவுற மீனாக இருந்தது. நான் விடவில்லை தொடர்ந்தேன். அவன் “எனக்கு நம் பழைய நண்பர்கள் யாரையும் தெரியாது, என் நினைவிலும் இல்லை” என்றான். நான் விடாமல் வந்புறுத்தியதில் என் வழிக்கு வந்தார். நான் வெற்றி பெற்றேன், என்ன ஆச்சரியம்! என் கனவு நனவானது. கடல் இன்று இந்த இராமசாமி இல்லாமல் எதுவும் தொடராது முடியாது நடக்காது என்ற நிலை வந்துவிட்டது.

1965ஆம் வருடம் பள்ளிப்படிப்பை Sir MCtMHS பள்ளியில் முடித்தேன். பின் பச்சையப்பன் கல்லூரியில் B.Sc. Physics முடித்தேன். அதன்பின் நான் இந்தியன் ஓவர்சீஸ் வங்கியில் சேர்ந்தேன். 2001ம் வருடம் விருப்பு ஓய்வு பெற்றேன். இந்த வருடத்தோடு 50 வருடங்கள் ஒடோடிவிட்டது. என்னிடம் ஒரு அழுர்வமான தன்மை இருந்தது; அது நண்பர்கள், பள்ளியில் படித்தவர்கள், கல்லூரியில் என்னோடு படித்தவர்கள், வேலையில் என்னோடு பணியாற்றியவர்கள் என்று எல்லோரையும் மறக்காமல் இருந்தது. அதிலே எனக்கு ஒரு சுகமும் தெரிந்தது, பல பள்ளி மாணவர்கள் நட்பும் இறுதி வரை தொடர்ந்தது.

ஆறுமுகம் என்ற ஆரம்பகால நண்பன் Govt Childrens Hospital -ல் பணிபுரிந்தார். பின் இராயப்பேட்டை மருத்துவமனையில் அரசு பொது மருத்துவமனையில் ஊடுகதீர் பகுதியில் பணிபுரிந்து பின் 2006 ம் ஆண்டு ஓய்வுப்பெற்றார். பல நாட்களில் நானும் அவரும் பேசும் பொழுது நம்மோடு படித்த பல பள்ளி மாணவர்கள் கூடி ஒரு சங்கம் தோற்றுவிக்கலாமா என கூடி யோசித்தோம். ‘இது முடியுமா? சாத்தியுமா? கைகூடுமா?’என நீண்ட நேரம் சிந்தித்தோம். நானும் அவரும் ‘ஏன் முடியாது? முயன்று பார்ப்போம், முடிந்தால் தொடருவோம், இல்லையேல் விடுவோம்’ என்று விவாதித்து ஒரு முடிவுக்கு வந்தோம்.

எங்கள் கொள்கையில் உறுதி கொண்டோம். நான் ஐவர், அவர் ஐவர் என முதலில் சந்தித்தோம், பத்து இருபதானது. இப்படித்தான் இச்சங்கம் தோன்றியது. இன்று ஆலமராமாக நீண்டு நிற்கிறது. நூற்றுக்கு மேற்பட்ட தோழர்களாக உருமாறியது.

நம்மோடு படித்த மாணவர்கள், பல ஊர்களில் பல வெளிநாடுகளில், ஏன் சென்னையிலும் இருந்தனர். முயன்றால் முடியாதது எதுவும் இல்லை. முயற்சி திருவினையாக்கும், அது நம் நீண்டகால நண்பர்களை நிச்சயம் ஒன்று சேர்க்கும். உன்னால் முடியும் தம்பி - என்ன ஒரு அந்தமான சொல்! நான் என் கொள்கையில், என்றும் தோற்றுதில்லை. அந்தக்கால ஆருயிர் நண்பர்களை ஒன்றாய் இணைக்கும் வரை ஓயப்போவதில்லை.

முதலில் என் முயற்சியை ஆரம்பித்தேன். அவர் யார் தெரியுமா? ராமசாமி என்னும் பள்ளித்தோழன். அவர் Godrej கம்பெனியில் Service Engineer-ஆக வேலையில் சேர்ந்து 20 ஆண்டுகளாக பணிபுரிந்து, மும்பைக்குச் சென்று அங்கிருந்து விலகி அதன்பின் சென்னையில் விவேக் கம்பெனியில் Vice President ஆகி, அதையும் விட்டு HCL கம்பெனியில் ஆறு ஆண்டுகள் பணிபுரிந்து அங்கிருந்து ஓய்வுபெற்றார்.

அவரைத்தொடர்ந்து, அலைபேசியில் இந்த நல்லதொரு எண்ணத்தைச் சொன்னேன். ஆகட்டும் பார்க்கலாம் என்றார். ஆறுமாதம் ஒரு வருடம், இரு வருடம், விடாமல் தூரத்தினேன்.

அந்த மீன் கழுவுற மீனில் நழுவுற மீனாக இருந்தது. நான் விடவில்லை தொடர்ந்தேன். அவன் “எனக்கு நம் பழைய நண்பர்கள் யாரையும் தெரியாது, என் நினைவிலும் இல்லை” என்றான். நான் விடாமல் வந்புறுத்தியதில் என் வழிக்கு வந்தார். நான் வெற்றி பெற்றேன், என்ன ஆச்சரியம்! என் கனவு நனவானது. கடல் இன்று இந்த இராமசாமி இல்லாமல் எதுவும் தொடராது முடியாது நடக்காது என்ற நிலை வந்துவிட்டது.

1965ஆம் வருடம் பள்ளிப்படிப்பை Sir MCtMHS பள்ளியில் முடித்தேன். பின் பச்சையப்பன் கல்லூரியில் B.Sc. Physics முடித்தேன். அதன்பின் நான் இந்தியன் ஓவர்ஸீஸ் வங்கியில் சேர்ந்தேன். 2001ம் வருடம் விருப்பு ஓய்வு பெற்றேன். இந்த வருடத்தோடு 50 வருடங்கள் ஒடோடிவிட்டது. என்னிடம் ஒரு அழுர்வமான தன்மை இருந்தது; அது நண்பர்கள், பள்ளியில் படித்தவர்கள், கல்லூரியில் என்னோடு படித்தவர்கள், வேலையில் என்னோடு பணியாற்றியவர்கள் என்று எல்லோரையும் மறக்காமல் இருந்தது. அதிலே எனக்கு ஒரு சுகமும் தெரிந்தது, பல பள்ளி மாணவர்கள் நட்பும் இறுதி வரை தொடர்ந்தது.

அறமுகம் என்ற ஆரம்பகால நண்பன் Govt Childrens Hospital -ல் பணிபுரிந்தார். பின் இராயப்பேட்டை மருத்துவமனையில் அரசு பொது மருத்துவமனையில் ஊடுகதீர் பகுதியில் பணிபுரிந்து பின் 2006 ம் ஆண்டு ஓய்வுப்பெற்றார். பல நாட்களில் நானும் அவரும் பேசும் பொழுது நம்மோடு படித்த பல பள்ளி மாணவர்கள் கூடி ஒரு சங்கம் தோற்றுவிக்கலாமா என கூடி யோசித்தோம். ‘இது முடியுமா? சாத்தியுமா? கைகூடுமா?’என நீண்ட நேரம் சிந்தித்தோம். நானும் அவரும் ‘ஏன் முடியாது? முயன்று பார்ப்போம், முடிந்தால் தொடருவோம், இல்லையேல் விடுவோம்’ என்று விவாதித்து ஒரு முடிவுக்கு வந்தோம்.

எங்கள் கொள்கையில் உறுதி கொண்டோம். நான் ஜவர், அவர் ஜவர் என முதலில் சந்தித்தோம், பத்து இருபதானது. இப்படித்தான் இச்சங்கம் தோன்றியது. இன்று ஆலமராமாக நீண்டு நிற்கிறது. நூற்றுக்கு மேற்பட்ட தோழர்களாக உருமாறியது.

நம்மோடு படித்த மாணவர்கள், பல ஊர்களில் பல வெளிநாடுகளில், ஏன் சென்னையிலும் இருந்தனர். முயன்றால் முடியாதது எதுவும் இல்லை. முயற்சி திருவினையாக்கும், அது நம்



இல்லை வாழ்க்கை இனித்திட, முன்று தாரக மந்திரங்கள்

ADAPT

- சூழ்நிலைக்கேற்ப நடந்து கொள்ளுதல்

ADJUST

- அனுசரித்துப் போதுதல்

ACCOMMODATE

- மற்றவர்களை மதித்து நடத்தல்



துள்ளித் திரிந்த காலம்

உமாபதி கருணாகரன்

மழகையாய் தூயின் மடியில் தவழ்ந்த காலம்; நங்கதயின் கரம் பற்றி எடுத்துவைத்த சின்ன அடுகள், உள்ளாம் களிப்பூட்டும் எல்லையில்லா மகிழ்ச்சிக் கிழறல்.



காலக் கணக்கேட்டுள் பக்கங்கள் முற்றாக கிழிந்து மறைந்து போக; ஆரம்பக்கல்வி, புதிய உலகத்தின் கதவுகள் நிறந்து விடப்படுகிறது.

‘அகரத்தின் அழகுத்துவக்கம், இதயத்தில் முதல் எழுத்தாகி, உயிர், மெய் அனைத்தும் ஒடுகின்ற உதிரத்தில், குமிழ் கொடுத்த இனிய கவை அழகாக்கி அன்னைக் கரம் பற்றி வளர்ந்த காலம் அது.

ஜனந்து யெறில் வசூப்பு ஓன்றில் எனது துவக்கக் கல்வி, அருகே என் உடல் பகுதியை தொட்டு அமர்ந்திருந்த ஒரு உயிர்த்துடிப் பின்னர் அதுதான்! அவன்தான்!! மெல்ல, மெல்ல, நட்பாகி என் உற்ற உறவாகி காலம் தொடர்ந்தது.

விடகின்ற பொழுதில், கண்மலர்ந்த பூக்களாக, நன்பர்களுடன் கைகோத்து நட்பாக, ஒடி, ஒடி, கனைப்பே அறியாது மகிழ்ச்சியின் எல்லைகளை ஏதுடுப்பார்த்த காலம், என்னொத்த வயதினர் அனைவரும், அனுபவித்து இன்பங்களை அனைத்துக்கொண்ட காலமல்லவா!

இன்றும் அதன் நினைவின் பக்கங்களை புரட்டிப்பார்க்கும் போது, ஏற்படுகின்ற மகிழ்ச்சி, இனிமை, ம்மம். மறக்க முடியவில்லை நான்பனே! கடந்து போன காலத்தில் நடந்து முடிந்த நிகழ்வுகள் அனைத்தும் இதயக்காப்பகத்தில்.

எனது எல்லையில்லா மகிழ்ச்சியை இன்று என்னுடன் கைப்பற்றி நலம் விரைவித்து நட்புக்கருங்களின் ஊற்றெடுத்து ஒடுகின்ற இதயத்தின் அன்பினை முற்றாக உணர்ந்தேன். நான் என்பதை விட, என்னுள் ஒசையின்றி இயங்குகின்ற இதயம் முற்றாக உணர்ந்ததன் மகிழ்ச்சியின் மயக்கத்தில்!

எனது ஆருயிர் பள்ளித் தோழனின் நட்பு, உடலால், உணர்வால், என்றுமே பிரிக்க முடியாத, அழிக்க முடியாத நட்பாகி விடுகிறது.

வாசனை என்பது
சில நிமிடங்கள் வரை
வறுமை என்பது
சில காலம் வரை
அழு என்பது
இளமை உள்ள வரை
நட்பு என்பது
உயிர் முச்சு அடங்கும் வரை !

இது கூட எனது உள்ளார்ந்த நன்பர் ஒருவரால் சொல்லப்பட்ட வார்த்தை வரிகள் தான்.

பெற்றவர்களின் வழிகாட்டுகலில், அவர்களின் இதயத்துக் கணவுகளை, நிறைவேற்றி, அவர்கள் காட்சிய தினையில் யணிப்பட்டவர்கள் நாம், பல இடத்துப் பறவைகளாக, ஒரிடத்தில் ‘பள்ளிக்கூடம்’ என்ற உயர்ந்து படர்ந்த மறத்தில் ஒன்று காட்டனோம்.

மிழலையாய் தாயின் மடியில் தவழ்ந்த காலம்; தந்தையின் கரம் பற்றி ஒடுத்துவைத்த சின்ன அடகள், உள்ளம் கவிப்புட்டும் எல்லையில்லா மகிழ்ச் சிச் சிதற்று.

காலக் கணக்கேட்டுன் பக்கங்கள் முற்றாக கிழிந்து மறைந்து போக; ஆரம்பக்கல்வி, புதிய உலகத்தின் கதவுகள் திறந்து விடப்படுகிறது.

‘அகரத்தின் அழகுத்துவக்கம், இதுயத்தில் முதல் எழுத்தாகி, உயிர், மெய் அனைத்தும் ஒடுகின்ற உதிரத்தில், தமிழ் கொடுத்த இனிய கலை அழுதாக்கி அன்னைக் கரம் பற்றி வளர்ந்த காலம் அது.

ஜந்து வயதில் வசூப்பு ஒன்றில் எனது துவக்கக் கல்வி, அநுகே என் உடல் பகுதியை தொட்டு அமர்ந்திருந்த ஒரு உயிர்த்துடப்பு பின்னர் அதுநான்! அவன்தான்!! மெல்ல, மெல்ல, நட்பாகி என் உற்ற உறவாகி காலம் தொடர்ந்தது.

விடுதின்ற பொழுதில், கண்மலர்ந்த பூக்களாக, நன்பர்களுடன் கைகோத்து நட்பாக, ஒடி, ஒடி, கணைப்பே அறியாது மகிழ்ச்சியின் எல்லைகளை ஏதாட்டுப்பார்த்த காலம், என்னொத்த வயதினா் அனைவரும், அனுபவித்து இன்பங்களை அனைத்துக்கொண்ட காலமல்லவா!

இன்றும் அதன் நினைவின் பக்கங்களை புரட்டிப்பார்க்கும் போது, ஏற்படுகின்ற மகிழ்ச்சி, இனிமை, மம்ம். மற்கக் முடியவில்லை நான்பனே! கடந்து போன காலத்தில் நடந்து முடிந்த நிகழ்வுகள் அனைத்தும் இதுயக்காப்பக்கத்தில்.

எனது எல்லையில்லா மகிழ்ச்சியை இன்று என்னுடன் கைப்பற்றி நலம் விசாரித்த நட்புக்கரங்களின் ஊற்றெடுத்து ஒடுகின்ற இதுயத்தின் அன்பினை முற்றாக உணர்ந்தேன். நான் என்பதை விட, என்னுள் ஒசையின்றி இயங்குகின்ற இதுயம் முற்றாக உணர்ந்தநன் மகிழ்ச்சியின் மயக்கத்தில்!

எனது ஆரூயிர் பானிக் தோழினின் நட்பு, உடலால், உஸர்வால், என்றுமே பிரிக்க முடியாத, அறிக்க முடியாத நட்பாகிவிடுகிறது.

வாசனை என்பது
சில நிமிடங்கள் வரை
வறுமை என்பது
சில காலம் வரை
அழுக என்பது
இளமை உள்ள வரை
நட்பு என்பது
உயிர் மூச்சு அடங்கும் வரை!

இது கூட எனது உள்ளார்ந்த நன்பர் ஒருவரால் சொல்லப்பட்ட வார்த்தை வரிகள் தான்.

பெற்றவர்களின் வழிகாட்டுவில், அவர்களின் இதுயத்துக் கனவுகளை, நிறைவேற்ற, அவர்கள் காட்டிய திசையில் பயணப்பட்டவர்கள் நாம், பல இடத்தும் பறிவைகளாக, ஓரிடத்தில் ‘பள்ளிக்கூடம்’ என்ற உயர்ந்து படர்ந்த மறத்தில் ஒன்று கூடினோம்.

அறிவுக்கிறுன் படைத்த ஆற்றல் மிகு ஆசாங்களின் கல்விப்புகட்டலில், அது கொடுத்த உரத்த சிந்தனையில் மாற்றங்களை உருவாக்கிட முனைந்தோம்.

மிழலையாய் தாயின் மடியில் தவழ்ந்த காலம்; நூந்தையின் கரம் பற்றி எடுத்துவைத்த சின்ன அடிகள், உள்ளம் களிப்புட்டும் எல்லையில்லா மகிழ்ச் சிச் சிதறுல்.

காலக் கணக்கேட்டன் பக்கங்கள் முற்றாக கிழிந்து மறைந்து போக; ஆரம்பக்கல்வி, புதிய உலகத்தில் கதவுகள் திறந்து விடப்படுமிருது.

‘அகரத்தின் அழுகத்துவக்கம், இதுயத்தில் முதல் எழுத்தாகி, உயிர், மெய் அனைத்தும் ஒடுகின்ற உதிரத்தில், துவிழ் கொடுத்த இளைய கலை அழுதாக்கி அன்னைக் கரம் பற்றி வளர்ந்த காலம் அது.

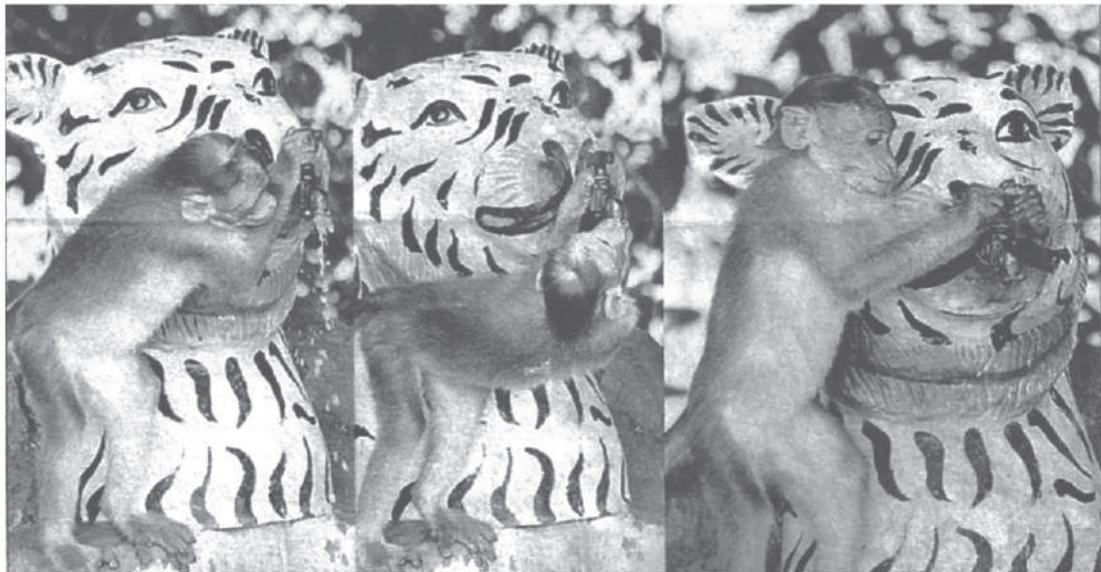
ஜந்து வயதில் வசூப்பு ஒன்றில் எனது துவக்கக் கல்வி, அருகே என் உடல் பகுதியை தொட்டு அமர்ந்திருந்த ஒரு உயிர்த்துச்சிப்பு பின்னர் அதுதான்! அவன்தான்!! மெல்ல, மெல்ல, நட்பாகி என் உற்ற உறவாகி காலம் தொடர்ந்தது.

விடகின்ற பொழுதில், கண்மலர்ந்த பூக்களாக, நங்பர்களுடன் கைகோத்து நட்பாக, ஓடி, ஓடி, கணைப்பே அறியாது மகிழ்ச்சியின் எல்லைகளை தொட்டுப்பார்த்த காலம், என்னொத்து வயதினர் அனைவரும், அனுபவித்து இன்பங்களை அனைத்துக்கொண்ட காலமல்லவா!

இன்றும் அதன் நினைவின் பக்கங்களை புரட்சிப்பார்க்கும் போது, ஏற்படுகின்ற மகிழ்ச்சி, இளைமை, மற்றும் மறங்க முடியவில்லை நன்பனே! கடங்கு போன காலத்தில் நடந்த நிகழ்வுகள் அனைத்தும் இதுயக்காப்பகத்தில்.



மூதாதையர்கள் எப்போதுமே புத்திசாலிகள் !!!



தன்னீரை சிக்கனமாக பயன்படுத்த உலகம் முழுவதும் மிழிப்புணர்வு நிகழ்ச்சி நடத்தப்படுகிறது.

ஆனால் ஒரு குரங்கு தாகத்தை தீர்க்க வேடந்தாங்கல் பறவைகள் சரணாய்த்தில் உள்ள

குடிநீர் குழாயை திறந்து குடித்துவிட்டு மூடுகிறது 24-11-2013.

நன்றி – தினகருள்

Dr.A.P.J. அப்துல் கலாம் - நினைவுவைகள்

Er. SMU. செய்யது இப்ராஹிம்

அளப்பரிய சிறப்புக்களைக் கொண்ட நம் தமிழ்நாட்டிற்கு மூன்று தமிழர்களை இந்திய அரசின் மாட்சிமையிக்க உயரிய பதவியான குடியரசு தலைவர் பதவிக்குத்தந்த வரலாற்றுச் சிறப்பு உண்டு. தத்துவமேதை சர்வபள்ளி Dr.S.ராதாகிருஷ்ணன், ஸ்ரீ.R.வெங்கட்ராமன் மற்றும் சமீபத்தில் மறைந்த Dr.A.P.J.அப்துல்கலாம் ஆகியோர்தான் அந்த சிறப்புக்குரியவர்கள்.



15.10.1931-ல் பிறந்த ஏவுகணை நாயகன் டாக்டர் அப்துல் கலாம் - “நான் இளம் வயதினருடன் குறிப்பாக உயர்நிலைப்பள்ளி மாணவர்களுடன் இருக்கும்போது நிறைவாக உணர்கிறேன். இனிமேல் என்னுடைய அனுபவத்தை பகிர்ந்து கொள்ளும் நோக்குடன், அவர்களுடைய கற்பணை சக்தியை ஊக்குவிக்கவும், இந்தியாவை வல்லரசாக மாற்றும் திட்டத்திற்கு அவர்களை தயார் படுத்தவும் வரைபடம் ஏற்கனவே தயாரித்துள்ளேன்” என்று கூறிய முனைவர் அப்துல் கலாம் தனது இறுதி முச்சை (27.07.2015-ல்), எந்த மாணவர்களை அதிகம் நேசித்தாரோ அந்த மாணவர்களின் மத்தியில், மேகாலயா மாநிலம் வில்லாங் நகரில் நடைபெற்ற நிகழ்ச்சி ஒன்றில், “வாழ்வதற்கேற்ற பூமியை உருவாக்குவோம்” என்று பேசிக் கொண்டிருக்கும் போழுது மாரடைப்பால் மரணமடைந்தார்.

அப்துல் கலாம் அவருடைய இந்தியா 2020 என்ற புத்தகத்தில் இந்தியா அறிவியலில் வல்லரசு நாடாகவும், வளர்ந்த நாடாகவும் 2020-ம் ஆண்டுக்குள் மாறுவதற்குரிய வரைதிட்டத்தை அறிவித்திருந்தார். எதிர்கால வல்லரக்களில் ஒன்றாக இந்தியா இடம் பிடிக்க ஏதுவாக இந்திய அணு ஆயுத திட்டத்திற்கு தனது பணியை அர்ப்பனித்தார்.

அம் மாமனிதரின் மாணவர் நலம் பற்றிய உணர்வும் நாட்டின் மீது அவர் கொண்டிருந்த பற்றும் எவ்வரையும் வியக்கவைக்கும்.



அவர் 30 பல்கலைக்கழகங்கள் வழங்கிய மதிப்புறு முனைவர் பட்டங்களைப் பெற்றுள்ளார். இந்திய அரசின் பத்மபூஷன், பத்ம விபூஷன் விருதுகளைப் பெற்ற முனைவர் அப்துல் கலாம் அவர்களுக்கு, இந்தியாவின் மிக உயரிய விருதான பாரத ரத்னா விருது, அவருடைய விஞ்ஞான வளர்ச்சி மற்றும் பாதுகாப்பு தொழில் நுட்பம் நவீனமாக்குதலில், அவருடைய மகத்தான், மதிப்புமிகு பங்களிப்புக்காக வழங்கப்பட்டது.

அம்மாமனிதர் மேடைப்பேச்சுகளின் போதும், மாணவர்கள் மத்தியில் உரையாடும் போதும், என்னிலடங்கா பொன்மொழிகளை

அளப்பரிய சிறப்புக்களைக் கொண்ட நம் தமிழ்நாட்டிற்கு முன்று தமிழர்களை இந்திய அரசின் மாட்சிமையிக்க உயிரிய பதவியான குடியரசு தலைவர் பதவிக்குத்தந்த வரலாற்றுச் சிறப்பு உண்டு. தத்துவமேதை சர்வென்ஸி Dr.S.ராதாகிருஷ்ணன், ஸ்ரீ.R.வெங்கட்ராமன் மற்றும் சமீபத்தில் மறைந்த Dr.A.P.J.அப்துல்கலாம் ஆகியோர்தான் அந்த சிறப்புக்குரியவர்கள்.

15.10.1931-ல் பிறந்த ஏவுகணை நாயகன் டாக்டர் அப்துல் கலாம் - “நான் இளம் வயதினருடன் குறிப்பாக உயர்நிலைப்பள்ளி மாணவர்களுடன் இருக்கும்போது நிறைவாக உணர்கிறேன். இனிமேல் என்னுடைய அனுபவத்தை பகிர்ந்து கொள்ளும் நோக்குடன், அவர்களுடைய கற்பனை சக்தியை ஊக்குவிக்கவும், இந்தியாவை வல்லரசாக மாற்றும் திட்டத்திற்கு அவர்களை தயார் படுத்தவும் வரைபடம் ஏற்கனவே தயாரித்துள்ளேன்” என்று கூறிய முனைவர் அப்துல் கலாம் தனது இறுதி முச்சை (27.07.2015-ல்), எந்த மாணவர்களை அதிகம் நேசித்தாரோ அந்த மாணவர்களின் மத்தியில், மேகாலயா மாநிலம் ஷில்லாங் நகரில் நடைபெற்ற நிகழ்ச்சி ஒன்றில், “வாழ்வதற்கேற்ற யூமியை உருவாக்குவோம்” என்று பேசிக் கொண்டிருக்கும் பொழுது மாரடைப்பால் மரணமடைந்தார்.

அப்துல் கலாம் அவருடைய **இந்தியா 2020 என்ற புத்தகத்தில்** இந்தியா அறிவியலில் வல்லரசு நாடாகவும், வளர்ந்த நாடாகவும் 2020-ம் ஆண்டுக்குள் மாறுவதற்குரிய வரைதிட்டத்தை அறிவித்திருந்தார். எதிர்கால வல்லரக்களில் ஒன்றாக இந்தியா இடம் பிடிக்க ஏதுவாக இந்திய அனு ஆயுத திட்டத்திற்கு தனது பணியை அர்ப்பணித்தார்.

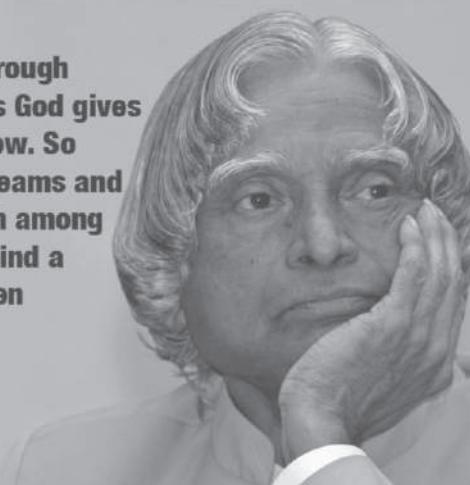
அம் மாமனிதரின் மாணவர் நலம் பற்றிய உணர்வும் நாட்டின் மீது அவர் கொண்டிருந்த பற்றும் எவரையும் வியக்கவைக்கும்.



This is my belief: that through difficulties and problems God gives us the opportunity to grow. So when your hopes and dreams and goals are dashed, search among the wreckage, you may find a golden opportunity hidden in the ruins

- A. P. J. Abdul Kalam

F.



நான் ரசிக்கும் திஜானகிராமனின் ஒரு சிறுகதை

P V Ramaswamy

தி ஜானகிராமன் அற்புதமான எழுத்தாளர் அம்மா வந்தாள், மோகமுள் போன்ற உலகத்திற்கும் வாய்ந்த படைப்புகளைத் தந்தவர் அன்றைய துமிழகம் எப்படியிருந்தது. அதிலும் குறிப்பாக அன்றைய மெட்ராஸ் பட்டனம். அதிலும் பஸ் யணம் இன்றைய சென்னையைப்போல இருந்ததா என்று யோசிக்க நேரமில்லாவிட்டால், இதை இப்பவேவாரியுங்கள்.

பாரிமுனை டு பட்னபாக்கம்

"ம்... ம்... ஆவட்டும், ஆவட்டும் ஏறேன்யா சட்சட்னு..."

"கால ஊனித்தானே ஏற்றும் மிஷ்டர், ஆவட்டும் ஆவட்டும்னு நீ சொன்னா ஆயிடுமா! படாபட் படாபட்னு சொல்லிக்கினு இருந்திருச்சு அந்தப் பொன்னு. பாவும் பூட்டுது. நானும் பூட்டும்னு பார்க்கிறீயா? நான் இப்படியே கீழே உழுந்தா உன்னல்ல மிஷ்டர் போலீஸ் புர்சுக்கும் - உன்ன மட்டுமா கைவரையும் சேத்துப் புர்சுக்கும்"

"அட ஏறுப்பா உனக்கு முன்னாலே ஏறினவரு. அதோ அங்கின போய் சீட்ல உட்கார்ந்துப்பாரு. என்னமோ கீல ஒரு காலும் புட்போடுல ஒரு காலும் வர்க்கக்கிட்டு கம்பிய ஆட்டிப் பாக்குறிய ஏறுப்பா!"

"ஏறிட்டேன் யப் போதுமா... யம்... மாடி"

"ஏரட்"

"இன்னாய்யா பொம்பா இருக்கறது கெமிலியா? மேல இடிச்சிக்கினே உட்கார்ந்தையா? கண் கெமிலிதா இல்லையா? இது பொம்பாங்க சீட்டு கெர்ல"

"கெர்து, நீ என் தாயாட்டம் கீறவும் பக்கத்துலவும் புள்ளிய உட்கார வைச் சுக்க மாட்டையா? நா இப்பிடியே ஒருமா குந்திக்கிழேன். இந்தக் கீச லுங்கி காத்துடிச்சாக்கூட உம்மேல வீசாது. அப்படி கவனமா குந்திக்கிழேன் போதுமா."

"கரிதாவன்யா, மூஞ்சிய அப்பால வர்க்கக்கிட்டே பேச. காலங்காத்தாலே கடையைத் தொறந்து வர்க்க ஊத்திக் கொடுக்கிறான் பாரு. அவுங்களல்ல சொல்லல்லோம், நீ இன்னா செய்வு?"

"மூஞ்சிய அப்பால கவச்சிக்கனு சொல்றியே. புள்ளியப்பாத்து தானே! நீ மகாலட்சுமியாட்டம் கீற காலங்காத்தாலே முவத்த பாத்துப் பேசவாணாங்கிறியே இது நாயமில்லே. நான் ஒன்னும் செய்ல. நான் இப்படியே குந்திக்கினு கீறேன். போயக் காத்து அடிச்சாலுங்கூட, இந்த கீச லுங்கிவும் முந்தாகையில் இடிக்காது தாயே..."

"எங்கம்யா போவணும். காசை எடு."

"பட்னப்பாக்கம் மிஷ்டர் பட்னப்பாக்கம். அதுக்கும் அப்பால அய்யப் சாமி கோயிலாண்ட ஏற்க்கிவுடு. இந்தா..."

"ம்... ம்... ஆவட்டும், ஆவட்டும் ஏறேன்யா ஈட்டனு..."

"கால ஊனித்தாலே ஏற்றும் மிஷ்டர், ஆவட்டும் ஆவட்டும்னு ந் சொன்னா ஆயிடுமா! படாபட் படாபட்டு சொல்லிக்கினு இருந்திர்க அந்தப் போன்னு. பாவம் பூட்டுது. நானும் பூட்டும்னு பர்க்கிறியா? நான் இப்படியே கீழே உழுந்தா உன்னல்ல மிஷ்டர் போலீஸ் புச்சுக்கும் - உன்ன மட்டுமா கைவரையும் சேத்துப் புச்சுக்கும்"

"அட ஏறும்யா உள்கு முன்னாலே ஏற்றிவரு. அதோ அங்கின போய் சீட்ல உட்கார்ந்துப்பாரு. என்னமோ கீல ஒரு காலும் புட்போடுல ஒரு காலும் வச்சுக்கிட்டு கம்பிய ஆட்டுப் பாக்குறிய ஏறும்யா!"

"ஏறிட்டேன் யப் போதுமா... யம்... மாடு"

"ஏரட்"

"இன்னாய்யா பொம்பா இருக்குது நெரிவியா? மேல இடுச்சிக்கினே உட்கார்ந்திய. கண் தெரியிதா இல்லையா? இது பொம்பீங்க சீட்டு தெர்வா"

"தெர்வு, ந் என் தாயாட்டம் கீறவும் பக்கத்துலவும் புள்ளிய உட்கார வைச்சுக்க மாட்டையா? நா இப்படியே ஒருமா குந்திக்கிழேன். இந்தக் கீச ஒங்கி காத்துடிச்சாக்கட உம்மேல வீசாது. அப்படி கவனமா குந்திக்கிழேன் போதுமா."

"சுரிதான்யா, மூஞ்சிய அப்பால வச்சுக்கிட்டே பேசு. காலங்கத்தாலே கடையைத் தொற்று வச்சு ஊத்திக் கொடுக்கிறான் பாரு. அவுங்களவுல் சொல்லனும், ந் இன்னா செய்வா?"

"மூஞ்சிய அப்பால வைச்சிக்கனு சொல்லியே. புள்ளியப்பாத்து நானே! ந் மகாலட்சுமியாட்டம் கீற காலங்காத்தாலே முவக்க பாத்துப் பேசவாணங்கிறியே இது நாயமில்லே. நான் ஒண்ணும் செய்ல. நான் இப்படியே குந்திக்கினு கீழேன். பொயக் காத்து அடிச்சாலுங்கட, இந்த கீச ஒங்கிவும் முந்தானையில் இடிக்காதுதாயே..."

"எங்கய்யா போவனும். காரை எடு."

"பட்டைப்பாக்கம் மிஷ்டர் பட்டைப்பாக்கம். அதுக்கும் அப்பால அய்யப் சாமி கோயிலாண்ட ஏற்ககிவடு. இந்தா..."

"இது என்னாய்யா ஞுவா ஸோட்டா. வேற குடு. ஆணியில மாட்டி வச்சிருந்தியா? நடுவில் இம்மாம் பெரிச ஓட்டை. வேற குடுப்யா"

"என்ன மிஷ்டர்! நானா ஆணில மாட்டி வச்சிருந்தேன், ஜூகோட்டாண்ட குடிச்சேன். அவுந்தான் குத்தாடு."

"ந் குடிச்சா இந்த வாங்கியாந்திருப்பியா வேற எடுப்யா."

"வேற இல்ல மிஷ்டர்! ஏண்டு ஞுவா ஸோட்டா இருந்திச்சி ஒரு பன்றும் உயும் குடிச்சேன். பாக்கி இந்த நோட்டும் முப்பதுபைசாவும் குத்தான். இந்தா இந்தயும் நீயே வச்சிக்க."

"நல்ல எவ்வும்யா காலங்காத்தால, புதும்யா சீட்ட புத்ரம்."

"பத்ரமா வச்சுக்கறேன் மிஷ்டர். ந் ரொம்ப நல்ல மனுஷன். இந்த அம்மாவாட்டம். தாயே எம்மேல எப்படி

"ம்... ம்... ஆவட்டும், ஆவட்டும் ஏறேன்யா ஈட்டனு..."

"கால ஊனித்தாலே ஏற்றும் மிஷ்டர், ஆவட்டும் ஆவட்டும்னு ந் சொன்னா ஆயிடுமா! படாபட் படாபட்டு சொல்லிக்கினு இருந்திர்க அந்தப் போன்னு. பாவம் பூட்டுது. நானும் பூட்டும்னு பர்க்கிறியா? நான் இப்படியே கீழே உழுந்தா உன்னல்ல மிஷ்டர் போலீஸ் புச்சுக்கும் - உன்ன மட்டுமா கைவரையும் சேத்துப் புச்சுக்கும்"

"அட ஏறும்யா உள்கு முன்னாலே ஏற்றிவரு. அதோ அங்கின போய் சீட்ல உட்கார்ந்துப்பாரு. என்னமோ கீல ஒரு காலும் புட்போடுல ஒரு காலும் வச்சுக்கிட்டு கம்பிய ஆட்டுப் பாக்குறிய ஏறும்யா!"

"ஏறிட்டேன் யப் போதுமா... யம்... மாடு"

"ஏரட்"

"இன்னாய்யா பொம்பா இருக்குது நெரிவியா? மேல இடுச்சிக்கினே உட்கார்ந்திய. கண் தெரியிதா இல்லையா? இது பொம்பீங்க சீட்டு தெர்வா"

"தெர்து, ந் என் தாயாட்டம் கீறவும் பக்கத்துலவும் புள்ளிய உட்கார வைச்சுக்க மாட்டேயா? நா இப்படியே ஒருமா குந்திக்கிறேன். இந்தக் கீச ஒங்கி காத்துடிச்சாக்கட உம்மேல வீசாது. அப்படி கவனமா குந்திக்கிறேன் போதுமா."

"சுரிதான்யா, மூஞ்சிய அப்பால வச்சுக்கிட்டே பேசு. காலங்கத்தாலே கடைதையுத் தொற்று வச்சு ஊத்திக் கொடுக்கிறான் பாரு. அவுங்களவுல் சொல்லனும், ந் இன்னா செய்வா?"

"மூஞ்சிய அப்பால வைச்சிக்கனு சொல்லியே. புள்ளியப்பாத்து நானே! ந் மகாலட்சுமியாட்டம் கீற காலங்காத்தாலே முவக்க பாத்துப் பேசவாணங்கிறியே இது நாயமில்லே. நான் ஒண்ணும் செய்ல. நான் இப்படியே குந்திக்கினு கீறேன். பொயக் காத்து அடிச்சாலுங்கட, இந்த கீச ஒங்கிவும் முந்தானையில் இடிக்காதுதாயே..."

"எங்கய்யா போவனும். காரை எடு."

"பட்டைப்பாக்கம் மிஷ்டர் பட்டைப்பாக்கம். அதுக்கும் அப்பால அய்யப் சாமி கோயிலாண்ட ஏற்ககிவடு. இந்தா..."

"இது என்னாய்யா ஞுவா ஸோட்டா. வேற குடு. ஆணியில மாட்டி வச்சிருந்தியா? நடுவில் இம்மாம் பெரிச ஓட்டை. வேற குடுப்யா"

"என்ன மிஷ்டர்! நானா ஆணில மாட்டி வச்சிருந்தேன், ஜூகோட்டாண்ட குடிச்சேன். அவுந்தான் குத்தாடு."

"ந் குடிச்சா இத்த வாங்கியாந்திருப்பியா வேற எடுப்யா."

"வேற இல்ல மிஷ்டர்! ஏண்டு ஞுவா ஸோட்டா இருந்திச்சி ஒரு பன்றும் உயும் குடிச்சேன். பாக்கி இந்த நோட்டும் முப்பதுபைசாவும் குத்தான். இந்தா இத்தயும் நீயே வச்சிக்க."

"நல்ல எவ்வும்யா காலங்காத்தால, புதியா சீட்ட புத்ரம்."

"ம்... ம்... ஆவட்டும், ஆவட்டும் ஏறேன்யா ஈட்டனு..."

"கால ஊனித்தானே ஏற்றும் மின்டர், ஆவட்டும் ஆவட்டும்னு நீ சொன்னா ஆயிடுமா! படாபட் படாபட்டு ரொல்லிக்கினு இருந்திருக்க அந்தப் போன்று, பாவாம் பூட்டுது, நிறும் பூட்டும்னு பர்க்கிழியா? நான் இப்படியே கீழே உழுந்தா உன்னல்ல மின்டர் போலி ஸ் புச்சுக்கும் - உன்ன மட்டுமா கைவரையும் சேத்துப் புச்சுக்கும்"

"அட ஏறும்யா உனக்கு முன்னாலே ஏற்றிவரு. அதோ அங்கின போய் சீட்ல உட்கார்ந்துப்பாரு. என்னமோ கீல ஒரு காலும் புட்போடுல ஒரு காலும் வச்சுக்கிட்டு கம்பிய ஆட்டிப் பாக்குறிய ஏறும்யா!"

"ஏறிட்டேன் யப் போதுமா... யம்... மாடு"

"ஏருட்"

"இன்னாம்யா பொம்பன இருக்கது நெரிவியா? மேல இடிர் கிக்கினே உட்கார்ந்தி. கண் நெரியிதுா இல்லையா?"



**Data Base of 1965 Alumni of
Sir.M.Ct.Muthiah Chettiar High School**

<p>S.P.ALAGAPPAN  3B/4B, CEE BROSS PARK No.1, Radakrishnan Salai, Valasaravakkam, Chennai-600 087 9841015300 24833234 alagappan.sp.31@gmail.com</p>	<p>Dr. C. ANBARASU  No. 131/41, Palayakara Street, Ayanavaram, Chennai - 600 023 9381044766 9585745840 65550534 anbarasu@gmail.com</p>
<p>Dr.C.ASHOK KUMAR  CAK POLYCLINIC MGR Nagar Mannargudi - 614001 9842422756 04367-222756 drcaf@yahoo.in</p>	<p>J.ARUMUGAM  3, 3rd Street, Sri Ram Nagar, Selaiyur, Chennai- 600 073. 9444052379 22271821 jarumugam.j@gmail.com</p>
<p>K.R.CHIDAMBARAM  87/1, Second Main Rd. Gandhi Nagar Adyar, Chennai-600 020 9444022393 24413269 chembasiv@yahoo.co.in</p>	<p>DILIP KUAMR.K.N.  Flat -4A, IVth Floor, Samudra Apts, 44, K.K.Road, Valmiki Nagar, Thiruvanmiyur, Chennai - 600 041 9443239743 24572419 dilip49kumar@gmail.com</p>
<p>M.S.DINAKAR  4A, Velmurugan Nagar, 4th Avenue Kolathur, Chennai-600 099. 9884600888 dinakar1948@gmail.com</p>	<p>R.DORAIVELU  137, Sakthi Srinivasan Salai, C-1/307, Almera Garden Okkiyam, Duraipakkam, Chennai - 600 097. 9094762566</p>

 <p>GANESA IYER Flat 303, DSMAX Apartments, Vajrahalli Bangalore 560062 09886734653 gg7549@yahoo.co.in</p>	 <p>IRUDAYANATH 176, Anand Apts., 214-A1, Peters Road Royapettah Chennai - 600 014. 9092881663 bhimsingh15@yahoo.com</p>
 <p>KARUNAKARAN .U Old .16, New .58, Harley Road, Kilpauk, Chennai-600 010. 9841015500 26443719 karunakaranu@yahoo.com</p>	 <p>KAILASH 501, Tulip, Neelkanth Garden, Govandi, Mumbai - 400088 09969153075 kailas@barc.gov.in</p>
 <p>KRISHNAMURTHY R Address 1-24-267 Indira Nagar Colony Lothukunta Secunderabad-500026</p>	 <p>T.LAKSHMANAN No. 8/2 Navarathna Apt., Seethakathi Street, Mogappair East, Chennai - 600 037 9884553260 42690794 tlakshman@gmail.com</p>
 <p>S.LAKSHMIKANTHAN Old 37, New 80 Mukkattal Street Purasawalkam Chennai-600 007. 9444010446 26421016 24358696 slkn49@gmail.com</p>	 <p>M.S.MOHAMED NOORULLAH 119-A, 3rd Street Secretariat Colony, Kellys, Chennai-600 010 9382104088 26422884 nooru_mn@yahoo.com</p>

<p>Dr.MURALI Flat A4, New No.9/11 Shanthi Niketan Apts., Chennai - 600 034. 9444122123 drsmurali49@gmail.com</p> 	<p>S.NAGARAJAN 229, SHRI BAGH 58-18th Cross Malleswaram, Bangalore- 560055 09845043081 raj.nagarajan24 @gmail.com</p> 
<p>V.NARAYANAN 37, Windamere Av, Woodcroft, NSW, 2767 AUSTRALIA +61404866146 narayvenkat@gmail.com</p> 	<p>D NARAYANAN Flat No.17 Kapil Park 88, Dr.Alagappa Rd Purasawalkam Chennai - 600 084. 9840931209 26425660 vijnarayanan1@gmail.com</p> 
<p>S.PADMANABHAN G-8, Nithya Apts., 42, Dr.Thomas 2nd St. Off South Boag Rd T.Nagar, Chennai-600 017 7200835676 944456300 9003132332 spadhu2012@gmail.com</p> 	<p>V.PALANI 28/23, Veerasamy Street, Purasawalkam Chennai - 600 007. 9171404040</p> 
<p>S.PRABHAKARAN Plat No.31 (New No.25) 1st Floor, Easwara Vijayam Aani Street, Chinmaya Nagar Stage II, Virugambakkam, Chennai - 600092 24796382 prabhas1422@gmail.com</p> 	<p>K. PARTHA SARATHY AF3, CASAXS, 46, Manapakkam Main Road, Chennai - 600 125 9444014281 22522480 ushasarathy@dakaone.in</p> 

 <p>R.PURUSHOTHAMAN New 6, 18th Street, 6th Block, Muthamizh Nagar, Moolakadai, Chennai - 600 118. 9940411414 rpurushothaman1 @gmail.com</p>	 <p>RADHAKRISHNAN 3/34, 24th Street, Sidco Nagar, Villivakkam. 9444936242 26170535 radakrishnan.ramaswamy @gmail.com</p>
 <p>K.RAJA No. 5, 3rd Street , Bank Colony, Madhavaram Milk Colony Chennai - 600051 +97466420996 +9444831238 kraja1949@gmail.com</p>	 <p>P.V.RAMASWAMY F.2, Richmond Square, 156-157, MGR St, Saligraman, Chennai-600 093. 9840855944 pvramaswamy@gmail.com</p>
 <p>S.RAMACHANDRAN (RAMESH) D-Block, 4 / 636 A V.O.C. Street, Okkiyam, Thuraipakam, Chennai - 600 097 9841294549 sramesh50@gmail.com</p>	 <p>T.RAMACHANDRAN 7/21,E, 8th Road, Sidco Nagar, Villivakkam, Chennai -600 049. 9444074579 ramsiob@gmail.com</p>
 <p>B.RAMACHANDRAN New No.5, I Floor Linwood Lane Mahalingapuram Chennai - 600 034 9444469553 044-28170334 umachandru2001 @yahoo.com</p>	 <p>V.RAMAKRISHNAN C/O G.V.RAMAMURTHY Sai Durbar 46/II/3, Second Main Road, R.A.Puram, Chennai - 28 67, Calderbridge Crescent, Markham, Ontario, L3R9M6, Canada +16476880270 ramvram@rogers.com</p>

<p>A.RAMAN</p>  <p>4, Tom Close, Orange, NSW 2800 CSU (Charles State University) Orange County AUSTRALIA +61466201946 araman@csu.edu.au</p>	<p>Dr.P.RATNAVELU</p>  <p>No.14, 3rd Street Kumaran Colony Vadapalani Chennai - 600 026 9841210260 ratnavelu49@gmail.com</p>
<p>K.RAGHURAM</p>  <p>C-601, Balaji Towers, Plot No.8, Sector 22 Nerul(west) Navi Mumbai - 400706 09833664105 022-27714146 krishraghu@ rediffmail.com</p>	<p>B. RANGARAJAN</p>  <p>No. 15/8 Surammal Street, Egmore, Chennai - 600008 9840773316 rangarajanb97 @yahoo.co.in</p>
<p>RAMANUJAM</p>  <p>E-14,A2, Ponni Flats, Anna Nagar East, Chennai-600 102. 9444565499 krkothai@hotmail.com</p>	<p>P.M.RANGARAJAN</p>  <p>A-204, Shankeshwar Tower, Sudha Park Garodia Nagar, Ghatkopar East, Mumbai 400077 022-22885687 09833286422 ranga.pmn@gmail.com</p>
<p>R.SRINIVASAN</p>  <p>47, Railway Station Rd. Kodambakkam Chennai - 600 024. 9840648388 srinivasaeng@hotmail.com</p>	<p>T.SRINIVASA RAGAVAN</p>  <p>Flat 2B, Old 5, New 9 1st Main Road Kasturiba Nagar, Adyar Chennai - 600 020 9884903246 42187651 tsragavan@gmail.com</p>

 <p>SAI KRISHNA PRASAD Florida State University U.S.A 001-850-3856623 prasad@bio.fsu.edu</p>	 <p>SANTANA KRISHNAN Old No.13 New No.29 Veerasami Street Purasawalkam Chennai-600 007. 9941373795 9444190921 26430675 iob.santhan@gmail.com</p>
 <p>SRIDHAR A.R. 151, Vellala street, Pruasaiwalkam, Chennai -600 084. 9790915080 arsridharan@gmail.com</p>	 <p>SMU SYED IBRAHIM 39, Mayor Siva Shanmugam Street, Nungambakkam, Chennai - 600 034. 9962454644 28258378 syedibrahim.smu @gmail.com</p>
 <p>SRIRAMAN MIB, Ashok Colony Anna Main Road, KK Nagar, Chennai - 600 078 9884580593 9841419622 kousi15@yahoo.com</p>	 <p>E.R.SHIVAJI IOWA State Univeraity, Iowa USA eshivaji@gmail.com</p>
 <p>V.SUBASH CHANDRA BOSE 260B, 23rd Street Krishna Nagar Maduravoyal Chennai - 600 095. 9444463609 catchbose@gmail.com</p>	 <p>B. SURENDRAN FLAT A1 /403, Valencia Creations, Natham Link Road, Navalurtoll Gate, Navalur, Chennai 600130 8056076960 surenvi78@yahoo.com</p>

	<p>C.N.VENUGOPAL C-1, Gokulam Apts., Phase-3, Sri Ram Nagar Nolambur, Mogappair West, Chennai - 600 095. 9940656315 9176178080 26534968 venugopal48@gmail.com</p>		<p>T.R. VILLALAN Ayanavaram Chennai 26448448</p>
<p>T.AMARNATH 944407993</p>	<p>K.P.ARUMUGAM 2, Thiagappa 1st Lane Kilpauk, Chennai-600 010 26452754</p>	<p>BABU A203, Jasmine Court, 2/297. Mount. Poonamallee High Road, Kattupakkam, Chennai - 56 9840082638 gopubabu1949@gmail.com</p>	
<p>G.BAKTHAKUMAR 44/1, Hyder Garden Main Street Cooks Road Chennai - 600 012 26623059</p>	<p>K.A.DAMODARAN 9841429822</p>	<p>ETHIRAJ 8/ 13, Chokkanathan Nagar, Ist Street Mettukuppam Road, Maduravoyal, Chennai - 600 095 237804884</p>	
<p>GANESAN Easwari Lodge Purasawalkam Chennai 9176126374 42846260</p>	<p>GOPICHANDAR 2A, Vinobaji Nagar 8th Street Hasthinapuram Chennai - 600 064. 9444403485</p>	<p>G.JAYASEELAN Flat No.2 Bethay Apartment 76, New Street Chennai-600 029 9600049084 23630962</p>	
<p>JAGADEESAN No.116, Vellala Street, Purasaiwalkam, Chennai - 600 084</p>	<p>KAMALANABAN.G.N. 26.3.1949 15/8/1, Bricklin Road Otteri, Chennai-12 9940507247</p>	<p>V.V. KANNAN 37/20, Gangu Reddy St., Egmore, Chennai - 600 008 9840151995 vvkannavida@yahoo.co.in</p>	
<p>A.K.KRISHNAMURTHY 25, Subbarayan Main Road, Nammalwarpet, Chennai - 600 012. 9092348998</p>	<p>B.LAKSHMANAN 47/21, Babu Street Vellala Teynampet Chennai - 600 086 9840260404</p>	<p>D.LAKSHMI NARAYANAN 5, Thackers Street Purasawalkam Chennai - 600 084 9381093593</p>	

MOHAN 25/ 32, A.PSecond Lane, Choolai, Chennai 600012 9840046789	MOHAMED ANWAR Purasai Maligai, Vellala Street, Purasaiwalkam, Chennai-600 084.	MOHAMED ISMAIL Ponnappa mudali st Purasawalkam, Chennai - 600084 994009308
K.MUNUSAMY 21.9.1947 21, Chichum Street Agaram, Chennai-600 082 9884747141	T.NAMASIVAYAM 09490890045 09486748057	L.NARASIMHULU AH 104 Anna Nagar Chennai - 600 040 9840043650
P.R.NARAYANAN 13, Vaigai Street, Balaji Nagar, Irumbuliyur, Tambaram East, Chennai-600 059. 09840088577 narayanan5909@gmail.com	PARTHASARATHY Durable Chrome Factory, 25c, Raja Annamalai Road, Purasawalkam. Chennai-84 044-25383866 9994827149	R.SRINIVASAN Bangalore 098841271202
S.SURYAPRAKASH 17-B, Bajanaikoil 1st St Choolaimedu Chennai - 600 094 9840430469 giriprak29@gmail.com	TAWKER MEHTA Guest Hospital, Next to Ega theatre Kilpauk 42857657	VARADARAJAN 53, 'O' Block 31st Street Anna Nagar Chennai - 600 040 94442 44372 varadanmrajan @yahoo.com
S. VENKATRAMANAN Ex. Bank of India, Melbourne venkr@bigpond.net.au	VISWALINGAM 3/2, A.K.Swamy Nagar, 9 th Street, Kilpauk, Chennai 600 010 26428318	

NOTE : Above Data has been compiled with the available information. Discrepancies if any may please be intimated for correction in the next edition of e-directory.



வாழ்த்துப்பா

Sir M.Ct.M. முத்தைய்யா செட்டியார் பள்ளி முன்னாள் மாணவர் 1965

பென் விடூ இய்ண்டு

26-12-2015



பள்ளியின் சிறப்பு

நம்தே யத்தினர் நாடொறும் உயர்க
என்றே ஏத்தினான் இயற்கவி பாரதி
வந்தே கலந்தோம் நம்முயர் பள்ளியில்
வளமுடன் பாரதி வாக்கினைக் காப்போம்.

செந்தேனமுதப் பள்ளிப் பாட்டுடன்
செல்வனே நாம்நம் நிகழ்வினை நடாத்தி
நந்தா விளக்காய் நமக்காய் ஒளிரும்
எம்ஸிடி கரத்தினை வலியுறுச் செய்வோம்.

பிறக்கும் ஆண்டு பொலிவுடன் திகழ்ந்து
பெருமைகள் மேவி சிறுமைகள் தேய்ந்து
சிறக்கும் பள்ளிச் சேவைகள் ஓங்கி
செந்துமிழ் ஒளிகள் உலகெல்லாம் பரவி
அறத்தின் மேன்மை அனைவரும் விரும்பி
அகத்தில் சமரச நினைப்பை வளர்த்து
திறத்தில் செய்கையில் செகத்தினை வென்று
தழைத்து ஓங்குக தமிழர் சமுதாயம்.

இயற்றியவர் : வி. ராமசிருஷ்ணன்

67, Calderbridge Crescent, Markham,
Ontario, L3R9M6, Canada.

பொன்னிழா ஆண்டு வாழ்த்து

(To M.Ct.M.H.S. Students - 1965 batch)

வலிமிகு வாழ்க்கையில் வேகமிகு உலகமிது
இன்று நடப்பதை நாளையே மறக்கும்காலமிது !
நன்பார்கள் இணையும் பொன்னிழா வருடமிது
நாளைய வரலாற்றில் இடம்பெறும் நிகழ்விது !



திரும்புமா தித்திக்கும் மாணவப் பருவமும்
மறக்குமா பள்ளிக் காலத்தின் உருவமும் !
நடக்குமா ஆடப்பாடு நாங்கள் திரிந்ததும்
தொடருமா கூடுவது இனிவரும் காலமும் !

பிள்ளைகளாய் இருந்த நமக்குப் பிள்ளைகள்
சிறியவர்களாய் இருந்த நாம் பெரியோர்கள் !
விடலைகளாய் இருந்த நாம் விருட்சங்கள்
யாப்பவர்களாய் இருந்த நாம் பட்டதாரிகள் !

கழல்கிறது நினைவுகள் குறாவளிக் காற்றாய்
மிழலாடும் நிகழ்வுகள் நெஞ்சில் வெள்ளயா !
வலைவீசி பிடித்தனர் வலைத்தனம் மூலமாய்
முகவரிகள் மாறினாலும் முகநூல் வழியாய் !

வசந்தமிகு நாட்கள் வாடாது நம்திதயங்களில்
வணக்கமிகு ஆசான்கள் மறவாது மனங்களில் !
விகாட்டிய ஆசிரியர்கள் என்றும் விபிகளில்
வணங்குவோம் அவர்களை நாம் வாழ்வினில் !

தாயின் கருவறை உயிர்கொடுத்த பாசறுறை
கற்பித்த வகுப்பறை உருவாக்கிய கருவறை !
கல்விதந்து கண்ணொத் திறந்த கல்விக்கூடம்
பாடம் சொல்லி பாதையமைத்து பள்ளிக்கூடம் !

அறியாத வயதில் நன்பார்களாய் இருந்தோம்
அறிந்தவர் ஆனதும் உறவுகளாய் மாறினோம் !
இறுதிவரை இருப்போம் இதயங்கள் இணைந்து
உவகையுடன் வாழ்வோம் உயிராய் உள்ளவரை !

N.R. மஹினி குமார்

Ex. Student, M.Ct.M.H.S.
XI Std (1974 batch)

REFRESHING THOUGHTS

Dr.V.Mohan, Assistant Headmaster

Sir.M.Ct.M.Hr.Sec.School

Purasawalkam, Chennai-600 084.

It is indeed highly heartening to note that alumni of the 1965 batch SSLC of this illustrious institution have come forward to celebrate their golden jubilee passed out year in the last week of December 2015. The organizers of this event have taken lot of painstaking efforts to conduct this memorable occurrence in an impressive and splendid fashion.



As personally observed the people involved in organizing this programme during their visits to the school and from the interactions with them, I noted their keen enthusiasm and strong determination to make this event a grand success. They have reminisced every moment in their Alma mater with enterprise and elation. Their polite approach to the people concerned with the school like Headmaster, Assistant Headmasters, office staff and management authorities is noteworthy. To mention a few instances: their respect to the staff during their visits, clear views and untiring efforts to contact their erstwhile class mates and teachers of that period and on many more occasions.

It has to be specially recorded that their reverence to their teachers is something so overwhelming that just mentioning the name of a teacher who taught them has been acknowledged by them with cherishing memories, determined devotion and profound gratitude. This is a notable quality that most of the students of this generation are sadly lacking and should learn from these grand old seniors. Even our ancient sacred texts place God i.e 'Deivam' only after mother - 'Maatha', father - 'Pithaa' and 'Guru' - the one who infuses and imparts knowledge. Further the texts equate guru with 'supreme God' - Gurus sakshaath Para Brahma. In fact, without any inhibition and with a sense of gratefulness many of the alumni expressed in impeccable terms that they owe a lot to this institution of excellence for making their career and life a contented and decent one. They have made it clear that their learning stint here as students moulded their character and life style.

I pray Almighty to bless them with strong health, peaceful life and stupendous success in all their endeavours.

With regards

V.Mohan